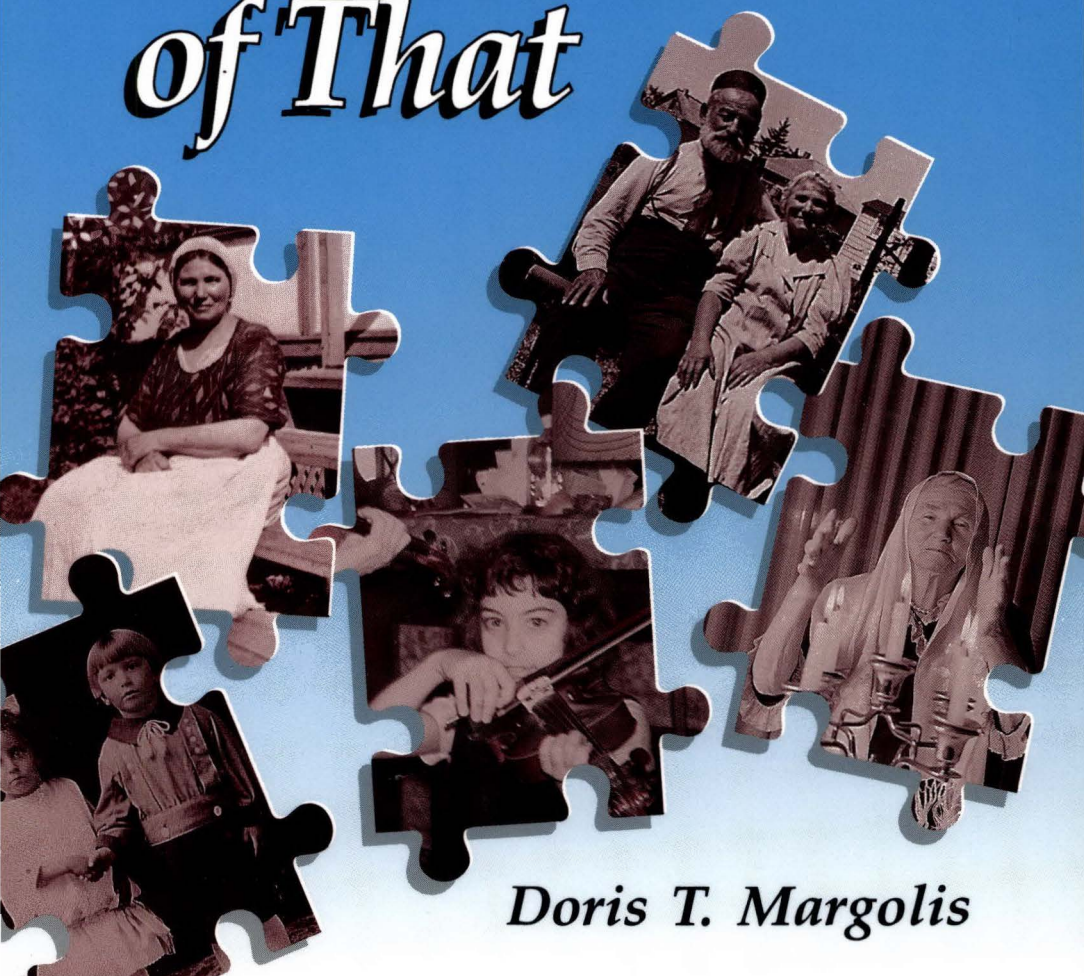
a Little Bit of This & a Little Bit of That



Doris T. Margolis

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2022

PUBLISHED BY
COVE ENTERPRISES LIMITED
725 PORTAGE AVENUE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA R3G 0M8

PRINTED BY
KROMAR PRINTING LIMITED
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

EDITED BY
KEVIN J. LONGFIELD

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ISBN 0-9695154-0-5

"There's a little bit of this and a little bit of that and a lot of insight and affection in this memoir of life in the early part of the century. Doris Margolis' reminiscences of times long gone, people once known and incidents both moving and funny are a delight to read. A warm and personal memoir in the tradition of Fredelle Bruser Maynard's *Raisins and Almonds.*"

BESS KAPLAN, author of
Corner Store and *Malke, Malke*

"Very talented, the author of *A Little Bit Of This And A Little Bit Of That,* brings to life characters of a time that is no longer with us. It is written with warmth and humor and a pleasure to read. 'Yashar Koach' (more power to you) Doris!"

NOAH WITMAN, producer and host
of Yiddish radio and television
and a freelance writer.

"A moving — and amusing — set of family memoirs and personal reminiscences by a natural story-teller. Doris Margolis writes with feeling about the past and caring about the future. A book to be enjoyed for its moments of laughter and tears."

IRA B. NADEL,
Professor of English,
University of British Columbia.
Book Critic CBC Radio. Author of
Joyce and The Jews: Culture and Texts.

IN APPRECIATION

To the staff of Kromar Printing, particularly Rockie Chester, Harvey Setter, and to Joyce Crosbie, for her concern above and beyond the call of duty.

DEDICATED TO

My loving daughters
Penny, Reesa, and Judy
and to my beautiful grandchildren
Jessica, Nathaniel, Samara, Shira, Michael,
Pesach and Ziporah.

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FOREWORD

A Little Bit of This . . . A Little Bit of That

Dear Reader:

My mother of blessed memory, somehow managed, with a little bit of this and a little bit of that, to feed and nourish not only our immediate family, but every friend and relative who came into our home. The door was never locked, the table was always ready and the tea kettle was always boiled and kept purring contentedly at one end of the wood stove.

I am hoping, with "A Little Bit of This & a Little Bit of That", to nourish the minds and souls of my children, my grandchildren, my relatives, my friends, and perhaps even you readers who would enjoy sharing some nostalgic moments of a time that is long gone: a time that has definitely been lost due to the winds of change, in technology, materialism, social values, close-knit families and tradition. Although we were very poor materially, we were very rich in love and warmth and tradition.

You may well ask, why would any reader be interested in my reminiscences or memoirs? I am neither famous, nor infamous. I have no violence to relate and as for sex . . . I was a virgin until the

night of my marriage and have been a faithful wife for over forty years and it doesn't look as though I will do anything out of my normal mode in the foreseeable future. So again you may ask, what have I to write about that will pique the interest of my reader? Actually, I don't expect this to be a runaway best seller, but I feel that I have something unique to relate, since I was born in the wrong generation. Well, not exactly 'wrong' but as if in a different generation than my peers. My mother was almost fifty years old when I made my unexpected entrance into this world.

Ordinarily, I would never have been able to sit down and write or put together this book, because by nature I am not very ambitious, nor do I find it easy to stay put long enough. It so happens that through the years with my involvement in the Jewish Community, particularly the Jewish Women's Musical Club and Hadassah-Wizo, I was called upon to arrange and present various programs. Unable to find various sketches and programs with a Jewish content, I found it easier to delve into my personal experiences and come up with a suitable poem, story, musical sketch and even a musical drama called ''The Rabbi's Nigun''. Apparently my efforts were well received, because I was continually called upon.

My children also felt that I should make the effort and write about our roots; because there was no one else that was left that was able to remember and put into words where our family came from, our traditions, memorable occasions and perhaps a panoramic view of generations past. My youngest daughter Judy even presented me with a book called ''the Nothing Book'' and said to me: ''Ma, fill the empty pages!'' My niece Anne presented me with

a gold filled pen, with my name engraved on it and said: "write!" Obviously, they felt that I had something meaningful to relate, or else that time was fleeting and if I didn't do it, who would and if not now, when? It wasn't until I reached a special birthday in my life that I decided to start cleaning up and getting my house in order.

I have been going through dozens of poems, stories, musical sketches, vignettes, memorabilia and family pictures trying to see if I could come up with the right type of material that could be turned into a book that would enlighten, engross and entertain. I was told that I could not possibly combine poetry, short stories and vignettes into a single book; but I reasoned that if the "Readers Digest" can do it, why not I?

To get down to the actual writing, rewriting, editing and generally putting this book together, unwillingly, I have to give credit where credit is due. I did a lot of talking about it but didn't really get down to work until my husband Harold said: "you will never do it . . . you are such a busybody, being pulled in all directions that I don't think you have the wherewithal to sit down long enough to put this book together!" Naturally, dear reader, that made me strengthen my resolve and here I am, hopefully, for your reading pleasure, with a little bit of this . . . and a little bit of that. ■

In The Beginning

In the beginning, there was the Ukraine, part of the Russian Empire under the Czar. There was Heaven, there was Earth, there was water, there was fertile land ... the Breadbasket of all the Russias; and ... it should have been good.

Unfortunately, there was a serpent in this Garden of Eden; a serpent that crawled into the hearts and minds of the Russian people. This serpent spewed its venom, called anti-Semitism, and, Life such as it was ... was not good. There was an upheaval in the land and amidst the rumbling, a voice was heard to say: "leave this country with its contamination and go forth!" At the turn of the century, many heeded the voice, gathered their meagre possessions and went forth to start a new life.

My paternal grandparents, Bezalel and Hinda Torchinsky, begat four children: my father, Pesach; Jacob, the rebel who got himself killed; Esther, who died of hunger during the war; and Isaac, who emigrated to the United States, settling in Albany, N.Y.

My maternal grandparents, Eliyohu and Hannah Wachnovetsky begat ten children: Asher, who became a Hebrew teacher; Abraham, a shopkeeper; David, who emigrated to the United States, becoming a successful entrepreneur; Dvoreh who married Israel Shusterman; Shmuel, a distiller; Ziporah, my mother; Pinya, an advocat; Chaya who married Isaac

Bulavsky and emigrated to the United States, settling in Kansas City; Sosi who married Mordechai Mostovoy who also emigrated and settled in Boston, Massachusetts; and Solomon, the entrepreneur. My grandfather, Eliyohu, leased a large section of land, since Jews were not allowed to buy any, and the children were brought up more or less like the peasants around them, especially the girls. The boys had a tutor who lived with the family all week, but went home to his family for the Sabbath.

The girls, however, got absolutely no education, they could neither read nor write, but learned to cook and sew, milk the cows and tend the garden. I often asked my mother why, with a tutor in the house, wasn't she able to at least learn something, and she told me that she did manage to catch the odd Aleph or Beit as it came floating by.

It came to pass that my mother's sister, Dvoreh died, leaving a husband and three little boys. My mother, at the age of eighteen, was told to marry Israel Shusterman, her brother-in-law, so that the children could be brought up by a member of the family, rather than by a stranger. My mother complied and soon gave birth to a son, Boruch, and a daughter, Raizel.

Apparently my father had been casting eyes in my mother's direction, but, unfortunately he was called to serve in the Russian Army. When he returned, two years later, he found that my mother had married Israel; so, he too soon married and he and his wife begat a daughter, Chava. It soon came to pass that my mother's husband died of a heart attack and at the ripe old age of about twenty-five, she was left a widow, with three nephews and two children of her own to look after. Taking in sewing, in exchange for the bare necessities and probably

with some help from family members, and of course, "with a little bit of this . . . a little bit of that" she managed to provide for her family. It wasn't long before my father's wife died and he was able to marry my mother, bringing his daughter into the family circle. Life was not exactly easy, but they had faith in the Lord and soon my mother's nephews were able to fend for themselves and my parents started raising the balance of their family together.

Out of their union came Sarah, then Bezalel, and Rebecca, who died at the age of nine from a disease of the lungs; then came Leah and Hannah. As the family grew larger, there were many hardships to face, particularly the oppressive environment in which they lived. They then paid heed to the voice that urged them to go forth and make the exodus to the golden land of opportunity and freedom.

With the help of members of the Wachnovetsky family who had emigrated earlier, my mother's nephew, Abraham, and his brother, Boruch (my mother's son), made their way across the vast Atlantic to the shores of Canada. The year was nineteen hundred and eleven and they settled in Winnipeg, in the centre of Canada. By working hard, and scrimping and saving every cent possible, they were able, in nineteen hundred and twelve, to send for my father and Raizel, their sister, to come to Canada. They were also joined by Hershel, who had immigrated to Argentina and then came to Winnipeg. Their oldest brother, Jacob, eventually emigrated and settled in New York. By pulling together and pooling all their resources, the three of them were able to send for my mother and the rest of the family in nineteen hundred and thirteen. Unfortunately, my sister Leah was not allowed to leave, because it was discovered that she had "trachoma", a contagious

eye disease. It was decided to leave sixteen-year-old Chava to take care of five-year-old Leah until her eyes were cured.

It so came to pass that the family leased a portion of land from a Jewish homesteader, just north of Winnipeg in West Kildonan. They had some cows, a horse called Prince, some chickens, some geese and they cultivated a vegetable garden. By selling their milk, butter and eggs and raising the rest of their food, they managed to feed their large family.

Soon there was an unexpected addition to the family. My mother gave birth to a healthy, beautiful son, who became the apple of my father's eye. Tragically, at the age of two, while playing with a calf that was tied to a rock, he became entangled with the calf and fell heavily onto the rock. He was taken to the hospital, but nothing could be done for him and he died in my sister Sarah's arms. My father at the time was out with a relative buying cattle, when he felt a great weight on his chest and sat under a tree to rest. He had a foreboding of something terrible about to happen, and insisted that his relative turn the horse and wagon around and take him home. He came home . . . on time to attend his precious son's funeral.

My mother, inundated with work from early morning till late, did not have too much time to dwell on the terrible tragedy that befell the family. Somehow, she managed to make peace with her heartache, for she firmly believed in "bashert", the will of God, but my father, although a religious man, still questioned God's will. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh;" and apparently, the good Lord tried and hoped, in some small way, to make amends.

Unexpectedly, unwanted and unheralded, my

mother, who was supposed to be way past the child-bearing stage . . . gave birth prematurely . . . not to a strapping baby boy . . . but to me!

I made my entrance weighing in at two and a quarter pounds, on the butter and cheese scale. A scrawny body, topped by a large head, with the life-blood barely coursing through my veins. My mother, with her inborn sense of wisdom, wrapped me in swaddling clothes and placed me in her bosom. She kept me in her personal incubator for about six weeks until she felt secure that I would make it. My father, though, didn't seem to have much faith and didn't even bother to hitch the horse to the wagon and drive into the city to register my birth — but he did go to the Synagogue to give me the Hebrew name of Dvoreh. ■



Dvoreh

A Rose By Any Other Name . . .

In order to meld into their new environment, every immigrant who was not of Anglo-Saxon origin, felt compelled to anglicize at least their given names. The Jews in particular, because of their fear of anti-semitism, felt even more threatened and even changed their Biblical names, although many Christians clung to theirs. Even those who only had contact with fellow Jews in their everyday lives found it necessary to acquire an anglicized name for use in legal or other transactions.

Therefore my father Pesach, became Percy; my mother Ziporah, Jessie (don't ask me why); my brother Boruch . . . Barney; sisters, Raizel . . . Rose; Chava . . . Eva; Sarah . . . Shirley; Bezalel . . . Charlie; Leah . . . Lily; Hannah . . . Anne and I, Dvoreh . . . acquired many names. My father called me Tunyla or Tulyka (after a small fish or minnow found in the Black Sea); my mother called me Doreleh; some relatives and family friends called me "alte kopp" (literally translated . . . old or wise head); my siblings, peanut or shrimp (which I never even tasted, since it's not Kosher); my niece Elaine, when she started

to talk, called me Dodo, which still clings to me after all those years. My American cousins, whom I met as a teenager gave me the name of ''small change''. When I started public school I was called Dora. Only at Parochial school was I called by my original Hebrew name of Dvoreh. Like Rodney Dangerfield, I did not seem to command much respect.

As for family names, in many cases they definitely had to be changed or shortened. First of all it was more expedient to shorten a long, unpronouncable name, but mainly, in order to get a better job, or be accepted, or at least socially tolerated in the Anglo-Saxon community, the family names had to be altered or transformed. Apparently, the Europeans as well as the Anglo-Saxons brought to the new land some of the anti-semitic bacteria that the Jews thought was left behind. Adhering to the nooks and crannies of their belongings, perhaps not as virulent, were the organisms that periodically would come to the surface. Shakespeare may have thought he had a point when he said: ''a rose by any other name would smell as sweet''; but I have to take issue with the great Bard. A rose, with a name other than an Anglo-Saxon one, definitely did not smell sweet at all.

Thus, the Wachnovetsky clan became Wachnow; the Bulavskys became Bell; the Mostovoys became Mostow and the Shustermans shortened theirs to Shuster; except for the oldest of my mother's nephews. Jacob did not find it necessary to change his since he was a Shoichet (a ritual slaughterer) settling in Williamsburg, New York. Herschel and Abraham settled in Beausejour (a small town in Manitoba) where they became entrepreneurs and opened up a general store. My brother, Barney Shuster, became a grocer in an Anglo-Saxon district

where his name may have been anglicized, but his accent still clung to him. In spite of this, he was well liked, but his children ran into some problems. They were picked on at school and even his youngest, who was four years old at the time, came home crying: "I didn't kill anyone . . . but they hit me anyway and said that I had killed Jesus Christ and that I was a Jew!"

My father never had any reason to change our family name, since he and my mother always remained in their self-imposed ghetto in the north end of Winnipeg. There, the butcher, the baker, the milkman, and the shopkeeper were all Jewish and they found no need or desire to effect any changes. My sister Shirley, on the other hand, wanted to get out of the factory and improve her lot, not necessarily monetarily, but socially. She tried to get a job in a large department store or a more elegant dress shop, but wasn't hired until she changed her name on her application to Shirley Thor from our family name of Torchinsky. Anyone who wished to expand their horizons and get beyond the walls of their psychological ghettos had to change their names and try in both dress and manner to meld in with the community around them.

