Der Bay
The International Anglo-Yiddish Newsletter

What’s Happened?

This issue has a potpourri of old and new articles. Mere words of gratitude are insufficient to thank the many contributors who had multiple articles or a series. Among the many are:

- **Ed Goldman**, and his Comic Bible Scenes in Transliteration (the most ever requested);
- **Gella & Shikl Fishman**, and their Secular Schools in America Archives at Stanford Univ.;
- **Morrie Feller**, articles using the Hebrew/Yiddish alphabet;
- **Goldie Adler Gold**, Shayles un Tshuves that are transliterated articles from the Forverts.,”
- **Troim Katz Handler**, stories and translations are distributed to our 100 IAYC Yiddish Clubs;
- **Stanley Siegelman**, novel poetry in transliteration and English translation;
- **Archie Barkan**, many articles and a dear friend;
- **Yosl z”l and Chana Mlotek**, their songbooks;
- **Sheva Zucker**, about her textbooks;
- **Sonia Pressman Fuentes**, Jewish geography;
- **Hilda Rubin**, several skits;
- **Harold Ticktin**, several articles and chaired the IAYC conference in Cleveland;
- **Daniel Galay**, Yiddish in Israel;
- **Rochelle Winer**, Yiddish news of South Africa
- **Jack Halpern**, Der Yapanisher Yid;
- **Yoshiji Hirose**, impressions of Yiddish in America;
- **Iz Kugler z”l**, series on the Yiddish Theater;
- **Pascal Curin**, History of the Jewish Community of Alsace and Lorraine;
- **Dovid Kunigis**, articles and wordlists;
- **Meyer Zaremba**, Freud un fargenign;
- **Oscar Antel**, Yiddish news of Winnipeg;
- **Leybl Fridhandler**, anecdotes;
- **Dorothy Wasserman**, Eng.-Yid. Computing;
- **Van Wallach**, Yiddish films and videos.

What’s Not Coming?

While further increases in publishing costs and postage are as sure as the sun rises every morning, there never will be an increase for this newsletter. It has been chai from the first single page issue to today’s 16 pager. Because most have sent “a little extra,” it has made the situation tenable.

Another guarantee is that there never will be a paid ad—only honest reviews.

What’s Coming?

Because of the increased number of readers having access to e-mail, readership is increasing greatly. The abbreviated issues are sent free to anyone requesting it online. The greatest increases are in Canada and Israel followed by Europe and Australia.

Der Bay’s website continues to update and expand. Anyone can request the abbreviated edition (a selection of 8-10 pages) of the hardcopy, by signing up at the homepage, www.derbay.org

Additional links to Yiddish Sites and Other Jewish Sites are being added. Be sure to check the listing accuracy of your club, class or band. There is a Google search box on the homepage only for the Der Bay website.

Information of the next IAYC conferences will be included. We are close to announcing the site of the IAYC Bar Mitsve Conference and who will chair this historic meeting.
Nu?

[Editor’s note: For a short time back in 1991 when Der Bay was first published on 8.5x11, individual sheets, the Peninsula J CC sent it out as a newsletter at no charge. It then added pages and it was decided to use 11x17 sheets, have it printed professionally and ask for contributions of chai to cover the printing and first class mailing. Some did contribute. Here are two of the very early articles.]

Well, you read this far. You have to admit that for the subscription rate, it’s the best bargain since the nickel pickle. So where do we go from here?

"You can’t stop an idea whose time has come.”
Listening to the very strong encouragement on the phone calls received, on our venture with goyim, it’s full steam ahead. Likewise the extremely positive letters are a lasting tribute to our effort.

Yes, there are very few small pockets of Jews in the Greater San Francisco Bay Area, but the gems that are sprinkled around comprise a remarkable source of interest, enthusiasm, talent, and from here.

Berkeley has a national reputation for its ’Klez’ bands. Three excellent Yiddish folk choruses are located in San Francisco, Palo Alto, and Berkeley. While the national list of Yiddish courses showed only two, there are now eight. None of the Yiddish teachers knew of the existence of more than three of the other Yiddish courses.

New Yiddish clubs are being formed on the Peninsula, and there is a resurgence of interest in the name-loshn. Perhaps the greatest surprise to Fishl was the response by the faculty at our local universities. Fifty-three faculty members, and the Hillel Directors are included in the supporters for this venture.

From here on it is hoped that the Letters to the Editor column will be an important clearinghouse of opinions on where we are heading in our quest to revitalize Yiddish. Please send your constructive criticism or better yet your “feedback” to Fishl.

Original articles in English, transliteration or Yiddish will be accepted. Please have them in 3.5 inch columns. See you next month.

Editor’s note: The next column is one in a series that started when Fishl was editor of the Tam Tov, the newsletter of the Ot Am Unit of B’nai B’rith. When he became interested in Yiddish, he realized that B’nai B’rith was not involved in promoting Yiddish so his allegiance changed.

Zeyde & Yingl

Y Grandpa could you tell me what’s this thing they call a resolution?
Z I’d say it’s something you say. It’s like when you make a promise. Folks usually make them at the beginning of the year.
Y Oh.
Z Sonny, is there any special reason why you asked me that question? Did you hear someone use that word?
Y Yesterday, after we finished dinner, we all went into the den to watch TV. I heard mommy ’n daddy saying something and then make a New Year’s resolution.
Z Is that so? What did mommy ’n daddy say? Do you remember their exact words?
Y They said they’d try to do something in Yiddish at least once a month.
Z That’s really very nice. When mommy was your age we visited my daddy and mommy and they spoke Yiddish.
Y Grandpa, I think I’m gonna make a resolution. Do you think it’s OK for little kids like me to make a resolution?
Z Sonny, would you like to tell me what your resolution will be? I really very much would like to know.
Y Sure, I don’t mind at all. From now on I’m not gonna fight with my sister Irene—unless she starts it first.
Z That’s very nice, Sonny. You know you just had a fight with her just a short while before we started to talk.
Y I know, Grandpa, but when mommy ’n daddy aren’t looking she always starts it first and I have to do something.
Z Oh…(pause)
Z Do you mind if I tell yourubbie what your resolution is?
Y I guess it’s OK. (pause)
Y Grandpa, now that I told you about my resolution, could ya tell me—did ya make a New Year’s Resolution?
Z Hmm. Yes, as a matter of fact I actually did make one.
Y Would ya mind telling me what ya promised to do different this year?
Z Of course, I’ll tell you. I promised myself and rubbie that I’d join a Yiddish Club or take a Yiddish class to keep Yiddish alive.
Y Tell me grandpa, did you make that exact same resolution this time last year, just like mommy ’n daddy did?
Z Yes, as I recall, it just so happens that I did. Y Well, if ya didn’t keep it last year, what makes ya think you’re gonna keep it this year?
Z Sonny, that’s a good question!
Editor's note: Dorothy’s 3 articles were in Der Bay in 1991 and 1992. When she moved from New York to Texas, we lost contact. She was a great resource. We have come a long way on the Internet in cyberspace.

Fishl has invited me to write. "Tell us," he said, "how we can word process in Yiddish, print, produce learning materials with sound, send our files to each other using modems, don't get too technical."

My interest in Yiddish on the computer stems from my mother's death. I no longer could converse with her daily in Yiddish. Concurrently the old Yiddish presses were folding; typefaces were sold, given away or abandoned. Those who needed to share in Yiddish print had no way to do so economically.

As a computer consultant and desktop publisher, I helped people to get their ideas into print. Why not in Yiddish? Yiddish needs young people to be involved, and they already are computer literate.

Beginning in 1987, I was part of a group evaluating Hebrew-English-Yiddish (HEY) word processors. In addition to what you would expect from a regular word processor we included at least five essentials.

- Yiddish letters must flow right to left.
- Words must word wrap in the correct direction.
- The user must be able to edit the Yiddish letters on the screen and then print them.
- All three languages must mix correctly, each in its proper direction, even on the same line.
- All Yiddish letters must be in the Hebrew set.

This is the second in this series. With Fishl's caveat of "don't get too technical" still ringing in my ears, I will review two outstanding word processors, NB Lingua for IBM compatibles, and NISUS for any Macintosh computer. Although they operate with two very different systems they share many features.

Both have pull down menus as well as command key-strokes. Pull down-menus are easier for beginners, while command keystrokes let maven's work faster. Both have excellent and thorough documentation, with clear explanations that help beginners understand how the programs work and what they are capable of. And both have beautiful fonts (letters) on the computer screen as well as on the printed page. Unlike some word-processing programs, the nukud and dagesh in the Hebrew words show up clearly and properly.

You can search and replace easily. You can find any word, phrase or paragraph and replace it with any other word, phrase or paragraph with a few key-strokes. You also can search for a particular typeface or style such as type size, bold or underlined type, and replace them.

With one click or keystroke you switch languages. If you go from a Roman character-based language, such as English, to Hebrew or Yiddish, the program switches directions automatically. For multi-lingual software, the edge of one language is clearly distinguished from the edge of the second. So you can mix languages, yet control the editing.

The programs are useful for producing teaching materials in Hebrew, English and Yiddish, or combination of them. Both have some desktop publishing features, which let you do layouts for newsletters, brochures, worksheets, lessons, and more, right on the computer screen.

This is the third in the series. When you talk about printing, you must address the issue of the typeface of the letters (fonts). Here we must give full credit to Adam Whiteman, who has created several Yiddish fonts that not only print out but show up on the Mac screen.

Why Yiddish letters? Are the same letters used as in Hebrew? Most of the Hebrew letters are used, but 14 other characters are needed, in addition.

Screen displays and printers have different graphic requirements so separate sets of characters must be developed for each. Adam has developed beautiful Yiddish fonts, including a handshift, one that looks like handwriting.

On the Mac, each font can be displayed and printed in many sizes ranging from 7 to 127 points, in bold, italics, underlined, super and sub script, etc.. For the PC or the MAC the fonts are stored in memory and accessed by the printer without the need of a specific Hebrew chip. The software is specific to the American type computers that do not need a special Hebrew chip.

The rest of this discussion applies to English as well as Yiddish printing. Once you have typed, spell-checked and formatted your document on the word processor, the letters are sent to a dot matrix or a laser printer by the computer.

What is the difference? A dot matrix printer is less expensive, but the resolution of the characters is not as clear. A laser printer, while more expensive, gives a resolution of 300 dots per inch (dpi), which looks much better.
The Uriel Weinreich Program at New York University, co-sponsored by YIVO Institute for Jewish Research and New York University, began in late June, 2008. The seminars were for a small number of high-level Yiddish speakers and the participants were mostly Yiddish scholars and specialists. I became close with a Yiddish-language lecturer from Stanford University, Yankel, and an elderly woman named Barbara who was raised with Yiddish as her first language.

Other members included a Yiddish-language singer who performs in Europe and America, and graduate students from Harvard University, the University of Chicago and University of Minnesota who were working on their dissertations in Yiddish literature. The lecturers were Dr. Sheva Zucker, editor-in-chief of the League for Yiddish literary magazine Afn Shvel, and Avrom Lichtenboim, director of the Buenos Aires, Argentina branch of YIVO. He is a Yiddish-language literature critic. Both of them welcomed my participation as a visiting fellow in their lectures.

Dr. Zucker told me a very interesting story regarding her father. In 1940, her father, Meyer Zucker, at that time a young and single man, was issued a visa at the Japanese Consulate in Lithuania by Vice Consul Chiune Sugihara, also known as "Japan’s Schindler." Sugihara is remembered for issuing thousands of transit visas, against orders, to Jewish refugees during World War II so that they could travel to Japan. Her father went to Kobe and lived there for several months. After that, he lived for several years in a Jewish ghetto in Shanghai.

Meeting such a man’s daughter and participating in her seminar was, for me, something of magical encounter. Before one morning’s lecture, she said she had a present for me and handed me the latest edition of Afn Shvel. By chance, it was a special edition on refugees of the Holocaust. It was a collection of reminiscences by Holocaust survivors that were rescued by Chiune Sugihara and the Japanese army. On the cover is a picture of Jewish refugees posing with deer in front of the pagoda at Mount Wakakusa (wakakusa-yama) in Nara. Dr. Zucker told me the words of her father who passed away several years ago. He said that even in the middle of a war, the Japanese people were very kind and treated him well. He loved Japan. It is often said that the impression of a country subjectively comes from the anonymous people who come in contact with it. As a Japanese citizen, Mr. Zucker’s words made me very happy.

When I spoke on Isaac Bashevis Singer, I was asked literary questions, and was able to safely answer. However, I was unable to understand the meaning of a seemingly simple question. It was about how Singer left his wife and son in Poland, and went to live in the U.S. The question was, “When did the son and wife emigrate to Palestine?” The Yiddish word oyle was said, not emigrate to Palestine.

Oyle comes from Hebrew and, as I learned, is a single word used to express an emigration to Palestine/Israel. In Japanese cultural terms, elderly people from Kyoto, don’t ask people from Tokyo. “When did you come (kuru) to Kyoto?” They ask, “When did you ascend (noboru)?” For them, the word noboru (ascend) is presumed to mean “come to Kyoto,” an ancient capital of Japan.

When one refers to emigration to Jerusalem, they don’t say “to Israel.” It is done by just saying oyle. Yiddish expressions that are steeped in Jewish culture are difficult for outsiders to understand. I was reminded that learning a word also means acquiring all of the included cultural background.

I had an unexpected encounter. During the seminar at NYU, a young, Asian-looking woman asked me in English whether I was from Tokyo. The lady, Nadia Kahn, is unique among Ashkenazi Jews due to her Asian facial features. I learned that she is the daughter of a Japanese mother and a Jewish father, and was born in Japan. She studied Judaism in Israel and Harvard University, and is a convert to Judaism. She is working as a Senior Editorial Assistant for YIVO. She said that despite her efforts, her rare identity as a Jewish-Japanese American has caused her various troubles.

As a speaker of Yiddish, I have had experiences like hers. When someone with Asian features enters Jewish society, we have to explain why we are interested in Yiddish. At first, I felt it couldn’t be helped. Being asked the same question by each new person can be a bit annoying.

In Nadia’s situation, having a Jewish husband and children, a more complicated explanation is needed. A lot of people assume that she took the Jewish name Kahn when she got married, but it is her maiden name. She explained that she did not change her name because she is proud of her heritage and her children will use her husband’s last name. Nadia Kahn is the first Jewish Japanese-American that I have met. I feel that I have a glimpse of multi-ethnic USA.
Fishl’s Letter Friday, June 18, 1993 to Itche Golderg

It was an enjoyable, stimulating, and rewarding experience I had when I finally met you at your office. This was prior to my going to Maryland for the First Yiddish Club Conference. While we had spoken previously on the phone, it is not the same as sitting together and sharing experiences. You are truly one of the treasures in keeping Yiddish alive.

Below are my impressions and opinions on a remarkable and historic event for the future of Yiddish. Because of the turf-protecting philosophy of major Yiddish-oriented organizations, cooperation among them is minimal to non-existent. Perhaps the greatest asset of the umbrella group leading the club movement is its unselfishness in sharing and willingness to do what is best for the majority.

There were 100 out-of-town delegates and 50 from the Greater Washington area. The largest out-of-town group came from New York. Eight came from Canada and eight from California. I was pleased to see that five came from my own area around San Francisco. While Avrum Lichtenboim came from Argentina (YIVO), he did not make a special trip, for he was going to New York. He stayed through the conference and was warmly received. We were impressed with his knowledge and warmth. He was a positive influence on the conference.

Saturday evening saw the first activity with an opening concert of Klezmer music by the marvelous Capital Klezmers. It was a way to have everyone enjoy and relax. After registration on Sunday, the first full day of the conference, Ida Leivick presented the First Harry V. Lerner Memorial Lecture entitled "H Leivick: His Life and His Work". Her impeccable Yiddish presentation received a standing ovation and set the tone for the day.

All eight workshops held Monday and Tuesday mornings were well attended. I sat in on portions of six of them, and rated them from very good to superior. Using visual aids and having handout materials made the difference in most cases. Two main lectures in the large hall at the University were very-well attended, but the lack of air-conditioning bothered some of the attendees. These lectures by Professor Mikhail Herzog and Dr. Khana Kliger were given in English. This was necessary for their fees were covered by several grants which required that these lectures be open to the entire university. While many more people attended, and the presentations received extremely high ratings, some attendees felt that they should have been given in Yiddish.

Accommodations were in a first class hotel on campus run by the Marriott Corporation. While they had facilities for an entire conference, we opted for the nearby, beautiful Hillel Building. This kept the Jewish environment, lowered the cost, and permitted us to use the wonderful caterer at Hillel. We can’t say enough about the service and quality of the home-cooked meals. This made for a homely environment. There was no formal seating, and everyone wanted to get to know as many other delegates as possible. This camaraderie left many wonderful memories as well as new contacts. It was a time of unselfish sharing of ideas.

The visit to the new Holocaust Center was the conference highlight. It is a remarkable edifice and has breath-taking exhibits. It cannot be viewed in half a day. Having to make the round-trip between lunch and dinner left scant time to really view the exhibits. Most of us will return for an extended visit.

Often unplanned situations create the need for innovations. Instead of seeing a Yiddish film one evening, an impromptu amateur show was put on by attendees headed by Sunny Landsman of Tamarac, Florida. It was amazing at the talent and the quality of performances when one considers that it was entirely rehearsed. Because of Joseph Mlotek’s hospitalization, Dr. Moishe Wolfe of Portland gave the Yiddish lecture on the status of Yiddish in the old Soviet Union.

Another feature of the conference was the exhibit and sales by the Arbeter-Ring. Stephen Dowling, The Yiddish Book Center manager was extremely helpful in answering questions and advising attendees. He said that his reception was much better than he expected and recommended that the next conference expand the exhibitors and vendors.

Itche, on June 28, I shall be traveling to Toronto with Dr. Allan Blair of Columbus, OH and Dr. Harold Black of Bethesda, MD to view the facilities and have discussions on the possibility of Toronto being the site of the Second International Yiddish Club Conference in 1995. Sunny Landsman, another important member of the umbrella group, is on tour and will be updated on the discussions.

Barry and Bess Shockett have planned meetings and visitations for us, including an evening performance of Finjan, the renowned, Klezmer orchestra. Yiddish of Greater Washington deserves great accolades for initiating these activities.
Prof. Dov Noy in S.F. Bay Area

[Editor’s note: Prof. Dov Noy, a world-renowned folklorist, was one of Fishl’s earliest resources and many long letters were exchanged. Prof. Noy’s letters came on odd sheets written while he was on the run. I later learned that this was the way he communicated. After his wife’s death there was no contact and he is dearly missed. This article appeared in the January 1992 issue of Der Bay.]

Professor Dov Noy returned to the Bay Area where he has many friends. He has taught at UC Berkeley and can modestly boast to a large circle of local followers. In addition to UC Berkeley, he also has taught at Harvard University, UCLA, University of Pennsylvania, Boston University and throughout Canada and Europe. He is now Professor of Hebrew Literature and Folklore at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and Director of the Hebrew University Folklore Center.

After a series of lectures for the Foundation for Jewish Studies in The Greater Washington Area, and St. Louis, Professor Dov Noy came for a series of four presentations December 17-19. His first was at San Francisco JCC on “Jewish Folk Religion vs The Forces of Darkness.”

At the December Peninsula JCC monthly Yiddish Club meeting in Belmont, Prof Dov Noy drew the largest club attendance we’ve ever had. His delightful and informative presentation on: "Jewish Folklore--The Yiddish Dimension" had everyone amazed at the depth and breadth of his knowledge.

Susan Kroll, of Brotherhood Way JCC, has had an excellent series of programs in conjunction with Congregation Ner Tamid. At this joint meeting Prof. Dov Noy’s topic was "Jewish Life Cycles and Folklore."

Finally, he concluded his series in the San Francisco Bay Area, with his second lecture of the day, at the wonderful Jewish Magnes Museum in Berkeley. Here he met with a dear friend, Seymour Frommer, the director. They had the opportunity to reminisce on old times when the professor had taught at UC Berkeley and about the many previous visits.

From our beautiful Bay Area he went to a series in Los Angeles. We were left with a most sincere, "I welcome you all to visit me in Jerusalem." Yes, Fishl believes that contacts in TYN (The Yiddish Network) would do well in highly recommending Prof. Dov Noy for a folklore program in their community.

Remember

[Editor’s note: My dear friend Walter Artzt o”h was an immigrant who became a successful businessman, inventor and was very interested in fostering Yiddish. When he became ill in late life, his family isolated him and sadly we lost contact. His autobiography is entitled Ready Willig and Abel. “The Americanization of his brother Willig and Abel…” This article appeared in the May 1992 issue of Der Bay.]

That's what he called it. Walter Artzt wrote poetry and he wants it to be a tribute a teaching tool, and a joy of Yiddish--of and for the Jewish people.

What is so remarkable about this dedicated Yiddishist is that he wrote the poetry in Yiddish, translated it, into English, published it in hardcover and is now distributing it FREE to Yiddish clubs. That's correct. Leader's of Yiddish clubs all you need do to acquire this wonderful book is write to Velvl Artzt and tell him the name of your Yiddish Club.

Fishl first read the English translation of this 182 page book and is well into the Yiddish section. As inspiring as the English is, the Yiddish brought tears to his eyes.

The poems are divided into five divisions; The Holocaust, Israel, America, The Family and The Family of Man. Any one of these would be a worthwhile endeavor in itself.

Journeying into philosophical areas and then to the thoughts of a child, Artzt is equally at ease in either. "My Grandfather's Horse" shows one end of this spectrum.

Der Zeyde "Ferd"

Kuk, kind mayns: der volkn in himl zet oys vi a ferd,
un der rayter iz a kind--zayne oygn--tsvey shtern balaykhtn di erd.

Farhit dos bild in gedank,
eyder es vert tseshert;
ven du vest oysvaksn,
vel ikh dir koyfn an emesn ferd

dervayl fun mayne alte pleytses krikh arop,
ikh hof, mayn farlang hostu gehert;
oyf dem emesn ferd vestu raytn galop
un ikh vel vern oys ferd.

un az dos lebn vet ongeyn vayter
un es vet dir zayn bashert,
dayn eynikl vet zayn der rayter
un du vest zayn dos ferd.
Der Yiddisher Lehrer (un mischpoche circa 1924)
By Harold Ticktin

Years ago, to help learn Yiddish, I picked up a little volume on Canal Street with the title of this essay. In 63 lessons the reader is carried from 
mame and 
bobe
to the habitual past tense. As interesting as the grammar (actually more interesting) is the family assumed in this cuddly book, parent, children, aunts, uncles and grandparents all of whom seem to live together or close by. The main protagonists are three sister, Dora, Lili, and Lena, flanked by all of the above, quite a large group for one 
dire
(apartment), but in this hardworking saga no other arrangement seems possible. No radio, people travel only by public transportation. Occasionally there is mention of a 
ferd, but only with someone behind it. No one drives a car, not even a highly regarded visiting 
feter (uncle). No college, light amusement; the outside world is glimpsed only by shopping.

The greater world is dimly seen. Lili writes home from a visit with Uncle Yankl in the country—greeting all eight of the others, telling them of the beauties of nature. In 1924 the country seems more like a recollection of the 
shtetl, what with fields, ducks, geese, courtyards, rivers and woods. One gets the feeling that the editors of 
Der Yiddisher Lehrer had a few nostalgic memories of their own along these lines. Her rural idyll is soon to be interrupted by a trip to Washington; a relative lives there. All visits anywhere inevitably involve staying with family.

Though the term 
esn arogs" (eating out) had already entered the American-Jewish lexicon, in this house there are no hot dogs, apple pie or steaks. The 
tate, a shadowy figure, slipping in and out to work long hours, is sometimes served 
“bread and meat,” maybe a “roll with a glass of tea.” We do learn about potatoes, 
bulbes and even bulbes pie. Good children are rewarded with nothing higher than 
karshn un epl (cherries and apples).

For childhood leisure there are only two playthings for Izzy and Lena—pots and pans. For some 20 lessons they are clanged by the 
kinder in the present, past and future tenses. A typical exercise has “My sister knocks always with pots when she washes them.” 
mame cautions Yankl to “go to the kitchen and tell your sisters not to rattle so with the pots when 
tate is sleeping before he goes to work.

I was really taken by use of the conditional in the book. After all “what if, could or would” is part of the national character. A dazzling example is: “If you would not have laughed when Yankl fell yesterday, you would not today feel such shame.” Consistent with Jewish life even the future is conditional: “If you will love your parents, God will love and help you.” A people waiting for a Messiah who has not appeared for 4,000 years is quite likely to find the conditional very congenial.

Needless to say the diminutive is writ large in 
Der Yiddische Lehrer. In the later lessons 
yankl becomes 
Yankele, Dora, Dorele, while they sing a 
lidele. The barracks quality recedes and by the time “shlof, shlof, Papa will bring a bird, a nut, an apple” the reader is 
kvelling.

Two letters near the end, from Baile and Lili touch beautifully on the assumptions of Jewish life made by the author. 
Baile to her 
Zayde: “…very long now have I wanted to write you, without being able to. But now that I can write and read I shall. I miss you and wish I could be able to see you, but now it is cold and one cannot travel. In summer I will come to you again.”

Lili to her beloved dear parents: “Thank you for the books. I miss you and my brothers and sisters. Life here in the village with 
feter and 
mume is good. I lack for nothing but you at home.”

In the end the family and Washington converge with fateful consequences for the future. Lili’s trip to Washington opens the great world to her. We realize that she is hardly likely to return to the warmth of her immediate family. Like 
Tevye’s daughters there is no turning back, but for us we still have the warmth emanating from this fascinating “memoir” of immigrant life back in 1924

Editor’s note: Harold Ticktin is an attorney in the Cleveland, Ohio area. He is a member of the IAYC Board of Directors and chaired the Eleventh IAYC conference at the Marriott Hotel in Warrensville Heights—a Cleveland suburb.

Harold is a prolific writer and has published over 500 articles. His lectures at the IAYC conferences have been exciting. At the La Jolla conference his topic was: The Roots of Jewish Humor.

He was honored by Workmen’s Circle as Man of the Year and is multi-talented and fluent in the Italian language. Harold is President of Cenacolo-The Italian Literary Society.
Shpil ma zhon af yishish  
Play Mah Jongg in Yiddish  
by Varda Grinspan & Sydney Turk-Porter

In the lobby of the hotel at the Marriott (Cleveland Ohio) at the IAYC conference August 3-6, 2007, we played mahj in Yiddish with the help of Ruth Goodman (Delaware) and Varda Grinspan (New Jersey) who speak fluent Yiddish and taught the rest of us newcomers Yiddish. They taught several others who joined us at the table and me. We played at lunchtime before the afternoon sessions began and again at 4:30 p.m. before the dinner was served and again after the entertainment at 9:30 or 10 p.m., for several days.

We repeated the fun and learning in La Jolla too. What fun we had using Yiddish words. The list of Yiddish words and oydsruken (expressions) was written by Varda Grinspan of New Jersey in 2007 and Der Bay published it on our behalf (page 4 in the March 2007 issue). A printed list from Varda’s Der Bay column was furnished to new players at the Mah Jongg table in La Jolla, as they gathered around to watch. Having the list available allowed us to recruit new players.

Here are a few new words to add to our existing list: “Wait a minute” --- “Vart a minut”  “I want that ------ “Ikh vil dos” “Dice: -------“Varfl” “Soap” -------------- “Zeyf”

Save the information and bring it with you to the next conference.

Editor’s note: the women mentioned above are a very special group.

Varda Grinspan from Fair Lawn, New Jersey, leads a Yiddish club. She has a unique background and is one of a few people who is conversant in Hebrew Yiddish and Ladino. She attended the very first IAYC conference at the University of Maryland with her late husband who was a Yiddish scholar and taught her Yiddish.

Sydney Turk Porter is the wife of Cantor Hale Porter who has done the IAYC conference shabes bisslings and been a conference presenter as well as being a key member of the IAYC Board of Directors.

Ruth Goodman teaches Yiddish at the Senior Adult Program of the University of Delaware. She also has been a presenter at IAYC conferences. At this one she played a key role in one of the four Yiddish teacher panels at the founding of the International Association of Yiddish Teachers (IAYT).

Silence Is Golden?  
by Lou Charlott, Encino, CA

In the 1930’s, the big political struggle in New York was not between the left and the right – it was between the left and the left.

Aunt Bess was a fiercely dedicated Communist. She strove for a world in which government, which meant the people, would own all means of production and everybody earned a decent wage. With no poverty, we would eliminate almost all crime, we would do away with many illnesses and we would look forward to the end of wars. Or so she would have us believe.

She was a bright woman who, when angry, had a mouth that could strike like a slashing saber and bring you to your knees. And she directed that anger against a cold, harsh, bitter world that she fought to replace with an ideal utopia.

My father was a life-long Socialist who shared her dreams. The difference between the two credos was that the Communists knew that the utopia they strove for could be achieved only by a series of Soviet-style revolutions. The Socialists felt that justice demanded that they educate the world and achieve success by the legal ballot.

That difference was enough for the two parties to resent each other bitterly and caused my father and his sister not to speak to each other for twenty years. Other family members and I tried in vain to get a reconciliation. My father was not unprecepetent but Aunt Bess refused to allow herself to be persuaded. And the years rolled on with no contact whatsoever between them.

My father had health problems and received a surprise during his last hospitalization. One afternoon, the door opened and his sister Bess walked into his room. After they greeted one another, she said, “Sam, I’m going to say something to you – you’ll do what I tell you and I don’t want you to argue with me. When they let you out of the hospital, you’ll come live with me in my apartment and I’ll take care of you.”

During his last year, my father lived with his sister. She took care of him, feeding him not only with her cooking but also with her love. They had no arguments but they never discussed politics.

Editor’s note: Lou is an entertainer and stepped in at the conference as a fill-in. He received high ratings in the evaluations. We thank him for stepping in at the last minute and having a great performance. He can be reached at: loucharloff@earthlink.net
Mama Had Secret Kites
by Philip Fishl Kutner

As a little boy I vaguely remember asking Papa, “Where are Mama’s kites?”

“Papa’s response was, “In the Secret Dresser.” It was the piece of furniture in Papa and Mama’s bedroom that was off bounds for us boys. Many years later we learned that it was where Mama kept her lady’s under-things. We boys regularly were told that “Me tor dos nisht efene.”

Mama’s kites included, “Oy iz zi a mieskayt.” This was the adjective Mama used to describe an actress on the Yiddish stage who had given a below par performance. These were the rare occasions when Papa drove us to “The City” to see a Yiddish play.

Yidishkayt was Mama’s favorite kite. Mama came from an ultra-Orthodox family and touted that she was a “bas koyen” (daughter of a Cohen—the highest level—above a Levi or like Papa, a Yisroel.)

Frumkayt was also on Mama’s kite list. We kept a strictly kosher home. Papa went along with it even though on the outside he was known to have coffee with cream, after eating fleishkis.

“Where are your kites, Mama?” I still remember her saying, “Freg nisht aza narishkayt!”

Mama Had Twin Boys
by Philip Fishl Kutner

A year and a week after I was born, Mama gave birth to twin boys. In 53 weeks Mama had 3 sons!

It must have been a joyous time for Zeyde. That was what we called Mama’s father. Papa’s father was called Grandpa. Mama’s family members were the Greenhorns and Papa’s family snobs were the Yenkis. Yes, 13 years later and several miscarriages or abortions, Semele arrived.

The joke in the family was based on my selfishness on taking second stage when the twins were born. Mama nursed all three of us. Mama said I was very smart and started to speak very early. Because of my jealousy I became very possessive of Mama and began saying, “My titty, my titty.”

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Der Bay
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Please make checks for chai, payable to Der Bay.
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Der Bay
The International Anglo-Yiddish Newsletter

February 2009                           Vol. XIX No. 2

Der Bay in Cyberspace

The Website

Der Bay’s website continues to expand and is one of the most significant in the Online Yiddish Community. Some of the other great online sites include:

• Ari Davidow’s Klezmer Shack,
• Refoyl Finkel’s Yidish veb-bletl (he is one of the foremost Yiddishists and computer experts),
• Mark David’s The Yiddish Voice is the premiere Yiddish radio site,
• Iosif Vaism’s Virtual Shtetl is surely among the 3 top Yiddish sites and possibly the #1.
• Leonard Prager z”l, was the editor of Di Velt fun Yiddish is “devoted to Yiddish language, literature and folklore.”
• Yiddishkayt LA is probably the best regional site for Yiddish activities.

There is no room to detail the extensive list of the other great specialty sites to be found on Der Bay’s list. They include: Zalmen Mlotek’s Folksbiene for theater, Sharon Rivo’s National Center for Jewish Film at Brandeis University, Henry Sapoznik’s Living Traditions, the parent group for KlezKamp and others.

Der Bay’s website at www.derbay.org is by far the most varied and a good starting point for Researching the numerous areas of Yiddish. It is the source for lists of Yiddish clubs, teachers and translators and has the most comprehensive calendar of Yiddish events internationally.

FREE Abbreviated Online Version

For anyone who finds it very difficult to send chai or wants to save paper, the availability of Der Bay online is an excellent substitute.

As a varsity college debater, I could argue for the merits of going online. For example, it would conserve paper and the trees or rags from which the paper is made.

On the other hand look at the financial hardship it would cause the printer and the mail carrier. In addition the online version is only 8 pages, half the size of the hardcopy. Seriously, this is a personal matter. My concern is that we keep in touch with as many as possible of our libhobers of our mame-loshn.

Over the 18 years, Der Bay has absorbed the increase in printing and postage. It will never be more than chai. Those who can’t afford it will continue to get it for whatever they send.

We have truly been blessed, for most readers have sent in a little extra and some have really stepped up to the plate. It has not only helped, but been greatly appreciated.