When I got out of High School, my sister Shirley sent for me to join her in Montreal, and naturally, as her sister I called myself by her adopted name. I had a problem with my foot and went to see a doctor. When my turn came up, the doctor came out from one of his cubicles, called out the name of "Miss Thor" and walked up to a tall blond woman sitting nearby, ready to usher her in. You can imagine the incredulous look on his face, when I, barely five feet tall with dark curly hair, answered to the name of the Nordic God of Thunder!

With all due respect and admiration for the words of William Shakespeare, a Rose will always be a Rose; unfortunately to many of us . . . it definitely does not smell as sweet! ■

Leah

The year was 1913, the month, February and the day, gray with heavily laden clouds that threatened to unleash their contents. In spite of this backdrop, the ship looked majestic and inviting as it prepared to make its way across the vast Atlantic to the friendly shores of Canada.

On board were the passengers, waving frantically with their handkerchiefs. They tried in vain to control the emotions that tore at their heartstrings and the tears that streamed down their faces as they were taking leave of their loved ones. On the dock stood sixteen-year-old Chava sobbing uncontrollably and holding on to the little hand of five-year-old Leah. Looking up at Chava, Leah tried to console her big sister: "Don't cry Chava, pretty soon we too will be going to Canada to join them."

Their father, an older brother, and a sister had emigrated to Canada earlier. Working at odd jobs, scrimping and saving, they were finally able to send for their mother and the rest of the family. Their mother sold most of their meager possessions, and packed their few belongings; the feather quilts, the pillows, the samovar, and, most important of all, her Sabbath candlesticks. After tearful and emotional farewells to their relatives and friends, they made their way; first by a long and tiring train journey to

Riga and then on to the ship which was to unite the family.

Unfortunately, the immigration doctors discovered that Leah had "trachoma", a contagious eye disease. They would not permit her to leave but assured the family that with treatment she could be cured within six months. After a great deal of anxiety, frustration, panic and of course, the tears, they consulted The Jewish Immigration Aid Society, who evaluated the situation. It was then decided to leave Leah with her oldest sister Chava. They would be sent back to the Ukraine, to stay with relatives, until Leah was cured and the sisters could then join the rest of the family in Canada.

Apparently, "*a mentch tracht . . . un Gott lacht*"! Man's mind plans — but God has other plans in mind . . . fate has a way of interfering with the best laid plans. It took close to a year for Leah's eyes to be cured and her father again arranged passage for the two sisters. A few days before their scheduled departure, Odessa was blockaded and the whole world became embroiled in war. The year was 1914 and the sisters could not leave the Ukraine. Chava made her way to friends in Odessa and Leah was shunted from one relative to another.

Although the devastation of war, hunger, breadlines, and typhoid fever took its toll, somehow life, such as it was, went on. The Russian Revolution in 1917, the overthrow of the Czarist regime, the clash between the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks — all this meant little to Leah, except that she had to survive. In the interim, Chava got married and when she gave birth to her first child, sent for Leah to give her a hand. Chava's husband, an entrepreneur who did not have a trade, was not given any consideration by the Communist government and therefore

had to resort to other means in order to make some sort of a living.

He built a still and manufactured alcohol and Leah became one of his couriers. Outfitted with a metal container molded to the contours of her body and wearing a large shawl, the nine year old delivered the contraband goods. One day she was apprehended by the authorities and taken into custody. She was threatened and intimidated, but would not reveal where she got the alcohol. She insisted that a stranger offered her a few groshen if she would deliver it to a particular address. She even made the Odessa newspaper headlines: "Nine-year-old bootlegger thwarts the police!"

In spite of all the hardships, Leah seemed to have the wherewithal to bend . . . not break. The years dragged on and ten whole years elapsed before she was allowed to leave the Ukraine. Her aunt and uncle who had died of hunger years before left two sons with no one to properly care for them. Since Leah's father could not afford to send for all of the family at the same time, he decided to send for Leah and the two orphaned boys. At a later date he would send for Chava and her family, since she had a husband to look after her.

In the port city of Riga, in Latvia, Leah and her two cousins were examined by the immigration doctors. Leah and eight-year-old Bezalel were cleared . . . but, five-year-old Abraham was not allowed to leave. He too had Trachoma! Leah was devastated! However, all the years of waiting and longing to be embraced in the warm circle of her family could not be delayed any longer. Fate would not be so cruel!

The year was 1924, the month February and the day, gray and leaden; yet the S.S. Mongolia looked

majestic as it prepared to make its way across the vast Atlantic to the friendly shores of Canada. On board were Leah and Bezalel, tearfully waving to little Abraham holding onto the hand of the Jewish Immigration Aid officer. Looking totally forlorn and abandoned, Abraham tried hard to be brave; but his heart was heavy as though he knew what fate had in store for him . . . he was never reunited with his family. ■



Passport for Abraham, Leah and Bezalel, 1924

Chain Reaction

I may not remember what I did yesterday; but I can recall most vividly something that occurred many years ago. I must have been too young to be touched in this incident, yet it comes to my mind . . . not as a continuous story, but in separate, vivid scenes like flashbacks in an old movie, viewed on the late television shows.

The town of Elma is situated on the Whitemouth River, which cascades down from the Seven Sisters Falls and gains enough momentum to leap and jump over the rocks and boulders in its path. The sparkling river, the lush greenery lining its banks and the peaceful countryside, forms a lovely and inviting backdrop to this quiet little community. At the insistence of friends who ran the general store, my sister, her two children and I came to spend the summer months. Being the youngest in a large family I was only five when my sister was already the mother of her year old son and her three year old daughter Anne, who was my constant companion. Every morning my sister would wash the baby's clothes in soft rainwater and rinse them in the cold well water. This morning, however, dawned so beautifully, that she decided to rinse her clothes in the river and in this way we children could enjoy more of the water and sunshine.

The first scene that comes to my mind is that

of my sister, leisurely pushing her baby in the carriage, with a basket of clothes perched on top. Lagging behind was Ethel, the storekeeper's daughter whom we called for en route and I, pulling Anne by the hand. All of us were making our way down the road that led to the river, when suddenly from behind, my sister's husband, who was out of town buying cattle, appeared. Motioning for us children not to say anything, he swiftly and quietly came up behind his wife and covered her eyes with his hands. Startled, she turned towards him and they embraced. After swooping his daughter up in his arms and greeting us all, he then joined his wife and together they pushed the carriage down the road and we three little girls, bubbling with unexpected pleasure brought up the rear.

The next scene is set against a backdrop of a blue, blue sky with just a few lazy white clouds floating by. There, in a clearing on a large rocky surface, is the lean form of my brother-in-law, propped up against the baby's carriage, reading a newspaper. In a pool of water, fashioned by the formation of rocks, are the three of us girls playing and splashing and, bent over the river's edge is my sister Rose, rinsing and shaking out her baby's garments. A discordant note filled the air as my sister exclaimed "oh! there goes a diaper" and looking up from our play, we saw something white flash by as it was quickly carried downstream. Ethel, a native in these parts, and able to swim, rushed to retrieve the diaper but slipped on some moss, lost her balance and she too was carried downstream. I can still see her bobbing up and down like a cork, gasping "mama" each time she came up for air. My sister plunged in after her, but could hardly manage to keep afloat, dog-paddling and floundering about, not really

getting anywhere. My brother-in-law, immersed in his paper or perhaps dozing, hearing a commotion and seeing his wife fighting to keep her head above water, jumped up like a crazed man and walked, fully-clothed into the water. Not only could he not swim, but all of his life he was afraid of water . . . still, clenching his fists, in he went . . . .

This next scene finds three little children, all alone in a great big hostile world, my nephew, my niece and I. Sobbing silently, not knowing what to do or where to turn, I am rocking the baby in his carriage with one hand and with the other, holding Anne by the hand. Suddenly, the river, which just moments before was playing leap-frog and gurgling with glee, became angry and seemed to lash out at us with foamy paws. The trees and shrubs lining its banks with graceful arms reaching for the sun, seemed to join hands and close in upon us. After what seemed like an eternity, my sister appeared looking like some wild apparition. Her wet clothing was clinging to the contours of her body, and her long golden tresses were hanging from her head, like dark, wet and stringy seaweed. Frantically searching through the bushes, she kept crying out her husband's name hysterically . . . . I later learned that a woman living farther downstream, happened to be rinsing her clothes in the river when Ethel came bobbing by and rescued her. On the opposite bank of the river, an old woman, seeing my sister struggling in the water, pushed a long branch of a tree towards her and pulled her to safety; but my brother-in-law just disappeared from sight.

The last scene of all that brings these flashbacks of my memory to a close, finds us, late at night, travelling home on a train. My sister is cradling her sleeping son in her arms and rocking back and forth

with the motion of the train, moaning softly. My niece and I are huddled together on the opposite seat, dozing fitfully and my sister's husband is lying lifeless in the baggage car. The sky, as if in sympathy is shedding mud-stained tears upon the window panes and the train is emitting agonized shrieks as it speeds through the darkness of the night.

One small, soft, white square of material, a baby's diaper . . . innocently and inadvertently set off a chain reaction that crumbled my sister's small world into dust. ■

407 Alfred Avenue

A HOUSE BECOMES A HOME

My father was intelligent, capable, handsome (he bore a strong resemblance to Czar Nicholas of Russia and his cousin, King George V of England); could read and write Russian, and of course Yiddish, and was very well versed in the Talmud. In spite of all these attributes, he never seemed to make much of a living and certainly was no farmer. Therefore when my brother Barney and sister Rose got married and left the farm to start lives of their own, my father, without their help, had to leave the farm. My parents moved into the city and somehow managed to borrow a down payment on a house. With the rest of the children working and pooling their resources, and with my mother taking in a few boarders, they somehow managed to keep our house from being sold for taxes.

Our house stood on the corner of Alfred and Salter in the north end of Winnipeg. It may not have been much of a 'house' but it was a warm, active, and open 'home'. I vaguely remember that it was a two-storey, narrow house, a verandah along the front and on the side, and a small shop attached to the other side facing Salter Street. It had no real foundation or basement, but there was a dark, damp dug-out that housed a few barrels, some crocks and room for coal. The only entrance to this dug-out was

through a trap door in the floor of the kitchen, with a few stairs leading down. There also was an opening on the outside to allow bags of coal to slide in.

Somehow the dug-out seems to have made a lasting impression on me. Very often I would have to serve as a torch bearer to light my father's way in the dark and eerie hollow. He would gingerly make his way down the few stairs, while I stood above him holding a lighted candle in my shaking hands. I wasn't only fearful of the dark shadows that seemed to dance around when the flame I carried shone on them, but I was petrified of the mice that might find their way toward me. All this was soon pushed aside when my father would bring up a huge platter with the pungent aroma of the delicious sauerkraut, speckled with the orange colour of carrots and sparkling with the ice crystals that clung to it. He would also bring up some crunchy, spicy, garlicky dill pickles that filled one of the barrels, covered with a wooden cover on which there was a large rock. This would keep the air out so that the pickles wouldn't lose their crunch. Our dug-out also housed another barrel, where my mother put up little Manitoba-grown melons, and a few crocks that my father would fill with concord grapes and sugar to make our wine for Passover. We may not have had very much materially, but my mother always managed to feed everyone who entered our home.

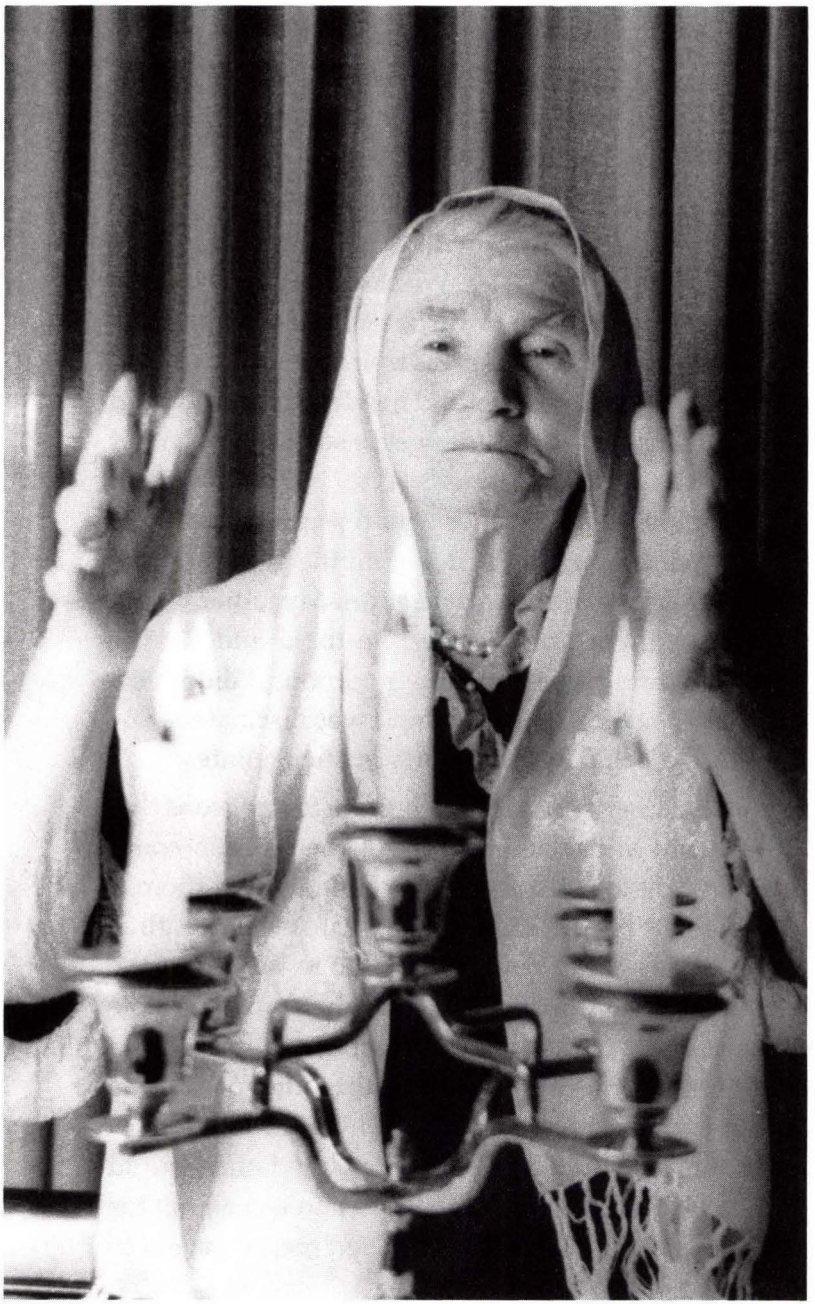
An incident that has stayed with me was watching the men deliver coal to our house. They had to carry each sack of coal into our yard and place them onto a metal sheet that made it easy to slide them down into our dug-out. One man was big and tall and I didn't worry too much about him, but the other one was very slight and short, and it bothered me that he had to work so hard. He looked cold and

black, covered with coal dust and seemed so pathetic that I started to cry and asked my father how could he possibly let the poor man work so hard? It seems that I cried so bitterly that my father had to get dressed and help the men out.

Our back yard housed a chicken coop, which my father strung together with odd bits and pieces of lumber and chicken wire. We always seemed to have a few chickens in our yard, especially before the major holidays. Our relatives from Beausejour would come in for the holidays and in advance would send in chickens and sometimes geese so that my mother would be able to feed everyone. After they were kosher killed, my mother would pluck the feathers off the chickens and the down off the geese and put this away to be dealt with later on. My father would then cut them open, eviscerate them and cut the chickens and geese into proper portions. I didn't like to see or smell the organs; but I was fascinated how deftly he separated the parts at their joints.

My father once brought home a few pigeons that he put in a makeshift loft over the chicken coop. When I discovered that he intended to eat them, I sobbed so hard I could hardly catch my breath. I don't know what really happened to them, but the next morning my father told me that someone stole the pigeons. I then told my father that G-d punished him for even thinking of eating the poor little pigeons. I assure you that if any other member of our family would have said that, my father would have let them have it in no uncertain terms; but his 'little Canadian baby', as he called me, managed to get away with it.

When things were quiet around the house, my mother would quietly sit down with the bleached sugar sacks that held the chicken and goose feathers.



Ziporah, greeting the Queen Sabbath.

She would pull the feathers off their quills and stuff the pillow cases or quilts that my sister Shirley would make out of strong ticking. My mother always had pillows and quilts ready and waiting for her children when they left home and also enough to accommodate guests and visitors who came to stay with us. We also had roomers from Russia who came to stay until they found jobs and proper accommodations. One such family, who were sort of related, spent some time with us. This couple had two daughters, Goldie, and the younger one, Bessie, who became my very dear friend.

A whole week my mother worked: cooking, baking, and serving, not only for the family but also for our visitors and of course our paying guests. On Fridays after preparing the Sabbath meal — the 'gefilte' fish, the chicken soup with her own homemade noodles swimming around in the golden broth, the roasted chicken, the kugels, the carrot tzimmes and of course the cooked prunes topped off with tea and lemon — she would exchange our coloured tablecloth for a white one. The table was then set with her candlesticks, a challah (white braided egg bread) covered with a cloth and, of course, a glass of wine placed in front of my father. To greet the Sabbath, my mother would put on a better dress, a white apron trimmed with a little lace, and cover her head with a scarf, even though it was already covered by a crocheted cap. She would then light the candles, recite the blessings in Hebrew and then in Yiddish in her own words, bless her children, her grandchildren and anyone who was ill. My father, whose head was always topped with a skull cap, would then chant the blessing over the wine and then uncover the challah, cut off a piece, sprinkle it with salt and give thanks to the Lord for providing the food from the earth.