Currently many of the new online subscribers are from overseas. This surge in readership is very heartening. While the postage for U.S. copies is 59 cents and will go up in several months, the overseas rate is $1.80. Thus the postage alone for the 10 annual issues is $18. There will not be a different suggested rate for anyone and readership continues to grow especially among younger readers.
Taybl Ehrlich fun Shikago

Ikh lern yidish un bin geven zeyer farinteresirt in Alva Ann Dworkin's artikl in letstn numer fun Der Bay.

Azoy vi yidish iz geven mayn ershte shprakh un mayn man's ershte shprakh hobn mir bashlonsen ven mir hobsn geredt fun khasene hobn az oyb mir veln hobn kinder veln mir redn bloyz yidish mit zey.


S'iz do yidish klasn far di vos kenen nisht yidish azoy gut un kontsertn vu men ken hern yidishe lider–gezang un geshribene poeziye–nor vos bashafn. S'iz do sesies vo men bashaf terver tsu entviklen di shprakh. Veyst ir az s'iz du verter oyf yidish far "cd"–komplakt; "e-mail"–bitspost; "regular mail"–krikpost oder poyleroyle post. S'iz do sport un men shpilt netsbol un koyshbol un hilke-pilke ("baseball") als oyf yidish. Men ken zikh afil shiffen oyfn ozhere un shvimen in shvim baseyn. S'iz do vasen ibungen oyf yidish. Hayor zenen geven a groyse grupe kinder un s'iz geven taker a fargenig tsu zeyen vos zey hobsn opgetun in talentarniy ("talent show").

Di klasishe kinder's bikher fun dokter suess, "The Cat in the Hat" (Di Kats Der Payats) un "One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish" (Eyn Fish, Tsvey Fish, Roiyer Fish, Bloyer Fish) Curious George (Dshordsh Der Naayerikher) un The Very Hungry Caterpillar (Der Hugerike Opfreser) zaynen shoyn gevorn ibergezetst oyf yidish mit ritim un mit gram–un men hot zey farkoyft bay der yidish vokh. Men hot oykhet gekent koyn kompakteh fun nay bashafene muzik fun di yidishe filharmonishe khor, klezmer grupes un andere muzik un oykhet bikher fun nay bashafene mayses, romanen un poeziye oyf yidish.

Es hot mir ongekumen zeyer shver nor yetst iz mayn tokhter shtolts tsu zayn frisig oyf yidish un es kunf tsu nuts ven men iz tsvish menshn un men vil nisht az keyner zol farshhteyn vos men redt. Mayn tokhter zogt yetst az zi vil bloyz khasene hobn mit emeter vos redt yidish oder ver volt gevelt zikh lernen yidish vayl zi vil redn yidish mit ire kinder.

Di vos viln visn di dates fun di 2009 yidish vokh oder visn andere prutim oder bashteln hemder far dervakseene oder kinder vo es shteyt "yidish" mit yidishe oysyes kenen onkumen tsum webzayt yugntruf.org.

Zorg zikh nisht–YIDISH LEBT!!
Taybl Ehrlich taybl@sbgglobal.net

Morrie Feller Writes from Phoenix

<mfeller@cox.net>

Sholem alekhem, Fishl!

My three Phoenix grandchildren, knowing of my interest in both Yiddish and geometry, have given me an interesting advance birthday gift. It is a geometry book written in Yiddish. It actually is a translation of an English geometry book that was published in 1981. My grandson, Avi, discovered that the National Yiddish Book Center had digitized this book, and he was able to order a single copy.

I translated the instructions for constructing a diagram used to prove the Pythagorean Theorem, and following these instructions I came up with a proof of this theorem that I had not known before.

Many years ago Mordkhe Schaechter z”l, put out a call for science texts written in Yiddish. I happened to have had an Algebra book written in Yiddish, and I sent it to him. In the early decades of the twentieth century, many English works of science were translated into Yiddish.

mit vareme yidish-grusn,
Morrie

Editor’s note: Be sure to read Morrie’s article on the status of Yiddish in this issue. As a Hebrew and Yiddish teacher, as a leyenkrayz leader, as a member of the IAYC advisory board and former board member (along with his wife Tybie), he has definitely put a mark on Yiddish. Morrie does much of the Yiddish typing for Der Bay.
In 1959, the Soviet Union marked Sholem Aleichem’s 100th birthday by publishing all his works in Russian translation. They were not, however, available for purchase in Soviet bookstores – only in the satellite countries.

I left Kiev for Poland in February 1960, and I was able to buy the entire edition of his books in a Polish bookstore.

In the Yiddish Day School I had attended in the 1920’s in Poland, we had access to many of Sholem Aleichem’s books, including “Tevye the Dairyman”, “Motl, the Cantors Son”, “The Fair” (Funem Yarid), and others. But the Russian collection contained stories I hadn’t seen before, including his biography. There was also a wedding photo of Sholem Aleichem and his wife (1883).

Sholem Aleichem was born near the city of Kiev, nicknamed “Yehupetz” in his books. As a young Yiddish writer, he couldn’t make a living (so what else is new?). So he supported himself by teaching Russian to the children of wealthy Jews. One of his students was a pretty young daughter of a rich family. In time they fell in love and wanted to marry, but her father objected. He didn’t want his daughter to marry a poor Yiddish writer.

Some years later they did marry and lived happily with her parents. After her father’s death they inherited his wealth and lived the good life. But Sholem Aleichem was a gambler, and in a few years, he lost all the money in the stock market. To support his family, he returned to teaching Russian.

Sholem Aleichem lived in the heart of Kiev. On the day of his 100th birthday, the authorities in Kiev attached a plaque to his residence, engraved in Ukrainian: “Here lived and worked the famous Jewish writer Sholem Aleichem (1859-1916).”

I lived in Kiev since 1944 and I often walked by this building and liked to stop and read the plaque. Once, at the end of 1959, I noticed something was different. The plaque had been replaced, and the new plaque read only “Famous writer” – no more “Jewish”. This was during the height of Soviet Anti-Semitism.

Editor’s note: Mr. Swirsky was the recipient of the International Association of Yiddish Clubs Second Lifetime Yiddish Service Award.
Yiddish in Melbourne
by Freydi Mrocki – Australia - Correspondent for Der Bay

Melbourne has the highest percentage of post-Holocaust Jews outside of Israel. Many who have settled in this city are of Polish background.

The kindergarten and primary-school children learn Yiddish naturally because their parents have chosen this place for their education. These days, fewer are choosing the college because of the Yiddish, but for other reasons: proximity, reputation, lower school fees, secular Jewish approach heymishkayt. Many parents wish there was more Hebrew and less Yiddish.

The youngsters enjoy singing, celebrating the festivals and performing in Yiddish. I think there is also a comfort and joy in expressing Jewish identity via Yiddish. The older students are exposed to a more text-based Yiddish education.

What would be great would be to come up with a reasonable and appropriate way to teach Yiddish grammar subtly to children in grades 5 and 6.

High-school students choose Yiddish for a variety of reasons, some to continue their primary school Yiddish learning with friends they made in primary school.

Those who choose it as a first time study may do so because they are required by their school to choose a language and they prefer Yiddish because it means more to them than French, Spanish or Japanese; often their parents and grandparents know some or much Yiddish and they want to "join the club". Others are only looking to choose a language for a year and Yiddish is seen as more relevant and/or a "soft option".

As they advance, these students begin to love the humour and wisdom found in many Yiddish stories. They enjoy learning curses, proverbs and folk songs. As their oral communication and writing improves, they feel a sense of pride and accomplishment. At all times they appreciate their people's history, heritage, culture, folk beliefs and different perspective than the one offered to them in their religious classes, Jewish studies classes or at their Zionist youth groups.

Since many of our students hear Yiddish at home or an English that is peppered with Yiddish, people speaking Yiddish on the streets, or grandparents that use it liberally, Yiddish has meaning to them. As generations die out, the youth in Melbourne are becoming more removed from Yiddish and are seeing it as less relevant. They refer to it as a 'dead' or 'dying' language.

Of course, among the Charedim this is not so. Yiddish is being taught to students at Chabad Lubavitch and Adass Yisroel (Satmar) schools at high-school level.

**University Students**

I know less about this group, although I do teach two university students privately. They have chosen to learn Yiddish as a hobby—a once-a-week lesson. Just like the high-school students (those with a positive attitude) they love to learn curses, Yiddish wisdom and songs. They enjoy broadening their vocabulary and knowledge so they can talk with grandparents and stumps (i.e. confound) their parents, and also so they can finally understand the bits and pieces of Yiddish they have heard around them since childhood. Since these two students come from Modern Orthodox homes, they also appreciate the language and culture from the perspective of Jewish identity and expression.

**ADULTS**

**Beginners/Intermediate:**

For some it is a sense of nostalgia, for others it is to fill the void and regret that they didn't learn or even rejected learning Yiddish from their parents or grandparents when they were younger. For others, they want to sweep away the cobwebs and refresh their Yiddish knowledge. For still others, it is something they have always wanted to do and now they have the opportunity to do it. Some like structured classes with formal grammar, while others like a more informal approach—a shpatsir, kave grupe, Yidish sof vokh, or gezang ovnt.

**Advanced**

We have groups who meet in leyen krayzn and also have lessons at advanced university level taught by a university lecturer at her home. Here we use serious texts as springboard for our grammar, vocabulary, learning hebraisms, etc.

**Editor's note:** Freydl is active in messaging to the new International Association of Yiddish Teachers.

**Klezmania** is Freydl and Lionel Mrocki's klezmer band. Freydl can be reached at: klezmer@optushome.com.au
Bilig vi borsht

Mama never said “It’s only peanuts” or “Cheap as dirt.” Nothing was cheap. If it cost money, it was expensive.

We ate cracked eggs every day—every possible way except poached. We had chicken in one form or another every other day. The shoykhet had only our old, non-laying, Leghorn hens to slaughter. Everyone raves about white meat (the breast), but to us boys, beylek was like cardboard. Mama boiled them in soup or ground them and made cutlets.

Mama used the Purina feedbags to make pillowcases, sheets, quilt covers, and her aprons. When they were torn and could not easily be mended with her trusty Singer Sewing Machine, they became shmatas for washing—all except the kitchen floor. Mom had the biggest mop you ever saw. Her powerful arms swept the mop across the floor like a bluebird going to nest.

The only thing that Mama never complained about was the money she spent on her children’s doctor bills. If a physician charged a lower amount, he must not be a good doctor. When we lived in New York and Papa belonged to the Glovner Society, we went to the Glovner doctor. He was cheap, bilig vi borsht, but after all he was the “Society Doctor.”

Mama’s Soups

There was soup in our house almost every day. Mama said, “Iberevamente zup hot a besern tam” (Reheated soup tastes better), but we never had the same soup two days in a row.

Since Papa was a meat-and-potatoes man, our soups were hearty. Except for the chicken soup and borsht, you didn’t have enough broth to dip your bread. This was a problem for Paul, the hired hand who ate with us. He was a huge bald man with palms the size of ping-pong paddles. We called him the Polish guy. He ate hunched over so nothing could fall out of his bowl.

Mama made soup from potatoes, beets, peas, cabbages, barley, beans and lentils, and the weekly chicken soup. All the grain and vegetable soups had some form of beef in them and were served fiery hot—that’s the way Papa liked it. We boys always blew at the soup in the tablespoon before we could lift and put it in our mouths. The only exception was the summer borsht, which was served cold and with a big dollop of sour cream.

No Cream of Corn, French Onion or New Orleans Bouillabaisse “soups” were on our farm menu. At Thanksgiving time we had turkey, and there was no soup that day. I don’t remember any time when any of the boys complained about having too much soup.

Mama Went to Church—Once
by Philip Fishl Kutner

We boys were raised in an Orthodox home. After moving from a Jewish neighborhood in the Bronx in 1937 to the chicken farm a mile away from Baptistown, NJ and 8 miles west of Flemington, the neighborhood changed. It was called Baptistown because there was a Baptist Church in addition to the gasoline station, general store, and one-room schoolhouse.

Papa crossed the street when he saw a man or woman cloaked in black. It meant bad luck. For us boys it meant that we were the only Jewish boys in high school who had no close friends.

We were constantly reminded that, “A shikse may be sweet, but she ain’t kosher meat.” Needless to say, we all married nice Jewish girls.

Things really changed after Papa died in 1977. Oh, no—Mama still kept a strictly kosher home and never ate trefy outside, but when one of her granddaughters converted and was married in a church, Mama went. She even used the term bashedert. I could not. Even afterwards Mama accepted the situation and visited, but the rest of the family could not for many years.

Mama Played Games
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Mama worked hard all of her life. She came to America after the first World War as a grown woman. In Poland she walked out to the countryside to peddle goods to the Polish farmwomen and lugged back the produce she got in exchange. On our farm, she did all of the housework; fed Papa, four of us boys, and the hired hand; and did the heavy work outside.

Things changed when one of her boys was sick. Everything except the most essential chores were put aside and Mama became the best nurse you could ever have. She told us stories about her childhood and played games with us.

We played cards, and she always lost to us in Pisha Pasha, Rummy or Casino. It was a different matter when we put the cards aside and Mama pulled out the looped string that she carried in her apron. Her mood changed when she played our favorite game, Etel Betel. No professional athlete could be more intent on winning than Mama. Even that smile disappeared. Mama’s huge hands rapidly moved the looped sting as she converted one shape from our hands to hers. She always won.
I was born in NYC, into a secular Ashkenazi family. My maternal grandparents emigrated from Poland to the United States at the beginning of the last century. (My grandmother arrived in July 1914, on the last ship that made it across before the beginning of WWI.) Because they had to support themselves from the time they arrived as young teenagers, they had little formal education; however, they swam against the pro-assimilation current that was popular at the time, and made sure that their two daughters had Yiddish as their first language and a formal Yiddish education.

Even after retiring to Florida, they continued to be active in Yiddish reading-circles and other cultural organizations. My mother, Rose Jimenez, following the family tradition, is also an active Yiddishist: she has given classes, runs a weekly *vinkl* in Plainview, NY, and has a Yiddish library of over 350 books. Unfortunately, my father did not speak Yiddish, so when I was growing up English was spoken at home. My own *Yiddishkayt* came from family traditions, holiday celebrations, and literature in translation, and from the few words that filter in.

I majored in Spanish at Goucher College and spent my junior year in Madrid. After finishing my studies in the U.S. I returned to Madrid, where I began to teach English, first at the U.S. Cultural Center and, at the Complutense University, where I am a member of the English Language Department. When I got here, I felt that I was home—a feeling difficult to describe.

I realized my dream of learning Yiddish in 1987, when I attended YIVO’s Summer Program at Columbia University. I also took a course in Yiddish at Oxford in 1995. I was happy when Rhoda Henelde Abecasis started a monthly Yiddish *krayz* in Madrid, over a decade ago.

When I first came to Spain, in 1965, Roman Catholicism was the official religion; the practice of others was tolerated, but not *legal*. The Jewish community comprised mainly Moroccan Sephardic Jews who had arrived after Morocco became independent in 1956; they met in an apartment on a nondescript side-street and kept a very low profile. After the passage of the 1967 Religious Freedom Law, a proper synagogue was built, and it has been the main one since its opening in 1968.

In the mid-70’s, the coincidence in time of Franco’s death and the military coup in Argentina prompted thousands of Jews to migrate to Spain. Most of these were Ashkenazi and secular. Not feeling at home at the Sephardic Orthodox synagogue, and feeling a need for Jewish activities (especially for their children), in the early 1990’s they created Hebraica Madrid (HM), a cultural association based on the one they knew in Buenos Aires.

I was a charter member; served on its board; and helped organize folkdancing classes, film screenings and debates, and led the Passover seders. However, it was recently disbanded.

In 2004, the Federation of Jewish Communities of Spain created an internet radio station, with two main objectives: 1) to spread knowledge about Jewish culture to a Spanish audience, many of whom had never met a Jew and whose ideas were based on Franco-era stereotypes and 2) to counteract news reports, which generally are biased against Israel. I ran a weekly English language program and began broadcasting news and (mostly) interviews in 2005. You can hear my “English Corner,” and the rest of the programming at www.radiosefarad.com. In 2007 I was asked to write articles about Spain for the European Jewish Press, an on-line Brussels newspaper (www.ejpress.org).

The most exciting project that I’m involved in is the development of a series of in-depth tours of Jewish Spain and Portugal. My partner, Ami Barr, is a Sephardic Jew who grew up in Columbia, and made aliyah to Israel, where he studied history and archeology and is a certified tour guide. We will offer group tours.

Jewish life in Spain has blossomed. The community has become more diverse; there are Sephardic and Ashkenazi, Orthodox, Conservative and Reform congregations in many cities, and thousands of non-affiliated Jews. Two years ago, the Spanish Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Cooperation and the Madrid Regional and City Councils created “Casa Sefarad-Israel,” an official institution that organizes cultural and educational events with the aim of spreading knowledge of Jewish culture to the general Spanish public, and creating bonds of cooperation and friendship between the Spanish and Israeli peoples.

Chanukah was celebrated in public for the first time, with a menorah-lighting ceremony in a public square in Madrid. (You can find my article at: http://ejpress.org/article/33094.) A study has shown that 20% of Spaniards have genes that can be traced to Sephardic Jews. The general public is showing more and more interest in Spain’s Jewish heritage, and in Jewish culture and religion in general.
Talks With Prof. Gershon Winer

Editor’s note: Excerpted from an article in the April 1992 issue of Der Bay.

If you saw a copy of my notes about Prof. Gershon Winer the idea of Yiddish spelling would be dispelled. I missed half of the notes, for my shorthand of ”Y” for ”Yiddish,” wasn’t good enough to get it all.

First came a letter correcting a Der Bay article. I referred to Sol Liptzin as Sam Liptzin. Prof. Winer said that they had just had a 90th birthday celebration for Sol Liptzin in Jerusalem.

When I called to thank Prof. Winer for his correction a wonderful, informative conversation ensued.

Originally from Toronto, Prof Winer left Bar Ilan University to head a Yiddish Teacher Training Program at the School of Education of Tel Aviv University. The first course began in February, with an enrollment of 51. This is the first of its kind at the university. Geared to students who are fluent in Hebrew, this course is for those who will be going into the teaching of Yiddish. Assisting Prof. Winer are Prof. Dov Noy and Benjamin Zemah, who will be teaching Theater. This is due to the generosity of a Toronto benefactor. You will be informed of possible future programs that may interest you.

Prof. Winer spoke about a conversation he had when Profov Katz of Oxford University visited him recently. One of the positions Prof. Katz holds is that of British Inspector for Yiddish. He mentioned that there are 18 Orthodox schools in London teaching Yiddish! Another exciting item is the establishment of a Yiddish chair at Sidney, Australia.

Then I was informed that two Yiddish instructors had gone to Birobidzhan to help set up their Yiddish training program. That was in addition to Dr. David Fishman and Dr. Peysakh Fiszman’s, having gone on a similar program to Moscow.

This is the first announcement of the availability of a volume, Studies in Lekvik. Thanks to a benefactor, this publication will be distributed for only the cost of shipping. Prof. Winer said it is a compilation of chapters written by some of the great Yiddish experts in the world, including one of our favorite speakers, Prof. Dov Noy.

Prof. Winer visits twice a year. He comes to Canada for the High Holidays; as an ordained rabbi, he leads services in Toronto. Likewise Prof. Winer comes to the States during February. He is available for speaking engagements around that time, and has been especially effective in Scholar-in-Residence programs.

First International Yiddish Club Conference May 29-June 1, 1993

Editor’s note: Last month we celebrated our chai anniversary of Der Bay and we shall be reprinting several of the key articles over the years. This article first appeared on page 4 in the April 1993 issue of Der Bay. The conference was the forerunner of the IAYC, International Association of Yiddish Clubs Conference

In previous issues of Der Bay Fishl urged all Yiddish teachers and Yiddish club leaders to quickly register for this “first of its kind” meeting.

My congratulations go out to the great effort by The Yiddish of Greater Washington in planning this wonderful program and having superior facilities. This is a must-see event.

It will be held at the Hillel Center on the University of Maryland campus. The cost is low, for it is partially funded by the Maryland Humanities Council and the National Endowment for the Humanities. Registration is only $110 and includes meals. It also includes transportation to the Holocaust Museum. Accommodations are at the University of Maryland Conference Center that is run by the Marriott Corporation Rooms for one or two people are only $59 per room per night.

You may attend two workshops from a list of eight. A highly competent person runs each. The leaders include: Marcia Gruss Levinsohn, Yiddish Committee Chairperson of CAJE (Coalition for the Advancement of Jewish Education); Professor Max Ticktin, George Washington University; Naomi Kadar, Director of the Workmen’s Circle Kindershule; Sunny Landsman, (z”l) Coordinator of the Circle of Yiddish Clubs; R. Lea Singer, writer; Marvin Caplan, (z”l) Director of the Sholem Aleichem Festival; Hilda Rubin, Director of Di Shpilers; and Elaine Mann, Jewish Community Center Director. Marcia & Hilda are the only ones to attend every one of the 12 IAYC conferences

Among the featured speakers are Professor Mikh Herzog, retired, from Columbia University; Dr. Hannah Kliger of the University of Massachusetts; and Joseph Mlotek, (z”l) of forverts fame. A special guest will be Professor Moishe Wolf, (z”l) who arrived from Russia. His stories of Yiddish in the former USSR will have you sitting at the edge of your seat.

Make your reservations now.
Call: Dr. Harold Black, (z”l) 301-469-0865 or Sid Verner 301-926-6777
Kay, Kinderlekh, Kay (chew)
Philip Fishl Kutner

“Es nisht azoy shnel,” was Mama’s admonition. We boys had too many things to do. There was no time to languish at the kitchen table. We had chores before going to meet the school bus down at Route #12, a mile east of Baptistown, NJ. If it were suppertime (dinner) there still were eggs to clean and pack or chickens that had to be culled, moved or vaccinated.

The only exception was Thanksgiving when it was non-stop eating from dinner (lunch) to supper. Then we had plenty of time to slow down and relish Mama’s great food. At that time Mama did not have to say, “Es nisht azoy shnel.” There was plenty of talking, mostly we boys were bantering about girls. Mama and Papa were highly amused and never commented.

At Rutgers I had to work for room and meals. Lunch was 90 minutes between classes. I ran 10 minutes to the Hungarian deli and 10 minutes back to class. After washing dishes for an hour there was 10 minutes to eat. My lunch often was a pint of ice cream and half of a pie.

I still eat too fast and slow (up or down) only when Mama’s words resound in my ears, “Fishele, kay, kay, —es nisht azoy shnel,” do I slowly chew and swallow.

Der Bay
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Web site: http://www.derbay.org
E-mail FISHL@derbay.org Ph: 650-349-6946

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Send in a note to honor a dear one at a special occasion or send her a subscription to Der Bay.

Send a notice of vinkl meetings, DVD release, klezmer performances, book publication, lectures, classes, conferences, institutes, or stage performances.

When traveling, look at der internatsyonaler kalander for events to attend and for contacts

Der Bay is the first source of information for news about the International Association of Yiddish Clubs and the exciting IAYC conferences.
Reading Yiddish

"Those who can read Yiddish, as well as understand and speak it, are sometimes surprised to find that other people who can understand and speak the language cannot read it. This means that such individuals cannot enjoy the wonderful Yiddish literature in the original.

Of course, one remedy is to read the literature in translation, and there is much excellent translation available. However, another interesting alternative is to read it in transliteration, i.e., rendering the original Yiddish into the Roman (conventional American) alphabet. This provides an interesting hybrid experience for those who understand but can’t read Yiddish.

"Reading a long document in transliteration can be demanding and tiring, but we think it does have a useful place in facilitating shorter communication in a venue such as Der Bay, when some readers who communicate most easily in Yiddish want to reach other readers who understand the language but can’t read it. Accordingly, we have made fairly extensive and increasing use of transliteration in our columns.

It is important to explain to our readers that transliteration is like other languages in that it has tightly prescribed rules of spelling. Many people who use transliteration are either ignorant or sloppy about it, and think "anything goes." Not so! If one is going to use transliteration, there is an obligation to get it right. And it’s easy. The YIVO studied the problem long ago, and came up with a clear-cut system of transliteration that is universally accepted by knowledgeable Yiddishists.

The YIVO standard was established in the 1930’s while YIVO was still in Vilna (Vilnius). In general, the consonants are pronounced as they are in English—the beyz is b and pronounced like b in boat or bagel, etc. there are a few combinations of consonants that are different.

The following Roman letters do not exist in Yiddish Romanization; they are c, j, q, w, x.

The following are combinations of Roman letters to equal a single Yiddish sound.

kh as ch in Bach
dzh as g in George
zh as z in azure
tsh as ch in chin

In English we have the following vowels. They are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y. Unlike Hebrew Yiddish uses letters for vowels. In Yiddish they are alef, vov, yud, ayin and several combinations along with the pasekh alef, komets alef, khirk yud and melapim vov.
The vowels are sounded as follows:

a as in arsenic
e as in bed
i as in it,
i at the end of a word as ee in beet
o as ou in bought
u as oo in too
ey as in they
ay as in aye, aye

Der Bay is running a series of popular transliterated letters from the Forverts. Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe” (Questions and Answers in the Matter of Love) fun der khaznte Khane Slek, transliterated & annotated by Goldie Adler Gold of New York City.

We ran a series of bible scenes, A Komishe Biblishe Stsene by Ed Goldman of Bayonne, New Jersey. They are among the all-time most popular series.
My three Phoenix grandchildren, knowing of my interest in both Yiddish and geometry, have given me an interesting advance birthday gift. It is a geometry book written in Yiddish. It actually is a translation of an English geometry book which was published in 1910. My grandson, Avi, discovered that the NYBC had digitized this book, and he was able to order a single copy.

I translated the instructions for constructing a diagram used to prove the Pythagorean Theorem, and following these instructions, I came up with a proof of this theorem which I had not known before.

Many years ago Prof. Mordkhe Schaechter, z”l issued a call for science texts written in Yiddish. I happened to have an Algebra book written in Yiddish, and I sent it to him. In the early decades of the twentieth century, many English works of science were translated into Yiddish.

Below is a copy of the book.

Mathematics words is the newest list that has been added to the transliterated lists on Der Bay’s website: www.derbay.org/words/index.html

List of Mathematics Words

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My Memories
by Edy Sharon

I enjoy the Der Bay very much. As soon as it comes, I sit down to read every word.

Your stories about growing up on a farm are parallel to my own growing up in the Catskill Mountains. My parents came from Russia and I often think how brave they must have been to cross continents and oceans to come to the United States.

The depression years of the 1930’s were hardest on my parents. On the farm, they worked very hard to make a living. My Mama did the same things that you describe your own mother as doing.

Life for a child on the farm was wonderful. Of course, we had chores to do but there was enough time to climb trees and watch birds.

We could tell what day of the week it was by the way the house smelled. Monday, a big pot with a stick in it and clothes were boiling on the stove. The soapy smell told us not to bother Mama too much as she would stand near the stove and stir the clothes.

Tuesday was ironing day and as we ran in from school, there was the hot snack of hot bread with shmalts and gribenes and a hot glass of tea. The flat irons were heated on the stove and the starch smelled as it was pressed into the clothes.

Wednesday was mending day, Mama patched everything and it is amazing how many lives a little school dress could have. Her patches on the school clothes were designs of embroidered flowers. Work clothes or house clothes only got a late (patch).

Thursday was the day Mama did the heavy cleaning which continued into Friday. The pine floors in the kitchen and dining room were scrubbed until they looked like new wood.

Friday all the cooking for the Shabes was prepared and the house took on a different look. The white linen table cloth came out of the drawer. The noodles for the chicken soup were made.

My job was to stretch the dough. I felt so important when I was allowed to help with such a project. I had to pass inspection as I washed and scrubbed my hands. Only after Mama was satisfied that I was kosher enough to touch the dough. The khale was baked very early in the morning and was cooling by the time we got home from school.

In addition to all the work done in the house, Mama had her kitchen garden. She never trusted cans. She took care of the chickens and Papa had a job delivering mail. We used to milk the cows before he left for his mail route. I say we, because there was a special little red cow that I milked while he milked all the others.

Mama’s hands were never idle. She took care of the children and made sure we were clean and neat. Which we were until we got outside and started to shed some of the winter clothes she used to pile on us. That little woman was overworked and I never heard her complain about it.

Papa worked hard also. He chopped wood for the fire and I delighted in helping him. I would stack the wood in the shed that he split. Sometimes, I would go with Papa and help him cut down a tree. I had a little ax that Papa gave me and I chopped off the skinny little branches and prepared the kindling wood.

Yiddish was the language of the house. Mama never learned English. Every evening from seven to eight, Papa read to us in Yiddish from Der Tog. Mama liked the Bintl Briv. Papa also read books to us one chapter at a time.

One of the first books that I can remember was Uncle Toms Cabin. In Yiddish it spoke to us. He read many of the classics to us. Mama never had any formal education. What she lacked there she more than made up with her common sense.

When we were small, Mama used to sing a lot as she did her work. But on September 1st, 1939 the singing stopped. The letters from Europe stopped coming and there was no longer contact with our family in Russia. She wept often and she missed her sisters and brothers. The only things that were left were a few photos and the last letters.

Mama never sang again. She passed away on October 1, 1990. No matter how we tried to get information about her beautiful large family we came up empty.

You can understand what Der Bay does for me. It wakes up old memories and even though some are sad, most make me smile. Thank You.

Edy Sharon
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Do You Know Her?

Editor’s note: This came from an article “The Baby Girl from the Piotrkow Ghetto (Poland) in The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors. Its editor Ben Giladi of Kew Gardens, NY is a dear friend and can be contacted at: voicebentov@juno.com

I have already posted this appeal, but in case someone new joined and hasn’t read it, please read it. Maybe someone will have a suggestion?

Wieslawa Lang - real name unknown - baby girl from Piotrkow Ghetto:

This little baby girl was born in the ghetto of Piotrkow Trybunaiski (Possibly the Lodz ghetto) in the beginning of 1943. Still a baby, she and her parents were transferred to a work camp in Piotrkow Trybulanski.

While in the work camp, in December 1943, her parents smuggled their daughter out of the camp. The Polish couple Stefan and Helena Gruchala took care and raised her pretending she was theirs.

Before the war the Gruchalas lived at 10 or 11 Rynek in Piotrkow Trybulanski, which was included to the ghetto during the war, and they had to move out.

Wieslawa remembers the sound of Blaustein or Blumstein surname…, maybe it was my family name? During the war at the apartment where Gruchalas used to live, Blausztajn family lived.

Maybe it was not a coincidence? We know for sure that Wieslawa’s foster mother had contacts with people in the ghetto and smuggled food for them.

Family Name: Unknown (Blausztajn / Blumsztajn?)
Family Name During The War: Gruchala
Given Name: Unknown
Given Name During The War: Wieslawa
Birth Place: Ghetto Piotrkow Trybunaiski, Poland (or possibly Ghetto Lodz, Poland)
Birth Date: In The Beginning Of 1943
Biological Father: Unknown
Biological Mother: Unknown
Couple That Saved Her During The War: Stefan and Helena Gruchala, living at 10 Rynek, Piotrkow Trybunaiski, Poland

Pictures of Mrs Lang from various time periods are at: http://www.missing-identity.net/mi/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=97&Itemid=26

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Dr. Zackary Sholem Berger (New York)
Avrom Sutskever, the Vilna Yiddish Prophet
Roza Bieliauskiene (Vilna Gaon Jewish Museum)
The Streets of Vilna in Yiddish Literature.
Fira Bramson (Lithuanian National Library)
Yiddish Literary Treasures of 1930s Vilna
Professor Anna Vershik (University of Helsinki)
Yiddish Language and Culture in Estonia
Dr. Maria Krupoves-Berg (Vilnius Yiddish Institute)
Yiddish Folksongs of Lithuania and Belarus
Dr. Vilma Grad (Vilna Gaon Jewish State Museum)
Idealization of Jewish Living Space in Jewish Art
Simon Gurevich (exec. Dir., Jewish Community)
How do Jewish people live in Lithuania today?
Mr. Kerry Shawn Keys (poet, Vilnius)
The Poetic Ghosts of Strashun Street
Milan Khersonsky (editor, Jerusalem of Lithuania)
Fifteen Years with the Only Jewish Paper in Lithuania
Rabbi Sholom Ber Krinsky (Chabad House, Vilnius)
Restoring Jewish Religious Life in Lithuania
Professor Šarūnas Liekis (Vilnius Yiddish Institute)
Jewish Autonomy in the New Republic of Lithuania
Professor Phillip Lopate (Hofstra University, NY)
The Synagogues of Brooklyn
Ms. Rūta Puišytė (Vilnius Yiddish Institute)
Lithuania, the Holocaust and the Truth
Andrea Wicke (ambassador of Austria in Lithuania)
Holocaust Remembrance and Issues Raised
The Freudian Side of Jewish Expressiveness
By Meyer Zaremba

Editor's note: This article appeared in the February 1994 issue of Der Bay. This was the third year of its publication.

As a celebration of having completed 18 years of continuous publication, each issue will have one or two articles of “the best of the rest”

Meyer and Helen have been continuous supporters of Der Bay and have contributed articles periodically. They can be reached at: grenehcuzineh@aol.com

When I get together with friends who share my background we often reminisce about years spent growing up in the tenements and the common threads that run through our experiences as children of Yiddish-speaking parents. One of these threads was the adult world’s capacity for instant generation of an ‘expression’ in reaction to any situation:

If my mother wanted to comment on the never-ending tribulations in dealing with a fool, she’d say:

A toytzn baveyn men zibn teg, a nar dos gantse lebn. (You mourn for the dead seven days, a fool for your entire life.)

If my father was prodded “to make sacrifices for the common good” but suspected the prodder wasn’t doing very much himself, he’d counter with:

“Af yenems tokhes iz gut tsu shmayns.”
(It’s good to whip somebody else’s behind.)

If my aunt wanted to criticize somebody who was putting on airs, she’d announce:

“Zi meynt az zi pisht boyml.”
(She thinks she urinates olive oil.)