During the week, with the hustle and bustle of a busy household, I don't think I really took a good look at my parents. On the Sabbath though, I seemed to see them in a different light. All the cares and worries seemed to slip away off their faces and to me they were like a painting of two beautiful souls in a garden of peace and serenity.

WILLIAM WHYTE SCHOOL

I had to go to school and by the time my mother got everyone out of the house, she either forgot about me or hated to wake me up. When she happened to look out of the window and see children going to school she would then wake me up. You can imagine how upset I would become, when with barely time to get washed and dressed, and drink my cocoa, my father would insist on my saying my morning prayers when I started to leave. Summer wasn't too bad, but in the winter when it was dark and cold and I had to wear combinations that were hurriedly squished into my stockings, creating awful bulges, my eyes started to brim over and I would tell my mother: "when everyone goes to school . . . I too, have to go!" My mother never knew the meaning of "time." She was up every morning at six, worked at her chores until midnight and then went off to bed. She never quite understood that in a factory one has to punch a clock or at school one has to respond to the ringing of the bell.

I wasn't exactly looking forward to going to school, if the truth were to be known, especially in grade one. My teacher had a habit of walking around the room with a ruler in her hand that she used as a pointer; very often she would use it to tap someone sharply on the head or hand. It wasn't a love tap . . . it stung! I was too timid to get into trouble,

but very often without any provocation I was the recipient of a sharp tap on the head that brought tears to my eyes. True, I may not have looked very tidy and I certainly wasn't nicely dressed, but I did not feel that I deserved it. Instinctively, I knew that she did not like Jewish children and many times I wished I had straight blond hair.

One day at recess time, while playing with some children, I saw my father cutting across the playground and making his way towards me. I started to panic and ran off in the direction of the school. He asked a few of the children: "what happened to my little girl?" and they told him that they didn't know, so he followed me into the school. He found me standing near the door of our classroom and when he saw that I was crying he grabbed me by the shoulders and insisted that I tell him who had hurt me. Then I really started to cry and said: "nobody hurt me . . . but just go away!" He then said: "tell me the truth, what happened to you?" I finally blurted out: "go away . . . nobody's father has a beard . . . go away!" Although he was angry, he must have realized that he was like an old religious grandfather and that I was embarrassed by his presence. He quietly and sadly wiped my tear stained face and went on his way. He often reminded me of the incident, especially when I sat on his lap and played with his beard. At home, he was like a loving grandfather; outside of our home environment I guess I lacked the wherewithal to accept my ethnic background with pride and dignity.

Somehow my years at public school were uneventful. It was an all-girls school; there weren't any boys around to create some excitement. I was more of a dreamer than a scholar, although I did very well in history, literature, French and geography,

especially when it came to drawing good maps. To this day I still remember the British Monarchs in order of succession, the battles, the Magna Carta — but generally speaking not one teacher left me with something special that I could hold on to or that would sustain me. Although I very seldom had the courage to speak up, I somehow managed to get into trouble when I did. Most of the education that stayed with me was what I received at the parochial school I attended after four or at home around our dining-room table. My father and a few of his cronies would sit at one end of the table playing checkers or dominoes and of course my mother would bring them hot glasses of tea with lemon and lots of sugar. Before Passover we would get square logs of lump sugar which the men would break or cut into pieces, place some between their teeth and then sip the tea which would get sweetened as it seeped through. While they pondered their moves in a sing-song voice — "if I go here . . . you will jump me . . . if I go there . . ." — they would also get into heated political discussions. Naturally, whatever I gleaned at my father's table was gospel. One day the principal of our school walked into our classroom and asked: "who knows what very important event is taking place in the British Empire?" Naturally, I knew the answer and raised my hand with confidence: "Mahatma Gandhi wants India to break away from Britain, because they have been taking all the riches for themselves." The silence was deafening and then this small, grey-haired, prim and proper British lady turned into a tiger! With her sharp blue eyes blazing, she slid towards me and with pointed finger exclaimed: "little girls should not dare say anything they absolutely know nothing about!" It

is a good thing she never asked about France, because my father called France 'a prostitute'; but he said it in Russian and besides I never knew what it meant, except that it didn't sound like a nice word. As you can see, living in an adult world gave me an education that wasn't exactly in our school's curriculum.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS ON THE MOVE

My brother Barney, fair skinned and blue eyed with a round Slavic face, was warm, friendly, and outgoing. When we came to visit at his grocery store, he was more like a benevolent uncle than a brother, especially when he gave me some candy or an ice cream cone. He and his wife Sadie had four children: Max, who was my playmate and friend, Anne, Izzy, and Harvey, who arrived on the scene later. They had a large home behind the grocery store and when my mother grew older, they took over the responsibility of holding large family gatherings. My sister-in-law was a great cook and hostess and my brother would entertain and invite us to sing along, making for a warm, happy, and close family circle. One particular day when they were visiting us, my mother left me in a wash tub while she greeted them. My nephew Max undressed and climbed in to join his auntie. He had a habit of biting and I guess the temptation of three-year-old naked flesh was more than he could handle, so he dug his teeth into my shoulder. I was turning blue when my father arrived on the scene and without even thinking, he grabbed a razor strap that hung on the door knob and smacked my nephew across his bare wet bottom. Not seeing his mother or anyone else he could turn to, he cried ''Zaida (grandfather) no more bite!'' I



Auntie Doris and Nephew Max

don't believe in corporal punishment, but he never bit anyone again!

My sister Rose, also blond and blue eyed, was very pretty, with a soft round face that should have looked happy, but she always seemed a little melancholy. True, she had good reason since her husband died tragically in a drowning accident and she was left a widow at a very young age with two little children to care for. Instead of trying to make a life for herself, she devoted all her energies and love to her children: her daughter Anne, who was my constant companion, and her baby son, Morry. Her whole social life revolved around our family circle and she never seemed to have the urge or desire to fan out beyond it. Her home was always shining and clean, especially her bedroom. She had a lovely ivory bedroom suite with white starched pillow cases and duvet cover over her feather quilt which had a diamond shaped opening in the middle, trimmed in lace. She shared her bed with her daughter and it was a treat for me when I slept over and joined the two of them in clean and scented luxury.

My sister Shirley was more like a mother, or special aunt, to me when I was a little girl. On Sundays when she was home, she would wash and arrange my hair into curls. She would often wet it with sweetened tea to make it less unruly. She was also the one who made my clothes or altered the hand-me-downs that were given to me. She worked in a dress factory and periodically would leave home for greener pastures. She was very attractive, with long jet black hair that she wore in a braid around her head. She had a lovely complexion, oval face with two sharp blue eyes that sized you up and put you into your place; yet she had a great sense of humour and her eyes would light up with a knowing twinkle.

Her standards were very high and therefore she found it difficult to find that elusive prince.

She was looking for someone who was educated, a professional preferably, or at least a successful businessman. It so happened that educated, successful men looked down on factory girls, even though they were very attractive. Some of the men who were recent arrivals from Europe and very interested in her, she pushed aside, not wanting to get involved with a "greenhorn." Many years later, these same "greenhorns" became successful entrepreneurs and the leaders of our community.

In 1924 my sister Leah, who was left in Russia as a child because of an eye disease, was finally able to come to Canada at the age of sixteen. She was left with my oldest sister Chava until she would be cured, but due to the outbreak of World War One and the Russian Revolution, it took ten whole years before she could be reunited with our family. She also brought with her my father's orphaned nephew who was about my age. The scene at the C.P.R. station was highly charged with emotions. My parents, having left a five-year-old little girl and now greeting a sixteen-year-old young lady, were stirred beyond belief. The whole family gathered around the newcomers, hugging, kissing, crying, when it suddenly occurred to someone that I, too, was part of the family and pushed me forward to introduce me to my sister. Since I was born in Canada, we met for the first time and she cried out: "Oy, my little sister, my little sister!" Naturally, the tears started flowing again. For me, it was a bit strange having a sister, a foreigner, who could not even speak English, and a new cousin, Saul, come into our lives. It wasn't long, though, before they became part of the family.

Under my sister Shirley's tutelage, Leah soon became Canadianized. First, her name was changed to Lily; then she was taken to a barber who cut off her beautiful long tresses. Her chubby small feet were then encased in long, pointed high-heeled shoes, which definitely did nothing for her legs or her personality, but one must meld into one's environment. She had a very lovely voice and soon became the 'singer' in our family. My brother Charlie bought a gramophone and so by listening to records, she learned to sing English songs like "Yes, we have no bananas" and, "It ain't gonna rain no more." From her I learned to sing Russian songs and at family gatherings with my brother Barney in charge, our home was filled with Russian, Yiddish and liturgical music. She came to Canada thinking that she would make up for the years of deprivation and hardships by going to school and being pampered. Unfortunately, she had to go to work to add to the family coffers. She first got a job in a slipper factory and then a better job in a hat factory.

My brother Charlie and his best friend Abe worked in a fur factory. My sister Anne, who was very vivacious, blond, and had a neat figure, got a job in the office of the same factory. She was dating my brother's friend Abe, and wasn't too happy when he had to work late during the busy season. She wanted to be taken to the movies but his employers needed him to get the orders out. Apparently, there was a conflict of interest as she was a disruptive influence and therefore had to be let go. Her employers knew my parents and also knew that they could use some of the money that she earned, so one of them came over and explained the situation: "should we let the bigger earner go or the lesser one?" Of course, my parents understood and didn't

blame them. Instead of holding down a job, she and her boyfriend decided to get married and at eighteen, she became a wife instead of a secretary. She then learned to accept his working evenings during the busy season, for it meant a bigger income. Even though she seemed immature, she became a gracious hostess and her home was always open for family and friends.

Her wedding was lovely, especially the gowns for the bridal party. It so happened that my sister Shirley was in Boston, visiting my mother's youngest sister. She talked my auntie into coming to Winnipeg to attend the wedding and to see my mother whom she hadn't seen since she left the Ukraine many years before. I guess my auntie went shopping with my sister and paid for the gowns. The wedding dress was white and all beaded, but short as was fashionable then. My sister Lily's dress was also very beautiful, peach colored and beaded; Shirley's gown was stunning: pink with an uneven hemline, beaded with seed pearls and chenille. Shirley even brought home two pieces of material, one rose and one lavender, to make a dress for me and for my niece Anne. I don't remember too much about the wedding, but I certainly remember the dresses.

My sister brought my auntie as a surprise for my mother. Naturally, it was a very tearful and heartwarming reunion. My auntie, well dressed, well groomed and handsome, and my mother hardworking, uncorseted with an inexpensive, unflattering wig on her head, looked at each other and took stock of the different lives that they led. My auntie Sossi then took my mother's wig off her head and said: ''being religious doesn't mean that you have to look awful. Throw the darn thing away, become

more modern!'' I guess my mother couldn't resist the pressure, especially when the rest of the family joined in, and finally gave up wearing a wig. Instead she always had her head covered with a lace cap or net.

My sister Anne used to be annoyed at her boyfriend's mother for making him pay for board and room. However, when they married, his mother gave them the money she saved for him so that they could buy the little cottage next door. Although at times Anne felt hemmed in, especially when her daughter Elaine was born, she managed to get her sisters-in-law, who were right next door, to babysit. She would then run off to the drugstore, buy a magazine and sit down to read it while sipping a coke. Often on a Saturday, I would come and babysit and before I could open the door she would say: ''good that you're here Dodo'' and off she would go. As it turned out, I wasn't always a reliable sitter. I was about thirteen and she left me in charge. Well, it was a warm summer evening and she and her husband went off to the movies. My niece Elaine, about a year and half old, was in bed so I lay down on the chesterfield and fell asleep. Apparently my niece called out and when no one answered, she managed to crawl out of her crib and in diaper and vest walked out the front screened door into the night. Fortunately, by instinct or habit, she walked next door to her grandparents' home and since all the windows were open they heard her crying. You can well imagine what my sister's in-laws thought of her irresponsibility in leaving me to babysit. After her son Jerry was born, and later Isaac, I became well qualified to babysit.

A few months after Anne was married, Charlie also got married and nine months later, his wife gave

birth to a son. With the added responsibility, he was happy to hold down a job, but one of the men in the factory talked him into going out on strike with the rest of the workers. My brother, not wanting to be a 'scab', went out on strike; the man who convinced him to do so went back to work. Naturally, after the strike my brother was not taken back anymore, was blacklisted, and couldn't get another job in the fur trade. He had to leave his wife and child with his in-laws and go to Montreal where he found a job and was then able to send for his family.

Since there was only my sister Lily, myself, and sometimes Shirley at home, my father, with the help of a carpenter friend, took a second mortgage out on the house and converted our home into a duplex. In this way perhaps, by collecting rent from one of the suites, we would be able to make the mortgage payments. It so happens that my father never managed to pay off the first mortgage even though the City Lumber decided to write off the second one. The owner of the lumber company who supplied all the lumber and supplies knew my father well. He knew that my father was honourable and would pay if he could, but also knew that you can't get blood from a stone.

Frank Lloyd Wright didn't need to lose any sleep after my father and his friend finally completed the duplex. The design and construction was not exactly a work of art. It had a very small kitchen, where my mother was used to a bigger one, two very small bedrooms for my parents and us girls, and a larger bedroom off the dining-room that we usually rented out to a boarder. The dining-room contained the sink and a large oak dining-room table, chairs, a pot bellied buffet, and a china cabinet. Also there was a sofa bed that was used to put up our relatives that came

into the city. That was the upstairs where we lived, because it was easier to rent the downstairs to a tailor, a barber or a butcher who needed the shop that was attached to the main floor apartment. We also had not one but two staircases. One of them did not lead to the maid's quarters — just down to the basement so we could keep the furnace going, or outside the side entrance to the backyard. It was a very narrow and crooked staircase and we had to tread gingerly. The other staircase was on the outside and led to our upstairs domain. In the summer, the outside staircase wasn't too bad, but in the winter it was rather hazardous at times. I can assure you though, that it did not keep anyone from visiting us. One very big advantage was that we had a proper basement and most important of all, we now had a bathtub. I no longer had to accompany my mother to the Russian steam baths, when she had no one to leave me with. I really didn't appreciate seeing all the naked ladies in different sizes and shapes. I also didn't enjoy being washed and scrubbed and rinsed with a wooden bucket of very warm water. My mother enjoyed every moment, because at home she could not afford the luxury of a lot of hot water to do with as she wished.

Many years later my sister Shirley decided to do something different for my sister Anne, who was visiting from Los Angeles. As a special treat, she hosted a party for a group of us at the Russian steam baths . . . a trip down memory lane. We brought along sandwiches, fruit, pastry, tea bags, and of course lemons, to make it a memorable occasion. I thought I would never want to enter that place again, but surprisingly we had the time of our lives.

Here we were in our birthday suits, filling our buckets with hot soapy water, and trying hard not

to stare at the changes that took place over the years. Without being too obvious our eyes took in a little bulge here and a little droop there and hoped that we personally did not fare too badly. After overcoming our initial shyness we got down to the business of soaping, washing, scrubbing one another's back, and all in all, laughing and enjoying it like little children off from school for their summer holidays.

We then went one by one to experience the luxury of a massage and gradually joined the group at an oilcloth-covered table spread with our repast, and a boiling kettle of water ready and waiting to be poured over the tea bags resting in the tea cups. One member of the family, however, failed to arrive and when I went to look for her, I found her on the massage table completely drained and ashen. Moments before, when I walked by, she was all pink and glowing and told me that it was the best thing that had happened to her. She felt like a new person, relaxed and rejuvenated; but now when I took a look at her I knew that something terrible had happened. She then confided in me that the masseuse had found a lump in her breast. We decided not to spoil the party and kept it to ourselves.

First thing next morning we were at the doctor's and that same day she was on the operating table where they performed a radical mastectomy. It was a devastating blow, particularly to someone whose appearance was of the utmost importance. When they finally wheeled her out of the operating room, I somehow knew that she would be able to cope, for even in her semi-conscious state she kept brushing her hair back as if she were facing a mirror.

It seems to me that when you reach a euphoric state in your life you are somehow brought down

to earth with a bang. Yet, it was a blessing in disguise, for by discovering the lump in its very early stages, her life was spared.

In 1929 my father, with the help of his brother in Albany, New York, was finally able to send for my sister Chava, her husband Abraham and their two little boys. My sister Chava was a very beautiful woman, but Sarah Bernhardt would have had to take a back seat to her. She used to send my father locks of her hair to show that she was pulling the hair out of her head in frustration, waiting for him to bring her and her family to Canada. My father didn't have the means and he also felt that she had a husband to look after her. Finally they arrived from Odessa, and naturally stayed with us until my father could raise some money to buy a horse and wagon, so that her husband could become a peddler of fruits and vegetables. He didn't have to know much English, since most of the people in our area were either Jewish or Ukrainian and besides, they could view or feel the merchandise.

My sister's little boys, five and three years of age, were real terrors. Being brought up in Odessa, a seaport on the Black Sea, during the Revolution, their vocabulary consisted of 'kill', 'shoot', 'murder', 'police' and worse. Since they only spoke Russian, I could not understand them and although I was older they managed to 'playfully' push me around. One day, they both pushed me down and while one climbed on top of me and held me down, the other one had a hold on my throat. To them it may have been fun and games, but I was turning blue when my father rescued me from those bandits.

At the High Holy days, my father took them to the Synagogue to show off his beautiful grandsons from Russia. The men of the congregation were

downstairs and the women up in the balcony. I sat with my mother upstairs and my father kept the boys near him and told them to keep quiet. When the Holy Scriptures, The Torah, was being carried around the sanctuary to be kissed, my father took his older grandson Morris by the hand and put the younger one, Charlie, up on his shoulder. He then told the little one to lean over and kiss The Torah. Instead Charlie pushed The Torah with its royal blue velvet mantle aside, and exclaimed in Russian, loud and clear: "grandfather . . . what kind of a fool do you think I am . . . to kiss a dirty old rag!" The whole congregation was stunned and the services came to a sudden halt, since almost everyone knew Russian. My father was mortified to say the least and took his two precious little grandsons home. Surprisingly these boys grew up to be very quiet, conservative men, one a social worker and the other an economist.

I. L. PERETZ SCHOOL

Had I weighed five more pounds, my whole life might have been different. Naturally, my parents wanted me to have a good Jewish education, and normally would have sent me to the Talmud Torah where I would receive religious instruction as well as Hebrew training. It so happened that we lived a very short distance away from the I. L. Peretz Shule, actually a few doors away. Since I was very tiny, my father wrestled with the idea of where to send me. The Talmud Torah was quite a distance for a little girl, especially in the winter. On the other hand, the Peretz Shule was very radical and concentrated mainly on Yiddish, but it was close to home. The fact that I was on the puny side helped my father make the decision. After all, he reasoned,

I was just a girl; besides, our home environment was very orthodox, so at least I would learn to read and write Yiddish.

My years spent at the Peretz Shule were very rewarding, although I did not feel that I totally belonged, because most of the parents of the other children were involved in the school and mine were not. My father wouldn't even step into the school for fear of being seen in a very radical locale. But in spite of the difference between my home environment and that of the other children, they were my people and consequently I felt very much at home.

Although most of the teachers were good, there was one who really brought out the fact that I had some talent and could do much more than I did. His name was Mr. Rappaport and when he first walked into our classroom, I didn't know how we would spend a whole year in the presence of this homely man. He was short and stocky with a large head, a craggy face with large features, and seemed a little frightening. Yet, within a very short time, he emerged as a handsome, distinguished, benevolent and wonderful human being. He was the first person that made me feel that I was a 'somebody', that I had ability and was capable of doing many things. He discovered that I could draw well and do Hebrew lettering and he made me use it to advantage. He put me in charge of a project that was to be exhibited at the end of the school year.

I wrote letters to various Yiddish newspapers and asked them to send me a copy of their paper or periodical. I also asked them to send me the addresses of other newspapers around the world. Before too long we had addresses from all over Europe, South Africa, South America, and of course, the United States and Mexico. Wherever a Jewish

newspaper or periodical was published, our class became involved and wrote the letters and we received hundreds of papers.

This wonderful man then commissioned me to draw a map of the world, the size of a whole wall in our auditorium. Each newspaper or periodical was placed on a table and then tied with a ribbon that led to a city on the map. Three boys were assigned the job of painting in the colours of the various countries. I also had to draw in the names of the four of us. Naturally, having done the major part of the drawing and the project and also being the only girl, I started to print my name first. All of a sudden there was a heated discussion about the placing of the names. The boys wanted their names first, because they wanted their parents to see what they had done, so they decided that I do our names alphabetically. Naturally, mine was at the bottom of the list. It didn't really matter, because my parents never came to see the exhibition. Perhaps, if they didn't have to open our rooming house at Winnipeg Beach, I might have persuaded my father to enter the 'pinkish' portals of learning.

ST. JOHNS TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

After attending an all-girls school, it certainly was exciting to attend High School. There were hundreds of boys all around, joking, teasing, laughing and arguing. It seems that all the good looking Jewish boys signed up for physics class, but after one day I decided it was not for me. I joined the lesser mortals who appreciated the arts. It was an adventure just walking down the corridors and it was great having my nephew Max around. My girl friend Nellie, who became known as Norma, had a crush on him, and was always on the lookout for

him. Naturally since he would seek me out, she always managed to be around. He also had Reta, who left notes for him in the inkwell of the desk he would be occupying in the next class. Of course he was in his glory having two girls vying for his attention.

Now that I was attending High School, my sister Shirley, who was now living in Vancouver, sent my parents twenty dollars so that I could have a nice winter coat. She also sent me a nice briefcase with my initials stamped in gold and a key for the lock. Naturally, my sister Anne was instructed to get me a good warm coat that would last me for years. She bought me a camel pile coat that was long and a few sizes too big but I have to admit it was warm. Well, when my nephew spotted me walking down the school corridors in my new finery, he called out to all who would listen: ''there goes a coat, a satchel with initials and a key and I believe that my auntie Doris is somewhere inside.'' I was ready to crawl further into my coat but I had a friend who advised me not to be upset. This young man was a neighbour and walked with me to school every day. He was the tallest boy I ever met, about six foot three, and I was barely five feet tall, yet he walked along with me and if any of the boys and girls who walked behind us made embarrassing remarks or gestures, he would put his arm on my shoulders as if to protect me. He was a brilliant scholar, naturally in the physics class, and a very fine person, but without much humor. After High School he went on to University and our paths took different directions. Tragically, he was one of the first boys I knew who was shot down over Germany during the war.

My two years spent at St. John's High School were very rewarding, scholastically and socially.

Scholastically, chemistry may not have been my forte, but I can assure you that my drawings of the beakers, the tubing, and the bunsen burners were the most realistic. However, to this day I do not appreciate precise measurements. It is not that I cannot be exact, but it must be something within me that wants to rebel. Somehow I always like to add a little bit of this or that when I'm cooking or baking for I love to improvise. My mother did it out of necessity; she made do with whatever she had available and surprisingly her efforts were always appreciated. There were times, though, that my mother, with her innovative experiments could have unwittingly and eventually come up with some combustible concoction, who knows? I have found that generally speaking, people who are very precise or overly meticulous, measure and weigh their words, their deeds, and their love.

Our art teacher, called "Pistol Jones" (out of earshot of course) because he always fired the shot to start off the races during field day, gave us an assignment. We were asked to draw the alphabet in Old English lettering. When I presented my work, he looked down at me and said: "What have we here?" "No one is perfect and I have never done it before, but I'm afraid I will have to give you 100% for your effort." As you can see, I may not have excelled as a chemist, but I could draw well. Unfortunately I never did anything about it.

Socially, I made a nice circle of friends even though I was mainly involved with family. We always moved around in groups, congregating in and around the corner drugstore or in each other's homes at parties. Our main concern, however, was how we were going to prepare for the future. Those of us who planned to go on to university wondered

how they would be able to pay for their tuition even with help from their parents.

Unfortunately, I was not able to join a lot of my friends as they went on to higher learning, especially my girl friend Bessie, who was now called Beth. Although each of our paths led to different goals and different lifestyles, years later whenever or wherever our paths crossed, our friendship was still intact. The bonds that united us as children were cemented firmly. ■



Ziporah Torchinsky

My Mother... The Entrepreneur

My father, although he was well versed in Yiddish, the Talmud, could read and write in Russian, and was intelligent and capable, never seemed to be able to make a living. Consequently, my sister Shirley, on returning from one of her unsuccessful sojourns in the great wide world, decided that my mother should go into business. She reasoned that since my mother was a good cook, managing to feed children, grandchildren, relatives and friends who emigrated from Russia and stayed with us until they got on their feet, she could make a living out of her expertise. In that way, the whole family could be fed without owing the butcher, the baker, the storekeeper and the milkman. She also felt a summer resort boarding house where factory workers could come and spend their vacations would be very profitable; also that the child (meaning me) would benefit greatly from the fresh air and sunshine. Perhaps I would put on some weight and grow taller. Actually, I didn't do either; when I became a mother, I did put on weight but I didn't grow much taller.

My mother was fair-skinned and blue-eyed, with a round slavic face, plump, possessing a sweet disposition, illiterate, not particularly clever, but she

had the capacity to use good judgment and rationality in her daily life. She never complained, accepted everything that came her way as the will of God and made the best of every situation. From sunrise till late at night, she prepared meals, baked, and served all who entered our home. The kettle was always boiling in readiness on the wood stove, the aroma of fresh baked buns filled with cheese or meat or beans; the stew, the thick bean and barley soup that stuck to your ribs on cold wintry days, the hot borsht, the cinnamon buns . . . all this and more permeated our house. Somehow, with a little bit of this and a little bit of that and of course a great deal of effort, she managed to feed everyone. Our home was always filled and our table was never unset.

I believe that it was about 1926 or 1927 that my sister rented a large, rambling cottage at Winnipeg Beach. She stocked it with everyone's discarded pots and pans and dishes. What she could not scrounge, she bought wholesale — discontinued and unmatched cutlery and china. We needed a duplication of everything . . . one set of dishes for meat and another for dairy meals, in accordance with Jewish dietary laws. Even under the best of circumstances, it was not easy to run a kosher home in those days, especially at the beach without running water or electricity. By the same token though, we hoped people who were observant would come flocking to our door. That is how my mother became an entrepreneur!

WINNIPEG BEACH

Winnipeg Beach, about fifty miles north of Winnipeg and situated on the western side of Lake Winnipeg, was a lovely and inviting summer resort. It boasted a long, sandy beach, and a huge pier built

by the Canadian Pacific Railway where people met, strolled, dived off into the water, or where young people congregated or 'hung around'. In a clearing behind the beach area stood the beautiful Empress Hotel, and nearby a large elegant dance hall. There were picnic grounds, with tables and benches and also enclosed areas in case of inclement weather. All in all, it was a wonderful area that could be enjoyed by all, whether in modest or more affluent circumstances. There was also the Boardwalk that drew the crowds with its tantalizing aromas, exciting adventure of the various rides, and the beckoning of the different games of chance.

The hotel burnt down when I was quite young, but I can still see the flames rising up into the sky, an awesome and yet a majestic sight. Periodically, a bed, a chest of drawers, a table or a chair would come crashing down from the upper floors. Each time something plummeted down, the crowds, as if in rehearsed chorus, would exclaim: ''oooh . . . aaaah!'' Although it was very sad to see something so beautiful and elegant being demolished, it provided an exciting spectacle for everyone around.

The dance hall was open to everyone, young and old alike; you just paid for each dance. In my mind's eye I can still see couples gliding gracefully to the strains of the music played by the band, while overhead, a huge mirrored ball twirled and sparkled and glittered, giving an aura of romance to the dancers below. The band sometimes asked for requests, and here was I, not tall enough to be seen over the fence that surrounded the dance floor, with my face pressed between two posts, calling out: ''Yes sir, that's my baby!'' Everyone laughed and applauded as the band played my request. One year I even won first prize in the children's category. All I did was

blacken my face, roll up my hair with strips of paper that oranges came wrapped in, and I held a large slice of watermelon in my hands, carefully taking an occasional bite to make it last through the contest. I was supposed to be the little coloured girl "Farina" from Our Gang Comedy. Obviously, I resembled the stereotype of that time.

The Boardwalk, with its Carnival atmosphere, attracted the very young to the very old alike: the very young pulling their parents to the various rides for little children, especially the Merry-Go-Round, with prancing steeds and elegant chariots taking them up and around wherever their imaginations wished to roam; the older children and young adults gravitating to the more exciting and dangerous rides, particularly the Roller Coaster, that pulled you up to the very peak and suddenly swooping down with tremendous speed so that you screamed as you tried to gasp for air. Then it twisted and turned until you felt that you couldn't take anymore; when suddenly it came back down to earth with a thud. Teenagers and adults participated in the games of chance and every age was drawn to the aroma of the french fried chips covered with vinegar and salt, the hot dogs, the coffee and my favourite, the candied apple. I can still feel my teeth biting through the red crunchy topping and blending with it the flavour of the tart apple it encased. Perhaps it's because I'm much older, but somehow the candied apples you can buy today are not nearly as crunchy or as tasty as when I was young and gay. Oops, I mustn't say "gay" anymore, since it has a different connotation now than it had in my day.

There were daily trains arriving at the beach and everyone went to meet them whether or not they were expecting anyone. Young people and older

men would bring their wagons to the station to help passengers with their luggage, and perhaps earn a few quarters or even a whole dollar. The most exciting time of all was when the Moonlight train arrived, bringing people who came to spend an evening of dancing, romancing, walking hand in hand, taking in the amusements on the Boardwalk and generally enjoying the sights, the smells and sounds. The Moonlight train would make a u-turn on its tracks and remain standing until midnight when it would take the passengers back to the city. I can recall one particular couple who would take the opportunity of standing on the steps of the train, hugging and kissing as if they were saying "good-bye", when in actual fact they weren't going anywhere; just found a place for a bit of privacy, safely camouflaged because of their surroundings.

My mother's establishment attracted mainly factory girls, who came to spend their two week's vacation. After stepping off the train, they would weigh themselves on the big baggage scale. Two weeks later, on their way home, they expected to have put on at least ten pounds or their vacation was a total loss. They worked hard, not in the best of conditions, and felt that the two weeks out in the fresh air and sunshine, with my mother's board and room, should supply them with enough energy to help them cope for the rest of the year.

There were also women who came with their children, but did not board with us. They had light housekeeping privileges. A whole week they managed to feed themselves and their offspring, but when their husbands arrived for the weekend, they would ask my mother to sell them knishes, kreplach, gefilte fish, roasted chicken and all sorts of delicious goodies that they could not possibly endeavor to

prepare in these primitive surroundings. They gave my mother little for the food but she was happy not to have them underfoot in her kitchen. The money they paid her did not cover the cost of the food, let alone her hard work, preparing it till late in the evening.

WHITE RABBIT LODGE

Every summer we would rent a bigger cottage and finally, my parents put down a deposit on a lovely cottage, encircled by a large screened verandah. It had a lovely oak fireplace, tiled with green marbled tiles and a huge mirror above it. The main living room was paneled in wood, surrounding a large oak table and chairs with a tiffany lamp above it matching the green tiles of the fireplace. On every wall were mirrored holders that held the coal oil lamps and reflected their light. The cottage had a stuffed rabbit outside, encased in a concave glass frame and in the sidewalk leading to the door were the words: ''White Rabbit Lodge'' embedded in the cement.

We really found our dream place. All the relatives sent in their used furniture, old cots and beds and dressers, old ice boxes (by now, some of them were replacing their ice boxes with refrigerators), old pictures, curtains, bric-à-brac and anything else they didn't mind parting with. My father built a platform at the back of the cottage, where side by side stood about six or seven ice boxes. He built a roof over them to shield them from the sun and from the rain and since they were outside we never had to worry about emptying any basins. He also divided the verandah, that practically encircled the house, into individual rooms with a doorway and a two-step stair to the outside. In that way, our roomers could

come and go without entering the house. Each room had a double bed and a single cot, a small dresser, a chair, a basin, a pitcher, a coal oil lamp, a feather quilt for each bed and feather pillows, and most important, a large chamber pot under the big bed and a small one under the cot. The walls were rather thin and did not afford much privacy; but somehow no one seemed to mind . . . we were all like one big happy family, sharing the joys, the problems, the intimacy.

At the very back of our lot, my father built two new outhouses: a single one with a large opening and a double one, a two-seater affair to accommodate both an adult and a child at the same time. We really were in the big time, living in the lap of luxury.

My sister Lily bought an old piano from a church — it was the best investment that was ever made. None of our guests were very affluent (if they were, they stayed elsewhere) but every evening our cottage was filled with laughter and music. Of course there was the odd tear when someone sang a sorrowful Yiddish ballad, naturally in a minor key; but it warmed our very being and brought everyone closer together. There was always someone who could play the piano, mainly by ear, and even though the piano became chilled to its heartstrings in the cold winter months and warmed to its bones in the hot summer days, it had a beautiful tone, a rich deep quality. It accompanied my brother Barney, who sang and entertained, my sister Lily with her lovely voice and anyone and everyone who could carry a tune. There was always someone with a guitar, a ukelele and one man even brought forth a wonderful tone from a prosaic 'saw'. The air around our cottage was filled with Yiddish, Russian and English melodies. We even had some guests who went on to bigger

and better things in the musical world. Everyone in the family had to do their share, yet in spite of all the trials and tribulations, the hard work . . . our happiest times were the years we spent at Winnipeg Beach.

My mother was up at sunrise, quietly preparing food for everyone. My father would first find a quiet corner, put on his phylacteries and wrap himself with his prayer shawl and quietly say his prayers and commune with his Maker. Refreshed, he would then build a fire in the two woodstoves, so that my mother could put the kettles on to boil the water. With the boiling water, she could make the porridge, prepare a large pot of coffee with chicory in it (I don't know if she used the chicory to enhance the flavour of the coffee or just to cut down the amount of coffee), and generally start her day. She would work until evening, with patience, a kind word and a pleasant smile and even then, if she did sit down, it was only briefly. Weekends if the weather was warm and sunny, we didn't have anywhere to sleep, since we would all give up our beds for our paying guests. We slept wherever there was a spot available: on the floor, a hammock or on the grass. No one in the family seemed to mind because we had to take advantage of every nice weekend, for when it rained, we were in trouble.

Since our kitchen heated up the house, we made it into a dining room, with a large table and benches on either side to accommodate those who always ate with us. My father then built a large kitchen about ten feet away from the back of the house and built a connecting little bridge, so that we could walk back and forth setting the table, serving meals and cleaning up without having to navigate any stairs that we might trip over.

Everyone knows that an ice box is an inanimate object, but my mother's ice boxes seemed to have a life of their own. They were lined up in a row, each with its own shape and personality; some of wood and some of metal, some short and squat, some long and lean and of course the largest was strictly for the use of our establishment. The others were shared by the women with light housekeeping privileges who stayed with us. Each woman would mark her bottles or containers, by inverting the lid, putting an elastic band around a neck of a jar or bottle, or else a colored piece of string. They found ingenious ways of putting identifying marks on each of their containers, but in spite of all their precautions, changes would take place in the contents. One woman would swear that her bottle of milk was 3/4 full when she left it and now it was only 1/2 full; another would complain that something strange was happening in her ice box: there was a piece gouged out of her butter and she never does that, for she is very careful how she spreads her butter. Some ladies never complained; but there were others, who always felt that they were being cheated. Either there were supernatural beings hiding in the ice boxes, or else, heaven forbid, someone was deliberately taking what didn't belong to them. My mother would have to come to the rescue of the accused and assure the injured party that it must be some mistake and not to get upset. My mother would then reimburse the injured party and placate the accused. Without knowing it, my mother used psychology and made peace.