If my uncle became frustrated by a person who wouldn’t accept the “wisdom” of his arguments, he’d strike back with:

“Gib tsu farshteyn a sores dem tam fun biye!”
(Go explain to a eunuch the taste of intercourse!)

If the “boarderke” lashed out against one who wronged her, she’d cry:

“Men zol dir tsuklepns tsum vant vi a luakh un yedn tog zol men fun dir apropayn eyn shtik.”

(May you be affixed to the wall like a calendar and every day have one piece torn from you.)

The above all are examples of Yiddish expressiveness that have three things in common. They all express varying degrees of hostility and/or ridicule. They are all funny. They are all in harmony with theories advanced by Sigmund Freud.

In 1905 Freud published, Jokes And Their Relation To The Unconscious. Using many “Jewish anecdotes of deep significance” that he had been collecting, Freud analyzed them and came to certain conclusions with regard to the purpose served by joking:

“A joke will allow us to exploit something ridiculous in our enemy which we could not, on account of obstacles in the way, bring forward openly or consciously. They [jokes] make possible the satisfaction of an instinct (whether lustful or hostile) in the face of an obstacle that stands in its way. They circumvent this obstacle and in that way draw pleasure from a source which the obstacle had made inaccessible.”

Freud’s humor serves a very important purpose. It relieves one of tension; it releases one from inhibition. The “censor,” which is Freud’s term for the internal inhibition which prevents us from giving rein to many of our natural impulses, must be outwitted if we are to be permitted to give expression to our hostile impulses, our malicious impulses, our sexual impulses, and, says Freud, this outwitting of the “censor” is effected through humor. It is in the light of these theories that the Freudian side of Jewish Expressiveness becomes clear.

YIDDISH EXPRESSIONS ARE MINIATURE JOKES! Not only are so many of the techniques (play on words, bewilderment and illumination, double entendres, diversion of train of thought) described by Freud as providing the underpinning in joking present in JOKES, but evidence of these same techniques are so often present in Yiddish Expressiveness.

YIDDISH EXPRESSIONS ARE FUNNY! They are, also biting, sarcastic, belittling, ironic, hostile. They are used as “shtokhs” (shots) and “grizhes” (grating gnaws) with which to put adversaries in their place, and it is the humor with which these arrows are directed towards targets that make them “acceptable” even to the targets themselves.
The wit with which Jews expressed themselves made possible the sarcasm directed towards those in “high stations” and even towards God Himself / Herself:

“Der rebe iz groys ven er hot a sakh kleyne yidelakh.” (The rabbi is a giant when he is surrounded by dwarfs)

“Gotenyu, helf mir tsu oyfshteyn; faln ken ikh aleyn.” (Dear God, help me to stand; I can fall down by myself.)

The cleverness with which Yiddish Expressions are constructed allowed for the verbalization of cynicism and skepticism about our cherished values and beliefs:

“Di toyre laykht, di toyre brent, ober varem varemt der kerbel” (The Torah illuminates, the Torah burns, but warmth is provided by the ruble.)

“Vos toyg khokhme az narishkayt gilts.” (What’s the good of wisdom when it’s foolishness that succeeds.)

“Ven a nes treft zikh, vayst oys az s’iz nisht keyn nes.” (Once a miracle happens it proves it’s not a miracle.) It is the wit with which it is fashioned that allows (at least in some quarters) for the acceptance of sayings with sexual overtones. The following will probably elicit a smile instead of reproach because they are “funny”:

“Az der mentsh iz umetik lozt der kleyner oykh arop dem kop.” (When a man is sad his “little one” also hangs its head.)

“A kurveh git nit oys kredit vorum ir gesheft iz nor oys a minut.” (A whore does not give credit because her business is open only for a minute.)

Sigmund Freud asserts that jokes serve a very serious purpose. It is my contention that Jewish Expressions deserve an honored place alongside Jewish jokes. THEY ARE JEWISH JOKES!! They are an integral part of the much proclaimed whole which we call JEWISH HUMOR and together they are entwined with our Self-Assertiveness, our Self-Preservation, our Survival-Through-Laughter in a succession of hostile environments.

“From the Original” Editor’s Note: Meyer Zaremba’s very humorous book, Freun un Fargenig, was reviewed in the April 1993 issue of Der Bay. He can be reached at 6406 Pointe Pleasant Circle, Delray Beach, Florida 33484. Meyer is a performer in great demand, and also has taught at Elderhostels. He’s one funny man!

Saskatoon Becomes the Newest Canadian City Added to TYN List

Editor’s note: Much has happened since this article was published in Der Bay, January 1994. Both Barry and Bess Shockett, o’h, are no longer with us and Sylvia is no longer with the Committee for Yiddish. We now have TYN contacts in Halifax, Fort Erie, Windsor, Dundas, Hamilton, Edmonton, Aspen Park and Regina and the Canadian list has more than doubled to 261 key people in the Yiddish Community.

The Yiddish Network’s (TYN) newest contact is Anna Gersher of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Since the next Yiddish Club Conference is being held in Canada, this addition is even more significant.

Anna was born in Moldova, USSR and wrote that a small group was going to meet for the purpose of possibly starting a Yiddish club. Presently there is no organized Yiddish activity. She will be reporting on its results.

We still are searching for a contact in Regina. Both Regina and Saskatoon have a Jewish population under a thousand. Other cities for which we need an immediate contact include: Edmonton, Halifax, Hamilton, Kingston, and even Quebec City (:–l.

The database of key Canadians numbers 100, and our current Canadian TYN list now stands at eleven. They are in:

Calgary
Dundas
Kitchener
London
Montreal
Ottawa
Saskatoon
Toronto (Willowdale)
Vancouver
Victoria
Winnipeg

Canadians can receive the names and addresses by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) to our Toronto contact Sylvia Lustgarten at 4600 Bathurst St., Willowdale, ON, M2R 3V2. Subscribers to Der Bay, who are traveling to Canada, may receive this list from the editor by sending a request and including a (SASE).

Remember that the contact for the Yiddish Club Conference in Toronto, and also the Canadian representative on the International Yiddish Club Committee, is Bess Shockett at 303 Joicy Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, M5M 2V8 Canada.
Dr. Jack Berger Writes
jsberger@optonline.net

I read about the interests in Yiddish instruction and opportunities for Yiddish conversation around the country. I believe that insufficient attention is being given to the use of the Internet as a distribution and communication tool. This is a time when no person, regardless of how isolated, cannot 'connect' with a group and obtain a critical mass to pursue ANY interest—which includes instruction in Yiddish or conversation.

The idea of a "Webinar" is beginning to gain traction. You don't need to limit a "ROMEO" session (as you discussed in the article in your last issue of Der Bay) to those who are geographically close and can get to the same restaurant. A student in Stockholm Sweden should be able to tie into a 'session,' say in California, and get the benefit of the interaction without leaving the comfort of his/her home study.

At our Temple, we have a facility to 'webcast' services for when we think it makes sense. The last occasion was the High Holydays, when the congregation felt a need to make access to services available to shut-ins who could not get to Shul. It is an idea whose time has come. It is only a matter of who wants to do it.

Hershl Hartman Writes
hershl@earthlink.net

I just read that you and your brothers went to P.S. 42 in The Bronx! Was that on Claremont Parkway? If so, we are fellow alumni! I went there for a semester in 1941, I believe, until I was transferred to P.S. 4 (near 174th St., between the El and Crotona Park —Fulton Ave.?!) to be in an experimental class that combined 5th and 6th graders, sort of like a rural one-room schoolhouse.

Yiddish enters here, too. Though still a kid in public school, I was already in mitlshul, with classmates a good deal older. In a Yiddish literature class, discussing Bovshover and Edelshtat, someone remarked that they were similar to the English poets Keats and Shelley. In a P.S. 4 composition I referred to the English poets.

I was called to the principal's office to explain what I knew about them (they already figured they had a bright kid on their hands)—so I told him (he was Jewish) about mitlshul and explained about Secular Yiddishkeyt. The mitlshul class may have been taught by Menke Katz, Dovid and Troim's father.

a velt mit veltelekh...

Hannah Galay Writes
asafgl@012.net.il

Itsche Heystir,
Chamber Opera—Premiere
Libretto and Music: Daniel Galay
Director: Tal Shahar

The opera depicts a contemporary, existential situation characterized by alienation and difficulty forming mutual connections. In this case, each of the characters in the opera aspires to eternalize his or her existence by producing a child.

The work "Itsche Heystir" is based on a Yiddish libretto and original music, both of which are by the composer Daniel Galay. Four artists take part in the performance: an actor, a mezzo-soprano singer, a pianist, and a percussionist.

The actor, Itsche Heystir, carries most of the text. The singer is Adela, and the pianist plays the part of Zigmond, the third member of the emergent love triangle. The percussionist represents a witness who observes that which occurs on stage.

The work copes with the issue of transmitting a text to an audience in the clearest and most direct way possible. Here the role of the actor is crucial. The libretto exists in a Yiddish original as well as in Hebrew and German translation, and can be easily translated into other languages because it is based entirely on a rhythmic line and not on a melodic line. The libretto was published in the journal Naye Vegn vol. 9 (2001).

Editor’s note: The Galays were presenters at the IAYC Conference in Cleveland.

Harold Goldstein Writes
pierredor@webtv.net

I note that your Mama came from the shtetl in Poland called Tiktin (Tikocin). So did my folks, my mother in 1898 and my father a few years earlier. They met here on the East Side in Manhattan and married in 1902. For a long while, there existed and maybe still does, an organization in NY City to which my father belonged, The Tiktiner Young Men’s Society.

I was born in 1909 and this year I shall celebrate my 100th birthday. I remember the stories that my folks told about what went on in the Shtetl Tiktin. We were eight children, seven boys and one girl. We gave good accounts of ourselves against the dam Nazis in World War II, but too late to help the Shtetl Tiktin.
Shayles un Tshuves in "Hilkhes Libe" "Forverts" – 1/16-22/09

(Questions and Answers in the Matter of Love)
Fun der khaznte Khane Slek
transliterated & annotated by Goldie Adler Gold

Tayere khaznte,

Plutsem [suddenly] hob ikh bamerkt [noticed] az mayn man iz alt gevorn! Er iz a benshishim [sexagenarian] un ikh bin mit bloyz 3 yor yinger, ober ikh hob derfilt, mit a mol, az der khilek [difference] tsivshn undz iz a riziker [great]. Ikhs hob hanoe fun farbrengen mit khaveyrim, esn iz di restoranen, geyn in teater un kolaminim [all kinds...] aktivitetn. Harvey flegt hanoe hohn fun di zelbe zakhn, ober letstns iez er mer tsufridn tsu blaybn in der heyym, kukan af televizye un zikh leygn fri shlome. Er bavegt zikh mer pamelekh [moves more slowly], er est mer pamelekh, un es dakh zikh mir, az er trakt af ile mer pamelekh. Vos ken ikh ton, er zol nisht vern an alter?

Yunge froy

Tayere y-f-

Es zenen faran gevise aspektn fun vern alt, vos me ken opsheteln [stop]. Fizishe baytn [physical changes] geshen baym vern alt un oyb Harvey bavegt zikh pamelekhve, vet gor nisht helfn, afile ven ir bet im zikh tsu rim giker [move faster]. Ir derf kontroliern [check] bay a dokter, tsi er hot nisht keyn fyzishe problemen.


++++++++++++++

Tayere khaznte,

Ikh benk [long for] zeyer nokh mayn froy ven zi geyt aroys fun shtup. Mir dah, az zi benkt nisht azoy nokh mir—un dos tut vey. Ikh kling in dem gantsn tog un zog vi shtark ikh hob zib li un benk nokh ir. Zi iz ale mol tsu farnumen, un khotsh zi redt aroys di verter, un ikh veys az zi hot mikh take lib, farshyt ey ikh oykh, az zi benkt nisht nokh mir—un az s’gefelt ir afile vos zi hot tsayt aleyn far zikh. Zol ikh ir zog az dos art mikh [bothers me], oder zol ikh aynhalt di geflin un shuvaygn?

Nisht keyn aleyn-geyer

Tayerer n-k-aleyn-g-

Gevise menshn hohn lib tsu blaybn aleyn un mer umophengik [independent] vi andere. Ir veyst az ayer froy hot aykh lib—holt ikh az s’volt beser geven, ven ir makht zi nisht filn zikh shuldk [feel guilty] farn gut farbrengen di tsayt on [without] aykh. Ikh nem on [presume], az zi geyt aroys oder avek tsu zeyn mishpokhe un fraynd, oder tsu der arbet; oyz oykh, zenen efsher ayeve telefon-klungen a kopdreyenish [annoyance]. Anshhot dem, klingt ir eyn mol a tog vet zi benken nokh aykh mer—ikh farzikher aykh [assure you]!
Mama and Shoes
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Shoe stores were in the Kutner family long before we moved to our New Jersey farm. Grandpa Samuel and Papa’s two younger brothers also had a lady’s shoe store in Manhattan.

Papa was very knowledgeable in the field, but hated the business. When we lost the farm, he opened a very successful shoe store on highway 22 near Dunellen, NJ.

Well, Mama had some unusual ideas about shoes and the feet that go into them. Here are some of her quotes.

“Never zhaeleve with doctors or buying shoes. Your whole body rests on your two feet. If your shirt or pants don’t fit right, it only looks bad, but it doesn’t hurt you.”

“Every time I gave birth my feet got a half size longer or a size wider.” (This is so for most women.)

“The way you tell which shoe goes on which foot is to put them alongside of each other. If you have a hole in between, it’s right. If they are touching each other in the middle it’s wrong.”

“Don’t walk around the house in your stocking feet.” (This is only for people sitting Shiva.)

“Don’t lie with your feet facing the door.” (People are carried out feet first.)

“If you don’t like your shoes, change the color of the shoelace.”

Mama always complained about her feet. She had bunions, calluses and corns. She always said it came from wearing too small shoes when she was a young girl.

I remember asking Mama why there isn’t a separate word in Yiddish for leg and why sole and heel both are the same (pyate). If there is a separate Yiddish word for foot (füg), knee (kni), ankle (knekl), thigh (polke), calf (litke), hip (lend) why isn’t there a separate word for leg?

Mama’s reply was always the same. When she didn’t know or was too busy to answer, she brought Him, the Almighty—der eybishter, into the picture. “If God wanted a Yiddish word for leg, He would have made one.” This invariably ended the discussion. Who am I to argue with Him?

Mama’s Two Clotheslines
by Philip Fishl Kutner

There was one in the kitchen for rainy weather and the blisterly wintertime. Then there was the outside one that started at the kitchen window and went to the electric pole. Mama liked the outside one better, because the clothes were brightened in the sunlight and added a fresh smell to them.

The outside one had large pulleys on either end and the clothesline was tied on the top part of the loop. Mama told us to always have the knot on the far end so that as we put the clothespins on the clothes, sheets and towels the knot would move toward the kitchen.

Occasionally, one of us boys was not paying attention and we had the knot in the middle. As we loaded the clothes on the line, the knot soon reached the kitchen window. We could not load any more and would have to take the clothes outside and stand on a ladder.

There were separate loads for towels and sheets and others for our underwear. I still see Mama’s large pink bloomers fluttering in the wind. Mama never wore panties—only bloomers.

Papa and we boys wore only boxer shorts. Once Papa brought home tight, short, white briefs, but they cut into our skin when we bent over.

Mama washed all of our clothes and they were all hung on the clotheslines. The only clothes that never were hung outside were her brassieres, her girdles, and her corset.

We never had the new clothespins with the metal springs. Our clothespins were the old fashioned wooden ones that had a round head and the tapered slot that held the clothing onto the clothesline. They all were held on with a single pin We used 2 clothespins on every item except our socks.

Finally Mama got her electric washer. It had 2 rollers that rotated and squeezed out the excess water. Mama was very happy with the washer. Later Papa bought Mama an electric dryer and she used the dryer only when there was rainy or very cold weather.

When the roomers and boarders came, during the summer, they always used both the electric washer and dryer. The city folks wanted their luxury and would not hang their clothes on Mama’s clotheslines.
Sick Chickens
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Our New Jersey, White Leghorn, chicken farm often had sick chickens. Sick chickens make other chickens sick so we would isolate them as soon as possible. When we first moved to the farm this meant putting them into a small coop or the brooder-house that we called “the hospital.”

Mama cared for them just as if they were her children. Invariably this meant putting an eye-drop or two of cod liver oil down their throats. Just like children, they did not take kindly to this, but often they “came around” and were able to be put back with the other chickens.

Papa wasn’t so kind. He felt it wasn’t worth the bother and would get rid of them by ringing their necks or banging their heads against a stone. His response was, “You win some and you lose some.” Today it sounds cruel, but it was a way of life.

As our flock became larger and larger and Mama became older and older, her ability to tend to the sick chickens decreased until it disappeared. There came a time when we never spoke to Mama about the sick chickens.
Jewish Not for Profit Organizations – Flourishing and Floundering

Yiddish non-profit organizations fall under the umbrella of Jewish non-profit organizations. They, along with Jewish Day Schools, Temples, Synagogues, B’nai B’rith, JWI, Hadassah, Hillel, BBYO, ADL ORT, etc. They all have had two strikes—first the depressed economy and the Madoff Matter.

While every organization is feeling the pinch of “bad times” and layoffs, downsizing and lowering salaries are standard across the board, some are faring better than others. Which ones have drowned, are drowning or weathering the storm?

In a sense the analogy is the same for the broad spectrum of all non-profit organizations. Fiscal responsibility has always been the order of the day. It is no problem to do well when there is a rising economy, and one does not have to be a financial genius.

We have not learned the biblical lesson of the 7 lean years following the 7 fruitful ones. We have forgotten the Great Depression and the lessons it taught.

The Coalition for the Advancement of Jewish Education (CAJE) cancelled its 34th conference and closed its doors. The primary push now is to raise funds to pay off its debtors.

CAJE has been the primary organization of and for Hebrew schoolteachers and administrators. Several years ago Fishl did a presentation at the Hofstra conference. Marcia Gruss-Levinsohn has been the chair of the CAJE Yiddish Committee. Marcia and Hilda Rubin are the only ones who have attended every IAYC conference.

Where does our International Association of Yiddish Clubs (IAYC) stand? We are rare in the Yiddish community. There is no executive director, there is no paid secretarial staff, and there is no owned or rented national office with utilities, office equipment, or insurance.

Every one of the 17 members of the Board of Directors and officers attending pays for his or her expenses to and at the IAYC conferences. No member of any IAYC committee receives a salary or reimbursement for time spent, supplies or phone calls.

There are 100 Yiddish clubs that are members of the IAYC including ones in Canada, Israel, Spain and South Africa. The annual dues are only $25 irrespective of the size of the club membership. Clubs receive 3 mailings a year of program materials costing more than the $25 membership fee. Clubs wishing to join may do so by sending a $25 check with the club name, leader’s name, address, phone number, and e-mail. Individuals may join for $10 if there is no Yiddish club in the area.

At the last conference, the 12th at the Marriott Hotel in La, Jolla, California, the IAYC reached out to the Yiddish teaching community and facilitated the formation of the International Association of Yiddish Teachers. There were 4 teacher workshops and 3 lectures geared by and for Yiddish teachers.

Lori Cahan-Simon, a teacher at the Cleveland Workmen’s Circle shule, moderates an online list of Yiddish teachers around the world. The list has over 200 members. The Forward had an article about Lori and the IAYT organization.
Yiddish - Friend, Friendly and Friendship
Yidish – Fraynd, Frayndlekh un Frayndshaft
By Philip Fishl Kutner

Jews are warm friendly people.
Jews care about people.
Jews want to help people.

That is why we join organizations.
That is why we are heavily represented among educators, social workers, physicians, psychologists, comedians and lawyers.
That is why we do so well in business.
That is why we are so family conscious.
That is why we are so active in liberal causes.
That is why we are so philanthropic.

GET A YIDDISH FRIEND–OR SEVERAL

If you are young and single, it would be nice if s/he were of the opposite sex.

If you are elderly, it would be nice if s/he were a little younger—of either sex.

If you are sickly, it would be nice if s/he were able to drive around.

If you are a little short of cash, it would be nice if once in a while s/he would take you out for a coffee.

If you are a little weak in your knowledge of Yiddish, it would be nice if s/he knew a little more than you.

HOW TO GET A YIDDISH FRIEND

This is the easiest part. If you attend a Yiddish vinkl, if you participate in a Yiddish chorus, if you belong to a klezmer group or a Yiddish theatrical group or already taking a Yiddish class, then the task is much simpler.

Just walk up to the desirable s/he and say, “Vilstu redn yidish mit mir.”

If s/he says, “Yes.” Thank him or her and go on.

If s/he says, “Yo,” then you have made a Yiddish friend.

If you live in an area where there are no or very few Yiddish speakers, consider a briv fraynd. One source is the Der Bay free matching service. Go online and fill out the simple form that asks you to self rate your ability and the ability of your prospective briv fraynd and send it to Fishl. There are over 460 choices at all levels and from around the world.

HOW TO HANDLE THE FIRST MEETING

If you are a Yiddish maven, the conversation should not be a problem for you.

If you are an onheyber or so-so, then there needs to be ground rules.

Rule 1. If you don’t know how to say a particular word, never ask it in English (or the local language), say, “Vi azoy zogt men af yidish…”

Rule 2. Always have a Yiddish dictionary with you when you meet your Yiddish friend. If your friend also does not know how to say the Yiddish word or phrase, then use the Yiddish dictionary. If you cannot read Yiddish, mit di yidishe oysyes have a dictionary that uses transliteration. If you are a computer maven and have a laptop, that is also a good resource.

Rule 3. Have a personal Yiddish resource. There will be times where you may not be able to find what you want in the dictionary. Here is where a Yiddish teacher or other Yiddish maven comes in handy.

Rule 4. Always start the conversation by asking him/her how s/he is feeling and about his/her mishpocke.

Rule 5. Be prepared. Plan a short story an incident or a joke to continue the conversation.

Rule 6. Keep the meetings or letters short. Just as soon as the conversation starts to lag, suggest the next possible meeting time and place.

Rule 7. Never lapse into English (or the local language)—especially at the end or during departure.

Rule 8. If you break a rule, apologize and continue.

Editor’s note: If you have a new Yiddish friend, of either sex, and want to share your encounters with the readers of Der Bay, please send a note to the editor for insertion in Der internaltsyonaler kalend. All letters are excerpted to a maximum of 9 lines. If it is particularly noteworthy and longer, it may be included as a full article.
Teaching Yiddish in a Yeshiva High School
by Perl Teitelbaum

Editor’s note: this article is excerpted from the March 1994 issue of Der Bay.

Since September 1993 I have been teaching Yiddish at Shevach H.S. in Queens, NY. How did I, a product of a secular Yiddish-speaking home wind up in a Yeshiva High School for Girls? By accident—the school needed a Yiddish teacher, and I was ready to return to work. Yugntruf was the shadkhin and I appeared acceptable to the principal. I asked if I would have to cover my head. She told me that since I was teaching a secular subject, the decision was up to me. Not wanting to appear more Orthodox than the Orthodox, I stayed with my bareheaded look.

The Yiddish course was initiated by the principal as an elective. The students take Hebrew as a requirement, but are encouraged to study Spanish or French for enrichment, and now Yiddish, too, fits into that category. I teach Yiddish 4 days a week for 45 minutes each time. To my surprise, I found twenty students in my class on the second day and twenty-two on the third. Some of them had terrible writing skills in English, but were quite capable of doing what I had asked them to do in Yiddish.

I never ask my students why they want to study Yiddish because I might not get to start teaching if I did. I was surprised to learn that some of them had grandparents and family friends who still speak Yiddish, that they voluntarily visit people in nursing homes where the residents speak Yiddish, that one of them is interested in passing Yiddish down to her future children, and that some of them have the feeling that everyone else knows a lot more Yiddish than they do. I did not know that it is now popular in the Orthodox community to record songs in Hebrew with one verse in Yiddish. My students brought in one such cassette with a big, energetic beat and blasting brass section. The Yiddish verse was this: kum shoyn shneler arayn / freylekh zol men zayn / in beys hamikdosh geyn / tsu moshiyakh ha tsadkeynu - aheytn! The girls all knew the Yiddish verse and sang it very enthusiastically without knowing what it meant. After I explained it to them, they were thrilled.

How are these students different from those I’ve met in adult education classes, at the YIVO institute, Columbia University Summer Yiddish Program, or at KlezKamp? They don’t know Yiddish, but they have a lot of knowledge one needs in order to learn Yiddish. Dr. Joshua Fishman calls it “Yiddish readiness”. For example, I was trying to explain to the class that the reason they hear their families pronounce the numbers 1,2,3 as ayns, tsvey, dray in contrast to my eyns, tsvey, dray is that we speak different dialects. When I mentioned Litvish Yiddish, one of the girls called out, “You mean, you’re going to teach us Litvish Yiddish and not Hasidish Yiddish?” I quickly recalled that in the very recent past someone told me about the dichotomy between Litvish Yeshivas and Hassidish Yeshivas. Litvish in that context meant strictly rational, stick-to-the-book type approach to learning, while the Hasiddish Yeshivas focused on ethical and life-style issues. I emphasized that I was talking about dialects that originated in specific geographic areas and had nothing to do with philosophy, ideology or the like. I gave a few examples: kum, gut and tog vs. kim, git and tug. I knew they had grasped it when one of them said, “Oh, it’s like when some people daven, they say elokeynu, and others say elokayni.” It hadn’t occurred to me at all that the different pronunciations appear not only in spoken Yiddish, but in loshn koydesh, the language of prayer, as well.

My most amusing incident happened when we were doing a unit on family. I told them about mine, and they had to prepare to talk about theirs. They needed specific occupations vocabulary, so that they could talk about what their parents did for a living. A girl asked how to say accountant, another wanted to know what the word for jeweler was in Yiddish. Finally, a girl asked "What do you call a sheytl makher in Yiddish?" I answered, "a sheytl makher." "Just like in English?” she asked surprised.

My students’ Yiddish readiness comes not just from their direct contact with Yiddish and their familiarity with Jewish traditional life, but also from the English they hear and speak. The way they throw their "maybe" and their "already" around, and the way they use prepositional phrases at the start of sentences strongly recalls Yiddish syntax. In addition, they use a lot of Yiddish terms in their English, as the sheytl makher incident proves, without being aware of it, and such Yiddish attitude words as nebekh and kholel sprinkle the English they hear.

How does a person with my background and with my limited experience with the Orthodox world manage to teach in such an environment? Very carefully. I self-censor my topics and materials. I focus on the family, ordinary life, holidays, and I avoid love songs, theater songs, even holiday songs that focus on the secular aspect of a particular holiday. We sing mostly children songs and lullabies. The students are enthusiastic and genuinely interested.

Perl’s husband Adam Whiteman is a computer maven and has produced several Yiddish fonts.
The First Story: About the Passage of Time and About Old People
by Prof. Norman Simms, (Nachman Simnowitz)

Farshteystu, kinderlek? Maybe you don’t understand, and I also don’t understand, but I have waited my whole life to be able to tell you these little stories, these mayselekh.

The funny thing, you see, is that I grow older from two directions. How? you ask: Easy. On the one hand, years pile up like always, and I pass the ages when all the people I used to know died, or nearly all, until now I too am an old man, a good old fashioned alter kaker. On the other hand, somehow even stranger, all the years contract, and it becomes easier to be close to all those people now passed away, even the ones I hardly knew because, as a little pisher, what could I know? Now it is clearer, blindingly evident, sort of.

In other words, as it approaches the year 2010, and that is the date my father was born in Brooklyn, New York, it almost seems, gevald, like I was born then too with him. For that reason, when I think about it—and the older I get the more such thoughts come, only not always in the form of rational thoughts, more like visionary images—it is also easier to imagine their parents and grandparents, those who were born and died for the most part in “the old country” in the course of the nineteenth century, so who I never or could have met, but whose lives and decisions decided, nebekh, who and what I would be eventually. You still don’t understand?

So the first thing, my children, is to tell you what it seemed like, old people, when I was still a little kid with no memory or much sense (or the other way around, maybe). Old people, women and men together had the following characteristics, based on everyone related to me that I knew, the visitors and strangers who came into the house for this or that, and stories told to me by my friends, who were similarly inclined, so far as I was concerned:

1 Old people are of an indeterminate ancient age, always the same until they die, and probably long before that as well.

2 Old people all come from the Old Country, which is far away, on the other side of the ocean, even further than you can see from Coney Island, if the sun is not shining in your eyes.

3 Old people all speak Yiddish, though not necessarily all of the time, because sometimes they also speak Polish, Romanian, Hungarian or American.

4 Old people are short, especially when they are sick, which is most of the time, and this is because throughout their lives they only ate boiled chicken, herring, pickles and hard boiled eggs.

5 Old people smell. The less said about this, the better. However, there may be some special stories about this later.

6 Old people do not read books. They like the Daily News and don’t understand jokes you learn at school.

7 Old people kiss you all the time and pinch your cheeks and say funny things in Yiddish about your hair being too long and the wax in your ears. But they have too much hair in their nostrils and their ears, and not enough on the top of their heads.

8 Old people remember when there were no cars, telephones, radios or cartons of milk.

9 Old people cry when they think about what happened to the mishpokhe during the war.

10 Old people sleep a lot and snore.

End of the first story. Be patient and there will be more and more.

Editor’s note: Prof. Norman Simms and his parents were born in Brooklyn, but his four grandparents were born in Europe. Each from a different country—Poland, Romania, Hungary, and the Ukraine. You can’t get more Ashkenazi than that—and mix Litvak and Galitsonianer.

His schooling was at P.S. 164, JHS 223 and then Stuyvesant High School. His undergraduate work was at Alfred University (B.A.) and he earned his masters and doctorate at Washington University.

Norman moved to Canada in 1966 where he taught at the University of Manitoba. From there he went to New Zealand in 1970 and is teaching there at the University of Waikato (Hamilton) today with several intervening positions. He made aliyah in 1995, where he taught in Israel at Ben-Gurion Univ. and he came back to New Zealand in 1996.

Forthcoming is Marranos on the Moradas: Crypto-Jews and Penitentes in the Southwestern USA 1590-1890 (Boston, MA: Academic Studies Press).
He is editor of Mentalities/Mentalites and author of many books and articles.
Sketch Of The Albuquerque, New Mexico Yiddish Club (1968)
By Maurice M. Rosenthal

I am a third generation American Jew. My parents were born in Boston, Massachusetts, and while they could understand the Yiddish spoken to them by their parents, they raised my brother and me entirely in the spoken English idiom. The last of my grandparents died when I was ten, and with him went my exposure to Yiddish speech. Thereafter, I went through the common, but vexing experience of only hearing a Yiddish phrase when it was the punch-line of a joke, or when my parents didn’t want us children to understand the conversation. Thus Yiddish became for me a mystifying series of rhythms, a sort of adult secret language. While the older folks seemed to enjoy it and laugh in it, they always diverted my normal curiosity to Hebrew, or to refining my English or gradeschool French.

When I was 25 years old—I had then moved to New Mexico—I sent to New York for a copy of College Yiddish by Uriel Weinreich. In retrospect my motives were not very clear: I had a vague, perhaps nostalgic thirst for even the remotest sounds of my Jewish past; and I think the mystery of the ‘secret language’ still haunted me. But when the book came, I immediately set it aside. Much of it was written in Hebrew letters and I hardly remembered a third of the alphabet from my ‘kheyder’ days.

Nothing further came of that initial, abortive attempt until 6 years later, when my wife, a convert from the Lutheran religion, found it in my library. As oftentimes happens with converts, she threw herself into everything Jewish with uncompromising zeal. She taught herself the "alef beys," and from there to read, write, and speak Yiddish. It was entirely her own accomplishment, for I could not help her.

My surprise, my amazement, my shame, my pride—it is impossible for me to relate—when I would come home from work at night and be greeted in warm Yiddish phrases, and then to see little notes written in perfect Yiddish script. Her enthusiasm fed on the fact that she had discovered a uniquely Jewish vernacular, so human, so charmingly endearing, that it completed her new identity in a way that the bingo games and fashion shows of the Jewish women’s clubs had failed.

It was at this time, too, that she started buying Yiddish records. Our home suddenly sprang forth with the accents of the past. I felt as if a bridge across some deep chasm had appeared, as if I had tapped some profound wellspring.

We agreed to study together, to get more books, to build up our library of the spoken and written word. We bought a dictionary, the works of Sholem Aleichem and Peretz, and read to each other at night. We worked out the grammar lessons in our textbook, and we spoke Yiddish at the supper table. We found pen pals in this country and abroad, and exchanged letters in Yiddish. Sometimes our efforts had the serio-comical appearance of the lame leading the blind, for we had only each other to lean on. But slowly, with many false steps retraced and redirected, we made the correct language a natural part of our home life.

The initial study period took place over a span of six months. We felt, at this point, that it would be good to expose ourselves to the living language and ventured to speak to other Jews in Albuquerque about getting together for an evening of Yiddish conversation. At first the response was cool, with a tinge of amused cynicism. Then we got one other couple, then two. In a month we had ten people, representing three generations.

We had no idea of a program, so we talked a little, played a few records, listened to reminiscences of the old country, and read a few articles from a Yiddish newspaper.

Thus the Yiddish Club of Albuquerque was born. In subsequent months its program grew to include systematic readings of the classics and folklore, building up a select library of the written and spoken Yiddish word, and the custom of inviting guest speakers from the University of New Mexico—there are several who speak fluent Yiddish. Even Jewish art took root and blossomed.

One of our senior members, Fred Veston, from Cracow, Poland, began to implement earlier plans to recreate on canvas the vast panorama of Jewish life in pre-war Europe. Though his hand is untutored, his pictures are today well exhibited in several states. Critics recognize the depth and sincerity of his feelings toward his subjects and his ability to elicit with raw color and form the palpitating vigor of a unique Jewish civilization.