The most difficult task in keeping Kosher years ago was preparing chickens; and what is a Sabbath meal without roasted chicken? So, chickens were bought at the farmers and my sister would take the

live chickens in a crate by train into the city and have them kosher killed. She would then return with them to the beach where my parents would pluck the feathers, eviscerate them, soak them, salt them so that they would be fit for kosher consumption. It became increasingly difficult for my sister, so we decided to bring the Shoichet (ritual slaughterer) to the beach every Thursday. In order to make it worth his while for the train trip, my parents invited others who stayed elsewhere to bring their chickens to our place to get the job done. My father was also anxious to invite the ladies and their chickens because he had a sneaking suspicion that otherwise some of them would buy an already killed and cleaned chicken from the farmer, which was totally unacceptable to Jewish law.

My father built a partition at the back of our lot, where this messy job could be done as orderly as possible without upsetting our guests. All seemed to go well, until one particular lady, who lived a few blocks away, brought her chicken to be slaughtered. She seemed to have a problem hanging on to her chicken while she waited in line for her turn. Noticing a nightgown hanging on a clothesline nearby, she very nicely tore off the hem and bound her chicken's legs together. True, the hem of the nightgown may have been torn a little; but to add insult to injury, this lady, and I use the term loosely, had the 'chutzpa' to not even wrap up her chicken with the paper provided. She blithely went her merry way, plucking the feathers off the chicken and letting them fly gracefully in the wind, with the dripping blood leaving a trail from our house to hers. Hansel and Gretel left a trail of bread crumbs, that at least could be eaten by birds, but this trail left its mark and someone called the R.C.M.P. to investigate.

Speaking of the R.C.M.P. I just remembered something that I seemed to have forgotten, but apparently it was somewhere in the recess of my mind. Two young men from the U.S. came to spend the weekend and apparently stole a gold watch and chain that belonged to one of our guests. This man was well off and could afford to stay at a hotel, but knowing of my mother's culinary ability, he brought his wife and daughter to spend a few weeks and naturally he came out for the weekend. The loss of his gold watch and chain upset the whole cottage, particularly my parents, to think that such a thing could ever happen. Well, the police were notified and soon a great big, fat policeman arrived in a horse and buggy to investigate. We explained that the only strangers we rented a bed to were these young men from North Dakota.

I don't know why, but I was chosen to go with the policeman to the lake to identify the men. I was about eight years old, small for my age, and petrified. I went along, because apparently I had no choice. This huge man lifted me up as if I were a matchstick, sat me down beside him on the buggy seat and off we went to the lakefront. There, close to the waters edge, were the men and I whispered to the policeman that they were the ones. He pulled me by the hand till we were close to the men and ordered me to say it out loud and point them out. You can well imagine that I wished I were dead and in a squeaky voice said: ''they are the ones''. Apparently that was not good enough for the policeman, for he said: ''louder!'' I finally blurted out: ''they are the ones!'' He then grabbed the two of them by their collars and before they realized what was happening, he handcuffed them, shooed me off to go home and took them away in the horse and buggy.

OUR PAYING GUESTS

I can still smell the coffee that my mother prepared every morning. She made it in a large pot on the wood stove and its aroma wafted gently through the air, awakening our guests as it reached their nostrils. I don't know whether it was the chicory she put in to add flavour or to save money on the coffee, but whatever it was, our guests enjoyed it, especially when the thick sweet cream and sugar were added. No one seemed to worry about calories or diabetes. They were happy to be fed so well for so little. I remember when my mother charged between $7.00 and $10.00 a week for board and room. Breakfast consisted of: half an orange, a bowl of porridge or cream of wheat, with sugar and milk, soft boiled eggs, hot coffee and lots of rye or pumpernickel bread with butter. Lunch consisted of: a fish dish, potatoes, vegetables, a salad, a pudding or blintzes, coffee and pastry. Dinner consisted of: soup, a meat dish, potatoes or pudding, cooked vegetables, coleslaw, dessert and tea. Before bed, they could wander into the kitchen for milk and cookies. As you can see, no one was ever hungry, but of course, my mother, in her big thriving business never made any money. It's true, though, that because of those who were paying guests, the family and relatives were also being fed and well looked after and could enjoy the fresh air, the sandy beach and the nightly swapping of stories and singing. Almost no one who came to stay with us had an easy life; but, the few weeks they spent with us gave them the necessary boost to nourish them both physically and emotionally for the rest of the year.

Through the years there were many people who spent time with us. Some were just people... they came, they stayed, they left. There were others,

though, that left an indelible impression. There was one lady who came with her son every summer for years. She was a big woman, constantly telling stories, some of them even a bit off colour, and she was into ''health''. Her son had taken a course in physical culture and his mother became the expert. She would advise everyone on what was healthy. She would also sauté some vegetables and tell everyone that she was eating ''physical culture''. I didn't see her do very much, but I knew that she seemed to have only one pair of bloomers and they were red in colour. When she put on a bathing suit, she would then rinse out her bloomers in rain water and hang them out to dry. It seemed to me that there was always a pair of red large bloomers on the clothesline waving in the sun.

There was one lady who used to spend a whole month with us. She was very quiet and came to reenergize herself. She got up every morning and tried to use a minimal amount of time and energy in preparing her meals. She squeezed an orange into a cup, drank the juice and in the same cup took a bit of porridge from my mother's big pot on the stove, gave her a nickel, then in the same cup broke open two soft boiled eggs, which she had placed in the same pot that my mother boiled the eggs for our boarders and then in the same cup drank a cup of coffee which she got from my mother. Of course she added her own cream or bread and butter. My mother was happy to accommodate her, since she was never under foot.

Then of course there was the Hebrew teacher, who was an absolute genius. He was a widower, and decided that he would come to the beach and begin to live dangerously. He bought himself a black bathing suit that had openings, not only for his arms and

legs, but under each arm as well. All of a sudden we heard some terrible moans and groans from his room and when we knocked on his door, he wouldn't let us in; but told us to get a man to come to his rescue. Apparently, he stuck his feet in the wrong apertures and by trying to extricate himself, became even more entangled and couldn't get free. My nephew came to his rescue and then with renewed courage, the widower put on his new beach robe that he bought at Hudson's Bay (the ticket was still dangling) and sauntered down to the beach hoping to impress my sister, who was a widow. My sister Rose laid out a blanket for her two children and me. We children ran into the water and my sister followed us, slowly walking to the water's edge. As she started to get her feet wet, our hero, trying to impress her with his manliness, threw off his robe with a flourish and ran to the water's edge to join her. Lo and behold . . . in his excitement after freeing himself from his entangled bathing suit at the cottage . . . he simply forgot to put it on! There he was, like Adam in the Garden of Eden! You can rest assured that he never again joined the ladies at the beach that summer.

There was one woman who came with her daughter. She was extremely fastidious and would normally have stayed elsewhere where she could have her own dishes and ice box and where generally the facilities were a bit more modern. Her daughter, though, had a crush on my nephew and since she was an only child, her mother made concessions. Where the other women would use a table covered with an oil cloth, she brought her own embroidered linen cloths from home and would set up her small table off to one side. Her husband, on the other hand, couldn't care less where, what, or how he ate.

He was a successful insurance agent and in the course of his business would call on many people and manage to partake of the family's food. I know; he came to our house once a week to collect the dollar for the insurance policy that would pay me $500.00 when I was eighteen and $500.00 on my father's death. He always managed to leave our house with a "goodie" in each hand and then eat the diet food his wife put him on at home. He acted as 'master of ceremonies' at various functions, particularly at men's stags. He told jokes and stories with a deadpan face; his large cocker spaniel eyes looking innocent and a big fat cigar dangling out of the corner of his mouth. Everyone looked forward to his weekend visit when he kept the whole cottage in a happy frame of mind with his jokes and stories.

One day, my sister Shirley came out to the beach with a tremendous bargain. On her trip to the wholesale houses, she came upon six small beautiful chamber pots. I can still see them to this day. They were pearl gray, with a red rim, bright, shiny and new, which was more than you could say for my mother's old and worn pots, that were soldered in many places. The women, buzzing around my sister and her purchases, decided that at least once, the pots should be used as cooking utensils, since they were small and just the right size for a small family. Three women grabbed three of the pots; but after much consultation it was decided that the other three should go to the fastidious woman who would prepare a meal when her husband came for the weekend. Knowing the kind of kibitzer that he was, everyone was sure that he would give everyone a good laugh when his meticulous wife would present him his dinner in the chamber pots.

I can assure you, that particular Friday, the whole cottage was buzzing with excitement, waiting impatiently to witness his reaction. Here we were, in the dining room, the long table nicely set and everyone getting seated. At this small table nearby beautifully set for three sat our fussy lady and her daughter waiting for her husband to join them. The table was covered with a white linen, hand embroidered cloth with purple and yellow pansies in each corner and smack in the middle were the three little gray and red chamber pots, each one filled with a culinary delight. My sister and I started serving our guests, who couldn't eat waiting for this gentleman to walk in and take his place at the table. He arrived, sat down and without even the blink of an eye started to help himself as though every day of his life he ate from chamber pots. To all of us at the table, the letdown was deafening. After a whole day of building and building to a feverish pitch . . . there was absolutely nothing! Everyone's face fell with disappointment, when suddenly he got up, excused himself and said: "I'll be right back." In a moment he was back and placing a roll of toilet tissue in the centre of the table, he exclaimed: "for God's sake Edna, when you set the table . . . do it properly!" Well . . . everyone's pent up emotions burst forth and it made for the most hilarious and exciting Friday night dinner, ever!

Every summer an aunt and uncle from Kansas City came to stay with us. She was my mother's sister and after not seeing each other since they left Russia as young women, they finally got together in their senior years. My mother could never afford to go to visit her in Kansas City and my auntie couldn't leave the delicatessen she and my uncle ran. Finally, when their children took over their business,

they came one summer and found it so wonderful, that they continued to come until they were too old to travel. My mother's sister was not at all like my mother. Where my mother was fair, easy going and didn't worry too much about her figure as long as she was clean and neat, my auntie on the other hand was dark, her wavy hair tinged with gray and nicely coiffed and always well corseted. My mother always gave of herself, her time, her energy; whereas my auntie was waited on by my uncle. He weighed in at ninety-five pounds soaking wet, with sparse, reddish hair and beard, streaked with gray, two large ears protruding on either side of his face and on the whole, the spitting image of Pappy Yokum of Al Capp's cartoon. Many years later I read somewhere that Al Capp came from that area and I am almost positive that he frequented their delicatessen and used my uncle as his model. In spite of his appearance, he had little dark bright eyes that took notice of all that was going on around him. No one ever told me that I had cute dimples in my shoulders, no one paid much attention; but this little uncle who we called "Tarzan" looked me over when I walked by in my bathing suit and announced to everyone around: "just take a look at her, where most people have their charm in their cheeks . . . she has charisma in her shoulders!" My mother always tried to fatten up my uncle; she prepared special puddings for him and one summer he finally made it to ninety-nine pounds, but never quite reached the hundred mark, much to her disappointment.

My mother's brother also came from Kansas City one summer. He could have come many years ago, but he had a wife who never let him. Well, one summer, she went to visit her grandchildren and my uncle was persuaded to come and see his sister

whom he hadn't seen in over forty years. My sister Shirley brought him out to the beach to surprise my mother. They walked to the cottage from the station with the baggage boy pulling his suitcases on a wagon. When they got to the cottage, we were told not to say anything to my mother and see if she would recognize him. My mother greeted him as if he were another boarder, when my sister Lily who could contain herself no longer, burst out: ''Ma, don't you know your very own brother?'' Well, there wasn't a dry eye in the yard and even the baggage boy, a complete stranger, wiped his eyes with his fist. After embracing and much crying, they both stood back from each other and looked deeply into one another's eyes. My mother then said: ''David, what happened to you? You used to be tall and upright''. My uncle then replied: ''Ziporah, you were once so young and pretty with golden hair, what has happened to you?'' Needless to say, although heart rending, it was a warm and wonderful reunion.

Because we were the only strictly Kosher place, we attracted some of the Rabbis and their families. One Rabbi who comes to my mind is one whose wife had died and left him with two children. Since he was a Kohan, a descendant of the priestly family, he could only marry a virgin. He also wanted a wife who came from a Rabbinical family, so he wrote away to Poland to make inquiries. Apparently, he found the proper daughter of a Rabbi who was willing to come to Canada and marry him. Unfortunately, in those days Rabbis on the whole did not make much of a living; they had to depend on the largesse of the Jewish community. A huge fundraising dinner was arranged to enable him to go to Europe and bring back his bride. I remember that

winter, because my sisters complained that they couldn't sleep a whole night. They kept burping and getting up to take bromo seltzers. Apparently, my mother had prepared large batches of leavened buckwheat dough in warmly protected containers, and placed them under my sisters' beds so that the dough would ferment properly. My mother needed the dough to make hundreds of Chanukah latkes (pancakes) as her contribution to the dinner.

This particular summer, the Rabbi sent his new wife with his two children to spend a few weeks with us. She was a beauty and wore a magnificent wig which she bought in Paris. She was very prim and proper and kept to herself, since she didn't appreciate being scrutinized by some of the busybodies. When she was alone, though, with my older sisters, she literally and figuratively let her hair down and became one of the girls. She even put on a bathing suit and sat in the sun, when she was out of the prying eyes of some of the more orthodox women, who felt that a Rabbi's wife had to behave like a sphinx. That summer we got to know her well as an exciting and vibrant woman, just dying to burst out of her stays, but that was her choice or rather it was made for her. Eventually her husband got a pulpit in California where there were less restrictions imposed upon her.

Other Rabbis and their families often came to stay and every Saturday morning my father would arrange to have at least ten men over to hold a Sabbath Service. Some of the women weren't too happy to relinquish their husbands for the Service; but out of respect for my father they didn't complain too much. Actually, our cottage became the first unofficial Synagogue at Winnipeg Beach. Later on a small Synagogue was built and is still in existence to this day.

One evening I was coming home with a date who wanted to linger at the door and perhaps enjoy a good-night kiss, but I had to go to the bathroom so I practically pushed him away and ran towards the back of the house to the outhouse. As I got closer, I could see someone beside a tree, swaying in the moonlight with his little wispy beard waving in the wind. I was sure it was a particular Rabbi and was annoyed that he didn't find it necessary to use the outhouse. I started clicking with my heels on the wooden walk and bravely moved toward him; but he didn't take the hint. In desperation I came closer, only to discover that it wasn't a Rabbi . . . but a billy goat my father apparently brought home and tied to the trunk of the tree. Needless to say, by that time I didn't need the outhouse!

There were hundreds of incidents that come to mind; for example, my sister rented out a double cot on the verandah to two spinsters. My mother, not aware that the cot was spoken for, rented it out to two young men who came to spend the night. She told them that when they came home late, not to make a noise and slide in onto the cot. You can well imagine what took place. When the men came in, they quietly slipped out of their shirts and pants and quietly crawled into bed. The girls started to scream and woke up the whole cottage. Pandemonium reigned and one woman trying to placate the girls said: ''why are you making such a fuss . . . God knows when you will get such a wonderful opportunity again!''

My parents used to come out in May and gradually get our cottage ready for the summer season. My mother cleaned, aired all the rooms, hung out the feather quilts and pillows on the clothesline to have them breathe in the fresh air and sunshine after



Pesach and Ziporah Torchinsky

a long cold winter. As a matter of fact, the feathers from the quilts and pillows were hand-plucked by my mother from the geese and chickens. I can still see her now, on a winter's day, sitting and separating the feathers from their quills into soft, fluffy mounds of heavenly clouds.

This particular morning, she had made a batch of noodles and was busy in some of the bedrooms, sprinkling them over white sheets on various beds. She had to make enough noodles to last a whole summer. When they dried, she would place them into white sugar sacks and hang them, ready to be used in soups and in kugels.

My father, who was busy painting, repairing, digging up our little garden and, becoming very hungry, came into the kitchen expecting my mother to have his lunch ready and waiting. My mother was nowhere in sight and there was no lunch on the table. After calling out and she did not appear, he finally in desperation helped himself to something he found in a pot on the stove. When my mother finally walked in, she found my father quite upset, with an empty bowl in front of him, exclaiming: "Ziporah . . . what has happened to you . . . you must be getting senile . . . your soup has absolutely no taste, no salt, no pepper, no shmaltz . . . absolutely nothing!" My mother, glancing at the stove and realizing what had happened, replied: "old man, that wasn't soup on the stove . . . that was the starch I prepared for the curtains!"

There was this little boy, whose mother found him hard to cope with. He always managed to get into some kind of trouble. This day, he sneaked into my father's shed, tried to climb up to the work table, slipped and grabbed hold of a gallon of paint for support and spilled it all over himself. He came out of

the shed, gasping and sputtering, covered in green from head to toe, like some apparition from another planet. Everyone came running from all directions; his mother hysterical and immobilized, the whole cottage in an uproar, handing out advice: "use vaseline . . . coal oil is better . . . vinegar is the best remedy . . . turpentine will remove paint or anything else!" The mother started to shout: "turpentine! Murderers . . . you want to kill my child?" Meanwhile, someone tried to wipe him down as much as possible, another tried to remove some of his clothing while another ran to the grocery store to use the phone and get hold of a doctor. My father, trying to keep everyone calm, said: "don't worry, the boy will be fine . . . but, a whole gallon of green paint gone to waste!"