In March, 1966—four years after its founding, the club rented space in the Old Town Studio of Albuquerque and presented the first Yiddish drama in the history of New Mexico. The play was Der Get (The Divorce) by Sholem Aleichem. The conception and execution were beset with obstacles: there were no actors to choose from—
every club member was made an actor by necessity (not one had been on the stage before); my wife became a director by reading a textbook on play direction a month before opening night; the theater's lighting technician, a Gentile, didn't understand his cues; there were threats of denunciation from the pulpit because the play was to open the week of a Jewish holiday (Purim); and actors alternately got sick and melted in fear. But the play went on and received critical comment that made the cast boggle in disbelief: it was a smash success.

The four scheduled performances were sold out—and this in a town of less than 700 Jewish families. (The newspaper was extremely resourceful in finding a local reviewer: the editor turned up a European-born linguist; amazingly, he was named Weinreich and was a cousin of the author of College Yiddish.

Emboldened by the initial effort, the next year the club tackled Sholem Aleichem's magnum opus. Tevye Der Milkhiger, a two and a half hour performance, complete with authentic, hand-made costumes, and a Russian dance sequence, which was named by the local newspapers as one of the best plays to appear in Albuquerque in 1967. It was praised not only for its artistic merits, but because it inspired foreign language plays (Lorca and Molière) by other amateur groups.

Perhaps these activities are the best answer I know to those who fear that the rebirth of Yiddish signals a return to cultural insularity. Exactly the opposite is true. The city itself counts the Yiddish theater as a singular attraction. Its press is extremely generous with free space. Gentiles comprise almost a third of the plays' audiences (each program booklet contains a scene-by-scene synopsis in English). In short, Yiddish is eagerly accepted as another family member in a community where several major cultures have coexisted for many years.

While the accomplishments of the Albuquerque Yiddish Club are satisfying in many respects, it would be a mistake to leave the reader with the impression that a full-blown renaissance is underway. The club has a hard core of only twelve members and a periphery of twenty interested persons who attend from time to time.

The religious establishment of the city has not seen fit to accommodate Yiddish in its curriculum for children, nor as a subject for adult programs. In this respect Yiddish culture fares the same as it does in other parts of the United States, i.e., officially ignored, unofficially tolerated.

The club has a salutary influence on its growing circle of members and friends: we speak Yiddish freely among ourselves in private and in public; it is a normal medium of telephone communication; and most importantly, it is the language we use during Jewish holidays when we wish our celebrations to have the distinctly flavorful quality of Jewishness. Witnessed in a natural context by the children, it is adopted little by little.

The association of Yiddish with a warm home life and happy friends at Jewish holidays creates in the children the most positive attitude toward the language. Small wonder that when we needed two youngsters to play roles in Tevye Der Milkhiker, two club members' children sprang forth with enthusiasm. The fact that they had to learn to read the Yiddish script, learn what the words meant, and learn to act—along with their normal load at public school—did not deter them. They did it, and they are anxious to play in this year's production.

It appears, then, that the old saw still has teeth: where there's a will, there's a way. The renewed interest in Yiddish all over America is a heartwarming phenomenon. Jewish institutions will respond to the demand for textual and lexical material, as well as the training of teachers and cultural leaders, if there is a demand. Apparently we are on the threshold of that demand.

The next step, restoring Yiddish to its place as the language of Jewish communal life, depends upon our recognition of the fact that a free society is the proper place for cultural affirmation, not assimilation. There is no conflict between devotion to one's cultural heritage and respect for the social mode of one's country.

Editor's note: Maurice M. Rosenthal published this article in "Vegvayer far a yidish klub" (Guidelines of a Yiddish Club) in 1968. It was copyrighted, sold for three dollars a copy and had fifty pages.

This self-published booklet has these sections.
"The Jerusalem Conference: A Century of Yiddish"

The Jerusalem Conference will be at the Hebrew University, the Edmond Safra campus (Givat Ram), December 7-10, 2009. For details and registration contact us at 02-5883527 (Jerusalem). Organized groups should register soon in order to meet special needs and arrangements throughout the conference.

This international conference will be on the roles of Yiddish language and culture over the past century. The century of Yiddish to be celebrated is intrinsically bound to a 700-year linguistic and cultural tradition that preceded it. About a hundred years ago, following the rapid rise of a modern Jewish culture that considered Yiddish a national treasure, a group of writers gathered in Czernowitz to plan an effort to acknowledge and deliberate on the meteoric rise of both a folk and a highly sophisticated modern Yiddish culture – literature, press, folklore and theater.

After millions of Yiddish speakers in Europe have been murdered and their institutions destroyed, it is time to assess what Yiddish endured, how it battled (before, during, and after the Second World War) and survived. The foci of the planned conference will range from Yiddish culture as an anchor for the consolidation of a Jewish and self-identity, to Yiddish as an abandoned ship withstanding a struggle for existence following the relocation of millions of Yiddish-speakers and their descendants—in an independent Jewish state and in the Diaspora.

This Conference is being organized by 3 institutes at the Hebrew University: The Dov Sadan Project, the Institute of Contemporary Jewry, and the Jewish History Department of the Mandel Institute of Jewish Studies. The conference will be open to the public and those interested in these facets of our large subject:

1. Modern Yiddish literature
2. International Yiddish press
3. Yiddish theater
4. Yiddish cultural history and creativity during the Holocaust
5. Postwar revival of Yiddish language & literature
6. Yiddish education in the Diaspora and in Israel
7. Research on Yiddish in institutions such as the Hebrew University and the YIVO Institute
8. The significance of Yiddish and its culture for Jewish Studies

We have seen a growing interest in Yiddish language and culture despite the sharp decrease in the number of its speakers. This increased interest has developed in a rapidly changing society in which new media—particularly the internet—are powerful forces. Entering the word “Yiddish” in the Google search engine to check the extent of interest in Yiddish, one finds more than ten million “hits.”

The history of teaching Yiddish over the last 100 years will be dealt with at the Conference. Yiddish and its culture are taught in most universities in Israel and all over the world. Summer courses are offered in Vilna (Vil’nius), New York, Tel-Aviv, Birobidzhan, Paris, Oxford, Warsaw, Toronto, California, Strasbourg and elsewhere. Non-Jewish students often constitute a significant percentage of the student body, and Yiddish language and Jewish history are regarded as part of European culture.

Many years ago Yankev Glatshteyn stated that by the end of the 20th century Yiddish would have “a lebediker untergang.” The Jerusalem Conference will examine the Glatshteyn prophecy by reviewing the modern history of Yiddish, the awareness of its unique quality, and the role it plays today as a central resource in Jewish studies.

For information, contact the organizing committee: carrie@netvision.net.il or hguys@vms.huji.ac.il or dovsadaninst@mscc.huji.ac.il

Conference: Projected Sessions or Panels

- Yiddish in Jewish Education in the 20th Century
- Yiddish in Lithuania and the Soviet Union
- The Czernowitz Conference and its Aftermath
- Yiddish and Yiddish Activity among Holocaust Survivors
- Yiddish and Jewish Studies in the 21st Century
- Academic Status of Yiddish in Europe and U.S.
- Yiddish and Consumers of Yiddish in Today’s World
- Research and Teaching of Yiddish Today (2 sessions)
- Yiddish in Social Milieux, in Jewish Literary Life, in Linguistics, and International Discourse
- The Future of Yiddish in Light of the 20th Century Experience
- Jewish Creativity in the Holocaust Era
- Modern Yiddish Language and its Characteristics
  Yiddish in Secondary Education in Israel

The Israeli UNESCO Committee (Dir., Daniel Bar- Eli) will act as a co-sponsor.
Folg Mikh a Gang
by Philip Fishl Kutner

When Papa came to Mama with a new idea on how to make more money on the farm—"a brainstorm"—he received the same reply,"Folg mikh a gang." To us boys it meant that Mama was not for it and that Papa was talking "pie in the sky."

Mama was a "bottom line" person and not willing to take a chance. Papa was a gambler in business and he would have gone bankrupt much earlier if it had not been for Mama.

One time Papa persuaded Mama to go along with "a sure winner." We did well in selling hatching eggs from our White Leghorns to Paul Kuhl’s Hatchery in Copper Hill, New Jersey.

Papa was approached to raise a flock of Rhode Island Red hens and Plymouth Barred Rock Roosters. The cross was supposed to produce the best broilers. Papa’s argument was that instead of getting 20 cents a dozen over the market price for the White Leghorn eggs for hatching, the Red-Rock cross would bring a 40-cent premium. I remember Papa throwing his hands up in the air and shouted, "We’ll be rich!"

What Papa had neglected to tell Mama was that these brown-egg, producing Rhode Island hens took longer to come into production, ate more feed and laid fewer eggs.

There also was a problem with the Plymouth Barred Rock roosters, for they were larger and ate much more feed.

Still another negative factor was that the ratio of White Leghorn roosters to hens was 1 rooster to 15-20 hens and for the Plymouth Barred Rock roosters it was 12-15. So the Rock roosters ate more and could not service as many hens as the smaller Leghorn roosters as well as taking longer to mature.

According to Uriel Weinreich’s English-Yiddish Yiddish-English Dictionary, “folg mich a gang” means:

It’s a far cry
It’s quite a distance
This is no small distance
This is no small task

To Mama it meant, “It’s a bad idea—NO WAY!”

I guess Papa was very much like Sholom Aleichem’s Menachem-Mendel.

“A Nice Jewish Girl”
by Philip Fishl Kutner

As far back as I can remember Mama used this phrase and it had little meaning or importance to us boys until we became teenagers and the hormones began to take over our thoughts—if not our actions. I still remember some of the many questions I asked Mama and her answers.

It always started with, “Mama, what is a nice Jewish girl?” It started not long after being a bar mitsve. In the beginning her replies invariably were, “You know.”

As I became older and more persistent, Mama soon realized that she had to be more specific and could no longer give her standard reply.

In general her answers fell in the realm of "not too." There were exceptions—money was one of them. “You can love a rich girl just like you can love a poor one, so why not marry a rich girl?”

Then there was the trait that she used often “a baleboste.” Mama’s reasoning was that a girl could not be too good a baleboste.

Invariably, it was, “Girls should not be too fat or too skinny. Skinny girls give birth to sick children, and too fat girls can’t be good balebostes.”

When we teased mom by asking her, “How much is too skinny or too fat?” She always evaded the question with her response, “You know.”

One of the areas that fell into the “not too ... or not too ...” was, height. Mama was as tall as Papa, but her answer was, “That’s different.” This type of answer never stood well with us boys.

Another trait was intelligence. “If a woman corrects a man in public, it is very embarrassing, and not good for the marriage.”

The only time Papa was involved was when I was persistent in having Mama be more specific about what she meant by, “a nice Jewish girl.”

It was at the dinner table one Friday night and Papa had a little too much wine. He said, “you know, a voydzhin.” He soon realized that this was a no, no.

Mama’s sing-song response was always, “A shikse may be sweet, but...”

We four Kutner boys married five nice Jewish girls.
Mama’s Insurance Policy
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Before moving out to the farm in New Jersey we lived on the 5th floor at 1566 Washington Avenue in the Bronx. My paternal grandfather owned this building, so the rent was reasonable. The candy store downstairs had a telephone that was used for the building. Someone hollered up so that the whole block knew who the caller was and who called.

There was an elderly insurance man that visited us regularly to collect the monthly insurance premiums. Mama always spoke to him in Yiddish and likewise he replied in Yiddish. It has been many years since I have forgotten his name, but his voice and appearance will stay with me to my last days. He had a small, thick, black leather book that had a wide rubber band around it.

Mama had taken out this policy a week after Fishl was born. Mama said that if anything happened to her she wanted to be sure that the $1,000 would be there for her funeral and to take care of her boys. Papa didn’t believe in insurance because, “It only makes the insurance companies richer.”

When we moved to the farm in 1937, mom was upset because the insurance man could not come out to collect the premiums. Mama trusted him more than the United States Post Office to see that New York Life Insurance company got her money. When the insurance man wrote it in the book, that was that, and it made no difference what happened to the money as long as it was written in the book. If the envelope was lost in the mail, it meant that the premium wasn’t paid and there would be no money to pay her burial or to take care of her boys.

For many years Mama saved the letter that the elderly Jewish New York Life Insurance agent sent. It was written in Yiddish and told Mama that when the check was in the mail it was just as good as when he collected the cash. Mama believed it until her dying day. The letter also assured Mama that the New York Life Insurance Company was good in New Jersey even though the name of the company was New York __ __ __. Mama also had asked if there was a New Jersey Life Insurance Company. The letter assured her that there was no New Jersey Life Insurance Company.

Editor note: It is interesting to note that Fishl’s wife Sally was an insurance underwriter and practiced in Fair Lawn, New Jersey where she had a small office; however, in California she worked for other insurance companies and retired from an Allstate office in Millbrae in November of last year—just short of her 80th birthday.

When Mama Ran the Farm
by Philip Fishl Kutner

It was a short time after World War II ended that matters on the farm changed drastically. It was when Papa could no longer do any lifting.

Before Papa moved the family from the Bronx tenement in 1937, Papa got a hernia. He told us about it many times as we boys grew up.

After Papa was discharged from the U. S. Army, he worked in the family shoe store. This was not to his liking, for he always wanted to be his own boss. Since zeyde (that’s what we called Mama’s father as against Papa’s father who was called grandpa) was a house painter, Papa decided all he needed was a few paintbrushes and a ladder.

As Papa told the story, one day he fell off the ladder and his feet were spread apart tearing his insides. From then on he had to wear a kile bendl. In English we call it a truss.

I still can visualize this 2-inch wide, gray, thick band that had a big knob the size of a fist. Papa pushed on the knob that was put over the bulge in his belly. This kept the tear from pushing out and getting larger—it did work for many years.

As the hernia became more pronounced and caused more problems, it was obvious that Papa had to have the operation to mend the tear. At that time there was no mesh to be used or the Canadian Schultice Method where one went to Toronto and came back a short while after.

Papa was told that there would be a period of at least 6 months with no lifting. After moping for a few days, Papa went to New York City and met a Mr. Kane who had contacts with the Jewish Agricultural Society. It was at a time when Jewish survivors of Hitler’s Holocaust came to America. Many did not speak English and had little money.

Papa got his real estate salesman’s license and would meet the refugees at the train in Flemington Junction. Papa showed them chicken farms and the “Society” gave the money for the mortgage. It lasted for a few years until the influx dried up.

Sally and Fishl were married in 1947 (he was 20 and Sally 18). He had just graduated from Rutgers University with a B.S. in Poultry Husbandry. The twins were a year younger and Semele was still in elementary school. It was at this time that Mama was in charge of running the farm—even though Papa still wanted things done his way.
My Mama Had Many “Oys”
by Philip Fishl Kutner

As a child, I remember Mama telling us many stories of the old country and what it was like for her and her family during the war (WWI). This was while her father had come to America to earn enough money to pay for steerage to get them here. In recalling these stories it seems that many of her words started with “oys.”

Mama never used s’iz amol geven or once upon a time. Invariably it started s’iz geven an umglik and then proceeded by telling us what the family had durkhgemakht. We guessed that an umglik was not good and that durkhgemakht was something that they encountered or lived through.

Then came Mama’s list of “oys.” We knew that by the tone of her voice and occasional tear in her eyes that they were not good. It started with oysgehungert and then proceeded to oysgematert and oysgemutshet. Finally she ended with oysgeshtorbn.

It was only much later that I began to study Yiddish and had a dictionary that the full impact of Mama’s experiences were understood, and thus her use of these words became clearer to me.
The History of the International Association of Yiddish Clubs (IAYC) Conferences

Origin

In the early 1990’s there were 4 Yiddish club newsletters in North America. They and their editors were: *Dos Bletl*, Barry Shockett (Toronto); *Circle of Yiddish Clubs*, Sunny Landsman (Miami, Florida); *Yiddish of Greater Washington*, Arnold Kuzmack, Yiddish editor and Shelby Shapiro, English editor, (Washington, DC); and *Fishl Kutner, Der Bay* (San Francisco, California Area). Bess and Barry Shockett and Sunny and Iz Landsman had children in the San Francisco area and were visiting Fishl and Sally at the same time.

The First Conferences

The question arose of the possibility of having a meeting of Yiddish clubs. They approached the Washington, DC group headed by Dr. Jonathan Sunshine. The result was that a trio headed by Dr. Harold Black, Dr. Jonathan Sunshine and Sid Verner held a Conference of Yiddish Clubs at the University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland.

The group decided to follow up with the second conference in Toronto headed by Bess Shockett and then in Miami, Florida. The Miami conference headed by Ruth and Dave Barlas still holds the record for the largest attendance.

IAYC Formed

At the fourth conference held in 1997 at Trinity College in Fairfield, Connecticut, a Board of Directors and officers were elected and the decision was made to incorporate as the IAYC. Dr. Harold Black was elected the first president and Fishl Kutner as Vice President. Dr. Black held that position until his death. Since then Paul Melrood of Milwaukee, Wisconsin has been President. At this conference, Mel Rogow stepped forward and said, “We should have a conference on the West Coast and I’ll chair it.” This was held on the beautiful campus of UCLA in Los Angeles.

Dr. Black again co-chaired a conference, this time with Elaine Mann at the 4H International Center in Chevy Chase, Maryland. The seventh conference was headed by Paul Melrood our President in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Number eight was in a Baltimore suburb. Sylvia Schildt, who is disabled, and in a wheelchair, did a magnificent job.

Board member Mike Baker was to chair the Milwaukee conference, but exactly as in the Toronto conference, his wife had to step in because of health problems and single-handedly chair the conference.

Lifetime Yiddish Service Award

The tenth conference in Teaneck, New Jersey was a key and went in a new direction. It saw the parent group assume a much larger role in supporting the local committee. While Sam Kutner was the chair, this was the first time that we had an official host, hostess and host club—Gregg and Stephanie Hudis and the Teaneck JCC Yiddish Club. It also was the first time IAYC gave the Lifetime Yiddish Service Award (Chana Mlotek). This was the first of three successive conferences at Marriott Hotels.

Board member Harold Ticktin chaired the eleventh conference in a Cleveland suburb. The second award went to Simon Swirsky. Again someone stepped forward and volunteered to come back to the West Coast. Norman Sarkin was a magnificent chair with the assistance of Bella Suchet. Lilke Majzner, long time leader of the premiere Los Angeles Culture Club, received the IAYC Award.
**POP**

By Meyer Zaremba

Many people have impacted upon my life, my thinking and my predispositions but I’d like to tell readers about two incidents involving the man that I used to call Tate (father) and later called, Pop.

A very early memory of Tate recalls something that happened before I ever started school. I was standing, looking out the window. (We lived “to the back”). I saw Tate emerge from the cellar of the building where we lived, walk to the fence, climb over it and head towards the street that was adjacent to ours.

Later that day when he came home I asked him, “Tate, farvos hostu geshtign ibern ployt”? (Father, why did you climb over the fence?) (I spoke mostly Yiddish before I started going to school.). He answered, “Ikh vel dir anander mol zogn”. (I’ll tell you some other time).

I learned some time later that Pop’s shop, (he was an operator on ladies slippers), had been on strike for months. When one of his co-workers was leaving the building where we lived, a gang of “goons” hired by the bosses “to teach the strikers a lesson”, had attacked him and beaten him up very badly. “I”, he explained, “left our building through the cellar and climbed over the fence because I was afraid that I, too, might be attacked and beaten if I left the building through ‘the front’”.

My memories shift to the early thirties. Pop and I were marching with members of his Jewish fraternal organization (the IWO) through Yorkville in Manhattan (a hot bed of German Nazi sympathizers), to demonstrate against what Hitler’s brownshirt “goons” were doing to the Jews in Germany.

We marched along an avenue through a gauntlet of Nazi “co-religionists” who were lined up on both sides of the sidewalk, waving their swastika flags, their arms raised in the Nazi salute, shouting, “Dirty Jews” and “Heil Hitler”.

I was scared but Pop held my hand as we marched and the strength of his hand strengthened me.

To this day, I am oriented towards those who “earn their bread by the sweat of their brow”. I yearn for and, to an extent, strive for a “shenere un besere velt”. (A more beautiful and better world.)

I believe that what I am had its genesis in the teachings of the Prophets and is part of my Jewish DNA. And who was a major transmitter of that DNA?

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**Happy 150th Birthday, Sholem Aleichem!**

Aliza Shevrin

The Jewish American world is honoring you on this, your 150th birthday year. There are newspaper and magazine articles, university conferences, radio interviews, concerts, film documentaries and for me, the great pleasure of seeing the publication by a most prestigious publisher, of my translations of 3 of your greatest novels, “Wandering Stars” (Blondzhende Shtern) Viking Press, “Tevye the Dairyman” (Tevye der Milkhiger) and “Motel the Cantor’s Son” (Motel Peysi dem Khazns), both in one volume by Penguin Classics.

These are my 9th, 10th and 11th translations of your works, more than any other translator. I have spent almost half my life reading again, every word of and rendering into English these marvelous books. One really gets to know a person when one spends so much time making every effort to convey what the author intends to say in the best possible literary style of a second language. I have imagined you looking over my shoulder as I typed, guiding me, correcting me, even keeping me in line (“If I wanted to say it that way, I would have written it that way”).

Translating “Wandering Star” reminded me that you loved the theater and music and knew all the difficulties of being a promising young artist among grasping, exploitative people. For “Tevye”, I had to find a solution to convey his actual scriptural quotations in transliterated Hebrew followed by his personalized definitions in English. The deaths of his daughter, Shprintze and his wife, Golde, brought tears, as did the ending of “Motl”, when the book ends with the ebbing of your own life. But the irrepressible 9-year old Motl, the ever-optimistic orphan fleeing Russia with his family and finding a new life in America was a joy.

I know and admire your granddaughter, Bel (Belitchka) and her husband, Sidney Gluck, with whom I have visited your birthplace and home in Kiev to celebrate your life with musical programs. From her remembrances of you I know you were a wonderful husband, father and grandfather.

I am lucky to have been given the opportunity to delve deeply into and to live intimately with your novels and stories. I hope with all my heart that my work will result in making these classics available to all readers now and in the future. May translators continue to translate and retranslate everything you have written and may your birthday be celebrated by generation after generation.
Story No. 2  About Different Kinds of Jokes
Prof. Norman Simms

This is a story about my parents’ friend Aaron, who was a dentist, like my father, and a man who liked to tell jokes. He was like Danny Thomas in how he looked and talked: a comedian. He had a wife, Annie, and a dog whose name I forget.

So he liked to tell jokes. But not like today’s stand-up comedians who insult everybody and speak bad words all the time. This is clever? Feh. Anyway, Aaron told sit-down jokes. You sit down and listen and he tells. For instance:

There was a fancy rich Russian lady in Russia (where else?). She was having a baby. Already she was so fat with the little-one-to-be that her husband, a rich merchant, sent for the doctor, he should be ready in the house when the baby comes. So the doctor came. He came in a sleigh because it was in Russia and it was winter.

Anyway, he sat at the kitchen table with the merchant, and they talked. They drank tea in a glass. They sipped over a piece crystal sugar, like this, you see, and then the servant girl she brought more tea from the samovar and so they talked all evening. Then from upstairs in the rich man’s house came down a call, in French: the lady called out, help, help.

The doctor sipped his tea. The rich merchant said, Now? Not yet, said the doctor. So they talked and sipped and talk and sip. And then an hour later came another geshrey, this time in Russian. You aren’t going up? Asked the husband. Not yet. Don’t worry.

So they sipped and talked, and talked and sipped, and another hour went by. Then from upstairs fell down a shriek, gevald, gevald. The husband looked anxious. Not yet, said the doctor, but almost. There was more sipping and more talking. Almost the whole samovar was nearly empty already. Then it came a sound like it wasn’t even human, maybe a sick dog or a cat. Aha, said the doctor, now I go up.

When he told this joke, Aaron began to laugh and he tapped the table. You like that? He said, poking me with his finger, like it hurt but was also a tickle, so I laughed, though I didn’t really understand the joke.

All the stories were like that for years and years. Then when I was near bar mitzvah, I started to understand, and there was no need for a finger to poke, but there was still a tickle, which I also liked, Aaron stopped telling so many stories, and they didn’t last so long. His voice became less strong, and his eyes were full of pain. But my father and mother still went over to his house in the evening after work for a glass of tea, a cheesecake from Ebingers, and a little chit and maybe a chat.

After a while, when we went, my mother would sit in the livingroom with Annie. My father and I sat with Aaron at the kitchen table, but nobody spoke much. Sometimes my father said, “Remember this,” and Aaron looked at him, and didn’t say a word, so I told a story about school, and the two men smiled.

Months later my father walked over, and he asked me to come. We sat in the kitchen with Annie, and Aaron, they said, was upstairs. He had a nurse. The grown-ups whispered, and I drank an egg-nog, which was Annie’s specialty, with Good Health seltzer, cold milk and a few spoons of Fox’s U-Bet. The dog curled up in the corner. Upstairs was a lot of walking around, and sometimes a sound, maybe someone talking. Once when I went to the bathroom near the steps, I saw upstairs Aaron in his striped pajamas. He had a white bandage like a turban around his head. He looked like an old man.

Then one evening, when we walked over for the usual chat and tea, I could hear from upstairs someone moaning and crying. When Annie came in with the empty cups from the bedroom, she said something in Yiddish and my father started to cry, which was unusual and frightening. Then he patted me on the head and said, “You should keep healthy.” I could hear the crying again from upstairs and this time it was loud, like an animal’s scream. My father said, “We better go now— because of the boy. Annie kissed my cheek.

A few days later, we went, it was the last time, and I heard something no one should ever hear, not even my worst enemy, God forbid. We stayed only a few moments. My father only said one thing as we were leaving: The morphine doesn’t work any more. At that time I didn’t know what he meant.

Later that week, after the funeral, we went over to sit shiva with Annie. She looked like an old woman, small and weak, and she spoke only in Yiddish, which I couldn’t understand. She sipped her tea quietly. Her brother, who I had never met before, brought me an eggnog, and he patted me on the head and said: Life is no joke, son.

End of the second story.
One Pair of Shoes
by Rifke Galin
Translation by Prof. Sarah Traister Moskovitz

The wind wails, it’s cold and wet
and I can’t go out today
My little sister and I –
we both share one pair of shoes

Today my little sister hid
the shoes someplace, I don’t know where.
Then she started teasing me,
so I caught her and hit her.

I don’t know what came over me,
but suddenly I began to see
how pale and thin my little sister was...
and then my anger left me.

Something seized me in my heart–
it made me so ashamed
that in those two minutes
I became so very good.

“If you want, “ I say, “put on the shoes,
and take them for yourself always.
I am strong and can insist,
and I love going barefoot anyway.”

She looks at me and does not stir.
I see she doesn’t believe a word.
Then I go closer to the bed
and softly pat her little head.

And once more I repeat,
but this time with kinder voice:
“You want the shoes, take them they’re yours,
and wear them every day, your choice.”

"For I am strong and can insist
and love going barefoot anyway.”
There was much more I had to say
but tears were choking in my throat.

Editor’s note: This poem is from the Ringelblum archive. It will be in Professor Moskovitz’s new book Poetry in Hell. The Yiddish poetry was dug up in Warsaw, buried in milk cans etc. and retrieved at the end of World War II. Professor Moskovitz has worked tirelessly for the past five years to translate it from Holocaust Museum Washington microfiche. She chose a group of poems that are relevant to teaching in Yiddish schools and not hardcore, tragic, Holocaust related.

Professor Moskovitz has presented at our IAYC conferences and can be reached by e-mail at: smoskovitz@csun.edu

Response to Al Grand’s Letter
By Frank Krasnowsky

The lyrics of the Yiddish drinking song Altn Daym, which I cited, reminded him of the song his mother sang to a tune from Enesco’s Rumanian Rhapsody which is based on Rumanian folk songs such as the tune of Hob Ikh Mir An Altn Daym. It was one of many Yiddish songs that he saved when he came to America in the 30’s. Rumania was rich in folk music, and there were many lyrics and variations, in Yiddish and Rumanian, set to the same tune.

Gelbert and Enesco were contemporaries. Both used Rumanian songs; Gelbert in songs and Enesco in rhapsodies. The Yiddish words and melody of Altn Daym are in Eleanor Mlotek’s Mir Trogn a Gezang, and they are in my first cassette: Chutzpah Brings Yiddish to the Rockies. The lyrics are not the same as Gelbert’s. Variations in folk songs are common. Here are Gelbert’s lyrics and my translations. (Here Are not tra-la-las, needed to vocal performances.)

Hob ikh mir an altn daym,
iz der daym oykh nit mayn....

Chorus:
Lomir ale freylakh zayn,
kumpt mit mir in shenk arayn.
trinken bronfn, trinken vayn...

Nit keyn morgn, nit keyn haynt,
nit keyn khaver, nit keyn fraynt...
Hob ikh mir a gantzn toler,
vel ikh zayn der gantzter tsoler ...

Hob ikh nit keyn vayb un kind,
bin ikh fray vi der vint...
Lomir nit zayn vie di alte babes --
lomir makhn fun mitvokh shabes ...

I have only one thin dime,
and that dime’s not even mine.

Chorus:
Let us have a joyful time.
come into this bar to dine
we’ll drink whiskey, we’ll drink wine...

No tomorrow, no today --
all my friends have gone away...
I have here a dollar bill --
everybody drink your fill...

I have neither wife nor child --
like the wind I’m running wild.
Don’t act like you’re old and grey --
let’s have shabes every day ...
I. April 21, 1910, Maxim Gorky wrote to a writer:

"My dear colleague,

Your book has been duly received. Having read it, I could not help laughing and crying. What a fantastic book! The translation seems to me to be quite well, and it was done out of love for the author though in some places, the difficulty to convey in Russian the sad and touching humour in the original is felt. I mean it is just felt.

I like this book very much. I would say again that this is a great book. It is full of noble, kind and sincere love for the people, which is so rare in the present day.

M. Gorky

Capri, April 21, 1910"

The book mentioned in the letter was Sholom Aleichem’s famous work THE ADVENTURES OF MOTL, CANTOR’S SON whose Chinese version was published in Shanghai in 1957.

"The sad and touching humour” is an important feature of Sholom Aleichem’s works. The noble, kind and sincere love for the people.”

As the translator of the Chinese version of THE ADVENTURES OF MOTL, THE CANTOR’S SON and the researcher of Sholom Aleichem, I would like to brief about Sholom Aleichem first and then go into his influence in Shanghai and China as a whole.

II. Life and Creation of Sholom Aleichem

Sholom Aleichem—that is to say, "Hello There!", which is the pen name of Sholom Nohumovich Rabinovich, means literally ‘peace be upon you’. The phrase is used among Jews as a popular greeting. He was born in Ukraine on March 2, 1859 and died in New York on May 13, 1916. He was only 20 when his first book was published in 1879.

During his 35 years of writing, Sholom Aleichem wrote more than 30 volumes of literary works, which include novels, short stories, dramas, poems and commentaries. His works such as TEVYE THE DAIRYMAN, MENACHEM MENDL and THE ADVENTURES OF MOTL, THE CANTOR’S SON were written as a series of short stories.

These stories were written about people of no importance in humorous language. The force of his humor is that it has enabled those people to despite the evil and surmount hardships, and convinced them that truth would prevail.

Sholom Aleichem, like Dickens, Mark Twain and Chekhov, enjoys great prestige in the world of letters. His works have been translated into many languages and are popular all over the world. He and his works were introduced to Chinese readers. The first writing about Sholom Aleichem was published right in Shanghai 73 years ago.

III. Shanghai—a city where Sholom Aleichem was introduced the earliest and in the great numbers.

In June, 1921, a report on Sholom Aleichem was in the literary supplement CONSCIOUSNESS of Minguo Daily, which reads: “Contemporary Jewish writer Aleichem is called Jewish Mark Twain because his works are much like Mark Twain and their ideas are very similar to each other.” The report was written by Mao Dun, a great Chinese writer under the pseudonym of “P Sheng” when he was only 25. He wrote to me to confirm this in 1979 in his later years.

Mao Dun was the first person; to introduce Sholom Aleichem to China, and the first one to translate his works. His translation of Sholom Aleichem’s, THE MAN FROM BUENOS AIRES appeared in the Fiction Monthly No. 10 of 1921 published by Shanghai Commercial Press. Later it was incorporated into Fiction Monthly Series No. 54 THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEW JEWISH FICTIONS (1925), and then into Collection of Mao Dun’s Translation of Short Stories entitled SNOWMAN published by Shanghai Kaiming Publishing House. (First edition appeared in 1928, and by 1931, the book reached its third edition.)

The famous writer and translator Lu Yan made contributions in this field. He began to translate into Chinese, and his translations of CRABCHIK and MIRACLE HASHONO RABO (THE SLOWPOKE EXPRESS) were published in Eastern Miscellany in Shanghai in 1924 and 1925. In 1926, Lu Yan translated THE SELECTED JEWISH STORIES. It was published by Shanghai Kaiming Publishing House. Six pieces of Sholom Aleichem’s works were in the Collection, which made up more than a half of the total.
More translations of Sholom Aleichem’s works appeared in Shanghai and the rest of China. The veteran writer Lou Shiyi translated the short story THREE LITTLE HEADS. The translation was first published in the Sea Wind Weekly of 1929 in Shanghai and then included in Selections from Rising World Literatures entitled THE BRIDGE brought out by Literature Publishing House. At least 3 Chinese versions of THREE LITTLE HEADS have appeared.

Zhou Zuoren’s translations of Sholom Aleichem’s two short stories A PITY FOR THE LIVING and PASSOVER IN A VILLAGE appeared in the Fifth Volume of Yushi in 1929, a weekly published under the direction and editorship of Lu Xun.

In the 1930’s the famous translator Fu Dughua published his translation in Literature Monthly of Life Publishing House in Shanghai and included it in his Collection entitled OUTLAWED which was published by Shanghai Commercial Press.

In 1947, Shanghai Cultivation Publishing House republished Sholom Aleichem’s short stories under the title of THE HAPPIEST MAN IN ALL KODNY translated by Liu Wugou, the daughter of the famous poet Liu Yazi.

In the 1940’s Jews came to Shanghai as refugees during World War II and published Sholom Aleichem’s works and wrote articles about him in Russian language. I have two books in my library: THE RAILROAD STORIES, TALES OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER published by Gong Publishing House and JEWISH WRITERS published by Jewish Publishing House in 1942.

After the founding of the People’s Republic of China, the efforts to introduce Sholom Aleichem gained new momentum.

1. In 1959, while the people were marking the centenary of the birth of Sholom Aleichem, solemn meetings were held in Beijing and Shanghai to commemorate this outstanding writer. In Shanghai, I gave a speech on the life and creation of Sholom Aleichem. I held an exhibition of Sholom Aleichem’s works from my collection.

2. Publication of the Chinese versions of Sholom Aleichem’s major works.

TEVYE THE DAIRYMAN came out in Shanghai in 1964 and the second edition consisting of 42,000 copies was printed in 1983. THE ADVENTURES OF MOTL THE CANTOR’S SON was published by Shanghai Children Publishing House in 1957 and republished in 1982 with a circulation of 36,500. The first edition of MENACHEM MENDL with 70,000 copies was brought out by Jiangxi Publishing House in 1980. The autobiographical novel of Sholom Aleichem BACK FROM THE FAIR and the novel WANDERING STARS have also been translated into Chinese in full.

Several collections of Sholom Aleichem’s short stories have also appeared, such as those entitled SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM, TEVYE BLOWS A SMALL FORTUNE, THE OLD COUNTRY, etc.

3. Introduction of Sholom Aleichem in more varied forms.

Since 1980’s, Sholom Aleichem’s works have been continuously included in various collection; and reference books with a large circulation. For example, TRAPEZA and THE PENKNIFE have been entered in translation series published by Shanghai Publishing House. THE PENKNIFE has also been included in Children’s Library-The World Children’s Stories. I AM WELL, I AM ORPHAN has been made an entry in the Dictionary of Foreign Short Stories for Appreciation and was broadcast more than once by Shanghai Broadcasting Station in the Appreciation of Literature Program.

The lexicographical work SEA OF WORDS, a medium sized Chinese dictionary compiled in Shanghai, has a special entry of Sholom Aleichem. The dictionary has a circulation of 20 million and is almost an indispensable reference tool; for families of culture in China. The above work has been mostly carried out in Shanghai and I have also played my humble part.

I was just a young man when I began to study Sholom Aleichem. How time flies! Now, I have already become an old man with grey hair. It is my great pleasure, however, to introduce in my declining years directly to our Jewish friends the initial results in my study of Sholom Aleichem, especially in the memorable year of the 135 anniversary of the birth of the writer.

I look forward to the opportunities to give a full presentation of Sholom Aleichem’s influence in China to more Jewish friends and show them my collections of Chinese translations of Sholom Aleichem’s works and other materials about him.
Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe”  
[transliterated and annotated by Goldie Adler Gold]

Tayere khaznte,


In ir shotn (in her shadow)

Tayerer in-ir-shotn,


Haynt iz shoyn laykhter durkh der internets oystsugefinen vos es tuen alte khavertes. Ikh hob a kuck geton oif ir vebzayt, un ikh bin tsufridn az es geyt ir gut, un az oif hot letstns khasene gehat. Nokh azoy fol yorn trakht ikh nokh alts vegn ir.

Ikh shpil zikh mitn gedank zi tsvitsugeln tsu der reshide [add to list] vi mayn khaverte, vi es firt zikh oif der vebzayt ‘facebook’. Ober tsurikgeredt, hot zi mir tsu fil mol vey geton. Mir hohn zikh azoy gut gekent un ikh fil, az ikh volt zeyer gevltl hern vegn ir lebn. Zol ikh ir shraybn, oder oplozn di frayndshaft?

Getraye khaverte

Tayere g-kh,


A 50th Anniversary Tribute  
To Bob And Molly Freedman  
Dr. Kathryn Hellerstein khellers@sas.upenn.edu  
Assoc. Prof. of Germanic Languages  
University of Pennsylvania

The Robert and Molly Freedman Jewish Sound Archive at Penn is an incomparable resource for researchers in Jewish and Yiddish music, culture, folklore, history, linguistics, and literature. These researchers have included scholars, performers, and Penn students.

Aside from being a major archive of world-wide recordings of Yiddish folk and art songs, as well as liturgical, theatrical, vaudeville, and klezmer music, the collection also includes readings of Yiddish literature by some of the great writers and actors of the twentieth century. The Freedman Jewish Sound Archive is unrivaled in its depth, breadth, and variety.

What makes this archive supremely usable for those who want to research the *gilgul* or transformation of a song from a folk song to a theater piece to an anthem of survival in the ghettos and concentration camps, or to find a particular musicians recordings, or to locate biblical or political references in Yiddish song is the database in Yiddish and English of more than 35,350 entries, which the Freedmans developed long before there was an easy way to write the Yiddish alphabet on the computer.

This index, now searchable through the Penn libraries websites, made the collection a magnet for both individual researchers and institutions, such as the U.S. Holocaust Museum and the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research. The Freedman Archive has received credit in many films, plays, audio albums, musical programs, and books.

Alongside its scholarly importance, the archive is an amazing resource for teaching Yiddish language and culture. In 1991, when I began teaching at Penn, I would bring my Yiddish students to Bob and Molly’s Center City apartment for an evening of Yiddish music, where we enjoyed bowls of *roshinkes mit mandlen* (raisins and almonds) and *heyemish* graciousness. Since the Freedman’s collection became Penn’s Robert and Molly Freedman Jewish Sound Archive, Penn students have continued to enjoy and learn from Bob and Molly.

Every semester, my colleague Alexander Botwinik and I bring our Yiddish language students to the Freedman Archive. I also schedule sessions in the Archive for the students in my courses on Jewish American literature, Yiddish literature in Eastern Europe, women and Jewish literature, and Translating Cultures as do other Jewish Studies faculty in their disciplines. Bob custom-designs excellent Programs for these classes, on such topics as Itzik Manger’s poems. "From Tradition to Modernity. "Songs in Yiddish Theater and Film,“ and "Translation and Song."

Sometimes Molly joins Bob at the head of the seminar table to recount their family romance with collecting Yiddish music. Although we cannot munch on raisins and almonds in the Smith Room on the sixth floor of Van Pelt-Dietrich Library. the students come away from Bob’s and Molly’s lectures with a *tam gan-eydn*—a taste of earthly paradise.

The warmth with which the Freedmans talk about how Yiddish music shaped their courtship and marriage gives my students an appreciation of Yiddish that goes far beyond the classroom. They see the greater rewards for memorizing all those conjugations and adjective endings.

Bob’s work over the past few years to digitize selected recordings from the archive will expand the reach of the Freedman collection, giving students, faculty, and the Penn community access to the music on line. Anyone who hears this music will know how deeply and joyously Yiddish lives.

Beginnings

Bob and Molly are native Philadelphians who grew up in bi-lingual Yiddish and English speaking homes. Their common backgrounds and common love of *Yiddishkayt* - Jewish culture - made for a perfect match. Shortly after they married, Molly suggested they should buy Jewish musical recordings wherever they traveled.

Thanks to her foresight, the Freedman collection contains the broadest spectrum of Jewish music from across the U.S. Canada. Argentina. British Isles. Holland. Belgium. France. Italy. Spain. Germany. Austria. Hungary. Russia. and Ukraine. The Archive is also the beneficiary of gifts of recordings, books, sheet music, and ephemera from myriad donors. Today, the Freedman Jewish sound archive has grown to be one of the largest in the world and without question the most accessible resource of its kind because of the Freedman’s unparalleled public database.
Mama’s Shep  
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Di shep is the Yiddish word for scoop. This is not about an exciting new news story hot off the wire service, but the piece of equipment we used to dig into the feed bin or barrel to get the powdery mash or scratch (a mixture of whole grain, usually corn, wheat, and oats.)

We boys had a smaller scoop because the strength in our wrists wasn’t like Mama’s. The scoop was used to fill up the pails from which the feed mash was placed into troughs called hoppers and the scratch was scattered in the litter, and from which the word scratch was derived.

The smaller scoop was purchased from Paul Kuhl, who ran a hatchery in Copper Hill, NJ and sold poultry equipment. He also was the one to whom we sold hatching eggs and who supplied us each year with the baby chicks.

Mama’s scoop was made entirely of wood. It was twice the size of our manufactured metal scoop made of tin. When we tried to use Mama’s scoop, after a while our wrists began to hurt. It was only after several years of milking our few cows that my wrist developed the strength to use Mama’s Shep.

At first the feed was kept in large wooden barrels and we scooped as much feed into the pails as possible and then used the scoop to fill them up. Later Papa built bins in the feed-room, which actually was a small section of the chicken coop before you entered the large room or rooms where the chicks or hens were kept.

These bins were large. The bottom of the bin was actually the concrete floor and the back and sides were part of the walls of the feed-room. With the large bins we could scoop out the different sized pails and not need the scoop. Later we became mechanized and had automatic feeders that moved the feed from the feed-room through the coops with a chain that was pulled through the long trough.

To the very last day we were on the farm, Mama’s Scoop hung in the feed-room as a reminder of how it used to be.

Later when we boys went on to college, found our life companion, married, and had children of our own, I remember mama saying “Lkh shep nakhes fun mayne kinder un kindskinden.”

Editor’s note: The Yiddish word for sheep both singular and plural is sheps.

Mama’s French Toast  
by Philip Fishl Kutner

It all started with the khale on Friday night when we had our usual traditional shabes dinner. Mama did the blessing over the candles, and we took turns with the blessings over the khale and the wine.

We started at both ends of the khale with the shpits and worked our way to the middle. The part of the huge khale that was left over for the French Toast was what we later called the “center cut.”

French Toast was our Sunday morning breakfast specialty. It was never eaten on shabes. The khale was sliced into one-inch thick slabs and dipped into Mama’s thick, rich batter. I should not say dipped, for it was permissible to soak. The rich batter permeated into every pore of the khale, which became very limp. Mama’s batter was made of only three ingredients: eggs, rich sweet cream from our Guernsey and Swiss cows, and some kosher salt.

The large black iron frying pan was brought to a high heat and Mama put in a large amount of our homemade butter, which soon caramelized into a rich brown color. We could hear the sizzling and smell the wonderful aroma as Mama turned the slices at the right moment. They were golden brown and never burned at the edges. Somehow they were fried perfectly through and through.

Each of us had his favorite jam. Fishl had apricot, Sol loved strawberry, and Bobby, z”l, would take only Mama’s cherry jam. Semele was too young.

This was not the end of the preparation. Because our chicken farm had plenty of broken eggs that we could not sell, there were fried eggs placed on top. The eggs were always perfect. The albumen (white) was always firm and the yolk slightly soft.

On Sunday morning Mama always made hot cocoa during the cold wintry days and switched to cold cocoa in the summertime. I remember that my usual Sunday breakfast consisted of four large slices of that mouth-watering toast, two fried eggs on top, and two large glasses of the cocoa.

No Parisian chef of haute cuisine ever made French Toast like Mama’s.

Editor’s note: Mama was Pearl “Pauline or Perele” Kutner, nee Kaplan. She was born in Tiktin (Tikocyn) near Bialystok, Poland. She married Max Kutner in August 1925. Fishl was born September 1926 and the twins 53 weeks later. Semele came 13 years later.
Mama’s Three Authorities

Even though Mama always won all the arguments, Papa always did what he wanted. Mama never used G-d as an authority—S/he was too important. G-d was the one she went to when one of her boys was sick and she wanted a favor.

Mama’s authorities were:
1. the rabbi of the shul in Flemington, NJ.
2. Dr. Beaudette, the pathologist at Rutgers Univ., the state ag college. When the chicks were sick, Papa took them in to find out what was wrong.
3. FDR—“President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was good for the Jews so he was a good leader.”

Papa occasionally got a word in, but mostly he just listened. Usually the matter was over Papa spending too much money. When it came to money, Papa said, “It was meant to be spent,” so he never had any.

When he could not take Mama’s nagging he hopped into the red, half-ton, International pickup truck and went to the Circle Diner on the Flemington Circle for a cup of coffee.

Papa was a staunch Republican and disliked FDR. He voted for Alf Landon and worshipped Wilkie.

Der Bay
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Please make checks for chai, payable to Der Bay.
If you’re blessed, Please send a LITTLE extra
Label date is when you LAST contributed.

Networking is having others help you get what YOU want. Der Bay is a great networking tool.

Send in a note to honor a dear one at a special occasion or send her a subscription to Der Bay.

Send a notice of vinkl meetings, DVD release, klezmer performances, book publication, lectures, classes, conferences, institutes, or stage performances.

When traveling, look at der internatsyonaler kalendar for events to attend and for contacts

Der Bay is the first source of information for news about the International Association of Yiddish Clubs and the exciting IAYC conferences.
Telling Our Stories

Most of us have lived most of our lives in most of the 20th century. It was a time when mass migration brought many of our parents or grandparents—or, perhaps even ourselves—from Eastern Europe to the shores of North America. It was a time when H’s horrible Holocaust took relatives of most of our families. It was a time when the almost 2,000 year-old dream of establishing a free homeland became a reality.

Just like the times in America when “Westward Ho!” was “The Call of the Wild” and lure of better times, so was the migration to America—the land of freedom.

Most of our youngsters do not know what is a rumble seat, a running board on a car or what it is to start a car by cranking.

Most of our youngsters do not know what it is to dampen a stove by turning the flue, shaking down a stove, or removing the ashes.

Most of our youngsters never saw or heard the milkman deliver milk to the doorstep, have the iceman bring a cube of ice for the icebox, or have the doctor pay a house call.

Do YOU remember going down the hall to the telephone hung on the wall? Do you remember when you finally did get a phone in your house or apartment and it was a party line?

Just like many of us may never had to hitch a team of horses, pluck a chicken, churn butter, bake a khale, or stuff a heldzl, so to are many of the things that we have done that are unknown to our children and grandchildren.

There are many Mamas, just like the one that Fishele had, with stories of their own and how they affected your future. Some day one of your children or grandchildren will write about you and tell how you were the storyteller, the fountain of strength, or the inspiration for him or her.

Why To Do It

Only you know your full story and it will be very meaningful to your children and grandchildren as fond memories of you and what you have endured and accomplished.

What To Do

Collect all the old photographs, letters, jewelry, candlesticks, etc. and label them so their origin is known and the names of each person is clearly identified.

If you feel that you are not able to write or do not care to do so, either dictate it to a relative, friend or if need be, pay a professional.

How To Do It

Have a signed document and be specific who gets each item. This often is the source of a family feud. A particular object may have sentimental value far beyond its monetary worth.

Have your life story divided into key periods. There is no one right number or right way. Everyone has had key periods or turning points that have had a major effect such as coming to America, getting married, losing a loved one, a life-threatening event, or turning point in your career.

When To Do It

Start as soon as you possibly can—after having read this issue of Der Bay.
MEMORIES of Bobe (Anna Machulsky)
By Phil & Vicki London

This is a story in memory of my Bobe Anna. She emigrated from Novogorod Volinsk (aka Swishel), West of Kiev, Northwest of Zhitomir, Russia. She came to America sometime between 1913, the year my parents arrived in Philadelphia, PA, and 1920, the year I was born, 1920. That was almost 90 years ago.

Bobe lived with us from the time she arrived in the United States until she died April 17, 1952. She had been married and had two children, Lisa and Sonia, and as the story was told to me, my grandfather got up one evening, said he was going out to get a pack of cigarettes and never returned—never to be heard from again!

There were times when I was ill and Bobe would sit at the edge of my bed and tell me stories about Hershele Ostropolyer, the storyteller, and kept me in stitches. There was more to Bobe than telling stories. She ran interference between my mother, Sonia, and me. If I did not perform as Sonia expected me to, such as doing my homework, chores around the house, etc., the usual punishment, as I recall, was not to be allowed to go the movies on Saturday. That was devastating to me; however, I could always count on Bobe to slip me a nickel or dime to go to the movies. Can you imagine—admission was only five cents! She made me promise not to tell Sonia—she would take care of that end of it!

Bobe was a very aristocratic looking woman with graying hair pulled back in a knot, meticulously dressed, independent and hard working. She would go to the mountains in the Catskills during the hot summer months and take a job as a cook (there was no air conditioning in those days). I believe she did this so she could carry her own weight in our household.

The interesting part was that she never spoke directly to my father (Carl, aka Shura) and I believe this was because Carl was a dance instructor in Russia and would travel from shtetl to shtetl and open a dance studio; when, Sonia appeared on the scene, Carl immediately swept her off her feet.

Bobe had lost one child many years ago and was not about to lose her only remaining child to a “no-goodnik” dance instructor. She thought nothing good can come of this, not knowing that Carl's father owned a forest and lumber mill and that Carl had his own horse-and-buggy; not exactly a “no-goodnik”. In spite of Bobe’s feelings, eventually Sonia and Carl married and moved to America. Upon arrival in America, Carl had to make a quick decision as to how he was going to make a living. The ship manifest indicated that his occupation was dentistry (no way!).

As the story goes, he tried selling sewing machines, then tried being a bootlegger—Sonia put the kibosh on that. Finally, he wound up being a paperhanger and saved enough money to bring Bobe to America.

Bobe loved to go to the Jewish Theatre on Arch Street in Philadelphia; however, she was afraid to go by herself on the trolley and would drag me along as her guide! It really was great. I would sit next to her and ask her in Yiddish what they were saying, (Vos hot er gezogt?). She would explain it to me in broken English. Then we decided that I would teach her English and she would teach me Yiddish.

She had family that lived in New York and New Jersey whom we occasionally visited. To this day, I have a cousin, Alan Kassof with whom I have maintained a close relationship these many years. I also keep in touch with another cousin, Marilyn Krame.

Some time after writing these memories, I was watching a film called Green Fields. This is a well-known film of a story that takes place somewhere in Russia or Poland, and the setting is out in the countryside.

The movie triggered my recollection of how Bobe survived after my grandfather left. She had told me stories of how the Cossacks (military guerillas) rode horses into their home and ransacked it, how she and the two little girls hid behind tables fearing the worst.

As an addendum, I must tell you that for years I have threatened to write stories about the women in my life. Bobe had a great deal of influence in my life; however, there are others that I must tell you about in the very near future, so please don't go away.

Penned January, 2008: Compiled by Phil London, (aka) Pop and Fayvl and other names that I do not care to acknowledge at this time!!

Editor's note: Phil and Vicki London live at 8199 Terrace Garden Drive North #414, St. Petersburg, Florida and they can be reached online at: FSG@tampabay.rr.com
Yiddish and the Census Bureau
Mendele Online: by Zelig Bach
Reprinted from Der Bay November, 1994

This is a copy of my letter to Thomas C. Sawyer, Ohio Democrat, Chairman of the House Subcommittee that oversees the Census Bureau.

To the Honorable Thomas C. Sawyer, U.S. House of Representatives:

While the Census Bureau is making its multi-phasic preparations for the Census of the year 2000, may I respectfully call your attention to one particular aspect.

My enclosed article, "Yiddish and the Census Bureau", which was published in the Congress Monthly, official organ of the AJC, spells out in detail my special concern. My sharp and exhaustive critique of the Yiddish translation of the 1990 Census Questionnaire was also published in the Jewish Press (Brooklyn, New York) in the language quarterly Verbatim, and in the literary Yiddish journal Afn Shvel.

It is the need of Yiddish-speaking citizens that the next Yiddish translation of the Census Questionnaire not be an insult to our eyes and ears, indeed to our past, and be done in a respectful manner with proper regard for the language and its structures.

Only such a translation will accomplish the purpose of having Yiddish-speaking citizens participate fully and joyfully in the endeavor of a complete national count.

While I do not know how the other 31 foreign language translations of the Questionnaire fared, I appeal here as a native Yiddish speaker and Yiddish writer. Since you are a former English teacher, I am sure of your deep sense of regard for all languages. But the respect that we owe Yiddish is a special case.

During World War II six million Jews were murdered, about 4.5 million of them Yiddish speakers. I see Yiddish, lost and bewildered, in tattered clothes and with ash on her head, wandering from one shtetl to another, mourning her children whose mother tongue was cut out.

May I respectfully ask you as well as your Committee to make certain that the Yiddish translation of the Census Questionnaire for the year 2000 will meet all of the lawful language requirements of Yiddish.

"Second Resurrection"
of the Tokyo Yiddish Club
Article in JCC Bulletin – Der Bay December 1994

It is a great pleasure for me to announce that the Tokyo Yiddish Club is to resume activities after a long hiatus. The activities of the club have been interrupted in the past because I was extremely busy with work on the compilation of various kanji dictionaries (I am the editor-in-chief of Kenkyusha’s New Japanese-English Character Dictionary and of the Kanji Dictionary Publishing Society). In response to the many inquiries from my former students and others who thirst for Mame-Loshen, we will resume activities in mid-January 1995.

The Rabbi has decided that the TYC will be an official activity of the JCC. We hope to see you to have a schmooze in Yiddish, and also to continue the Yiddish class for beginners.

Below is a (somewhat revised) quote from "Der Yapanisher Yid," the bulletin published by TYC, that describes our activities. (I hope to publish the next issue soon, which will be distributed to all interested free of charge.)

"The Tokyo Yiddish Club offers an opportunity to speak Yiddish. If you like to speak mame-loshen, or want to learn our language, the club is for you. The club was established in 1990 by two founders. The first founder is Jack Halpern, who knows 12 languages and is a kanji researcher and lexicographer. The second founder is Chaim Pevner, an American linguist (he no longer lives in Japan). Our honorary president is the late Joseph Shimkin, a speaker of Polish Yiddish who lived in Japan for many years. We meet twice a month on Sunday (from 2:30 pm) in the Judaica Library of the JCC. We keep a library of Yiddish books, magazines, cassettes and video tapes."

We now are recruiting students and members. We hope to have classes for both beginners and intermediate students. In addition to lessons in conversation and grammar, we will have schmoozing sessions, learn Yiddish songs, and watch Yiddish films and plays on video. The cost per lesson is not known at this time (it will depend on the number of students), but will probably be about 2500 yen per lesson.

Jack Halpern, Director of Tokyo Yiddish Club
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Email: jhalpern@cc.win.or.jp
Tayerer Fishl,

Ayer umdervarter telefon hot mir be-emes derfreyt un ikh hof tsu zayn mit aykh in farbindung fun itst on. A hartsikn dank aykh far "Der Bey" un di reshime fun di "Krupit's" vos gefinen zikh af ayer kompyuter. (Ikh vel dos oysbesern un tsugebn andere, azoy az ayere "records" zoln zayn rikhtik.)

Yetst, vi ir hot gebetn, vegn Aida Liberson-Sercarz, mayn amolike lererin in der Yidisher Lerner Seminar in New York, oder vi es hot zikh ongerufn in yene yorn, "Di Hekhere Kursn."

Frayndin Liberson, vi mir flegn ir rufn, iz geven di lererin fun yidisher stenografie un tipirn. Zi iz yemolt geven in di mitele yorn, mit royte hor, ongeton loyt der bohemisher mode, mit beklaal a kolirfuler mensh ful mit energie. In ir spetsyalitet iz zi geven oysgetseykhnt un hot zeyer lib gehat ire talmides. (Ale zaynen mir geven meydlekh vayl yinglekh hobn zikh nit farinteresirt in sekretarshe limudim.)


Frayndin Liberson iz geven an ibergegebener lerer un hot undz shtendik gemutikt, un mit a zisn shmeykhl oyt ir porim, hot zi undz gelernt, oysgebesert un geloybt. Ir kent aleyn farshteyn vos far a noentkayt es hot zikh geshafn tsvishn undz.

Fil yorn zaynen farbay un, vi a mame fun dray kinder, hob ikh vider amol ongehoybn arbetn, dos mol in dem zelbikn byuro fun Arbeiter Ring, vu ikh hof in mayn yugnt zikh gelernt tipirn oyt der yidisher shrayb mashin. In eyn sheynem frimorgn iz arayngekumen an eltere froy, mit royte hor, vos iz mir geven zeyer bakant.

Dos iz geven mayn amolike lererin, vos hot mikh derkent. Zi hot farlozt New York mit yorn tsurik un zikh aribergetsoyn kayn Santa Monica, California. Nokh azoy fil yorn, bin ikh nokh alts farblibn in ir zikorn vi a yunge, zekhtsnyorike meydele.

Vos hot gebraucht dertsu az Lerner Liberson zol zayn in New York? Zi hot ongeshribn a lembukh vegn Yidisher stenografie, vos iz ertsht gedrukt gevorn un, azoy vi in Arbeiter Ring hot zikh gefunen a bikher opyteyung, hot zi gebetn mir zoln dos bukh farkoyfn. Men hot anonsirt az dos bukh ken men bakumen bay undz, nor tsu fil balonim hobn zikh nit opgerufrn.


Ikh veys nit vifil fun ire bikher gefinen zikh ad hayom in Amerikaner heymen. Ikh demon bloyz, az dos iz geven di lebn's arbet un der kholem fun der oysergeveyntlekher mensh, di yidishe lererin vos iz mir geven balait. Zi iz geblibn antoysht bizn sof, vayl in di lestte briv vos ikh hof fun ir bakumen, hot zi nokh altz dermont ire bikher un farvos men hot zey nit genust.


Mit dank un frayndlekhe grusn,
Ayer,
Perl Krupit
Bob Cohen Writes from Budapest  
Reprinted from Der Bay, June 1994

Yes, I do exist. A groysn dank for the copy of Der Bay. It seems wonderful that one can get copies of it in soft currencies? Romanian Lei, Slovak korona? I am living at Budapest 1145, Mexikoi ut. 46a, Budapest, Hungary. I don't have a telephone, but I can be reached days at my job as culture editor at Budapest Week (English language weekly).

I should have a telephone at home by November, depending on whether or not my local city officials decide to... At the house we have "a loan" of a radio telephone from the Ministry of Labor so if anyone is in town they could try (06-tone-6-) 318-247.

I changed addresses during the last few years, and the Hungarian Post Office does not have a system by which mail is forwarded. I got your last letter by the postman bringing my mail from my old address. I love this country.

As for being a link to your Yiddish network, I am proud to accept. What is it? If it means I get Der Bay, great! I am happy to help anyone who shows up in Budapest. To paraphrase Weinreich's first chapter, a sakh yidn voyen in Budapest. Nokh! But very few of them still speak Yiddish. There is a small circle of people who study Yiddish through the university under Prof. Peter Nadasdy (who is not a Jew, but is from an old Austrian family in Budapest and, as an expert in German, researched the old Pester dialect of Yiddish—kind of the central dialect very close to Vienna German. Probably less than 30 people still speak it. Nadasdy speaks beautiful Yiddish though.) There used to be a small Yiddish club meeting bimonthly, but they haven't met in a year.

Most of my Yiddish connections are in Romania. I guess Mike Alpert told you I play Klezmer music here. I have a small four-piece band called the Nayer Kapelye, the aim is to play in a style even older than Michael Alpert's antiquified tastes. Most of what we play I collected traveling around Romania, mixed with other ultra-archaic stuff from old 78s that people are good enough to send me on cassette.

I got into this by trying to figure out what the old style Jewish fiddle music was while I still was learning to play Transylvanian and Moldavian fiddle music from peasants and gypsies. I find old gypsies to record. They look at me and start playing the Jewish pieces they can remember. Then I take the tapes to the old folks in the local Jewish communities (Club, Iasi, Maramures Sighet, Roman, Bacau, Radauti, Bucharest, etc.) and see if anyone can tell me about the context of the tunes, or what jars their memory.

I am trying to recreate the kind of alte yidishe tants musik (nobody uses the word Klezmer) that was played until the 60s, when the style died out due to lack of Jewish weddings. This is the stuff that went into the "nostalgia" pieces Klezmer musicians played on American issued 78s, music that never made it to commercial gramophone recordings.

We may be the only young Klezmer band that doesn't have a clarinetist, for my older informants do not remember Jewish musicians playing clarinet, except in eastern Bukovina and Iasi, where the fiddle was still king of Klezmer instruments. We use accordion, bass, and the kobza, a lute-like instrument used in Moldavia and Bukovina before the cimbalom. We sound like the local small gypsy bands, which is what pre-commercial Klezmer probably sounded like.

There are Moldavian peasant brass bands which play Klezmer repertoire which they learned from Jewish musicians before the war. I had the surreal experience of meeting older peasants in Maramures and in a Lipovan (Russian old believers) village in Moldavia who were not Jewish but could speak fluent Yiddish.

There is the Budapester Klezmer Band, which I helped found, which is in temporary non-existence due to the usual manager-musician...tensions which plague Hungarian life. There was a "Klezmer club" at one of the big culture house downtown, but that is on the rocks for now, due to a big dispute between Feyda Javori, the BP Klezmer Band leader, and the band. Fedya fired the entire band and forbid them to play any Klezmer again, claiming that he had copyrighted all the music.

I am helping the band reclaim their repertoire from the old 78 reissue tapes I have (they can't play without sheet music!) They want me to take the club up in September, but that depends on whether or not I can get a Klezmer dance teacher. It is a lot of work for virtually no pay. I fight off battalions of nasty Israeli Sachnut activists who demand Israeli dancing. There is a strong interest in Klezmer here. Hungarian Jews (about 80,000) are assimilated, the surviving orthodox fled to Israel or Brooklyn after the war or in 1956. Due to the political life, which feeds on anti-semitism in a very big way, young Jews pack klez concerts. Jews were told that they were "rootless cosmopolitans" with no real folk culture. Many of them bought this line, and are amazed to hear that a Yiddish folk music exists at all.

Much of pre-WWII rhetoric is back. Since this is an election year the city is plastered with "Der Sturmer" style posters. The right wing here is very anti-semitic,
mostly ex-communists who hide under the guise of nationalism, just as in Russia. It is scary, a kind of East European deja-vu one would rather not have.

A good part of my living comes from singing in Yiddish. I pour over old Yiddish songs that Itsik Schwartz has given me. I speak Yiddish while researching in Romania where it is still spoken by virtually all older Jews, and by a few young ones, none of whom are very religious. There are about 10,000 Jews left in Romania.

I manage with whatever Yiddish didn't disappear in the 20 years I didn't use it. My parents (Mom from Vesprém, Hungary, Pop born in NY a year after his folks got out of Bessarabia) spoke Yiddish until we started school. Mom spoke Hungarian, and when my Grandmother lived with us, she spoke Romanian.

I use Weinreich’s dictionary and Kol Yisroel shortwave Yiddish broadcasts. When I am in Iasl I am corrected by the Yiddish philologist Itsik Schwartz, still kicking at age 88, an alumnus of the old Pinkhas crowd who first published in 1927. He directed the Iasl…in 1968. He is a walking encyclopedia of things Moldavian Jewish.

I may visit my folks in NY in May (first time since 1989) so I hope to pick up material, and work out a distribution deal with Global Village records so that some of their Klezmer catalogues can get distributed. (Hungary lacks a banking system. We can't even cash checks here—everything is a cash transfer!)

I also want to speak to some archive folks (YIVO? universities, record companies) about the huge amount of Klezmer music locked up in the Romanian State Ethnographic Archives Detention and Correction Center for Folk Music collected by Ghisela Suliteanu (Sultzmann) from 1948-1974.

Ghisela is open to reissuing her tapes, but we have to come up with a grant, trade, or other kind of para-bribe for the Institute to allow any reproduction. Ah! Romania! There is amazing stuff there, hours of Yiddish vocal and instrumental music rott ing away on the original tapes in room temperature storage rooms. It is all there, guarded by small-minded, bribe-addicted Bucharestian bureaucratic bastards.

I have used cash, smuggled light bulbs, fresh oranges, and whiskey to bribe my way into those archives, and I think that they will soon finally realize that I am not a rich Jewish westerner out to make millions from their Klezmer archive.

That's the news from East Europe! Hope to hear from you again, as well as anyone passing through these parts. I'll give you a call when I am in the states.

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From the Editor’s Desk
By Philip “Fishl“ Kutner

Der Bay published its first one-page edition back in January 1991. Since then, it has expanded to this 16-page hardcopy and recently initiated an abbreviated online version that has become especially popular overseas—and is free.

In celebrating having published chai, our 18 full years, and serving the world-wide Yiddish community, we have been reprinting excerpts of key articles from he early years and giving an historical overview of trends, events, and individuals who have shaped/shaping the future direction of the Yiddish language and culture.

Some of the many wonderful people who contributed to the success of Der Bay and helped Fishl are no longer able to help or read these pages, but their imprint is indelible in our minds.

Britt L. Albritton, z”l
Walter Artzt, z”l
Dr. Zelig Bach, z”l
Michael Baker, z”l
Philip P. Bibel, z”l
Dr. Harold Black, z”l
Stanley Bunyan, z”l
Harry Cagin, z”l
Carl Cowl, z”l
Mike Eisenstadt, z”l
Peyesakh Fisman, z”l
Mendy Fliegler, z”l
Seymour Graiver, z”l
Itche Goldberg, z”l
Marion Herbst, z”l
Leybl Kahn, z”l
Prof. Eli Katz, z”l
Dr. Israel Kugler, z”l
Sunny Landsman, z”l
Rae Meltzer, z”l
Yosl Mlotek, z”l
Ben Parker, z”l
Sonia Rockler, z”l
Dr. Mordkhe Schaechter, z”l
Lin Schlossman, z”l
Prof. Joseph Sherman, z”l
Bess & Barry Shockett, z”l
Fred Silberstein, z”l
Willie Stern, z”l
Sid Weinstein, z”l
**Laytish Mame-Loshn Once Again In Print**

[Authentic Yiddish: Observations and Recommendations],
Mordkhe Schaechter

Mordkhe Schaechter's writing is infused with conviction, with inventiveness and with knowledge. At a time when others have doubts about the future of Yiddish, Schaechter's neologisms and newly invigorated existing words tell us that there is still hope for Yiddish.