MY CAREFREE TEENAGE YEARS

I have a thousand and one such vignettes; but for me personally, my fondest memories of my teenage years were the carefree summers spent at Winnipeg Beach. Actually they weren't entirely free of responsibility, because I had to do my share of the work. I used to set the table, serve meals by walking back and forth across the little bridge that separated the kitchen from the dining-room and do any other chores that were necessary. I became a very good waitress and our boarders always complimented me on my expertise and service but I never got paid and never received any gratuities. I wasn't always too happy when I had to rush home in time to help out at mealtimes, when my nieces and nephews who were not only my contemporaries but friends had no responsibilities at all. That was my lot and I accepted it; besides, I had little choice. I still found a lot of time to spend together with our

special group in a warm, relaxed atmosphere of true companionship.

I even had a special boyfriend who came from Chicago to spend the summer with his grandmother. He was tall, dark, handsome, intelligent, played the piano and almost any other instrument he could get hold of, by ear, and he had a beautiful bass voice. Years later I found out that all the girls were jealous that he spent his time with me, but I just took it for granted that he chose me for a friend. As a group, we walked hand in hand along the beach, with the gentle waves licking at our bare ankles; we walked along the boardwalk taking in the sights; we built bonfires in the evening and sat around toasting marshmallows, singing, talking, sharing our dreams and aspirations and of course, spent as much time as possible swimming in our beautiful lake. My boyfriend, however, never joined us in the water, but enjoyed watching me swim. Apparently his older brother had drowned a few years earlier and he promised his mother that he would not go into the water. It must have been difficult for him to watch us having such a good time and not be allowed to join in. One day, he and my nephew borrowed a row boat and took me to another side of the lake that housed a Red Cross Hospital with a pier. They dared me to jump into the water and swim back to our C.P.R. pier and told me not to worry, that they would follow me in the boat in case I couldn't make it. Apparently, they had confidence in me, but I wasn't too sure. I was never taught how to swim properly, I just did what came naturally. I wasn't even a strong swimmer, just a graceful one; but in I jumped! I swam and swam and when I felt tired, I turned on my back and floated and then started swimming again until I finally reached the pier.

There were dozens and dozens of people on the pier calling out to encourage me and when I reached the bottom rung of the ladder and started to climb up, everyone started applauding. I was completely exhausted, but felt a warm glow in having accomplished something I ordinarily would not have the courage to undertake on my own. As a matter of fact, fifty whole years later, an elderly lady in a senior citizens home that I visited, came up to me and said: "I remember you when you were a young girl and swam all that distance . . . I still get a thrill, remembering . . . you were wonderful!"

My boyfriend and I corresponded when he went back to Chicago and apparently his mother approved of me, having met me and my family years earlier. When I wrote him that I was visiting relatives in New York, his mother invited me to stop in Chicago on my way home. When he was a visitor I thought that perhaps someday we would get married; but in his environment I felt that I could never feel at home. Perhaps I was too young, but attending Young Communist meetings with him, where he was a member, was definitely not for me. When I came home and looked at my dear aging orthodox parents, I knew it could never be. I cried a lot, but got up enough courage to close the chapter on my young, innocent and carefree years.

Through the years many changes took place at Winnipeg Beach. Many family members and friends were in a position to rent or buy their own cottages and my mother's big business venture began winding down. My parents loved being at the beach doing whatever they could to make anyone who stayed with us as happy as possible. They didn't take on any more boarders, just family; but continued to rent out rooms with kitchen privileges. They never

worried about such mundane things as mortgages or taxes . . . somehow the good Lord will provide. Unfortunately, the government apparently needs to collect taxes in order to operate and since my parents couldn't pay the taxes, our cottage was being put up for sale. It so happened that I had turned eighteen and my insurance policy matured. Imagine having five hundred whole dollars for my very own use! For the first time in my life I wouldn't have to scrimp to try and make ends meet; but I guess my good Lord was not as benevolent as my parent's. My money went to bail out our cottage.

The war years changed many of our lives. A lot of our friends were called upon to join the various Services. Suddenly, there was a mad rush to get married before the boys joined up. I got married and helped my husband to win the war in Canada. Whenever he was transferred, he asked me to join him and if it were at all possible I did, but felt guilty at leaving my old parents alone at the beach to cope on their own. Although I was the baby in the family, I felt responsible for them. In 1944, while I was in St. Thomas with my husband, my father, after tarring the roof, painting the steps and helping uproot a tree, suffered a stroke. While my eldest brother half carried him into his car, my mother quickly ran into the cottage and brought out his Prayer Shawl in case he wouldn't survive and it would be needed to bury him in. He did not survive; he died on the way to the city, at seventy-seven, with his boots on.

Our last summer at Winnipeg Beach was a very quiet one. My sister came to visit from Regina with her daughter Anne, who was not only my niece but my friend as well. We grew up together and found that we were pregnant at approximately the same

time. My sister waited on her daughter hand and foot and because of her, my sister also lavished me with the same attention. It was wonderful being looked after, but they had to go back to Regina and I remained at the beach to help close up our cottage. Apparently, I did more than I should have, because I started to stain and became worried. I didn't know where to turn and when I finally took my mother into my confidence, she told me not to worry for she had delivered many babies in her time. Then I really panicked! I had visions of my baby being born, not in a sterile hospital but on an old couch, covered with one of my sister's old discarded velvet drapes and my little old mother bringing my first born into the world. I ran like someone possessed to the grocery store to phone my sister, since my husband was stationed elsewhere. My sister immediately knew that something was wrong and asked: ''what happened?'' I was too embarrassed to explain the symptoms in front of the grocer and kept saying: ''you know, you know''. My sister Anne, exasperated, then said: ''for God's sake tell me already, are you in pain, did your water break?'' Frankly, I didn't know what she meant by water breaking and I told her to guess. Well, she finally guessed and told me that she and her husband would come and get us within the hour. That was the last time we spent at our cottage.

My wandering sister Shirley came home from her sojourn in Los Angeles and decided that our cottage had to be sold. We all had our own lives to lead and my mother could certainly not do it alone. My mother's big business venture came to a close, with nothing to show financially. She did, however, earn a great reward for her warmth, her hospitality and the complete giving of herself, not only to those

near and dear, but to all who crossed her path or entered our home. To this very day, almost a quarter of a century after she passed away, people still stop and reminisce about my mother's warmth, her cooking and her hospitality. In spite of all the hardships she endured, she lived to ninety-three and died peacefully without pain and without inflicting any pain. May her soul rest in peace! ■

Adolescence, 1933–1936

Alone

Elusive Spring

The Storm

Song of Spring

The Earth — Your Canvas

The March of Time

Alone

Alone we sit, my thoughts and I
Alone, alone we two
At intervals I heave a sigh
Because I'm feeling blue.

Blue? I really know not why
Though it may not sound quite sane
It's just that I want to cry
To relieve some inward pain.

Pain? it isn't quite just that
It's not really physical
The feeling is dull and flat
More or less emotional.

Perhaps it is just the rain
With its monotonous rhythmic beat
That hits upon my window pane.
And then upon the slushy street.

Perhaps it is the wind so bold
Whistling through the half-nude trees
Making weird sounding tunes . . .
Heavens! will it never cease?

Or maybe tis this lonely room
With only my thoughts for company
And all about a sort of gloom
That's gradually engulfing me?

No, tis not the rain upon my pane
Tis not the wind with gloomy song
Tis not the room that hems me in
And makes this day seem very long.

I think I've found the answer
But there's nothing I can do
Except to wait and bide my time
Until I emerge anew!

Elusive Spring

Spring, with your fresh beauty
Spring, with your sunny smile
Spring, come do your duty
And stay with us a while.

Why be so elusive?
Why taunt us with your face?
Bring us all your freshness
Your youth and your grace!

You know you can't avoid us
And know you're eagerly sought
So why not make the best of it
And give us all you've got?

The Storm

The sky was full of dark grey clouds,
Hanging heavy overhead,
Gathering closer 'round the earth
Filled with hatred, greed and dread.

Out of the darkened low-hung sky
An oppressive stillness was born
As if the earth had ceased to breathe —
The ominous lull before a storm.

Suddenly the crash of thunder
Rent the heavy laden air,
Followed by a flash of lightning
That split the heavens everywhere.

Then the wind came hurling, swirling
All the leaves from off the trees;
And the half-nude trees stood swaying,
Quaking, shivering in the breeze.

Then the bursting clouds were pouring,
Pouring out the gathered rain,
Upon the surface of the earth
Which drank it deeply in again.

With earth refreshed, the rain then ceased,
And the clouds dispersed from view
With all its hatred and its greed,
Leaving the sky serene and blue.

Song of Spring

I love the song, the wind sings
When it's message of Spring, it brings
As it whispers with a sigh
And lulls me with a lullaby.

I love the flowers in the field,
The perfumed nectar that they yield
For the insect, the bird and the bee
And for me, their beauty to see.

I love to hear the river
As it babbles and dances with glee
And my heart is all aquiver
Bursting with joy inside of me.

I love the birds on the wing
As they herald in the Spring
Lifting their voices in song
And with them, I sing along.

The Earth — Your Canvas

The earth is your canvas
And you, with great skill
Have the power above all
To paint as you will.

Therefore, why spoil your canvas
With a riot of colours,
With greedy people
Who fight for dollars;
And those of us
Who always seek,
To take advantage
Of the timid and meek?

Why paint of the horrors
Of war and of strife,
Of people like maniacs
Taking life after life?
Who use everything
That they can employ,
Not to build and uplift,
But to destroy?

Why not paint in pleasant hues,
Of music and of finer things,
Of loyalty and friendship
And all that love brings?
Why not fill your canvas
With peoples who take great pride
In their own land and yet
Live peacefully side by side?

The earth is your canvas,
The brush lies in your hand;
Will love predominate
Or will hatred fill the land?

The March of Time

Time keeps marching forward,
To the rhythm of ships and trains,
Conveyor belts in factories,
Machine guns, tanks and planes.

She does not stop for anyone
Neither grief nor joy make her pause;
Neither love nor hatred moves her
It does not matter what the cause.

Does it bother her that in Spain
Blood flows in the streets endlessly;
Or that the Nazi, Herr Hitler
Tortures Jews, unmercifully?

And what if in the U.S.S.R.,
The red flag swirls high up above
Or even when a King gives up
His throne for the woman he loves!

She's not impressed by Life or Death
Nor influenced by cold or heat
And does not waver right or left;
Marches on without missing a beat!

Out Into The World

My sister Shirley always felt that I had great potential. She would have loved to have been able to send me on to university after high school, but she had enough trouble fending for herself. She was now living in Montreal where she felt she would have a better opportunity of finding that 'elusive prince' that she was always searching for. Since my brother also lived in Montreal, she felt that her 'baby sister' would feel more at home and sent for me. Shirley was boarding with a nice Jewish family and persuaded them to have me stay with them also. She talked the husband into giving me a job in the wholesale grocery business where he was a partner, and assured him that she would send me to business college for training.

The people we stayed with were warm and friendly. Their second floor apartment was spacious and inviting. It was beautifully decorated in soft greens with a touch of gold and the living-room floor was covered with a magnificent soft green Oriental rug enhanced by a soft floral motif in every corner. I shared a bed with my sister and soon became a member of the family. They had two young daughters whom we doted on, and I even baby-sat at times to give the parents a night out. The food was great, since they had access to a large variety of foods that we normally could not afford, and all in all it was

a lovely environment to be in. Esplanade, the street we lived on, faced a park and beyond that we could see Mount Royal with its illuminated cross at the top. Since I came from the prairies, it was a majestic sight to behold. In the summertime the park and mountainside were filled with a colorful array of people walking arm in arm, running, picnicking, children playing and climbing on the huge stone lions that stood on guard. In the winter the skiers, gliding down the mountain in their colourful garb against a backdrop of pure white sparkling snow, created a picture perfect greeting card.

When I visited my brother Charlie's home, on the other hand, I felt a little guilty at being fortunate enough to live in so much better an environment. My brother, his wife Fanny, and their two sons, Murray and Alex, lived in a four-room flat on Clark Street.

Clark Street consisted of a continuous row of three-storey flats decorated with winding iron outside staircases and balconies. The flats were long and narrow and consisted of two double parlours. Somehow my brother and his wife managed to accommodate not only themselves and their two sons, but also to put up relatives and friends who came to visit, and the odd boarder who needed a place to stay until he got on his feet. My brother Charlie was small in stature, but very wiry and fast moving. He worked hard in a fur factory in not the best of surroundings, but always with a smile or joke on his lips. His wife, on the other hand, was slow moving but very meticulous. I personally never had the patience to go shopping with her at the market. She had to examine every fish or chicken very carefully until she found one with the proper credentials or pedigree. She kept an immaculate home, always

sweeping and polishing the long corridor floor that led from the front door to the back of the flat where the kitchen was situated. Fifty years later when I visited them, they were still in the same flat and although their rugs had not been replaced and were threadbare, they were still scrupulously clean. Although they could have followed the exodus of the Jewish people who moved on to nicer surroundings when their circumstances improved, they preferred to remain in the little niche they created for themselves. They were getting old and frail and didn't have the wherewithal to change. After spending about sixty years in Montreal, they still felt that Winnipeg was home and came back to be buried near the grave of my parents.

I started working in the office of the wholesale grocery and was paid the munificent sum of five dollars a week. Before I knew it I was posting entries into the ledger, deciphering the orders the salesmen brought in and making out invoices. One day an inspector from the minimum wage board came into the office and stood over me while I was working. He then informed my employers that the very least I could be paid was $6.25 a week even though they told him that I was a beginner and was only learning. My evening business college classes didn't teach me what I really needed to know at my job. First of all the salesmen weren't educated in English and couldn't make out a proper order form. One man in particular would bring me his orders in his own type of shorthand and I would have to decipher it. For example, when he wrote down a "1" and a large "K" with a curlicue at the end, I learned that he meant "1 large case of Kellogg's Corn Flakes". At school they also didn't teach me that when I had a hard time trying to balance my receipts for the day,

I had to be much more observant. I had to be careful and scrape off the leg of a cockroach that somehow got trapped in the ledger and wound up adhering to a "1" and I kept thinking that it was a "7". I also didn't need my shorthand since my employers were not well versed in English.

The eldest of the partners and founder of the business was involved with community affairs. He was on the board of the Jewish funeral home and was always on the phone discussing how much could be asked of the family of the deceased. If they were very poor, he tried to find out if they had any relatives who could help or else the Jewish Community would be called upon for their assistance. He was always attending funerals and had no time to eat properly. Every morning he would open up the safe, not only to take out any money that was left over from the day before, but to take out a jar of herring and a blackened banana. He would then find a damaged box of matzoh, eat some with a piece or two of the herring and finish off with the banana for dessert.

The second partner was a very quiet man and did what he had to do without any fuss or a waste of words. The junior partner at whose home we lived was younger, energetic and always in charge. He was tough on the workers, especially those driving the trucks. He watched them very carefully as they loaded or unloaded the merchandise and kept shouting orders on how they handled the cartons or barrels. He was polite to us girls in the office, but expected our undivided attention to our work. When he came home, though, he was an entirely different person. He always kissed and embraced his wife and daughters and called his wife not by her name but "little doll" in Russian. She was a handsome

woman but definitely not "little" or a "doll" but I guess one always sees what one wants to see.

I don't know why, but I was assigned the job of making the deposits at the bank. I imagine I looked the least likely to be carrying such large deposits. They would place the money in a brown paper bag and although I was a little nervous it was an adventure making my daily sojourn to the bank. The bank tellers and the bank manager treated me like royalty when I would enter the bank. I'm sure that it wasn't my regal bearing . . . it must have been the size of the deposit. At any rate it was nice to be greeted so warmly and I tried to respond in my limited High School French.

Our busiest time was before Passover, since our company was the sole distributor of Passover foods in Montreal. I even remember the late founder of the B. Manishewitz Company coming in from New York to call on us. He was a dapper, elderly gentleman, very well dressed, and when he came in to the office he would greet and flirt with the young ladies. When he noticed me, he walked over and lifting up my chin he said: "what pretty new young lady have we here?" It was exciting to have such an important head of a national organization pay attention to me even though I knew that it was the 'salesman' talking. Before Passover we had to work late and our employers in their generosity even bought us our dinner. They sent out for egg sandwiches and a milkshake and we would discreetly help ourselves to the odd olive or two from the huge drums that arrived from the Mediterranean.

One evening on my way home from business college, I made my way, as usual, across the ball park that led towards our apartment. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a young man came towards me and put

his arm around my shoulder as if to embrace me. My arms were laden with my books and my purse dangled from my arm, making it difficult to push him away. He kept piloting me towards an enclosed area. Although I was petrified I tried to talk calmly and reason with him. Apparently I'm a persuasive talker, because he seemed to listen, and as I continued to talk I kept side-stepping him and gradually moving towards the edge of the park, hoping we would be seen by someone passing by. When he realized what I was trying to do he then grabbed me. When he tried to kiss me his open white shirt exposed his neck. In a desperate attempt to get free I dug my teeth into his neck and bit! He yelped like a dog and let go of me. In that instant I ran across into the street and in a flash I was up the stairs in front of our apartment. I had trouble finding my key and rang the doorbell.

When my sister Shirley saw me laden with books and purse, tears streaming down my face and rivulets running down my legs, she pulled me in and said: "for God's sake . . . tell me what happened to you?" I won't go into details, but she said: "no more business college . . . you know enough for the job you have!"

Even though it was difficult trying to get by on my salary I still found Montreal to be an exciting place. Of course if it weren't for my sister I could not possibly have managed. She always altered or sewed something for me so that I was always presentable. I made lots of friends but we both felt that there was no real future for me. She decided to send me to Albany, New York where my father's younger brother lived. Since he was in business she hoped that after meeting me he would help me go on to university. When I gave my employers notice

that I was leaving they begged me to stay and offered to pay me $12.50 a week, but I really wanted to go back home and see my parents. I don't know why but I always worried about them.