—From the preface by Dr. Joshua A. Fishman, Distinguished University Professor, Emeritus, Yeshiva University

In *Laytish Mame-Loshn* [Authentic Yiddish: Observations and Recommendations], Dr. Mordkhe Schaechter, one of the greatest Yiddish linguists of the twentieth century, reveals to the reader the complex richness of the Yiddish language. This book is a collection of Dr. Schaechter's notes, comments and research dealing with issues of word choice, terminology, toponymy and principles of language standardization. The text is comprised both of articles previously published in various journals on several continents, as well as many written specifically for this volume.

Published by the League for Yiddish in 1986, *Laytish Mame-Loshn* has been out of print for quite some time. We are pleased to announce that we are reprinting this work. A treasure-trove of information and scholarship, this book will be a valuable resource to a new generation of Yiddish speakers and readers.


Order your copy now! The book is now available. Cost: $30 plus postage (U.S. - $5.00; Canada - $10; Foreign/overseas $12.)

Add 8.65% sales tax for NY State residents. Checks are payable to: League for Yiddish. Checks or credit card information may be mailed to:

League for Yiddish, Inc.,
64 Fulton St., Suite 1101,
New York, NY 10038.

You may also order at www.leagueforyiddish.org

To see the table of contents of this work as well as more information please go to our website at: http://leagueforyiddish.org/mosclama.html

**Laytish Mame-Loshn** nokh a mol in druk!

Varyatsyes farmogt a shprakh on a shier: historishe, geografishe, sotsyale, stilistishe, tematishe. Andersh redt der Yid fun Volin un Podolye, andersh der Yid fun Lite un Raysn, tsi fun Kongres-poyln un Galitsye, tsi fun Tshekhay un Ungern, fun Nu-york, Antverpn, Yerusholayim \tsi Buenos-ayres. Faran a loshn funem talmed-khokhem, funem bal-melokhe, fun der untervelt, fun der froy, funem kind. -- Mordkhe Shekhter, *Laytish Mame-Loshn*


Bashtelt ists! $30 plus postgelt (Fareynikte Shtatn - $5; Kanade - $10, oysland - $12). Aynvoyners fun shtat N"Y darfn tsoln 8.65% shtayern.


Ir kent zen dem toykhn funem band vi oykh nokh informatsy af undzer vebzaytl: http://leagueforyiddish.org/mosclama.html

**Editor’s note:** Dr. Mordkhe Schaechter was a brilliant and caring person who was available for advice with beginners like Fishl when he first published *Der Bay*. It was an unforgettable day when he spent the morning with Itche Goldberg and several afternoon hours with Dr. Schaechter.
Letter from YIVO Argentina
Reprinted from Der Bay - September 1994

I really appreciate the space dedicated in your publication to what happened in the YIVO in Buenos Aires. My life was saved because of our programme on the radio on Sundays from 10 to 12 p.m. That's why on Mondays I arrive at the YIVO after 10 o'clock in the morning. That terrible Monday I should have begun my work with an interview at 10:15. Unfortunately, the person that was waiting for me died in the attack. The hard work to rescue the library and the file didn't let me write to you before, but the information you received through Zachary Baker, given by my pupil and co-worker on my programme, Saul Drajer, is correct.

I hope to go on being in touch with you and keep on reporting to your readers what we are doing in Buenos Aires.

I'm afraid I won't participate in the conference in Kiev or Toronto. All our efforts must be concentrated on rebuilding of the YIVO and this requires not only work but a lot of money. That's why I thank you for news of the account we opened in the U.S.A. and it would be very helpful if you could publish it again and also in all the Jewish community magazines and send it by e-mail.

I'm deeply thankful and I wish you and your readers A GUT UN GEZUNT YOR.

INSTITUTO CIENTIFICO JUDIO
Abraham M. Lichtenbaum

Editor's Note: Our first meeting was at the First International Yiddish Club Conference at the University of Maryland last year. He was going to stay only a day at the Conference before going to YIVO in NY; however, he found it very worthwhile and remained for the entire time. On behalf of the International Yiddish Club Committee you are wished a safe year ahead and Godspeed in your endeavors.

Contributions may be sent to the attention of Mr. Kent E. Schiner, Intl. Pres., B'nai B'rith International 1640 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Wash., DC 20036.

YIVO: The Name & The Move
Mendele Online

Gregg Kinkley asks (MENDELE 4.014), "What does YIVO stand for (not politically; acronymically)?" The answer is: Yidisher Visnshaftlekher Institut. (The alef in "institut" is in this case read as "O"—perhaps our founders regarded "YIVO" as more euphonious than "YIVI" [which in any case could not have been spelled tsvey-yudn, tsvey-vovn, alef] or "YIV.")

It would be interesting to learn when the acronym came to be pronounced "YIVO." Pre-WWII documents and books from the Vilna YIVO are stamped "tsvey yudn, tsvey vovn, [shtumer] alef." When the YIVO logo was adopted in the 1930s—that circular bit of Polish Yiddish deco that most of us recognize—included a komets under the alef, indicating that the acronym was pronounced "YIVO." Old-timers put the stress on the second syllable; in the U.S. the first syllable is usually stressed.

I would like to bring MENDELEniks as up to date as possible on the status of YIVO's move. 1048 Fifth Avenue, which has been YIVO's home since 1955, has been sold to the Serge Sabarsky Foundation, which will renovate and remodel the building and turn it into a 20th century art gallery. YIVO is in the process of buying a much larger building near Union Square, and the expectation is that we will be joined there by other Jewish research institutions. Discussions are ongoing with an organization that is involved in the documentation of Central European Jewry, another organization that specializes in Judaica Americana, and a small Judaica museum. Any or all of these could join us (as partners), but it is premature to broadcast this over the net—even if the names of the institutions are not exactly a secret.

Because of the terms of sale and the renovations that will be necessary for the downtown site, YIVO will be relocating to an interim site for perhaps as long as two years. The offices and part of the library and archival collections will most likely be located on West 57th Street; most of the collections, however, will be in a nearby warehouse. Library and archival services will be somewhat limited during the interim period, but we will continue to be open to the public. Classes and public programs will continue, perhaps on a somewhat expanded scale.

The most immediate detail is that YIVO's Library and Archives will be closing to the public circa July 1, 1994 and will reopen at the interim site in the Fall, probably after the High Holy Days. I will keep MENDELEniks posted regarding precise dates, addresses, and partners.

Zachary Baker, Head Librarian
YIVO Library, New York City

Editor's note: Zachary has now for years been the Reinhard Family Curator of Judaica and Hebraica Collections Green Library, Stanford University, Palo Alto, CA and not at YIVO.
"Er Iz A Kluger"
By Philip "Fishl" Kutner

As a very little boy on Washington Avenue in the Bronx, I learned that Mama’s Papa was a Kaplan who lived on Boerum Street all the way in Brooklyn. My Papa called him a Kaplansky when he was annoyed at Mama.

As a very little boy, I learned that Papa’s father’s name was Kutner and that I had two uncles with that same name. So I had zeyde Kaplan and Grandpa Kutner. Yes, my Mama’s daddy was the very pious Jew and Papa’s dad was the “goy.”

As a very little boy, I remember asking many questions. Papa either was too busy or did not know the answers so I soon stopped asking him. Mama always had an answer—she never was too busy. Often the answer was, “It’s a mystery.”

As a very little boy I remember when someone came to the house and asked how Fishele was, Mama always said, “Er iz a kluger.” It was only when I went to public school that my teacher informed me that my real name was like my pork and beans eating Grandpa Kutner, and that I was not a Kluger.
IAYC Announces CONFERENCE XIII

San Francisco, the cosmopolitan center of Northern California, is the gem of the West. It will be the site, April 23-26, 2010, of the next IAYC Conference. It is the Big City of the 1849 Gold Rush fortunes and where Jews played an important role.

The conference location will be on the Peninsula, at the beautiful Westin Hotel only 2 miles south of SFO—the San Francisco Airport. Transportation to and from the airport is by free airport shuttle.

As in prior conferences, we have made arrangements for the conference room rate ($99 plus tax for 2) to be in effect for up to 3 days prior to the conference and 3 days afterwards.

The ride to Downtown San Francisco is a short one by trains either BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) or Caltrans from the Millbrae Station. Likewise bus transportation is by SamTrans. All 3 are less than a mile from our hotel.

The only no-no is to call our town “Frisco.” It is the same in visiting St. Louis—never say “Saint Looey.”

San Francisco is the north end of the Peninsula and only 7 miles square. In addition to the great San Francisco shopping, theaters and renowned restaurants there are, many museums, among them is the new Contemporary Jewish Museum. San Francisco is also famous for; Fisherman’s Wharf; Lombard Street; Coit Tower; Chinatown; Japantown; Palace of Fine Arts; Ferry Building; and the famous Golden Gate Park or go along the Barbary Coast Trail.

In San Francisco Bay are Alcatraz Island and Treasure Island. The historic Golden Gate Bridge takes you to Wine Country; Muir Woods, site of the Giant Redwoods—the largest trees on Earth; Sausalito, Petaluma, San Rafael, Occidental, Sebastopol, and Point Reyes—the end of the San Andreas Fault.

The Bay Bridge leads to the East Bay, UC Berkeley, Magnes Museum and Sacramento, the state capital. CalTrain goes south on the Peninsula, to Palo Alto and famous Stanford University. Further south the train takes you to San Jose (larger than San Francisco) and the hub of Silicon Valley, the computer and Internet capital of the world.

The Hotel overlooks the San Francisco Bay. Leaving the front door one can walk to the entrance cross the street and be on the paved walkway that goes for miles along the Bay.

This will be IAYC’s third conference on the West Coast. Our first was on the campus of UCLA in Los Angeles. The second visit was last October in La Jolla, San Diego’s upscale suburb and 500 miles south of San Francisco.

Major sponsors ($1000) have an event named in their honor and have a full-page ad. Key programs ($500) are named and receive a half page ad. We again shall have our beautiful and information filled journal with full-page ads only $250, half page $150 and quarter page $85.

Go to the registration form on page 15. See the website at: www.derbay.org e-mail: fishl@derbay.org or call 650-349-6946
Third Yiddish Lifetime Service Award Winner
Presented in La Jolla, CA at the Twelfth IAYC Conference
Lilke Majzner z”l: Scholar, Journalist, Teacher, Activist

Lilke Majzner was born in Lodz into the Nutkowicz family. Her parents were rooted in the Bund, the Socialist Jewish party that won a majority of the Jewish vote in Poland between the two world wars. She went to the Medem School of the Tsentrale Yidishe Shul Organizatsie, a Bundist day school where all subjects, except a course in Polish language and literature, was taught in Yiddish.

Lilke’s memories were filled with impressions of political organizing and school summer camps. The Depression was felt all around the globe, anti-Semitism was rife in Poland, the Spanish Revolution had broken out, the Soviets were dispatching their enemies to the gulag and worse. But it was a full, youthful life, lived entirely in Yiddish.

Driven from her family’s home when the Nazis invaded in 1939, Lilke her brother Alec and father found refuge in the Piotrkow ghetto. There she met her neighbor, Szlama Majzner, who was also involved in clandestine political organizing.

Lilke survived six concentration camps, Bergen Belsen at the end. She got word to Szlama in Buchenwald that she was still alive. Two days later he was at her side.

They lived in Belgium from 1945-1950—“a wonderful time, also a tragic time,” said Lilke, As the Bund reorganized, she worked with orphaned children and with Cercle Amicale, a fraternal group linked to the American Arbeter Ring. She was arrested after making a speech in Antwerp, and jailed before Prime Minister Spaak, a Socialist with Bund connections, got her out.

Szlama and Lilke immigrated to Detroit where she attended Wayne State University earning an Early Childhood Teaching Certificate. Both joined the Workmen’s Circle, and she taught in its shule.

In 1955 they moved to Los Angeles and became active in the Bund and a Yiddish-speaking branch of the Arbeter Ring. Lilke lectured at the Los Angeles Yiddish Culture Club, and attended classes at the University of Judaism. She received her teaching credential from the Board of Jewish Education, and taught in the Arbeter Ring shuln.

She became president of the L. A. Yiddish Culture Club, where she worked tirelessly for the furtherance of Yiddish. Her articles are in the Forverts and in the Kultur un lebn Their daughter Helen lives in Los Angeles with her husband and two sons.

Lilke said, "I would like to see all the Jewish secular organizations work together, and organize Jewish schools. We must hold onto our way of life, with our Jewish language and culture. We can’t negate what we had."

Editor’s note: Lilke was a dear and personal friend—she was a great Yiddish resource and we spoke often. Lilke called me Fishele, and it always reminded me of Mama.
A Brief But True Mayse!
By Charlotte Berliner Wolpin, Tonawanda, NY
martshon@verizon.net

On a lovely sunny afternoon my father, my husband and I took the opportunity of visiting the Canadian Horticultural School across the border in Niagara Falls, Ontario and not too far from our home, to enjoy the beautiful flower gardens. The trip was very pleasant and on the way home we stopped, as usual, at the American Immigration Station at the Rainbow Bridge.

My father Aaron Shloyme (Harry) Berliner lived and operated a shoe repair shop and raised our family in New York City where he remained until 1981. At the age of 92 he added a new facet to our lives by becoming a part of our home here in the outskirts of Buffalo, New York.

The inspectors persistent questions were directed first at my husband and myself since we were in the front seats of our car. "Where were you born? Where do you live? Why were you in Canada? How long were you there?"

Worried that anxieties might be created for my aged father, I fully turned around and found him looking at me with a great deal of concern across his face. As the inspector directed the same questions at Papa, the anxieties caused him to hesitate in answering.

Without a pause the inspector again repeated, "Well, were you born here or in another country? What was the name of the city? You must remember the name of the city where you were born."

My father answered, "Of course I remember. But it wasn't exactly a city and besides you wouldn't know it."

The inspector pressed for an answer that would be acceptable by his standards and asked again, "What country were you born in? Surely you must know that."

My father turned and looked directly at the source of great annoyance and answered, "Let's just say Russia."

The inspector smiled and was pleasant enough but not satisfied. He said, "Russia! That's a very large country. Where in Russia?"

To which Papa responded, with a great deal of exasperation, "Lumsergebernyah! Do you know it?"

The inspector's face lit up and he raised both of his arms in the air as he exploded with happiness. "I've been on this post for thirty years and you are the first person to give me that answer. Of course I know it. My grandmother came from there with my mother when she was a little girl. You must have known my grandfather; he never came to America, only my mother and grandmother. For thirty years I've wondered if I'd ever meet another Lumser."

"Well," said Papa, "aren't you lucky. I've been looking for seventy years and haven't found one yet."

My father, Aaron Shloyme, passed away at the age of 98 just before Peysakh, 1988, and we wish him peace. He was born in Govorovo (Polish Goworowo) the southern- most point of Lumserguberniya. He married Chava Gittel Zimbal in Vishkov, about 18 miles from Warsaw, and lived there until 1913, a year before WWI broke out, when he immigrated to the United States leaving his wife and two daughters. It was seven years before they again were reunited in America.

In New York City where the family lived and five children were raised, Aaron Shloyme became Harry at the suggestion of a friend who thought it was more "American". Harry worked as a shoemaker for more than 50 years and was an active member of the Govorover Young Men's Benevolent Association. His name is mentioned in the Govorover Yizkor Book.

In 1969 when there were no more "young men" the New York GYMBA was dissolved and Harry was presented with a plaque on his 80th birthday, for over 55 years of devoted service. His memory has warmed the hearts of his many friends and mishpokhe alike.

Editor's note: Charlotte is a long time subscriber and has contributed articles to Der Bay. She has been the leader of the Mameloshn Mayvinim Yiddish Club which was the 12th club to join the International Association of Yiddish Clubs. In addition, Charlotte is The Yiddish Network contact for the Buffalo, NY area.

The Yiddish Network contacts are helpful for those who travel or relocate. There are contacts in 145 major cities in the U.S., 16 major cities in Canada and 65 other cities in 38 other countries.
Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe”

Fun der khaznte Khane Slek

“Forverts” – 4/24-4/30/2009

[transliterated and annotated by Goldie Adler Gold]

Tayere khaznte,


Nisht-aley

Tayere n…a…,

Ir hot mazl, vos is hot tsvey zin, velkhe haltn an oyg ofy akh, un viln nor vos iz gut far akh. Azoy vi ikh ken nisht di protim [details] fun ayere dray khasenes, fregt zikh tsi iz meglekh [wonder… possibility], az ir klajbt nitz oys di pasikste [most appropriate] mener far zikh? Halt ir, az on a man zent ir nisht dergantst [not self assured]? Klajbt ir oys mener velkhe hbn nisht genug derkeret [respect] far akh? Oyb ir entfert yo oys di frages, bin ikh maskem [agree] mit ayere zin, az s’iz beser nisht oytsuzukhn [seek] nôkh a romantishe batsiung [relationship]. Zikher nisht eyder der itstiker get iz geshlosn!

+++++++

Tayere khaznte,

Ikh bin 89 yor alt un ikh voin in a hoyz far pensyonirte [retirees]. Vi ir veyst, zenen faran mer freyzen in dem elter vi mener, bin ikh tsvisn di eyntsike mener oys mayn gorn [floor]. Di andere zenen oder krank oder khoser-deye [senile]. Kumat oys, az ikh bin der eyntsiker mit seykhl un gezunt.


gey ikh in ergets nisht [nowhere], ober eyn zakh iz zikher – kh’vil nisht, es zol zikh filn fun mir [body odor…]. Vi es filt zikh fun di andere mentshn do! Vi ken ikh ir ibertsaygn [convince], az ikh vil poshet oyslebn mayne yorn mit a bisl zelbst-verde [self esteem]?

A tate a khvat (dapper daddy)

Tayerer t…kh…,


+++++++++

Tayere khaznte,


Akhuts dem, zenen mir a gut por. Zol ikh im vayter zen?

A meydil mit sfeykes (doubts)

Tayere m…m…s…,

Neyn, s’iz nisht kaday [not advisable] im vayter tsu zen. Oyb er tshepet zikh tsu azoyne zakhn nokh bloyz tsvey khadoshim, kent ir zikh forshleitn vi erger der matsev [situation] vet vern mit der tsayt.

Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe”
Fun der khaznte Khane Slepk Forverts – 5/8-14, 2009
[transliterated and annotated by Goldie Adler Gold]
When Mama’s Boys Got A Cold
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Oy, fishele hot genosn—er hot farkilt zikh!

That statement was the start of a routine of rituals that never varied. Mama’s pattern was predictable. As we boys got older and tried to rebel, Mama’s retort was, “S’vet helfn vi a toytn bankes.” We soon gave up and went along with it.

Mama’s Routine

Step 1. Place the Blame.
After pulling the earlobe, the following ensued, “You have wet feet. I told you to wear galoshes. You did not wear a jacket. I told you to dress warmly.”

Mama feared a cold, for she lost a sister Anna, two weeks before Anna was to be married. It was during the worldwide influenza epidemic when 500,000 people died in the worst single U.S. epidemic.

Step 2. Go to Bed.
First Mama checked to see if there was fever. This was done by placing her lips on the sick son’s forehead. If it was warm she had to corroborate it with a thermometer—a rectal thermometer. Whenever I sneeze now, I can feel that glass tube all the way up to my throat. I remember begging Mama to use a “mouth thermometer” and her retort was, “Keynmol nisht.” It seems that she had heard about a child that sneezed with a thermometer in her mouth and she bit and broke the thermometer.

Next came the bedding. There were extra pillows to prop up the head so the “draining will take place.” Of course there was the usual cotton perine that was now augmented with the kolдре. The idea was to sweat, sweat, sweat. We were threatened with zeyde coming from Brooklyn to put on banke if we did not obey all the rules. I still remember those purple marks on Mama’s back!

Step 3. Drink! Drink! Drink!
The drink of hot tea and lemon with honey was very important, but the Gogl-Mogl was Mama’s specialty. “It is to get your strength back.”

Mama, many years later in reminiscing, told me how she made it. We had rich milk from, our Swiss cow, Nodgy. Heat 2 glasses of milk until almost boiling. Mix in 2 tablespoons honey, 2 egg yolks, a little cinnamon and quarter cup brandy.

Mama stood by our bed until it was “all done.”

Mama Played 500 Rummy
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Mama was a sore loser—when she lost at cards—especially when she played against Papa. Their differences were settled by a match. Papa’s favorite was with cards and Mama was by staring.

Mama never lost a staring match. We boys and Papa were no match for Mama. As soon as she saw a little twitch at the corner of your mouth she knew that you were on the ropes and it would soon be over. Then she intensified her stare and we would burst out laughing. Her comment was, “You see, G-d, knows that I am right,” and that settled the issue.

When it came to Papa’s game, 500 Rummy, it was another matter. Papa had a great memory. Not only did he play the odds, but he remembered every card that was discarded. He held melds in his hand until the very last moment. This was very frustrating to Mama who really loved the game and hated to lose.

If each won at his/her specialty, it would seem that the decision was predetermined and that there would not be a need for the contest. However, this winning/losing test was an important part of their marriage. This was like a courting ritual where the winner takes all.

So the only thing left was to decide whether it was by cards or by staring. It seemed that it would be a waste of time to go ahead with the event when the decision was made. On the contrary, both Mama and Papa went into battle as if they planned to win—this time—and they gave it their best shot. To us boys there was no doubt as to the outcome.

Before each contest one of them would say, “The last time we settled it your way, now it’s my turn.” While this sounded fair and reasonable, the other would not give in without a litmus test. It always was cutting the deck to see who had the higher card. Since Papa was better at cards it would seem that Mama would not accept this form of dueling, but it proved to be fair over the long run.

Today, when I read about the Indy 500 or any of the major athletic events like the Baseball World Series, Football Super Bowl or Basketball’s March Madness it reminds me how Mama and Papa chose the winner.

I wish my Sally and I were able to settle our very rare, irreconcilable differences with so much zest and fun as Mama and Papa did.
These following two vignettes are true personal experiences that illustrate the beauty and universality of the Yiddish language, as well as the humour connected with the stories.

When one of our daughters accompanied me on a trip to the Central Train Station, on a hot summer day, I met a black man who had worked with me a long, long time ago, when we were both teenagers working in the 'Shmate' business, (clothing industry) in Montreal. In those early days, most of the needle trade industry was owned and staffed mostly by Jewish owners and their workers. The common language among them was mostly in Yiddish.

This fellow, Rodney Millington, learned the Yiddish language and was able to speak it fluently. Every time we met, he got a great kick of greeting me in Yiddish, and we carried on a bit of catch up news about each other. As we stood in the central station on this hot day, my daughter, Robin, asked me if she can buy an ice cream, I gave her the money and as she left, I said to Rodney, when my daughter returns, to keep up the conversation in Yiddish.

Can you imagine the look on Robin’s face, when she saw her father engrossed in a serious conversation with this black man, entirely in Yiddish? Her big blue eyes grew wider and wider, her mouth half opened and the ice cream cone in her hand melting, glancing at Rodney, then at me, back and forth, finally, Rodney said, Dave, "lomir beyle zayn gezunt un geris dayn frerbly fun mir." (Let us both be healthy and give my regards to your wife) We shook hands and left. Robin, still in awe and bewildered, said, Dad, he spoke in Yiddish to you. My cool response was, so what’s so strange about that?

About a year later, my sister’s son became Bar Mitzva, and she had a reception at her house for the family and friends. She needed a bartender, and I was wondering if I knew anyone whom she could get for that occasion. I instantly thought of Rodney, and I said to her, “I’ll check with this guy who works on the trains as a steward waiter and has bar tending experience, and if he would be in town for that date, I’ll try to get him, and this would be my treat.”

I called Rodney, and sure enough he would be in town. I told him again, that I needed him to fill in as bartender for this Bar Mitzva reception, but he was to speak only in Yiddish to everyone there, as he was taking orders for the drinks. He readily agreed. I wish I had a camera to record all the various reactions of the guests that were greeted with a hearty MAZL TOV—by Rodney.

When the grandmother of the Bar Mitzva boy came up to the bar, and was greeted with, “A HARTSIKN MAZL TOV BOBE...” I thought the bobe would faint from surprise and shock. It was worth every penny I paid Rodney for this job.

On one of our vacations in Cuba, my wife and I were privileged to attend a Purim concert at the main synagogue in Havana. We were seated in the front row seats, that were reserved for the VIP’s, and the reason for this VIP treatment, was because the reception committee found out that one of their committee members, was the barber in Vilkomir Lithuania, who gave me my first haircut.

We were very impressed with the costumes, the singing, and the whole program, but I noticed a slight accent when the children sang the Yiddish songs. It wasn't 'Russian’ accent, nor a 'Litvish' or 'Galitshianer' accent, and I was somewhat, miffed, because I usually could detect all kinds of Yiddish accents.

I learned that the teacher, who taught the children the songs, wasn’t even Jewish. She had learned the songs phonetically and this is how she taught it to the children.

Later on I had the opportunity to present an impromptu program for the congregation after a Saturday morning service. After the services I was thanked in several languages, but mostly in my beloved Yiddish.

On another vacation in Cuba, after an evening of dancing and entertainment by some splendid Cuban artists, singers, dancers, and various performers, Barbara and I were relaxing with a nightcap, on the patio, in front of our cabin, when two couples, who just had arrived from Canada, strolled by and one of the women, mumbled under her breath: "Men redt Yiddish?” I gladly answered in the affirmative, “Yo, men redt Yiddish.” These two couples were from Toronto.

Editor’s note: Dovid is a long time reader of Der Bay and has contributed articles over the years. He was Principal of a Yiddish School and can be reached at: DOVIDK@videotron.ca
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Mama’s Stories
By Philip Fishl Kutner

Many times the question has been asked, “Fishl, how do you come up with all these different stories about Mama?”

Some are inspired during the day when I hear or read a certain Yiddish word that triggers a thought or memory of the farm and Mama. Much more often it occurs during a long sleepless night, and I finally reach that stage midway between the journey to sleep when thoughts and scenes of Mama and the farm seem to “float” in and out.

Sometimes the next morning finds me full of fresh thoughts and recollections while at other times there is only a vestige of a thought and nothing to write.

This morning was one of those times when I become fearful that this is the end of my creativity. However, I am hopeful, for there seems to be a fountain underneath, and hopefully a gusher will be there tomorrow with a fresh, new idea and a story to tell.

Will it be of Mama in her youth, in her child-bearing years, or that thin, pale, helpless soul? Whichever it is, it will be precious to me.
As it was done with previous conferences, each month *Der Bay* will cover another aspect of the next IAYC conference—its 13th. It will be held in Millbrae, California near the San Francisco Airport. This event to be held April 23-26, 2010 marks the turning point in IAYC’s history and the many innovations will reflect it. This will be the topic of a future issue.

The keynote speakers set the tone for the conference

Every morning we shall start with a plenary session featuring a keynote speaker. Each is a master Yiddish teacher with a different area of expertise and having an entirely different background. They also will be involved in the second phase of the formation of the (IAYT) International Association of Yiddish Teachers.

**DR. SHEVA ZUCKER** succeeded the League for Yiddish’s founder, Professor Mordhe Schaechter, o’h. as the Executive Director and has taken on the role as the editor of its journal, Afn Shvel. She has taught and lectured on Yiddish language and literature on five continents, as well as at major universities including Columbia (NY), Duke (NC), Bar-Ilan (Israel), and the Russian State Humanities University.

She was the translation editor of National Yiddish Book Center’s journal, The Pakn Treger, and writes and translates mostly on topics related to women in Yiddish literature.

Dr. Zucker is the author of *Yiddish: An Introduction to the Language, Literature Culture*, Vols. I & II. It is becoming the standard college Yiddish textbook. She comes from Winnipeg, Canada and will be featured along with her sister Rukhl who has a Yiddish radio program in Winnipeg.

**DR. CHAVA LAPIN** is Adjunct Associate Professor of Yiddish at Queens College and has taught at Columbia University, and Stern College, as well as abroad at Oxford, England, and Moscow. As a Yiddish scholar and Yiddish teacher, she is a frequent guest lecturer at Jewish and Yiddish conferences, seminars and festivals. She was educational director of the Workmen’s Circle. Her background includes a study in depth of Hebrew and religion. She is on the YIVO Board of Directors.

At the 9th IAYC Conference, Dr. Lapin’s lectures were: “Loshn un Shteyger: Language & Lifestyle – Yiddish in the millennial spectrum of Jewish Historic Experience” and “Modern Yiddishism Politics, Limitations and Opportunities.”

**DR. MICHAEL MOTL ROSENBUCH** is Vice President of the IAYC and Associate Professor, Chairman, Russian and German, University of New Hampshire (Emeritus). He developed Yiddish-speaking Yungtruf svives in NYC and translates from Yiddish, Russian and Polish into English for the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. He has run Yiddish workshops in Brussels, Paris, Wash., D.C., and at the IAYC Conference in Baltimore. Motl is a native Yiddish speaker, having been born in Lublin, Poland. Currently his work includes cooperating on a multi-volume Yiddish dictionary.

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e-mail: fishl@derbay.org or call 650-349-6946
We usually think about games being for children although professional sports are an adult activity. With the exception of chess (shokh) and cards (kortn), adult Jews did not participate in games.

Yiddish Clubs and teachers often look for a novel way of bringing excitement and something new to the meetings/classroom. Below is an initial list of Yiddish games and there will be additions regularly posted. If you would like to have an addition added please send to Fishl.

Der Bay’s new page of games is on the website at: http://www.derbay.org/yiddishgames.html lists eleven games and information including word lists for the particular game.

YIDISHE SHPILN - YIDDISH GAMES

Etl Betl - Cat's Cradle
As a child, Fishl played this game with his Mama. Read about it in Der Bay.

Yidishe tsung planters (tangle, muddle)
Tongue Twisters
Frume, froyen, fargesn, frier tsu fregn frages

Shimon zogt - Simon says in Yiddish
Shortly a male and female diagram will be posted with sixty body parts. A list of 73 body parts is one of 40 Der Bay’s word lists. It is at: http://www.derbay.org/words/body.html

Yidish talyen - Hangman
You can play using the Hebrew/Yiddish letters or in transliteration. There are 40 Yiddish word lists in English and transliterated at: http://www.derbay.org/words/index.html

Yidish talyen

You can play using the Hebrew/Yiddish letters or in transliteration. There are 40 Yiddish word lists in English and transliterated at: http://www.derbay.org/words/index.html

Decide on the form of spelling. If it is transliteration (Romanization) decide if you are using the YIVO Standard. Do not use short words. Words that are prefixed are great. Some prefixes are: (anider, ant, arayn ariber, arop, aroys, aruf, arunter, der, far, iber, oyf, oys, unter.

Yidish bingo - Yiddish Bingo
Bingo is played on cards with 5 columns with 5 rows in each column. This gives 25 boxes with the center one being FREE. In regular bingo each column has 5 boxes that range from 1-15, 16-30 up til 61-75. Thus the odds are that one has 5 out of 15 or one-third of the time you will have a match. Irving Lehrbaum made a set he calls SHOKL instead of BINGO. He used YIVO Standard Transliteration. Cards are drawn and the words and column are matched. When a person gets BINGO, one stands up and gives a SHOKL and “hollers out” SHOKL. One can made up a set using your own words.

Tsvantsik frages af yidish - 20 questions
Start with asking khaye, grins oder mineral = animal, vegetable or mineral. The last time I played the game it was an oyg fun a nodl. You can find the Yiddish word for 123 animals, 24 birds, 31 farm animals, 23 fish, 20 insects, 48 mammals, 33 fruit, 8 grains, 33 flowers/trees and 34 vegetables at: http://www.derbay.org/words/index.html

Yidish skrabl - Yiddish Scrabble
The November 2008 issue of Der Bay, page 5 is entitled, "A Yiddish Club Activity, Alphabet Games - Scrabble." It has a table of letters and point values.

Yidish geografie – Jewish Geography
Akin to Geography where you say a place (city state, country, etc.) that starts with the last letter of the previous place. An example would be oystralye and eyngland. A list of continents, countries is one of 40 Der Bay’s word lists. It is at: www.derbay.org/words/geography.html#lands

Dreydl - Dreidel
The name comes from the word drey meaning to spin. A dreykop is a person who drives you crazy with nonsense. The letters spell Nes, Gadol, Haya and Sham = A great miracle happened there. Each person puts in an item or several; candy, coins etc. in the pool, pot or kitty. Spin the dreydl
Nun = nisht, None - Next person spins
Giml = geb, Give - Takes the entire “pot”
Hey = halb, Half – Takes half the “pot”
Shin = shtel, Set (put in) – Places one of his “pieces” in the “pot.”

Pinokl - Pinochle
Pinochle is a popular card game played with a deck of 48 cards. There are 2 cards of each from nine to ace. The game can be played with 2, 3 or 4 players and 1 or 2 decks. The Yiddish terms are found at: http://www.derbay.org/words/pinochle.html

Shokh - Chess
Jews have played a major role at international chess matches. A list of 26 words relating to the game of chess is at: www.derbay.org/words/chess.htm
If you have any terms you wish included or have started a list, please send it to Fishl.
In Honor of Lilke Majzner
by Hershl Hartman
Secular Jewish vegvayzer/madrikh/Leader

As the shloyshim (marking the 30th day after her death) approaches, the website of the Museum of Family History has posted a video of Lilke Majzner's inimitable oratory upon receiving the highest award from the International Association of Yiddish Clubs in 2008. The English translation of her thoughtful and fiery remarks appears below the video screen.

Lilke was long-time president of the LA Yiddish Culture Club, a member of the Workmen’s Circle / Arbeter Ring in Europe and here and a teacher in its shuln, a survivor of the Bundist (General Jewish Workers’ Alliance of Russia, Lithuania and Poland) underground in Lodz and several concentration and death camps, including Auschwitz. She was the initiator and moving force behind the coalition of L.A. Secular Jewish organizations, which, for the past decade, has sponsored annual commemorations of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising and of the executed Soviet Yiddish writers.

She wrote beautifully in Yiddish for several publications and it was my honor to translate many of her works.


Editor’s note: Through the efforts of Hershl Hartman and Dr. Steven Lasky, the memory and acceptance speech of Lilke is now on the Internet for all to see and be inspired.

Through the unselfish efforts of two men, 3,000 miles apart, we now have earmarked a niche in our Yiddish history. Her legacy stretches over continents and generations.

An Old Fashioned Tepl-Mazl
by Frank Krasnowsky - krasnowsky@hotmail.com

The announcement of Tepl-Mazls (Pot-Lucks) in Milwaukee illustrated how literal translations can be both confusing and amusing.

When I grew up a tepl generally referred to a round chamber pot for small children. Hence, tepl-mazl could only mean that it was successfully used. Thereby hangs a tale – a true one.

My mother's friend, Anna, came into the playroom to find that her three-year-old Itzik had put a tepl on his head. At first she laughed; but when she tried to remove it, it was solidly stuck. No matter how gently she pushed and pulled the tepl to avoid hurting the child's head, it would not come off. There was no such thing as 9-1-1 in those days, so she called her doctor, who made several recommendations that did no good. He was too busy to make a house call and told her to bring the boy into his office.

Anna had to take the streetcar into town. But who can ride in a streetcar with a child with a tepl on his head? She tried to solve the problem by covering it with a paper bag so it would look like he was wearing a funny hat. But Itzik was restless and kept pushing the bag aside to the amusement of passengers and the embarrassment of Anna. Indeed, the more the passengers were amused by her attempts to put the bag back on, and the more she was embarrassed, the more Itzik realized he was the center of attention and kept pushing the bag back and forth.

Their arrival at the doctor’s office added some joy to the waiting room. The doctor, too, was amused, but tried not to show it. He took Itzik into his office and returned after several minutes with the boy and the tepl separate and intact.

"I have good news,” he said. ”It was empty.” That was a real Tepl-Mazl.

No Goodbyes:
A Father-Daughter Memoir of Love, War & Resurrection
by Naava Pilat - 201-945-4524 www.naava.com

I have terminal cancer and am now confined to my bed at home, under hospice care. The publication of my book is particularly meaningful because as I say my farewells to friends, family, I leave a lasting legacy that honors my Holocaust survivor parents’ past, something I have been committed to for the last decade, as I traveled the world performing my one-woman musical show, "Better Don’t Talk!" about my mother's life as star of the Vilna Ghetto.

I was able to push past the mounting pain of my horrid cancer and work like crazy to complete the book, design the cover and get it published.

NO GOODBYES recounts the fascinating true stories of my charismatic Holocaust survivor father, Xavier Piat, in a stirring testament to the endurance of love, the art of survival, the influence of family and the lasting impact of war. Written from two perspectives, it explores our unique and complex relationship, revealing that through the sharing of stories, we were able to come to terms with the past, finding understanding, forgiveness and renewed connection.

Website: www.nogoodbyes.info
Nightmare Song
Gilbert's Original Lyrics

NIGHTMARE SONG borrowed from Iolanthe and interpolated in Yiddish “Pirates of Penzance” at the point where the Major General can’t sleep owing to his feelings of guilt for the lie he told to the pirates about his being an orphan.

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire – the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;

Then the blanketing tickles – you feel like mixed pickles – so terribly sharp is the prickling,
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing ‘twixt you and the ticking.
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle!

Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head ever aching.
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich –
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage –

And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations –
They're a ravenous horde – and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.

Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the by, the ship's now a four-wheeler),
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";
But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:

And he and the crew are on bicycles too – which they've somehow or other invested in –
And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in –
It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices all goods from cough mixtures to cables
(Which tickled the sailors), by treating retailers as though they were all vegetables –

You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree –
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,
While the pastrycook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three corners, and Banburys –

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing –

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor,
and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep,
and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue,
and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long – ditto, ditto my song –
and thank goodness they're both of them over!
Ven ikh leyg zikh in bet in der nakht zeyer shpet un es krikht mir a tsore in kop arayn, 
Un ikh lig shtilerheyt vayl der kop iz fardeyt un der oyskuk far mir iz nit azoy fayn.

Az ikh heyb oyi dem kop falt der kishn arop un s'iz kalt vayl di fentster shteyt ofn, 
Un dos betgevant rayst vayl a groyse vants bayst shray ikh, ”Ziser Got lomikh shoyn shlofn!”

Oy s'iz yetst zeyer shpet un ikh drey zikh in bet un ikh ken nit gefinen kayn sholem, 
Un es brenen di oygn, ikh lig oysgetsoygn un s’kumt on a shreklekher kholom:

Dan kholemt zikh mir az men efnt di tir un s’kumen arayn makhetonim, 
Varfn zey tsu mir gikh, zeyere farlotikte shikh zol dos tefn tsu undzere sonim.

Bald antloyf ikh fun zey (oy der kop tut mir vey!) un azoy loyf ikh shneler un shneler, 
Zits ikh shoyn bay dem tish, es ikh hiner mit fish un dos hindl shprinigt oyf fun der teler.

Loyf ikh vider avek, azoy groys iz mayn shrek ven dos hindl yogt mir af a groysn ferd, 
Un dos feroy loyft mit mir zeyer shnel durkh der tir kh’fal arop oysgetsoygn bald af der erd.

Vart ikh dortn un blayb, un ikh ze shoyn mayn vayb vi zi ligt bay a top un zi kholemt, 
Bald shlepzt zi mir bay’m kop, varft mir arayn in der top, un ikh ver shoyn dertrunken in tsholent.

Fun der top kh’fal aroys, s’do a galakh in hoyz un bald fangt er on makhn a brokhe, 
Plutzling efnt zikh di tir, s’kumen loyfn tsu mir mayne fraynt un mayn gantse mishpokhe.

Shrayen zey, ”Mazl tov!” vert der galakh a rov un er zogt tsu mir, ”Hob nit kayn moyre, 
Du bist draytsn yor alt, nem dem khumesh un halt es un leyen di gantse haftoyre.”

Un ven ikh heyb on leyen di menshn zey veynen, ”Far vos redstu Poylish?” baklogn zey, 
Mit a mol vakh ikh of fun mayn umruikn shlof rayb zikh di oygn un shray oys,”Vos zogn zey?”

Oy der kop tut mir vey, un ikh gib a geshrey, di hent zaynen mir kalt, un der kop mayner shpalt! s’iz mir trukan dos moyl, un ikh shray ”Shma Yisroyl!” ikh bin nas mit a shveys, un mayn kerper iz heys, in di oygn, oy! brent, 
un es tsitern di hent, bald a flig flit arum, un di kishn iz krum, un ikh zog ”Oy a klog!” vayl s’iz klor vi di tog az ikh hob nit gants ruig geshlofn. - Shoyn di nakht iz farbay, fun mayn shlof bin ikh fray, oy di nakht iz tsu lang -- shoyn genug mayn gezang -- danken Got az di oygn zaynen ofn!

Al Grand has been translating the operas of Gilbert & Sullivan into Yiddish. He has adhered faithfully to Gilbert's dazzling rhymes while striving to preserve unblemished Yiddish and achieved a perfect match of verbal to musical cadence so that the lyric conforms to the accentuation and rhythm of each musical phrase.

The Yiddish version DI YAM GAZLONIM means “The Robbers of the Sea.” In writing Yiddish versions of the G&S oeuvre he adheres faithfully to Gilbert’s total rhyming scheme i.e., wherever there are double, triple or internal rhymes and also cleaves to Sullivan’s musical score wherein there is a Yiddish syllable for each musical note that is sung.

In his four decades long pursuit of the Yiddish Gilbert & Sullivan project has helped to keep Yiddish alive, and Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre’s production received a 2007 Drama Desk nomination as a result of the favorable reviews in the New York Times and other newspapers, magazines and internet blogs.

Al Grand occasionally borrows an aria or chorus number from another one of Gilbert & Sullivan work and is using it in the one on which he is currently working. In DI YAM GAZLONIM he interpolated the high-velocity “Nightmare Song” from the opera IOLANTHE with a fast-paced Yiddish number at the point where the Major General (Der Groyser General) can’t sleep owing to his guilt feelings for lying to the pirates about his being an orphan.

Another aspect of Grand’s work is creating Yiddish versions of popular songs of the 1930’s, 40’s and 50’s. An example is the Yiddish version of “Over the Rainbow” which is often performed by soprano Shelley Shields in her cabaret performances.
Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe”
Fun der khaznte Khane Slekh - Forverts” – 6/19-25/2009
[transliterated and annotated by Goldie Adler Gold]

Tayere khaznte,


Bazorgte [worried] mame

Tayere b...m..., 


======

Tayere Khaznte,

Ikh bin zikh tsngengen [separated] mit mayn khaver mit 3 yor tsurik. Yosef hot mikh nisht gut bahandlt [didn’t treat me well], un ikh bin haynt zikher, az er iz nicht geven mayn bancher un [predestined one]. Ober er iz geven der eyntsiker in vemen ikh hob zikh farlbit. Nisht lang tsurik, hob ikh gehert, az Yosef hot khasene gehat, un ikh hob zikh plutsling [suddenly] tseyvnt. Fun demolt on bi ikh fartryert [saddened]. Farvos hot di nayes azoy oyt mir gevirknt [affected me]? Ikh vil nisht zayn keyn froy ful mit kine [envy]. Vi azoy ken ikh fontraybn [drive away] azoyne gefiln un gedanken?

A froy vos iz mekane [envious]

Tayere f...v...i...m..., 


Forverts” – 7/3-9/2009

Tayere b...m..., 

Dos beste volt geven, ven ir misht zikh nisht arayn, ober me zol farzikhern [assure], az di meydlekh veln redn ofnhartsik vegn dem protses. Redt-zhe mitn bas-mitsve lerer vegn dem inyen, kedy er, oder zi, zol dermatikn [encourage] Samanta. Efsher volt geven a svore [it wouldn’t be a bad idea], ven zey hongn gevise lektsyes tsuzamen, un andere — aleyn. Azoy arum vet yede fun zey gefinen ir eygn “kul”.

Der lerer ken oykh oysrekhenen [figure out] viifl me lernt ba yeder lektsye, kedyey Rokhl zol nisht lernen mer vi Samanta farn tog fun der bas-mitsve. Samanta vet efsher aykh iberrashn [surprise...] un zikh tseugrlet zeyher gut. Oyb zi vil redn mit aykh vegn dem, aderabe [of course]; ober ir darft oysmaydn [avoid], az zi zol zikh dievisn [find out] vegn ayere zorgn.

======

Tayere khaznte,

Ikh bin shoyn a porl [a couple... boy and girl] mit Mayk/Mike 4 yor, zint undzer tsveyt yor in gimmazye 7/3-9/2009. Ober, ikh heyb un tsu filn, az ikh ver farloynyn in der batsiuung [relationship]. Ikh hob im zeyer lib un ken zikh nisht forsh tenthn [imagine] a...
lebn on im. Ikh ken kimat [it seems] vi nisht
gedenken a tsayt ven ikh bin geven aleyn un nisht a
helft fun “Tara un Mayk/Mike”. Mir hbn zikh
farshribn inem zelbn ‘college’ tsu blaybn tsuzamen.
MIR lihn zikh in di zelbe klasn un fonn tsu gash
tsu undzere mishpokhes tsuzamen – mir tuen als
eynem. Es felt undz gornisht un ikh ken zikh
nisht oysmoln, az ikh velt an andern lib gehat mer
vi ikh hob lib Maykn. Letstns hot er geredt vegn
khasene hbn un ikh hob gevolt veynen. Ikh fil vi
ikh bin gekhapt gevorn [was caught] in a pastke
[trap] un ikh veys nisht farvos. Ratevet!

A Meydl

Tayere a...m...,  

Ir filt zikh gekhapt in a pastke un ir veyst yo farvos. 
Ir hot mir ersht dertseylt. Dos, vos ir, a yunge froy, 
hot dos gefil, az ir farlirt dem eygenem “ikh”, un di 
umpohengikeyt [independence], iz nisht 
avektsumakhn mit der hant [...be ignored]. Es zet
mir oys, az ir darf a bisi tsayt un ort zikh aleyn tsu
antviklen. Ikh volt geeytset, ir zolt iberraysn di
batsiug, lomir zogn, oyf 3 khadoshim. Un dernokh,
trakh't ton vegn ayere gefiln. Oyb ir bashlist, az di
batsiug mit Mayk iz take vos ir vilt, darf ir zayn
zikh'er nisht als tsu ton tsuzamen; beser tsu
farbrengen, fun tsayt tu tsayt, mit khavereyn um aktivitetn bazynder. Mitn rekhtn fes – un lozt undz
visn vos ir hot baslohn [decided].

=====

Tayere khaznte,

Mayn froy zingt di gantse tsayt, ober hot a shlekht
col. Zi vert in kaas ven ikh zog ir oyfshuern tsu
zingen. Ober ikh ken nisht fartrog'n ir shtime
[voice]. Vos zol ikh ton?

Sensive oyern

Tayere s...o...,  

Ir hot eylere breyres: 1) koyft oyer-farshtopers; 2) 
shtelt on a geang-lerer far ayer froy; 3) zingt mit ir,
vet dos zikh'er dergeyn di yorn [annoy], un zi vet
bald oyfshern.

Forverts” – 7/17-23/2009

Tayere khaznte,

Farvos ken mayn khaverte zikh nisht oyffirn
[behave] vi a meydl darf zikh oyffirn? Emili hot
kurtse hör un iz a sportlerin [sports person]. Zi hot
lib tsu farbrengen di tsayt mit sport—shpiln,
tsunukn [observe] oder redn vegn sport mit mayne

mantsbil-khavereyrim [male friends]! Zi trinkt bir un
redt hoykh oyf a kol [loudly] un trogt afile
menerishe kleyder. Efsher klingt es, vi ikh bin nisht
keyn guter khaver; ober in der emesn, hob ikh zi
zyerer lib. Mir zenen a gliklekh porl, ober a mol volt
ikh gevolt, zi zol poshet [simply] zikh fimm ner vi a
meydl, un veyniker vi a bokher. Vi ken ikh dem tsil
[goal] dergreykhn? Tsi iz meglekh [possible], zi zol
zikh kenen baytn [change]?

A tsemishter [mixed up]

Tayerer tsem...,  

Ir hot gefunen a froy, velke iz gut un klug. Ir un
ayere khavereyrim hobn lib tsu farbrengen [spend
time] mit ir—to farvos vilt ir, zi zol istt baytn ir
kharakter? Ven me hot lib a mensht, heyst dos
nisht, az me darf lib hbn yedn pitsl shtrikh [single
trait] fun dem mentsh. Oyb ir bamit zikh [try to] tsu
baytn Emili, vet zi zikh mistame baleydikn [be
insulted] un vet zikh nisht baytn, un ir vet vern
frustrt.

Ven ir volt mir geshribn, az der aspekt fun Emili
vos gefelt aykh nisht iz an ummoralisher oder
beyrer [hostile], volt ikh aykh geeytset [advise] tsu
redn mit ir vegt dem. Ober dos vos ir bashraybt, iz
a teyl fun ir perzenlekhkeyt un ir muzt bashlin
[decide], tsi es shtert [bothers] aykh azoy shtark, az
se makht ummegalakh [impossible] dos zayn
tszuzamen mit ir, oder tsi ir kent onnemen Emili vi
zi shteyt un geyt [as is].

Editor’s note: Golda has been a regular contributor
to Der Bay. Her Club is the Penn South Senior 
Center Yiddish Club. She lives in New York City 
and can be reached at: goldele@rcn.com

Mama, vos zol ikh araynton? Kh’ob gornisht tsu
araynton.

Fishele, they’ll understand. Everybody needs a
little time to rest. Maybe they have read all the way
through to this page and are tired, and should take
a rest.

If you are tired, you should also take a rest. The
best thing is a short nap in the afternoon. When
you wake up you should drink something. If you
wake up you should drink something. If you
are thirsty, besides they’re too
busying making a living.

If someone complains, send them to me. I’ll tell
them they are lucky to be in America. It’s nice here,
but I miss you.
International Association of Yiddish Clubs
Conference XIII · Millbrae, California · April 23 - 26, 2010
“Yiddish in The 21st Century”

REGISTRATION - Choose Option A, or any Combination of B, C, D or E

☐ A. FULL Conference $325.00. Includes Orientation, Classes, Keynote Speakers, Workshops, Celebrity Entertainment Nightly, Yiddish Vinkl & Yinglish Clubhouse, Admission to Vendors, Meet IAYC Board Members at Opening Reception, Shpilers, Shabbes Dinner, Saturday Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner, Sunday Breakfast & Dinner, Monday Breakfast, Lunch & Yiddish Musical Revue.

$295 Earlybird Special, if postmarked by Jan 10, 2010.

All Dinners are Kosher-style, Breakfasts and Lunches are Dairy and/or Pareve.

☐ B. Friday Only $55 or Kosher Option: ☐ Friday Kosher Dinner $65
☐ C. Saturday Only $130 or Kosher Option: ☐ Saturday Kosher Dinner $140
☐ D. Sunday Only $110 or Kosher Option: ☐ Sunday Kosher Dinner $120
☐ E. Monday Only $55 Please use a separate registration form for each person.

Late Registrations: Postmarked after Mar 1, 2010 add $25 per person. Walk-Ins: Add $30/Person

Courtesey Roundtrip Transportation between San Francisco International Airport & Westin Hotel

Please Print Information and Mail Registration Form(s) and Check To
Gerald Gerger 6820 Oyster Cove, West Bloomfield, Michigan 48323-2051

Make checks payable to “IAYC 2010 Conference”

TOTAL Amount Enclosed (US Dollars Only): __________

☐ Female  ☐ Male Title _______ Name _______________________________

Additional Name You Would Like on Name Badge: ______________________________________

Address ______________________________________________________________ City ______________________________
State/Province ____________ Apt. _____ Zip ______________ Country ______________
Phone # (___) _____-_______ Cell # (___) _____-_______ E-Mail ______________________
Cell # (___) _____-_______ Name of Yiddish Club(s) __________________________

I am a ☐ Vendor  ☐ Presenter  ☐ Entertainer  ☐ Yiddish Club Leader  ☐ Club Member

☐ Need a Roommate?  ☐ I have Special Needs _________________________________

Hotel Reservations: Call Westin Toll-Free 800-228-3000 to make reservations.
Conference Rate is $99.00 + taxes per night, single or double if made by March 28, 2010.

Ask for “IAYC Rate”. Cancellation Policy: Conference (not hotel) cancellations after March 1, 2010 are subject to a late cancellation fee of $100 per person. NO REFUNDS after March 30, 2010.

All prices are per person, excluding hotel. Questions? Call Fishl Kutner at 650-349-6946 Call Jerry Gerger at 248-980-5641 or email gerx33@comcast.com for additional registration forms.

For the latest information log on to the Der Bay Website at www.derbay.org

Mama, I’m sorry. Your picture is on the mantle over the fireplace. You remember the one with you and Papa? That’s the one where you are wearing that hat that almost covers your eyes. I used to not like it, but it seems to be special now.

Sally seems to be a little better and the kids and eyneklekh are doing fine. Now that Serke is retired, it seems that I have less free time.

Mama my blind group keeps me busy and the Yiddish clubs are doing very well. I know that there will be bad days, but somehow it all seems to work out.

My Debbie is a joy and every daddy ought to have a daughter just like her. She is helping with the conference and she did a great job last year.

Mama, I miss you and promise to see you soon.
The International Association of Yiddish Clubs
Will Host
The Future International Association of Yiddish Teachers

All three of the keynote speakers are master Yiddish teachers with completely different backgrounds and areas of expertise. Last month we featured them on the front page of Der Bay.

This month we shall cover the programs of the Yiddish teacher’s section of the IAYC conference. After the opening plenary (everyone in attendance), there will be four concurrent lectures/workshops at each of the sessions on Saturday and Sunday. One room will be utilized solely for Yiddish teacher programming. You do not have to sign up beforehand and anyone can attend any session, whether or not you are a Yiddish teacher, Yiddish club leader/member, translator, klezmer musician, entertainer, vendor, or just interested in Yiddish.

We have been fortunate that at past conferences many attendees have filled out our questionnaire. There has been a consistent request for Yiddish classes to be held at the conferences. Now that we have a significant number of Yiddish teachers attending, we are having the following sessions in sequence so that you can attend the one/s that meet/s your need/s.

Each of the first three teacher sessions will be taught by a different master teacher. Each session will serve a double function and thus have two different groups based on interest and ability. For the attending teachers, the master teacher will demonstrate the techniques used at that level. For those attending the conference and wishing to improve their Yiddish, this will be a great opportunity to learn from a master teacher.

**Session 1** - Beginners Yiddish
**Session 2** - Beginners/Intermediate Yiddish
**Session 3** - Intermediate Yiddish.

**Session 4** will be “Using Song, Poetry, Games, and Skits in Teaching Yiddish.” This session will be great especially for club leaders looking for ideas for club programming. There will be handouts also for those who wish to use Romanized material as well as English translations. (These are in addition to those available from Der Bay.)

**Session 5** will cover Yiddish teaching resources. As we proceed to the next step in the eventual formation of the International Association of Yiddish Teachers (IAYT), we need to be a resource for teachers in job placement, teaching techniques, and curriculum development in addition to what and where to get teaching materials. Utilization of online resources will be a significant portion of this session.

**Session 6** “Where Do We Go from Here?” will be the culmination of the teacher sessions. Be ready to voice your opinion and possibly join one of the organizational committees. The IAYC took three conferences before it was incorporated in the State of Maryland. The foundation for the future IAYT was set in place at the IAYC La Jolla Conference.

The IAYT may decide to go its own way or continue to have the IAYC do the arrangements for the venue and registration, akin to the American Association of Professors of Yiddish with the Modern Languages Association.

We again shall have our very attractive and information-filled journal, with full-page ads only $250, half-page $150, and quarter page $100.

The registration form is in this issue on page 15
See Der Bay website: www.derbay.org/millbrae/
e-mail: fishl@derbay.org or call 650-349-6946
Jewish/Yiddish Radio Programs
by Rochelle Zucker

English: 1:30 to 2 PM CDT (2:30 - 3 PM EDT)
Yiddish 2 to 2:30 PM CDT (3-3:30 PM EDT)
CKJS 810 Winnipeg online live streaming
http://www.ckjs.com (click on Listen Live)

You can listen to my archive on mediafire current week. http://www.mediafire.com/?dij3myimi5l
http://www.mediafire.com/?hxmdmyznnkh
Archive of Previous Shows
http://www.mediafire.com/?sharekey=fff90363c2a5ad73ab1eab3e9fa335ca728e6d7a6e38cc6c

The idea for this particular Yiddish portion came from a question someone asked for the words to "Chiribim" and received the words to several songs that had the words "Chiribim". There are lots of Yiddish songs that have "Chiribim" and other words with no real meaning as sort of a fill in—enough for a half hour show.

Playlist and featured artists

Chiribim - The Sisters of Sheynville
Zingt Oyf Yiddish - Hilda Bronstein
Chiriboim - Jacques Grober
Reb Motenyu - Rebecca Levant
Chassidic in America - The Maxwell Street Klezmer Band
A Nign - Mitch Smolkin
Yom Pom Pom - Molly Picon
Mayn Hob un Guts - Klezmania
A Sherele - Jacques Grober


She was born in La Paternal, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Her parents were immigrants from Poland. As a child, she took piano lessons and really enjoyed performing. Although she didn’t come from a family of musicians, her house always was full of Tangos, Milongas, Boleros and Idish songs. It is from this blend of music that from her early years on, her musical identity started to develop.

Zully became a professional singer in 1997, and has released 5 full CD – two of them in Yiddish. Her most recent is “De Donde Viene Mi Voz” – From Where my Voice Comes – Tangos in Yiddish.

Zully often plays Tango clubs in Argentina. Her shows feature a pair of Tango Dancers and 3 talented musicians. Pablo Saclis, her musical director, is a wonderful pianist and arranger. Although her Tango club shows are made up of the more classic Spanish Tangos, she includes several Yiddish songs and relates to the audience about her life growing up in a Jewish home, the daughter of poor hardworking immigrants.

I think it is significant, that in a place like Argentina where it hasn’t always been easy to be Jewish, Zully has maintained her Jewish sounding name – Goldfarb, as opposed to changing it for the stage. Before her shows it is usual to see posters with her name and face plastered all over Buenos Aires.

Playlist - all performed by Zully Goldfarb
Friling
Oyfn Pripetchik
Mayne Verter
Tsigayner
Azabache
Mi Ha Ish
In der Finster
La Ultima Copa

This and some of my programs can be found at:
http://www.mediafire.com/?sharekey=fff90363c2a5ad73ab1eab3e9fa335ca728e6d7a6e38cc6c

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This is an example of the kind of programs that Rukhl has on her weekly radio shows. She is an IAYC Board member and again will present at our next conference, April 23-26, 2010 in Millbrae, California—a suburb of San Francisco. Her sister Dr. Sheva, executive director of the League for Yiddish will give the conference’s opening keynote address.

The Winnipeg Jewish community has a very strong Yiddish group. Advisory Council member, and former IAYC Board Director Oscar Antel, is a Winnipegger.
Nayer bukh fun Yitzhak Luden
luden@netvision.net.il

Es iz norvos dershinen in Leyvik-Falgar in Tel-Aviv
dos bukh fun Yitzhak Luden In Geyeg Nokh Momentn – Aktuele Publitsistik fun di Hayntike un di Nektike
teg. S’iz ayngeteylt in tsvey bend: I. Tele-Viszonern (480 zaytn) un II. Di Eybike Rege. (484 zaytn) un iz
an opklayb fun dem mekhabers iber 200 artiklen, felyetnonen, eseyen, reportazhn, polemikes, rayze-koreponsentsn, un ophandlungen vos shpiglen op
di drame fun der groyer tog-teg-lekhkeyt un shtltn
for mit zikh a kolirufle mozayik fun der lebediker
virklekhkeyt fun under epoke.”

Der mekhaber prubirt zikh in zayn bukh tsu
brengen far dem leyener “di andre zaytn” fun der
geshikhte: dem gerangl mit di tog-teg-lekhle
problemen vos vern farshvundn fun unnder zikorn
tszumen mit di tzytungen in velkhe zey zaynen
gevorn gedrunkt, un nokh dem vern zey
aroysgevorn nokhn leyenen, in kegnzats tsu der
formeler geshikhte vos vert geshirbn fun historiker,
lerov oyfn smakh fun trukene di
formeler ge
aroysgevorn nokhn leyenen
gevorn gedrukt
velkhe boyen di mozayik funem lebn,
nokh velkhe es yogt zikh der zhurnalists, der yeger
fun di momentn– zey zaynen di faktishe geshikhte.

Azoy arum, zogt der mekhaber fun dem bukh, geyt
di geshikhte farloyrm. Der shraybstil fun Yitskhok
Luden iz geboyt lerov oyf aroysbrengen di
paradoksn un oysterlishkeytn fun di ”oyfgekhape
momentn”, velkhe boyen di mozayik funem
gezelshaftlekhn lebn. Er derlangt zey mit a hibsher
mos fun ironye in a lebedikn, flesikn Yidish.

Yitzhak Luden’s book Der Geyeg Nokh Momentn
(In Pursuit of the Moment), has been published by
Leyvik-Falgar in Tel-Aviv. The book comprises of
2 volumes: Vol I: ”Tele-Vizzonern (Tele-Visionaries)
(480 pp), and Vol II: ”Di Eybike Rege (The Eternal
Moment) (484 pp). The book is a selection from the
author’s 200 articles, feuilletons, correspondence,
reports, travel and essays. They produce a colorful
mosaic reflecting on social life and Israeli problems.

The author strives to bring the reader "the other
side" of history: the struggle confronting our day-to-
day life which vanishes from our memory and the
newspapers in which they are printed, and which
after reading are disposed of–as opposed to formal
history recorded by historians, based on institutions,
government documents, or social groups.

Yitskhok Luden’s writing style emphasizes the
paradoxes and the peculiarities of the "captured
moment" with a great deal of irony, in a lively,
flowing Yiddish.
The California Institute for Yiddish Culture and Language (CIYCL) is calling all poetry mavens! Do you have a favorite Yiddish poet or a poem that has yet to reach the English-speaking masses? Or have you come across a published translation of a wonderful Yiddish poem that perhaps mangles the poetic intentions of its creator? This is your chance for redemption.

Find that very special poem that you would like shared with a much wider audience and make it come alive. Just as the Golem rose to life by the sacred words of its creator, breathe new life into your Yiddish poem of choice. Dazzle us with your cross-cultural understanding of the Yiddish and English languages. Impress us with your knowledge of the delicate intricacies and nuances of the mameloshn.

First place winners will be announced at the 13th IAYC Conference, April 23-26, 2010 at the Westin Hotel in Millbrae, CA. The first place winner will receive $360, plus publication on the CIYCL website and newsletter. It also will appear in Der Bay.

Second place winners will receive $50 plus publication on our website. This contest is sponsored by Lee Chesnin, CIYCL Board Member Stephen O. Lesser and IAYC.

Contest Rules: Your single entry of up to two pages must include the original Yiddish poem (in Yiddish characters) and your own, never before published English translation. Entries over the required length will be disqualified. Submissions must be received no later than November 30, 2009

For submissions by mail:
CIYCL
333 Washington Blvd., #118,
Marina del Rey, CA 90292

For submissions by e-mail:
miriam@yiddishinstitute.org

Editor’s note: The fourth contest’s first-place winner was Lena Watson who translated Mordechai Gebirtig’s, “My Spring.”

It can be found on CIYCL’s website at: http://www.yiddishinstitute.org/firstplace4.html

The CIYCL 2009-10 International Yiddish-Into-English
**Poetry Translation Contest!**
By Miri Koral

Arbeter-Ring/Workmen's Circle
Intensive Yiddish Program
From: Nikolai Borodulin

Der Arbeter-Ring farbet aykh onteytsunemen in intensivn Yidishn sof-vokh vos vet forkumen fun 30stn Oktober biz 1tn November in Arbeter-Ring binyen: 45 East 33rd Street, New York, NY

In der program: Okt. 30 @ 6:30 n.m.: Yidisher Shabes vetshere: fayerung fun undzer balibtn lerer Pesakh Fiszman's lebn mit Dvoyre Strauss & Jeff Warshauer

Okt. 31 Trefung mit Forverts mitarbeter; Intensive Yidish klasn (mit Miriam Hoffman, Chava Lapin, Kolya Borodulin); Nayer Yidisher Repertuar teater forshitelung

Nov. 1 Trefung mit Yuggntruf mitglider; Intensive Yidish klasn (mit Miriam Hoffman, Chava Lapin, Kolya Borodulin); Naye Yidish shtimen - Konsert fun yunge talantn. ar mer protim klingt: 212-889-6800, tsugob 252; oder shikt a blits-post: slerman@circle.org

Far farshraybn zikh: www.circle.org

Workmen’s Circle/Arbeter Ring invites you to an Intensive Yiddish weekend, Oct. 30 - Nov. 1 Workmen’s Circle/Arbeter Ring building: 45 E. 33rd St., New York, NY

In the program: Oct. 30 @ 6:30 p.m.: Yiddish Shabes dinner: Celebration of the life of our beloved teacher Pesakh Fisman with Deborah Strauss and Jeff Warshauer

Oct. 31 Meet staff of the Yiddish Forward; Have Intensive Yiddish classes (with Miriam Hoffman, Chava Lapin, Kolya Borodulin); See a performance of the New Yiddish REP

Nov. 1 Meet Yugntruf; Have Intensive Yiddish classes (with Miriam Hoffman, Chava Lapin, Kolya Borodulin); Enjoy a concert of Young Yiddish talents.

For more information call: 212-889-6800, ext. 252, or, send an e-mail: slerman@circle.org
To register on-line: www.circle.org

Editor’s note: The Arbeter Ring/Workmen’s Circle will sponsor the Gala Saturday Night Revue at the 13th IAYC Conference. Adrienne Cooper will direct, perform and also present a lecture—for the 4th successive conference.
In the course of research for her forthcoming documentary film and book, “The Land of Orange Groves and Jails,” focused on Jewish radicalism in Eastside Los Angeles in the 1920s and 30s, Sholemite Judy Branfman unearthed a 1925 Yiddish literary journal, Mayriv (West), published in Los Angeles, California. Its latter pages included a historical-ideological roundup of local Secular Yiddish schools then in existence. The three brief essays appear below with Judy’s kind permission.

At almost the same time, Sholemite August Maymudes brought me a copy of another Yiddish literary journal, Kalifornyer Shriftn (Californian Writings), this one dated December, 1961. It, too, carried a report on the then-status of Secular Yiddish schools in Los Angeles, although from a single, leftwing, perspective.

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Mayriv (West), Los Angeles, 1925, pp. 59-61
Reports From Our Local Shuln

The Yiddish Folkshul

Immigrants twice over — that describes the Jewish population at the Pacific’s shores. From the Dnieper to the Hudson — the first immigration to America; from the Atlantic to the Pacific — the second. They came to this second America mostly for health reasons. So the first concerns were to establish cemeteries, burial societies, a sanitarium, thereby securing a portion of the world-to-come. Later, recovering both health and reason, they began to think of life, of the living. From death to life. Authentically Jewish. And among the living, the aged come first, the children, last: first an old-age home, then a Yiddish shule. Again, authentically Jewish. Accordingly, the Yiddish Folkshul is the latest, newest creation here.

The creators, the founders of the shule? As in every city, Labor Zionists, members of the Farband, and just Jews. Its leanings? It vacillates between the National Radicals and the Sholem Aleykhem shule, with strong leanings toward the latter. That has been so since the beginning.

The folkshul has been in existence for five years. For half that time it was a Saturday and Sunday school; the last two and a half years, a daily (i.e., weekday afternoon—hh) school.