My sister also decided to leave Montreal and so we got our belongings together, said our tearful goodbyes and off we went to Brooklyn, N.Y. to visit the Shusterman cousins. We were warmly welcomed and although we were brought up in an orthodox environment, we found our cousins to be extremely religious, even by our standards. On Friday nights their lights went off automatically at a specific time and since we weren't too familiar with our surroundings we found ourselves groping in the dark. We were invited to some large family gatherings and I met someone who asked me out on several dates. My cousin could not imagine how I managed to get an eligible young man all the way from the Bronx to take me out. I overheard my cousin, who had a lovely fair-complexioned tall daughter say to his wife: ''imagine someone coming all the way from the Bronx on the subway to take her out on a date? She is short, quite dark and her nose is long, but she is very clever!'' At seventeen years of age I would much rather have been described as petite, olive skinned and attractive rather than ''clever''. It didn't do very much for my self-esteem but he didn't say it with rancor, just with wonderment. I wasn't too upset; after all, he was a father and naturally prejudiced.

After spending two weeks in Brooklyn where I was called ''our small-change cousin from Canada'', my sister decided to stay on and try and find a job and perhaps her prince charming. She had a big problem in that the mothers of all the eligible bachelors she came in contact with found her to be

just perfect for their particular son. They found her attractive, a marvelous story teller with a great sense of humour and besides a nice Jewish down-to-earth person. We all know, though, that when mothers approve, it's the kiss of death to any romance.

Before shipping me off, Shirley decided to take me to Boston to meet our Boston relatives. We were both warmly welcomed and it was great meeting the whole family. As there happened to be a wedding coming up we were invited to stay on a few more days and enjoy ourselves. The only problem was that I didn't have a proper gown for the wedding. Well, someone went looking for a small relative who could lend me something appropriate to wear since it was to be a very elegant affair. A small person was found who happened to have a lemon coloured gown hanging somewhere in the back of her closet. With a few tucks here and a turned-up sleeve there, I managed to sort of fit into the gown, but when I looked into the mirror, I felt miserable. Lemon yellow is definitely not my colour! Although the wedding was very beautiful and lively, I felt like a wallflower since no one made a fuss about me and to add insult to injury, my cousin Lou came up to me and said: ''come on Dogface Doris, let's dance!'' Even though I had never attended such a beautiful wedding with white doves let out of their cages to fly over the young couple at the appropriate time, my heart wasn't in it. All I kept thinking was that I looked awful in that yellow dress without proper makeup to at least add colour to my face. I don't remember too much about Boston except that yellow is not my colour and I will never wear that colour again in my life!

Shirley put me on a bus to Albany, N.Y. so that I could visit my father's youngest brother Isaac and

his wife Bertha before going home to Winnipeg. They had two sons: Charles who was studying law in New York, and Phillip, who was studying to be a pharmacist. By helping my uncle in his bakery, I met some young people and especially a girl who invited me to a toboggan party at her home in the mountains.

It was the most exhilarating evening I had ever spent. I was an 'import', a Canadian, and everyone looked upon me as if I were from another planet. Normally I was too timid to get up and sing solo, especially at home since my sister Lily was considered the 'singer', and I was afraid to really let go. Here though, away from everyone, I felt free and alive and sang every song I could think of, even in Russian and in French, with my best Parisian accent. I made a tremendous impression and everyone hovered over me, especially one young man who asked me out on a date the following Thursday.

We all trooped out to the back of the house which was situated on a mountain side. The air was crisp, the snow sparkling in the moonlight and every time we swooped down, I felt like a bird spreading its wings and flying off into the wide and open universe. Apparently when you reach such an emotional high you have to come down with a thud.

As everyone started trooping back into the house, the hostess insisted that the boy she was dating and I join her for one last ride down the mountain. She sat in the front, I behind her, and he brought up the rear. As we started down the mountain we seemed to veer off to a side away from the path and as we swooped down with a great deal of momentum we were suddenly brought to a sudden crashing halt as the toboggan hit a large pipe that was jutting out of the snow. The pipe cut into the

toboggan, bruising our hostess' ankles, I flew over her head-long into some bushes with my face landing on a branch and the young man ended up somewhere down the mountainside. He crawled out of the snow and up to help his girl friend out of the toboggan and then crawled and made his way towards me. Somehow we managed to get into the house and after being looked after, we carried on with the party, although the hostess was sitting with her feet raised and cold compresses on her ankles and I with a cold cloth on my nose.

I didn't realize how bruised I was until I got home. Everyone was fast asleep and I tried to let myself in very quietly. My nose was beginning to throb and my face and my whole body was sore. When I looked into the bathroom mirror, I really became upset. My whole face seemed disfigured, all puffed and turning purple. I didn't want to wake up the family, so I slid into bed but naturally I could not fall asleep because of the pain. I also didn't know how I was going to greet my cousin Charles who was coming in from New York especially to meet me. He and I had been corresponding for years and now we were going to actually meet for the first time. Well, when morning finally arrived and I came into the kitchen, my auntie took one look at me and started to scream: "is that how you go out for pleasures, breaking your nose and banging up your face?" Little did she realize that I did break my nose but never knew it until years later.

To make matters worse, when my cousin arrived and stopped in his tracks when he took a look at me, I tried too hard to break the ice. When my auntie asked him whether he would like coffee or hot chocolate and he answered "hot chocolate" with a heavy New York accent, I jokingly mimicked

him and said: "you Americans kill the English language!" Well, my auntie turned to me and with a greal deal of anger said: "my Charlie goes to University and is studying law and you are teaching him to speak English!" I realized that they were not like our family at home who could take a joke and decided not to push it. He went back to New York the next day and I tried to do something about my face in order to look presentable for my date that was coming for me on Thursday.

To say that my date was unusual would be an understatement. My auntie was anxious for me to make a good impression and even bought me a gold chain and bracelet. She kept telling me that the boy who was calling on me came from a very fine family and he asked me out because I was her niece. At any rate he came to get me and led me to a car that was waiting for us. He introduced me to his father and I assumed that his father was driving us to a movie, but we passed the downtown area and kept going up and around the mountain side until we finally came to a beautiful home nestled amongst the tall pine trees. The son helped me out of the car and the father joined us as we made our way up the stairs and into their home. Both of the gentlemen helped me off with my coat, sat me down on the sofa and the father began plying me with all sorts of questions.

He then asked if I would sing something for him, since his son told him that I can sing Russian songs and he hadn't heard any since he was a child. He then sat down at the grand piano ready to accompany me and I obliged. His son then went to get his violin and both of them played while I sang. When I started to sing some Yiddish songs the father got up and with tears in his eyes hugged me. I had never

been in such a situation before, but I loved every minute of it. I wasn't sure who my date was, the son or the father.

The father then said to the son: "I'll play the violin and you take Doris for a dance." The son then danced with me to the accompaniment of his father, who then got up and traded places with his son. The father asked his son to play a Russian waltz and with a flourish and a bow he asked me to dance. To tell the truth, the father and I danced beautifully together; of course being older and more worldly he danced and held me with confidence. I, being brought up with older European people, was more in tune with the older generation. At any rate we were having a great time as a threesome when the father brought out some drinks and refreshments and excused himself. He had promised his mother and some other relatives that he would drop in on them.

The young man and I talked about our dreams, our aspirations, and he asked if I would correspond with him. Frankly I was surprised at his attentiveness, especially when I saw myself in the mirror with the purple bruises on my face now turning into an awful shade of yellow. Of course he met me before I became bruised, but his father accepted me, bruises and all. Before we had time to relax the doorbell rang and a relative came over to borrow some poker chips and when twenty minutes later another relative came by to borrow a deck of cards, I knew that they were coming to look me over. I was only sorry I wasn't looking better, but it was the only time I felt much taller than my mere five feet. Before midnight the father came and took us out to a restaurant for coffee and told me that he was sorry his wife and daughter were at a mother and daughter banquet

and wouldn't be able to meet me. I was leaving in a few days and had to say goodbye; but to me it will always be the most unusual and interesting date I have ever had. And even though I banged up my face, the evening of the toboggan party was the most exhilarating and rewarding time I had ever had. Never since have I been able to sing with such freedom and abandon.

Coming home to Winnipeg from my adventurous escapades in the outside world was a bit of a letdown. I was happy to see my parents and I did get a job at my brother-in-law's fur company office, since I was now a woman of experience; but I felt lonely and alone. My close friends seemed to have disappeared, for their lives took different paths. My friend Bessie, who went on to higher learning and became Beth, eventually became a secretary to the Minister of Information during the war. My dear friend Nellie, who became Norma, went to Chicago to work in a hospital as an X-ray technician. Some of my close friends became teachers and went to work in small towns outside of Winnipeg.

After moping around the house for a while, I decided to join the Young Men's Hebrew Association, whose clubrooms were open to young women as well. At the "Y" I joined a drama group and found a niche for myself. I loved the stage; it was always a hidden dream of mine even as a little girl. My sister Shirley once sent me a large golden book put out by M.G.M. of Hollywood. With the golden lion on the cover inviting me to join the 'stars' pictured on glossy white paper inside, I fantasized that one day I too would take my place amongst them. Even as a child I knew I would never be glamorous, but I felt that I could become the greatest tragidienne — at least I knew how to cry. Although I loved the

stage, my feet always turned to jelly and I would become faint, but the directors seemed to think that I had the talent; I just needed to build up my confidence. One director even told me: "you have a lot of natural ability; but you will probably do nothing about it and get married." She was right. I didn't have the gumption to go off on my own away from my home environment. However I did gain some confidence and took part in many productions.

I was even nominated in a Miss "Y" competition and bought myself a black dress for $5.95 that I paid for in three installments. With it I wore a white peter pan collar for a meeting, a white lace collar and cuff set for a tea or luncheon and a green sequined collar for an evening affair. I was told that I would have to wear a gown for the final competition and since I knew I could never win and since I could not afford a gown, I borrowed one that wasn't what I would choose if I had the choice. Strange as it may seem, I won the competition! Apparently we were judged by our hard work and dedication, not by our clothes or pulchritude. Here is a quote from the Y.M.H.A. *Review*: "A little big-eyed lass, who told a *Review* reporter confidentially last month that she was coaxed into running as a Miss Y candidate and that she didn't have a chance of winning, although she'd do her best was named Miss Senior Y. At the recent gala wind-up event of the contest, little big-eyes almost passed out when she heard that she had won!"

Now that I had formed a new circle of friends, all I needed was a place to be able to invite or entertain them. My sister Lily and I never had much privacy since when our friends came over we were always surrounded by relatives or my father's cronies who came for a game of checkers or a glass

of tea. Opportunely, my mother finally married off her star boarder and we were able to convert the largest room into a living room. My sister Lily and I bought a sofa and chair on the installment plan and with a few lamps and discarded odds and ends from family members we managed to create an inviting place for our friends. As a matter of fact, when my cousin Jessie, who became Jerry, came in from Beausejour for the weekend, she too was able to enjoy a little privacy when her future husband came to call.

The outside world may have beckoned but being at home was secure and, mainly, right or wrong, I always felt that my aging parents needed me. I even stayed on after both my sister Lily and I were married. She went with her husband to Victoria and even though she married later than was customary, she managed to bring two very lovely and highly intelligent girls, Sandra and Rachelle into the world. I stayed on until my first-born Paula, who we called Penny, was one year old and my sister Shirley came home from Los Angeles to be with my mother. ■

The Time Building

There she stood — ordinary, aging, not particularly attractive — on the corner of Portage and Hargrave right across from Eaton's department store. To me, however, this building became my very own personal domain. For seven and a half years it was my second home, where I was warmly welcomed. The first person to welcome me every morning was the telegraphist, who had his office in the foyer of the building; and then I was greeted by the elevator operator. This iron cage was his special domain. When I would come up and smile, he would open the door as if I were royalty. Most people would enter or leave without any special attention, but it seemed when I got on the elevator he would be especially courteous. We would exchange a few pleasantries until he would deposit me on the seventh floor which was the top floor. There he would see that the elevator was perfectly aligned with the floor, so that I wouldn't have to step up or down unnecessarily, and then he would gallantly open the door.

I was working for a fur company and had not one, but three, employers, one of whom was my brother-in-law Abe. He was a very fine person, quiet, gentle and very protective of me. He was my brother Charlie's best friend and came into our home from the time my mother used to bathe me in a basin

on the kitchen table. Although he seemed to socialize with the two sisters who were older than her, it was my flirtatious sister Anne who captured his heart and married him when she was barely eighteen years old.

Jack, also a quiet, gentle man, spent most of his time in the factory. Although all three partners were able to do the work, each one somehow found his own niche, or what he could do best, and it made for a congenial partnership. Abe would cut out the patterns, adjust them to fit the customer, make up the garment out of cloth, and then make sure that it fit properly before it was made up in fur. After the skins were sewn together, and more or less fitted the pattern drawn on the board, Jack would wet and stretch them. He would then stretch and hammer the edges of the fur to the desired shapes and, when dried, the pieces would be meticulously cut and sewn together to make up the garment.

Al was the outside man. He was outgoing, talkative, always on the go, drumming up business, making deliveries and generally in charge of the business operation. Although he had very little education he was shrewd and nothing daunted him. I had to answer to him and although he was a bit on the temperamental side and not too organized at times, he was an astute business man and kept things humming. He was the one who dictated letters to me. Actually, he didn't quite dictate them. He would say: "tell those stupid guys that they don't know wherein or whereout!" Another time, he told me: "if they don't deliver the merchandise as promised, I will spit them in the left eye!" Of course, I would write a formal and diplomatic letter and although at times he felt I didn't express his feelings strongly enough, he would cool off and sign it.

I was their secretary; typing, doing the bookkeeping, greeting customers, making business calls (and of course making personal calls, since we didn't have a phone at home) and always running errands. There were several other fur companies in the building and also allied businesses to service the furriers. I would be running around, picking up cards of buttons, muff beds, linings, etc. to show to our customers and have them make their choices. I would also take a panel of lining to an embroidery place to have the customer's name or initials put on. I spent a great deal of time running down the halls, up and down in the elevator and therefore became visible to a great number of people in the building. My employers would give me orders: "Dodo, get me a few lengths of brown lining" or "Peanut, run and bring me an assortment of muff beds" or during the slow season in February: "Shrimp, if anyone is looking for me, I'm on the sixth floor at the furriers, playing pinochle!" As you can see, although I was fairly capable, I was not regarded as a real secretary; I was more or less treated as a sort of pet or mascot. Of course, in front of a customer, I was called "Miss Thor", the name my sister Shirley acquired and I sort of adopted when I lived with her for a time in Montreal. Since I was looked upon as a "good kid," I was never a threat to any of the wives and they looked upon me as a family member and took me into their confidences.

Don't imagine for a moment that I was completely devoid of any appealing attributes. I did attract some men, especially if they were old or a little peculiar. There was the odd older man who would try and make a pass at me as I walked down some of the corridors. I would not give them the satisfaction of my taking offense; I would merely ask:

''How is your wife?'' or ''How are your children doing at school?'' I can assure you that they got the message, loud and clear.

There was one man I frequently bumped into either in the corridors of the building or at the coffee shop. One day he happened to sit next to me in the coffee shop and we struck up a conversation. He asked me where I worked, what type of work I did and who my employers were. Naturally, I also asked him where he worked and what he did for a living. He told me that he didn't have a special job and when I asked him if he had any special skills, he replied: ''I'm a jack of all trades, and a master of none.'' Because of the way he was dressed and the way he carried himself, I felt rather sorry for him. I then told him that I met a lot of people in the building and I would ask around to see if anyone needed any help. I then asked: ''Haven't you any special skills? Can you at least hammer in nails? I might be able to get you some work at our place during the busy season.'' Every businessman who came into our office I bombarded with: ''Are you sure you don't need any extra help? I know a very nice man who really needs a job, so if you hear of anything, please let me know.'' The strange thing was that I never even knew his name; but I knew where I could find him, if necessary.

One day, a girl whom I became friendly with at the Y.M.H.A. clubrooms, asked me to come up to her office on the mezzanine floor of a building a few doors away. She wanted some help on a project, so during my lunch hour I went to see her. Imagine my amazement when I looked down through her window to the store below and saw this man whom I was so concerned about, waiting on a customer! I then said to my friend: ''I'm so glad that this man

finally found a good job . . . I was so worried about him!'' She then looked down to where I was pointing and exclaimed: ''Are you kidding? That's my boss. He owns the whole darn place!'' She had a good laugh at my expense and I felt very foolish. However, many years later, I met this man at a fund-raising affair and I asked him if he remembered me. He said: ''I certainly do and will never forget the young lady who made me believe that there was a Santa Claus!''

Of course, the elevator man was a totally different story. He was small in stature, and to me he seemed old; but I imagine that he was middle aged, fairly spry and the master of his cage. He must have felt lonely, for when he brought me up to the top floor, he would linger a while, even though someone was pressing on the buzzer. He would often bring me a flower picked from his garden and even when I was out of the office, he would leave it on my desk, since our office door was usually left open. He would sometimes leave a poem or a little article that he cut out and thought applied to me. Through the years he wrote me quite a number of poems about my large blue-grey eyes. I don't recall that the young men I dated ever mentioned anything about my eyes, but I guess beauty is in the eyes of the beholder.