What has been accomplished during this time? Much and very little. As soon as the folkshul was established, an Arbeter Ring (Workmen’s Circle) shule was set up “to prevent our children from being taught to be Zionists,” and, as the saying goes, ‘competing sages produce respect for learning’…by now there are three shuln: the folkshul, the rightwing and the leftwing Arbeter Ring schools. Over three hundred children attended the folkshul during those five years. A large number, but a negative one: it seems that the children don’t continue for long in the Yiddish school. A month or two, a year or two…a few for three years, still fewer for four, and very few for the full five years, though there are some.

The reason for this? Many reasons. In the first place, the children’s parents. The parents are still very, very far from being educated. As soon as the child learns to write a little (Yiddish) note, to read a little (Yiddish) story — enough. Public school must be attended for years, but the shule? Yiddish? There are more preferable things to study. Piano, for instance, or even French, which is so much nicer. Perhaps, if the French spoke Yiddish, the Yiddish language would gain favor in the parents’ eyes; the Yiddish shule would be as honored as the English one; and they would assure the children’s attendance. Instead, children are enrolled whenever it strikes the parents’ fancy and the child quits when it doesn’t want to study any more. Sometimes, the child may want to continue but the parents know better what’s really important.

Children quit because they need to become bar mitzvah, or because they need to learn to say kedish for a dead father. On the other hand, children enroll (into the shule) from talmud-toyre so that it may balance out, but the figures aren’t constant. On average, a hundred children, but all of them new…beginners.

What influence has their short shule experience had on those who left? Difficult to say. Some of them can be encountered at a concert or a performance by the shule children—still something of their own, it eems.

Some attend the Yiddish theatre, very few read Yiddish books…newspapers. And those who’ve remained in the shule? They study. Next year, we’ll need to start thinking about a mittvshul (secondary shule). The children aren’t the only students. Adults are learning, as well. Bit by bit, they’re learning that one can’t be merely a “friend” of Yiddish literature and language while doing nothing on behalf of Yiddish education.
In the not-too distant future, adults will have learned that Yiddish education—the shule—is the beginning, that one must work on behalf of the shule and that one must also...pay tuition fees. The folkshul building is also a place for Jewish organizations, their meetings and affairs, a place where Yiddish is spoken. Now this can be seen, as well. I refer to the library, which was recently opened.

As poor as the shule’s resources are, we were still able to “divert” funds for bookshelves, and books are being gathered. During the “seven good years,” Jews bought books, but who had time to read them during good times? So someone donates a “set,” another — a few books. There will probably be readers, too: not everyone benefitted from those seven good years... The Yiddish folkshul is the Yiddish corner of the Jewish street.

Sh. M. (Sh. Miller)
Arbeter Ring shule

After four years, the Arbeter Ring (Workmen’s Circle) shule has turned a new page in the history of Yiddish education in our city. In addition to the subjects of Jewish history, reading, writing and speaking Yiddish, Yiddish literature and the biographies of famous personalities, we are now also teaching dramatic arts, diction, declamation, singing of classic and folk songs.

Special emphasis is being placed on the development of the children’s club Yunginke Beymelekh (Young Saplings), conducted by the children themselves, under the supervision of the teachers, of course. The purpose of the club is to develop the children’s understanding through discussions of Jewish and general issues, and to include songs, games and other amusements.

We seek to counteract the impression the children are given in public school: that their parents are greenhorns whose language, attitudes and customs are uncivilized and foolish. The public schools teach the children to hate everything that doesn’t conform to present-day society and to consider harmful all those who fight for a better world. We seek to oppose this, as well.

Barzilay

Arbeter Ring shule (Left-wing Branches)
Our purpose is to complement that which the other Yiddish shuln have omitted. We attempt to raise the child in an independently-Jewish, revolutionarily-thinking manner. We desire that when our child enters the (working) class to which it belongs, it will become a consciously-struggling member. That is why both our teaching methods and our subjects are quite different from those of other Yiddish shuln.

The hundred children in our shule are divided into six groups which meet four days (afternoons) a week under the supervision of our excellent teachers, W. Baum and Miss H. Hendler.

We conduct a singing class in which our children learn both the songs of our people and of the revolutionary movement. An integral part of our shule is the dance class, attended by 40 children. We also intend to organize our children into play- and discussion-clubs, but due to space limitations we have had to limit these to the older students.

We have succeeded in mobilizing around our shule the best forces in our local movement, which assures the success and the future existence of our shule.

H. Kaminker

The great upheavals of the 36 years between the foregoing essays and the one following had their inevitable effects on Secular Yiddish schools. The following summary reflects some of them: the generational shift from immigrant to native-born parents, the geographical dislocations of suburban development, and the accession to reality in replacing strict Yiddishism with bilingual instruction.

It is also interesting that the Sholem Educational Institute in L.A. is not mentioned at all, though it had, by then, been in existence for about a decade. There is reason to assume that Sholem, which did not teach Yiddish although it was politically progressive, was considered to be outside the framework of kindershuln.

Also not mentioned, understandably, is the history of the late 1940s-1950s, in which the shuln of the Jewish People’s Fraternal Order—a 1930s outgrowth of the leftwing Arbeter Ring shuln—were liquidated in the Truman-McCarthy witchhunt, only to be “resurrected” in the form described below. Too, early in that period, a united mitlshul (high school), formed by all the factions, had existed briefly, only to be extinguished in the witchhunt.—
Mama Said, “Thank You”  
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Mama was a very unusual lady and very special to me, but like every one of us she had some very unusual ideas. Let me share one of them with you.

For example, Mama always said, “Thank you.”

So, what is so unusual about that? Most of us say it—several times a day.

Mama said it often and to everyone.

Mama said it to the Polish Guy—the name we boys gave to the powerful hired hand on our farm. Mama spoke to him only in Polish because he did not understand English. He always said, “dziekuje.”

Mama even said, “Thank you,” when she spoke in Yiddish. It never occurred to me to ask her why until many years later.

Her answer was, “Af yidish zogt men, a dank. Avu iz di du? In English when you say, thank you, it is the you that is important.”

Mama, thank you for being my mama.

Der Bay  
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Networking is having others help you get what YOU want. Der Bay is a great networking tool.

Send in a note to honor a dear one at a special occasion or send her a subscription to Der Bay.

Send a notice of vinkl meetings, DVD release, klezmer performances, book publication, lectures, classes, conferences, institutes, or stage performances.

When traveling, look at der internatsyonaler kalendar for events to attend and for contacts

Der Bay is the first source of information for news about the International Association of Yiddish Clubs and the exciting IAYC conferences.
The January Issue of Der Bay Will be a Special One. It Will Begin the 20th Year of Publication – January 1991-January 2010

For us, 2010 will be a special year. Not only will it be number 20 for Der Bay, but Fishl is chairing IAYC’s 13th conference. It is our coming of age.

IAYC was incorporated as a non-profit. It has increased its board size to 18 from all areas of the United States and from Toronto and Winnipeg, Canada. They include authors, editors, teachers, translators, and club leaders.

Through the generosity of the Mike Baker estate, we have been able to give scholarships to young people interested in Yiddish to attend and be in the program as lecturers and performers.

Our latest outreach is to the Yiddish teaching community, in the hope that they will follow in our footsteps and form their own independent organization.

Our member clubs receive three mailings annually that are great for programming. For those who live far from a club, we have associate membership. Outreach and cooperation have been our hallmarks and will continue to be in the future as we grow and act as a showcase to the other Yiddish groups.

As for Der Bay, it has grown from a single 8.5 x 11 sheet distributed locally to an international Anglo-Yiddish newsletter that has contacts in 35 countries and in every state in the U.S.

The longest running column has been, Oytsugn fun briv fun der redaktsye, letters to the editor. Many series have run on history, language, skits, and Kitty Katz’s magnificent photographs and history of New York.

Der Bay is about the Yiddish world and is not a Scholarly journal. It is where everyone finds out what and where the Yiddish activities are happening. It is where Mama’s stories have been published.

Der Bay’s website is a rich resource that has the only international calendar of Yiddish events. You can sign up to get a list of matched briv fraynd, list your events, klezmer group, or that you are a Yiddish translator.

The fastest growing area is the free, abbreviated online version of Der Bay. This is especially important for overseas readers. While Der Bay will never suggest an increase from chai, the burden of postage overseas has been very heavy.

Your articles and greetings especially will be welcome. They both mark a special milestone. Our regret is that two of the Yiddish giants, Walter Artzt and Zelig Bach, who encouraged us from the very beginning to the many who are no longer around, cannot enjoy the success of their labors.

When I go through the IAYC conference journals from the first at the University of Maryland in College Park to the last one at the beautiful Marriott Hotel in La Jolla, California, it is like going through a Who’s Who of the Yiddish world.

My own Der Bay and Kutner family ads bring both joy and a little sadness at the pleasures and losses, but I would never miss a journal issue. Think how wonderful it will be to look back and see the result of your honoring a family member, teacher, or friend. Every attendee and person inserting an ad will receive a copy.

We again shall have our very attractive and information-filled conference journal, with full-page ads only $250, half-page $150, and quarter-page $100. Contact Fishl if you have a question.

See the conference registration form on page 15. Der Bay website: www.derbay.org/millbrae/ e-mail: fishl@derbay.org or call 650-349-6946
Our veterans, now bobes and zeydes (grandmothers and grandfathers), do their share of work in various respects, and take constant pride in the achievements of the new generation of shule activists. It is thanks to this wonderful partnership that our shule movement continues to grow and expand.

We have 11 kindershuln with a staff of 15 who teach 450 children. Most of them are two-day (afternoons) and some only Sunday schools. The curriculum was developed by the teachers and a group of parents in close consultation with the young scholar Dr. Sanford Goldner, and is followed in all the schools.

The subjects are: speaking, writing and reading Yiddish, Jewish history; Yiddish literature; and the Secular celebration of Jewish holidays. Our staff also includes two talented singing teachers. Labor and folksongs in Yiddish, Hebrew, and English enrich all our celebrations.

We also celebrate the independence of the State of Israel with a rich, appropriate program, and we commemorate the heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. Our shuln also participate appropriately in observing the annual Jewish Music and Book Months, as well as in Brotherhood Week.

We also have a mitlshul with 34 students. This group of young people has won much love and recognition among all our cultural organizations. Their recent graduation ceremony was attended by some 200 people, who filled the hall.

I wish to say that our progressive kindershuln make an honorable contribution to the (Yiddish) cultural life of our town, and that is why they are the beloved, treasured child on our “street.” It is true that we encounter many difficulties in our work. We struggle constantly in trying to balance bilingualism in our shuln.

We also suffer from a shortage of experienced teachers. We cannot depend on New York. We must draw upon our own local resources. Were our financial resources greater, we might have opened some new shuln this year.

The progressive Jewish kindershuln are truly the cultural treasure of all of us. We are certain that renewed energy will allow us to proceed with secure steps to new achievements in the field of progressive Jewish children’s education in our city.
Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe”
Fun der khaznte Khane Slekt
[transliterated, edited and annotated by Goldie Adler Gold]

Tayeres khaznte,


Geveyntlekh [usually], ze ikh mayn plimenik in mayn shvesters heyym. Mayn shvoger, mir dakh [I think], hot faynt, ven ikh red oyf yidish mitn kind, afife ven mir zenen nietn inem zelbikn tsimer [same room], ober er zogt mir gornisht. 

Er geyt tsu tsu mayn shvester (velkhe hot niht keyn problem ven ikh red yidish) un zogt ir, az ikh zol oyfheyn [stop] tsu redn.

Ikh veys niht far vos mayn shvoger hot a shlekhte meynung [opinion] vegn yidish, un ikh veys niht vos ikh zol ton. Farshytey zikh [of course], az ikh vel niht redn yidish mitn plimenik ven er vert elter un mir zenen in a tsimer vu ale redn English. Ober istz darf ikh redn yidish mit im ale mol vayl er iz nokh kleyn un ikh ze im nor eyn mol a vokh (oder veyniker). Ikh meyn, az mayn shvoger volt beser gevolt, az zayn zun zol gikher kenen shpanish oder khinezish eyder yidish. Ikh bin der eygniker vos ken an ander shprakh [language], to vos zol ikh ton? Onshraybn a briv? Ikh vil keynem niht baldeydkn [insult], ober yidish iz dokh vikhtik [important].

Feter [uncle]

Tayerer feter,


In itstikn moment zenen ayer shvester un shvoger ersht gevorn tate-mame. Efsher virkt [affects] es ayer shvoger oyyf di nervn der gedank, az zayn zindl vet redn a shprakh vos er ken niht farshteyn. Efsher halt er, az er zent mer farinteresirt tsu hobn a “yidish-produkt” vi a plimenik, oder efsher, hot er poshet [simply] niht lib dem klang fun yidish. Alnfals [at any rate], iz er fort der tate, un oyyb er bet aykh oyfshuern tsu redn yidish mit zayn zun, volt er gedarf tm folgn [do as he says].

Tsulib dem halt ikh [I believe], kont ir redn yidish mitn plimenik nor ven der shvoger iz nishto. Tsi [whether] fun dem vet er oyfvaksn a kind vos ken gut yidish? Mistame [probably] niht, ober ooyb ayer plimenik vet lib hobs zayn yidish-redndikn feter, iz gants meygelk [likely], az er vet lib bakumen di shprakh un zikh lernen yidish fun aykh a gants lebn. Zol zayn mit glik un ir zolt aleyn hobn a sakhd yidish-redndike kinder.

++++++++++
Tayere khaznte,


Shuldik

Tayere shuldik,

Iz aykh ayngefa’n [did it occur to you], az efsher iz Basye tsvrdikn vi zi shteyt un geyt [as is]? Mir dakh, az ayer shuld-gefil iz fun ineveynik [within]. Halts di gefiln dortn un hot hanoce [enjoy] funem fakt, az ir hot a sheyne, liblekhe mitvoynerin [roommate] vos suh aykh niht vak hawek [awake] mit vilde simkhes. Ikh bin tsfrudin, vos ir zent zikher bay zikh [self-assured], ober ayer shuld-gefil iz iberik [excessive]. Farbrengt gut!

++++++++++
Tayere khaznte,

Mayn 15-yorike tokhter vil undzer derlornenish [permission] tsu forn oyyf a vakatsye mit ir khaver [boyfriend]. Ikh halt, az es past in gantse niht [completely unsuitable] far a meydln ir in elter tsu farbrengen di nakht in eynem [together] in a shlofstimer. Tsi bin ikh niht gerekht?

Alt-modishe mame

Tayere a...m...m...

Der Yidish Klub fun Temple Beth Israel - Eugene, Oregon; Part I
Unter Der Firershaft fun Dorothy Anker
A Hemshekh Mayse (A Continuation Story)

Undzer Yidish Klub iz kleyn, nor tsen oder tsveif menshtn. Ober, Eugene iz a kleyn shtetl un yunge layt hobb a sakh gelegenhaytn onteyltsunemen in farsheydenet tetitkaytn.

Eyner fun undzere mitglider (members) iz a shrayber, un er hot forgeshlohn az mir zoln ale shraybn a mayse tsuzamen. Hot er ongeshrin an onheybung un mir hobb farbrakht a por zitsungen vu yeder mitglid hot tsugeshelt a por verter, oder zatzen, oder gants gedanken. Eyner hot afle geshrin a gantsn kapitel!

Der shrayber vos hot undz gegebn dem ersthn impet un hot undz gegebn a sakh ideyse with Bill Samoff, un di mitglider (in alphabetical order) zaynen: Martin Acker, Dorothy Anker, Trude Ash, Miriam Braverman, Bess Hankin, Phyllis Master, Saul Toobert, un Don Zadoff.

Mir hobb NIT geendik di mayse. Mir lozn tsu andre klunb, az zey zoln antviken di mayse vi azoy zey viln. Mir hofn az ir vet zikh gut farbrengren!

p.s. Undzer kavone (intention) iz geven tsu shraybn a "kudlater hunt mayse"--a "shaggy dog story".

A Kolektiv Mayse (A Team Story)

Albert iz a mal geven an umruik (restless) kind un ven er hot geendik high school, hot er bashlosh (decided) tsu geyn tsu a groysrer shtot vu er hot gehoef tsu gefenin gute arbet un a lange kariere (career). Er hot zikh dermont az zayn tate, an esenavg mayvyn (food expert) hot ale mol bamerkt (noticed) az zey voln nit gekukt off vos es vet pasirn mit der economie un der gezehschaft (society), veln menshtn darfn esn.

Ven Albert iz avekfoern fun zayn geburts-shtot Hibbing, Minnesota, iz nicht geven kayn khidesh (surprise) az er hot oysgeklibn Seattle tsu arbetn in di frukhtn un grins opteylung (department) in a Safeway krom (store).

Albert hot hanoye (pleasure) gehat tsu arbetn mit alerley (various) frukhtn un grinsen. Off zayn dritten tog in der arbet, iz an alter, kruemer (deformed) man tsu-getegan tsu im un hot gefregt: "yunger man, ikh voyn eyner aleyn un ken nicht nitsn u a gantsn salat (lettuce). Ikh vil nor koyfn halb a salat."


Eyder er hot geendik zayn frage hot Albert gekukt iber zayn pleytse (shoulder) un gezon az der alter hot geheet vos Albert hot gezogt. Farshteyendik zayn toyes (understanding his error), iz Albert gikhen tsu zikh (recovered) un hot gezogt: "Un der sheyner bekovediker (distinguished) man vil koyfn di andere helft!"

Der alter man hot take untergeehert dos vos Albert hot gezogt vegn im ober er hot gemakht zikh nit visndik (pretended not to notice). Vos Albert hot nit gevust un vos mir darfn visn iz a DER alter man hot amol gearbet far di Hibbing politsey, un nokh vayter, az zayn vayb iz geven a zoyne (prostitute)!

Shpeter in dem selbn tog, iz der gesheft-firer (manager) gekumen tsu Albert un hot gezogt: "Dayn entfer haynt in der fri git mir tsu farshteyn az du bist a kluger yunger man un az du vest hobb hatslokhe in undzer gesheft (business). Zog mir yest, fun vanen kumstu?"

"Ikh kum fun Hibbing, Minnesota, mayn herr."

"Farvos bistu fun dorn avekfoern?"

"Vayl s'iz dorn gornit nito...bloyz alte hockey shpilers un zoynes."

Der gesheft-firer hot zikh geshoklt mit kas un hot geshrign: "yunger man, mayn froy iz fun Hibbing!"

"Emes?" entfert Albert. "Un mit velkhn kolektiv (referring to hockey team) hot zi geshpilt?"

Ir kent shoyn avade (certainly) farshteyn az di batisuion (relationship) tsvishn di beyde mentshn iz gevorn zeyer shlekht. Der gesheft-firer iz gegangen tsu balebos un hot getaynet (complained) off Albert, az er tut nit genug arbet, az er iz a grober yung (crude youth), un az er koyfn (flirts) mit ale sheyne meydakh.

Der balebos hot gezogt: "Ikh bin tsemisht (I am confused). Albert gefelt mir zeyer. Ikh meyn az er iz a voyler bokher (good young man) un a shverer arbetar (hard worker). Ikh hof az er vet zayn mit undz a lange tsaayt."

Dos hot offgeert (aroused) der gesheft-firer ober er hot zikh kontrollt un hot nor gezogt: "Nu, oyz azoy, vart un zay vakhik (watchful). Mir veln zen vos vet zayn."
Undzer Yiddish Klub iz kleyn, nor tsen oder tsvelf menshtn. Ober, Eugene iz a kleyn shtetl un yunge layt hobb a sakh gelegenhaytn zikh tsu antviklen in farsheydene tetikaytn. Eyner fun undzer mitglider (members) iz a shrayber un er hot forgeshtelt az mir zoln ale shraybn a mayse tsuzamen. Hot er ongeshribn un onheybung un mir hobb farbrakht a por zitsungen vu yeder mitglid hot tsegueshtelt a por verter, oder zatzn, oder gants gedanken. Eyner hot afle geshribn a gants kapitel!

KAPITL 2

Albert hot gehat a sakh fargenign fun zayn arbet, un er hot a sakh oysgelernt vegin di dozike gesheft. Er hot gearbet shver un zayn gesheft-firer hot nit gekent varfn keyn shuld oyf Albertn.

Albert’s eltern hobb gebent nokh im ober zey hobb geshvign. Zey hobb ale mol gevolt az er zol geyn in koledzh un efsher vern a dokter (vos den vil a yidishe mame?). Ober zey zaynen geven kluge eltern un hobb gevust az oyb zey veln im "nudgen" vet es zey helfn vi a farayoredikn frost.

Nu, zumer iz gekumen un Albert’s fraynd fun der heym zaynen tsurik gekumen fun koledzh oyf vakatsye. Albert hot bashlosn oykh nemen a vakatsye un geyn aheym.

Az er iz zikh tsunoyfgekumen (gathered) mit zayne fraynt hot er in gikhn gezen az zayn lebn iz zeyer andersh. Zayne fraynt hobb in gantsn nit geredt vegin nakete meydakh un zoynees. Anshot (instead) hobb zey geredt vegin letzur un politik. In amolike tsaynt hot er zikh gefilt glaykh mit zayne fraynt un yetst iz er geven a droysndiker (outsider).

Nokh der vakatsye, iz Albert geforn tsurik tsu zayn arbet in Seattle, ober er iz geven zeyer umruik (restless). Etblke mol hot er gemakht toyesn (mistakes) opvegndik frukhtn, un a sakh mol iz er geven umdikeretsdik (disrespectful) tsu di koynim (customers). Der gesheft-firer (der vos hot gevolt gefinen khesroynim (faults) mit Albert) hot dos als bamerkt (noticed) un iz gelofn dertzeyln dem balebos.

Ir muzt a por zakhn farshteyn: Ir gedenkt dem altn man vos hot gevolt koynfn nor a halb salat (lettuce) un vos hot unterergehert dos vos Albert hot vegin im gezogt? Dem zelbn altn man, vos mir veysn az er hot gearbet far der Hibbing politzey un hot a vayb vos iz geven a zoyne? Der zelber alter man flegt araynkumen in krom yedn mitvokh un donershtik un flejt lodern (demanding) alerley (various) mishugene zakhn nor fun Albert. Eyn mol hot er afile gebetn bay im a halbe tsibele! Albert, mir kenen farshteyn, iz gevorn, iber der tsayt, mer un mer in kas vegen dem vos der alter tshepet zikh (bothers) tsu im.


Albert hot ibergekhazert (repeated) di por zatzn a sakh mol un bislekhvayz (little by little) iz er gevorn mer un mer trakndik vegen dem, tsetumult: "Az an alter man trakht vegen dem, vos meynt dos far a yungn man? Vos vet zayn fun mir? Vos vil ikh ton mit MAYN GANTSN LEBN?"


Vos vet yetst zayn?


Der balebos hot baruikt (quieted) Albert, im gegeben a glezl vaser, un hot im gezogt shhtilerheyt: "Albert, du bist a voyler bokher un ikh veys az du bist klug un az di itstike yorn zaynen shver far a yungn man. Du gefelst mir un ikh vil dir helfn. Zog mir—vos pasirt in dayn lebn?"

Albert hot gegeben a groysn zifts (sigh) un hot dertseylt dem balebos di gantshe geshikhke, vilf er hot oysgelernt vegin di arbet do, zayn vakatsye mit ale zayne fraynd fun koledzh, vilf dos kvitl vos er hot gefunen hot oyf im gevirkht (affected him), dos kvitl vos fregt vos a mensh vil dergreykhn (achieve) in zayn lebn, un azoy vayter un vayter. Albert hot zikh moyde geven (admitted) az er iz zeyer tsemisht.
KAPITL 3: ALBERT VERT GEHEKHER
(PROMOTED)

Balebos: "Ikh ze az du bist tsemisht, iz lomir zikh beyde batrakhtn". Der balebos hot getrakht: der batsiung (relationship) tsvishn Albert un der gesheft-firer iz ummeglekh (impossible), ober ikh vil nit farlirn Albert vayl er iz a voyler yungerman; er iz klug, a shiverer arbetar, hot a sakh talant, un, mit glik, vet er blaybn do mit undz a sakh, a sakh yorn.

Albert trakht: Vos iz mit mir? Vos vil ikh? Hmm, ikh vil NIT aheym geyn mit mayn veydl (tail) tsvishn di fis. Ikh vil az menshn zoln hobn derkhert (respect) far mir. Ikh vil az mayne eltern zoln shepn nakhes (get pleasure) fun mir, ikh vil…

Plutslung (Suddenly) khapt zikh der balebos oyf un zogt: "Albert, ikh hob zikh yetst dermont az s’iz do an efenung (opening) in der fleysh opytelyung fun krom, un du host ole mayles (get pleasure)

Der balebos redt vayter: "In der opytelyung muz a menshn hobn spetsyele genitshaftn (skills) fun shnaydn, tsemoln (trimming) filet makhn, un farputsn alerley fleyshn. Arbet mit fleysh iz zeyer andersh (different) fun arbetn mit grinsen un frukhtn. Vos zogstu?"


Albert hot a sakh hanyoe gehat fun aynotemem dem reyekh fun sosnover zegshtoyb (pine sawdust), coriander, tsemolnem (ground) fefer, tatsn (trays) ongeldn mit gebrotene lemten (roasty lamb). Albert iz geven afn zibeth himl un hot nit gekent vartn biz et vet onheybn arbetn in der fleysh-opytelyung.

KAPITL 4: ALBERT ZUKHT HATSLOKHE
(SUCCESS)

Albert hot zikh arayngebervn (throw himself) in der arbet gants teun gants teukh. Dos iz alts vos iz geven oyf zayn zinen (on his mind)—nit meydlakh, nit zoynes, nit shpiln—gornit! Nor vern dem grestn meyvn fun fleysh iz alts vos er hot gevoft. Er iz geven bakisheft (fascinated) fun ale aspektn (aspects) fun shnaydn fleysh, forshteln (presenting) skhoyre (goods) oyf a sheynem oyf, vi azoy tsu kokhn likeyley fleysh, un vos fara fleysh past (suits) far raykhe mentshn, un afile retsepfn (recipes) far farshyedn (various) fleyshn. Nokh der arbet iz er egengen tsu klasn vegen kokhn un derrnerung (nutrition).

Un azoy hot Albert gelebt fun tog tsu tog. Nor vern dem grestn meyvn fun fleysh iz alts vos er hot gevoft. In a yor tsayt hot er zikh aroyfgezefarbet (worked himself up) in krom (store) un iz gevorn a gesheft-firer in a nayer opytelyung (department) vos men hot gerufn "livern" (catering). Un mit der tsayt iz Albert gevorn bavust (well known) alts der vos hot der greter gevust (knowledge) vegen fleysh in gants Seattle. Albert is geven bairmit (famous), in derpes hot im gefelt.

Albert hot gevoft mer koved (respect). Hot im ayngefeln az er muz vern a mitglid in a bekovedike (respectable) organizatsie, efsher der Chamber of Commerce hot zikh arumgekukt un hot gezen az di menshn vos zaynen mitglider fun der grupe zaynen ale Republikaner hot er bashlos tsu vern a Republikaner. (Nu, mir vos leyenen di mayse darfn vundern: vos iz dos far a mishugas? An eynikl fun a shtetl in Rusland, a Republikaner?)

Oyf tselokhes (just for spite) iz bald gekumen a valtox (election day) un a Democrat iz oysgeklibn gevorn (selected) president. Nu, zayn mazl - veren a Republican hot im geholfn vi a toytn bankes (like cupping helps a corpse).

A bisl tsayt geyt avek un di fleysh-arbet farlirt (loses) a bisl) interes far im. Albert vert vider umruik (once again uneasy). Emes hot er gehat a sakh nakhes (pleasure, satisfaction) fun zayn hatslokhe (success), ober er hot farshutan az zayn lebn iz pust un leydik (both pust and leydik mean 'empty'). Er hot nit keyne fraynd - di mener mit velkhe er arbet zaynen ale elter fun im un hobs mishpokhes; er geyt nit aroys mit mejedlk, er geyt afile nit (not even) far a shpatsis (stroll), nit tsu a film, gornit.

Der Yidish Klub fun Temple Beth Israel - Eugene, Oregon; Part III
Unter Der Firershaft fun Dorothy Anker
A Hemshek Mayse (A Continuation Story)
KAPITL 5: ALBERTS ELTERN KUMEN TSU GEYN

Albert redt tsu zayne eltern fun tsayt tsu tsayt, un vi yeder gute Yidishe mame, hot Alberts mame gefilt in hartsn az epes is der mer. Hobn zey bashlosn im geyn zen. Ober zey hobb gevust az nor geyn spetsysel (especially) tsu zen Albert vet im nit gefeln. Hobb zey gemakht a plan—zey veln nemen a nesie (trip) tsu Vanderkamp, Seattle, un Portland.

Hobn zey opgerufn Albert un im dos gezogt un im gefregt tsi zey kenen zikh opsheltn in Seattle un im bazukhn. Dos iz Albert zeyer gefeln. Er hot gevolt vayzn zey vos er hot bashafn (created) in zayn arbet.

Az Alberts tate un mame zaynen arayn in zayn dire (apartment), iz zey finster gevorn in di oygn. A kleyner tsimer, on mebl (furniture), finster, a bisl shmutzisik - in gantsn nit bakvem! Ober zey hobb geshvign. Er hot zey gevizin vu er arbet un zey hobb gezon vi zayn balebos un di ale arbetern gebn Albert op koved un zey hobb gehept nakhes.

Ober zey hobb oykh gezon az epes iz dermer, az epes art (bothers) Albert, az er iz umglilklekh. Di eltern hobb prubirt fregn im a por frages ober Albert hot zey gornit gezogt. Nu, vi azoy misht men arayn in a tsvey un tsvansik yorikn kinds lebn? Vos tut men?


Albert, mit trenn in di oygn, hot gekusht zayne eltern, zey badankt, un azoy iz dos geven bashlosn.

Vos vet Albert ton mit di gelt? Albert hot zikh batrakh. Er hot gevust az epes is dermer. Er hot derkent az er iz zeyer troyerek ober er hot nit gevust vos zayn troyerek badayt (means). Er hot bashafn az dos ergernish iz in zayn kop. Geyt Albert tsu Google un gefint oys az oyz men hot kop tsoris geyt men tsu a kop dokter. Un take (for sure), dortn iz er gegangen.

Albert is gegangen tsum kop dokter. Der dokter hot im gefregt: "Nu, vos felt dir?" Hot Albert geentfert: "Du bist der dokter, iz farvos fregstu mir?"

Un der docter hot gezogt: "Oykh mir a khokhem! Ikh meyn az du bist take a grober yung."

Ir farshleyt az aza enfert hot baleydikt (insulted) Albert. Vayzt oys az der kop dokter hot bashlosn az Albert darf oysvaksn un nemen zayn eygenem lebn in di hent. Dos iz geven der sof fun doktoyrim.

Iz vos zol Albert ton? Koyfn a hoyz hot er nit gevolt, un geyn in koledzh hot im nit interesirt. Iz vos iz gebibn? Aha, a nesie (trip)! Ober vunin fort men?

KAPITL 6: ALBERT FORT OYF A NESIE

Albert hot getraekt un getraekt, un plutsung iz im ayngefaln az er muz foon keyn Yisroel!

Albert hot zikh ingikhn ayngesndnt (integrated himself) in Yisroel. Er hot gearbet tsvey khadushim oyf a kibutz, iz gegangen oyf a por turn, un hot shpatsiriber di gasn fun Tel Aviv, Yerusholaim, un andere shtet. Eyn mol iz er geven lebn grenets (border) mitn Palestinian land un plutsung hot er derzen tsvey Palestinishn politsey. Er hot zikh gevorfn unter an oysshtel (display) fun marantsn in a frukht krom, un fun dortn observirt di politsey. Plutsung zet er vi a por fis bomblen (dangling) in der luften vayl di politsey hobb gehalt in an alter man unter di akslen (shoulders).

Albert hot gegeben a shokl mitn kop vayl epes vogn der man iz im geven bakant. Albert iz aroysgeshrprung fun unter di frukhtn un hot geshrign: "Tate. Tate. Vos tut ir tsu mayn tatz?" Di politsey hobb opgelozt dem alt man un er iz gelofn tsu Albert shrayindik "Zunele, zunele". Di politsey hobb zikh gekratst in kop in tsemishenish (bewilderment).

Albert un der alter man, eyner mitn dem andern arumgenumen, zaynen shnel aver. Der alter hot Albert gezogt az er iz geven oyf dem zelbn EL AL erooplan, ober Albert hot dos nit gevust. Zeyendik dos, hot der alter man gezogt: "Efsher ken ikh koyfn halb a salat?" Nu, ir kent farshaytn az Albert un der alter man hobb gehot a gutn gelekhter.

Di soldatn fun beyde zaytn zenen gebliben ingantsn tse mishnit zendik vi Albert un der fremder man shpatsirn tsuzamen un lakhn azoy fil. Zey kukan eyner dem andern in ponim, gibn a kleyen shnerekh, un oyf dem shitikl grenets iz mer nit geven kayn milkhome - efsher nor far a bisl tsayt. Un efsher ken dos zayn an onhoyb fun sholem.

Azoy hobb mir geendikt undzer mayse. Ir kent bashlosn vos vet vayter zayn mit Albert, oder ir kent shraybn ayer eygene mayse. Farbrengt zikh!
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Mama, s’iz shoyn tsayt
by Philip Fishl Kutner

Mama’s stories started appearing in the October 2006 issue of Der Bay. There have been 93 published since then and it is time to compile them into a book.

There have been many letters and e-mails from readers sharing personal stories of their Mamas.

It is a subject that needs to be told of the first generation of immigrants that went through hardships, but never lost their love of family. They sent their children to college, watched the movement out to the suburbs and saw their grandchildren become professionals.

These stories are often humorous as we recall the era of the greenhorns and their battles to learn the new language and its difficult spelling.

Der Bay is a wonderful vehicle for these stories and I am thankful for having been able to publish them.

Much thanks is due to Lily Poritz Miller whose idea, it was as well as being indispensible in the editing and help all along the way. We hope to have it available at the IAYC Conference in April.

Der Bay
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