However, our relationship got to a point where he no longer seemed to be a nice, friendly old man. When my husband-to-be started calling on me, he would become rather annoyed and act very curt. The final straw occurred when I became engaged and showed him my ring. It so happened that I had bought myself an off-the-face navy hat with an upturned brim. The edge of the brim was wired and piped in red grosgrain ribbon. To make it more

interesting, I pinched the top of the brim inward and the bottom at the back into a point, so that when you stood behind me, it formed the outline of a big red heart. When I told him the news, as I would to a friend, he turned white. He brought me to the seventh floor and did not align the elevator properly, so that I had a struggle lifting my foot to reach the floor. Then as I got my footing and got out, he looked at the back of my hat and exclaimed: "Good God . . . as if you have one!" and with that, slammed the iron gate shut.

The Time Building also housed a fledgling ballet company. There, on the seventh floor, right next door to us, two enterprising young ladies, Betty Farrally and Gwenneth Lloyd, started the Winnipeg Ballet Club. I would often stand and peek into the room or listen to the beat of dancing feet that could be heard through the wall that separated us. I was fascinated and carried away when they let me watch them during rehearsals. I would even imagine myself gracefully pirouetting to the music; but when I came down to earth, I would take stock of myself and realize that I could never have become a ballet dancer. Even if I had had the opportunity, it wasn't proper for a nice Jewish girl brought up in my environment to be a dancer. I also knew that I was definitely not remotely built like a dancer; but then again, Betty Farrally also had plumpish thighs; yet she did beautifully and was a delight to watch. She and Gwenneth Lloyd went on to form the Royal Winnipeg Ballet Company that became world renowned and helped put Winnipeg on the map.

One advantage of working in the Time Building was that it was directly across the street from Eaton's. Whenever I had the time, or when one of my employers would send me there to buy

something for his wife or children, I would 'case the joint'. I personally couldn't afford to do much shopping, when I earned $9.00 a week, and even when I started getting $12.50 a week I wasn't able to splurge; but I knew exactly what I wanted and where to find it. One would imagine that as a young girl I would mainly look at clothes; but strangely enough, I always gravitated to the china department. I loved looking at and examining the fine china, the crystal, the silverware, the long stemmed goblets and all the accoutrements to elegant and gracious living. In case you get the impression that I wasn't exactly brought up in the lap of luxury and therefore dreamed of beautiful surroundings, you would be absolutely right.

Another advantage was that Picardy's, a lovely coffee and pastry shop, was nearby. I decided that if I budgeted carefully, I would be able to spend 20¢ a day there on my lunch. If I gave my mother $5.00 a week and spent about $1.00 a week on carfare, 50¢ a week for my father's insurance and 50¢ for mine, I would be able to spend $1.20 for my lunches and eat in style instead of bringing something from home. I didn't have very much left for necessities and clothes, but my lunches were great. My toasted egg sandwich on white cost 10¢, a lovely pot of tea, 5¢, and for dessert, a scrumptious tart, topped with meringue for the sum of five whole cents. My lunch never varied as I didn't eat meat that wasn't kosher. Of course, during Passover, I would bring my lunch from home — a drumstick, a tomato, an apple and a piece of matzoh.

On my salary, I wasn't able to splurge on clothes, but I was, however, the proud owner of a beautiful fur coat. True, I had to pay for the rabbit skins that were dyed black to resemble Hudson Seal,

and which made for a practical and durable coat. Naturally, I paid for the skins on installments; my brother-in-law paid for the lining and all our employees donated their time and skills and even the initials on the lining were donated by the embroidery people. I even designed the coat myself: a fitted bodice with a full swinging skirt, and puffed sleeves trimmed in grey lamb that the employees saved up in bits and pieces from scraps. They even managed to salvage enough pieces to make me a Russian-style hat. I made quite a hit in the building, because most of our customers were hard working and when they invested in a fur coat, it had to be practical and not go out of style. I, on the other hand, could afford to be creative, since my investment wasn't too great. I felt just great when everyone commented on how smart I looked and my bosses were especially delighted when the other furriers in the building admired my coat and couldn't believe it wasn't Hudson Seal.

The telegraphist who greeted me when I entered the Time Building every morning, was also the last one to wave good-bye when I left. Through the years, I got to know him fairly well, especially when the horse races came to town. My bosses used to send me down with a few dollars and the names of the horses that they wished to place their bets on. Often they would ask me to pick a horse, but the name that appealed to me was usually a long shot and at the last moment they would get cold feet and pick their own. It so happened that some of my long shots came in, so one day the telegraphist heard over the wires something about a sure thing, but they needed a second horse for what I believe they called a "daily double". Well, they discussed it with the telegraphist and told him that when I walked into

the building after lunch, he should have me pick any horse I liked. I picked a horse with a nice sounding Spanish name and although they had decided that they would bet on any horse that I chose . . . at the last moment, the telegraphist felt that my horse could not possibly win and changed the bet. Would you believe my horse with the lilting Spanish name came in and brought a lot of money to those who placed their bets on it . . . but my bosses and the expert telegraphist were fit to be tied! I gave up picking out horses for them because I wasn't too anxious to get involved in having to listen to all the pros and cons of how fast a horse can run.

Besides horses, I would often get involved with the telegraphist in another area. He was a diabetic and after taking his insulin, would get very sick if he did not eat soon after. There were many times he got very busy and did not get out to eat soon enough and would slump forward. Fortunately, there were several people who knew about his problem and I was one of them. When that happened, and I was on the scene, I would run and get a chocolate bar or some orange juice and have someone help me get it down his throat. Without saying very much, when this happened he would look up at me and his eyes would speak for him in appreciation.

The years I spent in the Time Building were happy ones. I felt needed and appreciated there; and its walls, although not particularly attractive, were warm and protective. There was a constant flow of different types of people entering its portals, and I would mentally place each person in a particular category: some, just passersby; others, casual acquaintances; and some, good friends. For many years after I left, they remained dormant in the

recesses of my mind until some sight, some smell, or colour, or sound, would bring them out of their pigeon-holes. As they came to light, they would evoke in me a bit of nostalgia, a smile, and sometimes even a tear.

Ten years later, in June of nineteen fifty-four, the Time Building became engulfed in flames and was destroyed. As I gazed at her remains . . . a shell of her former self, a feeling of great sadness overcame me and I silently bid farewell to a place that held a special place in my heart. I then closed the chapter of a time and era that would be gone forever. ■

Helping the Allies Win the War

I shall never forget September 1st, 1939, when "EXTRA! EXTRA! WAR IS DECLARED" hit the streets. Suddenly our whole lives took on a new dimension. One day we were young and carefree; the next, serious, concerned and involved. It had a domino effect on all our lives, for each person called upon to defend our country influenced the lives of everyone in his immediate orbit. Suddenly, there was a mad rush to the altar. It seemed that everyone was getting married, before they either enlisted or were drafted. My nephew Max, who for years kept two girls dangling and fighting for his affections, finally made his choice before joining the Armed Services. I was fond of both of them; but I always hoped that he would choose my best girl friend Norma. He chose Reta instead, who at the age of thirteen at his Bar-Mitzvah, decided that she would marry him one day and apparently, her perseverence paid off.

MAD RUSH TO THE ALTAR

My niece Anne and her boyfriend Lou also decided to plunge into the waters of matrimony, but

there was a logistical problem. She was in Regina and he was stationed in Gander Bay and could not get permission to leave his post or be allowed to get married at this time. Apparently, love conquers all! As her 'maid of honour', her auntie, and also as her close friend, I was given the job of carrying out all her wedding plans. The wedding was to take place in Winnipeg on a Saturday evening when the groom felt that he could fly in for that particular evening without being considered A.W.O.L. I made all the necessary arrangements: the Rabbi, the hall, the canopy, even a juke box for the music. Of course all the relatives pooled their resources and a lot of food was prepared. My father saw to it that, as was customary, the groom would be called up to the Torah at the morning Sabbath services. Well, the morning passed and no groom. The afternoon dragged on and still no groom. The bride and all the family were in a state of panic, certain that the groom was apprehended and locked up somewhere. Fortunately, the wedding was to take place after sundown, when the Rabbi could perform the ceremony without desecrating the Sabbath. Finally, the long-awaited groom made his appearance and was immediately engulfed and enveloped by the bride and all the relatives. The bride and groom made a very handsome couple and I too felt great in my new powder blue hat, gloves and shoes to dress up my 'not so new' grey suit. However, I was soon pulled down a peg or two, when my brother Barney took one look at me and said: ''We once had a horse, Prince, on the farm and we covered him with the same grey colored blanket!'' The wedding ceremony was simple and very moving, especially when the handkerchiefs came fluttering out and my poor sister Rose, the mother of the bride, was barely able to

control the sobs that welled up within her. Not only was her daughter leaving the nest, but flying off to some unheard of place called Newfoundland. When the groom stomped on the glass to commemorate the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem the assembled guests, in unison, let out a great sigh of relief. After participating in the festivities for a short while, the groom in his Air Force blue uniform and the bride, in her matching dress, took their leave on wings of steel into the unknown horizon.

I, too, was dating someone, who told me a week after we met, that he was going to marry me. I told him that he had a lot of nerve or "chutzpah" and that I would never dream of marrying him, but that didn't stop him from trying. Every morning he made sure that he would catch the same bus that I did and when I opened the morning's mail at the office, I would always find a beautiful sentimental card from him. In spite of his perseverence and my wavering a little, I was still not ready to make a commitment. First of all, I was earning a whole $12.50 a week and he was only earning $11.00. True, he had a trade, a printer; but nothing put away to even start a marriage. Secondly, my sister was not married and she was much older than I. Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to even think of getting married until she either married or left home — whichever came first. Apparently, my boyfriend, Harold, told his father that I wasn't ready to get married because of my sister. His father, having met me, decided that he would like to have me as his daughter-in-law. Every time I would bump into him on the street or on the bus, he would stop me and say: "nu . . . what are you waiting for?" I was beginning to wonder what was wrong with his son that he was so anxious to marry him off.

Well, strange as it may seem — or as my mother would say, it was "bashert" (predestined) — the right man walked into Harold's father's watch repair shop. This man came in to have his watch repaired and was not only sold a new watch, but in the process, he divulged his background, his marital status and his future plans. He had lived up north in The Pas for many years, held office at a municipal level and then decided to join the communist forces in Spain. When he returned, he found that the money he had entrusted to his friends had disappeared. Fed up, he decided to come into Winnipeg and get back to his Jewish roots and perhaps even settle down with a nice Jewish woman. In no time at all, a date was arranged and three months later, my sister was off to Victoria, B.C. where her husband got a job as an interpreter. The Russians were now our Allies and he was needed to interpret for the Russian sailors who docked in our Canadian ports.

I still hesitated when it came to getting married, for a very odd reason. All my life I had to sleep with someone, whether my parents, my sisters, my nieces, my cousins, or wherever there was a free space. I never had a bed of my own and certainly not my own room. Can you just imagine the luxury of lying sprawled out on my very own bed? It was wonderful, not being pushed against the wall or squished or tangled between two others. I placed my personal belongings wherever I wanted to and on the whole, felt free and liberated. It didn't last very long though, for three months later we were married and my husband moved in with me because we could not afford to rent a place of our own. Not only did we live with my parents, but we even spent our honeymoon at my parents' rooming-house at Winnipeg Beach.

Our wedding, though, was lovely and lively, when it finally got started. My father had arranged for the chief Rabbi of Winnipeg to perform the ceremony. All the guests were seated and craning their heads to the back of the hall waiting for the proceedings to begin. Little did they know that all of us in the wedding party were becoming frantic because the Rabbi hadn't arrived. It finally occurred to someone that perhaps the Rabbi expected to be picked up. He may have had a few goats in his back yard, but certainly no other means of transportation, so a relative was dispatched to fetch the Rabbi.

Rabbi Israel Kahanovitch finally made his entrance and although small in stature, he had a very large presence; for suddenly there was a hush in the hall. The wedding party then made its way to the canopy and I, on my father's arm, with my knees beginning to buckle under, finally made my entrance. When we reached the canopy, however, and my groom reached out to me, I felt secure and began to participate in the ceremony. My father-in-law, also a Cantor, sang all the blessings in a rich clear voice, making for a more memorable union. After all the hugging and kissing and the ''Mazel-Tovs'' ringing out, another problem arose.

My mother, who had prepared most of the food, got a frantic call from the kitchen. Apparently, there were more guests than there were chicken portions. It seems that many relatives brought their grown children, who were not officially invited. My mother, without getting flustered, entered the kitchen and began assisting and instructing the help how to cut up and divide the portions so that everyone would be fed. With ''a little bit here and a little bit there'' and ''a little bit of this and that'' she managed to satisfy everyone.

In spite of the inconveniences, all assembled had a great time. The music was lively and traditional with young and old joining in to dance the "sheres" and even a Ukrainian "Kazatchok", with which my father and my sister Anne stole the show. Since my parents were marrying off their youngest, they were seated in the middle of the dance floor with wreaths upon their heads, while the music played "Dee Mezinkeh Oisgegeben" (giving away the youngest). Then my husband and I joined hands with all my parents' children and grandchildren, formed a circle and danced around them.

When the festivities ended, we threw caution to the wind and, in spite of our very limited funds, spent our wedding night at Winnipeg's landmark, The Fort Garry Hotel.

TORONTO

My husband and I were also pulled in by the momentum of the tides of the times. There was a War out there and we certainly were not going to sit this one out. My husband joined the Air Force and was sent to Toronto for his basic training. I stayed at home with my parents, working at my job and keeping busy writing and answering letters. Of course we were always glued to the radio and anxiously scanning the headlines for the latest on the situation of the Allies. The continuous barrage of: "the Allies were routed", "the Allies invaded", "the Allies landed", brought to light something that lay dormant in the recesses of my mind. My mother, as she sat knitting or patching, would softly sing little Yiddish or Ukrainian songs. Even though her English was practically non-existant, I remember as a child, she would sing something that sounded like: "gud lock to de bois fun de Hallis, fyching daihay

ba dai''. I never stopped to really listen or question her until the present time, when it suddenly made sense. She was singing a song she learned during the first World War: ''Good luck to the boys of the Allies, fighting day by day!''

The War brought many shortages, but one thing that posed a hardship for my parents was the rationing of sugar. Every morning my father would attend services at the home of the Makarever Rebbe. This gentleman was not an ordinary rabbi or teacher; he was a spiritual leader, a descendant of a long line of holy Rabbis. My father was one of the disciples that worshipped at his feet; and after the Services, my father would always bring home a few cronies. Naturally, the kettle was ready and waiting, the table set with some herring, a kugel, a piece of honey cake, slices of lemon, and, of course, the sugar for the tea. My father and his friends didn't know or care too much about diabetes; they liked to add heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar to their glasses of tea, rationing or no rationing. My mother found it difficult because she was serving tea, morning, noon and night, and had to have my brother Barney, who was a storekeeper, to come to her aid.

During his basic training in Toronto, doctors discovered that my husband had a problem with his legs and would need some surgery. At his insistence, I decided to give up my job and join him in Toronto. It wasn't an easy decision, since I had worked at the same company for 7½ years and one of my employers was my brother-in-law, who made me feel that I was abandoning him. I promised not to leave until I found a replacement, a small busybody like myself. I found the right girl and with a sad farewell to my three bosses, to the Time building that was like a second home to me, and of course, to my

aging parents, off I went to help my husband win the War.

Through mutual friends in Toronto, we found a woman who offered us board and room. The room was lovely, with a double bed and a feather quilt, like my mother's at home; the board, Kosher and good; but the woman, a bit difficult. Apparently, her husband also found her rather difficult, one of the reasons being that she was too fastidious. As my mother used to say: "What's too much ... is plenty!" The living-room door was always under lock and key, opened only for very special occasions. Every morning before lighting a fire in her big, shiny kitchen stove, she would thoroughly empty out and wipe out the fire pot before building a fresh fire. She would then polish and shine the nickel trim and buff the top of the stove, before filling the water compartment that heated up the water for dishwashing. We always had to tread lightly, but the food was good, and the home, clean; I guess two out of three isn't bad. I tried to be like a daughter in the house, helping with the dishes and doing all I could to make our stay as pleasant as possible. She had two sons; one was at home because of a disability and the other was stationed somewhere with the Armed Forces. After my husband recuperated, I found a job in an office of a fur company. Every morning my husband would leave for the barracks and I would go off to work and in the evening we would come home at approximately the same time.

Before Passover, our landlady complained about her back and before I knew it, I was doing all sorts of jobs around the house. I even climbed out on the wide window sills to wash the outside of the large windows and she would stand inside and point out the spots I missed. I was busy helping her unpack

and wash her Passover dishes and generally was more like the hired help rather than a paying boarder. I didn't mind too much, since I would be helping my mother if I were at home; besides it brought some of the warmth and traditions I missed, being away from my parents.

This particular day, our landlady had just finished rendering a lot of chicken fat, when I walked in from work. As I walked into our bedroom to take off my hat and coat, the fresh clean scent of the house and the aroma of the cracklings that were strained from the golden chicken fat wafted into the room and made my mouth water. Harold must have walked in a few moments later, but instead of coming into the bedroom, he followed the same aroma into the kitchen. There, he spied the huge bowl of delicious crispy cracklings and without too much thought, found a fork and plunged it into the heaping, tantalizing mound. Suddenly, I heard an inhuman shriek emanate from our landlady's throat. My feet turned to jelly, for all I could imagine was that she had received word that her son was missing or killed in action. Gathering my courage, I made my way into the kitchen. To my utter amazement, there stood my husband with a stunned look on his face and our landlady with flushed face and blazing eyes, pointing to the mound of cracklings in the bowl. My husband apparently had used a fork that was not to be used during Passover and therefore, in her opinion, all the cracklings would not be kosher for Passover. No matter how hard I tried to reason with her that it wasn't a catastrophe — all she had to do was to remove the top layer — nothing seemed to help, and my husband was in her bad graces for quite some time.

On the whole though, our eight month sojourn

in Toronto was a very happy one. I enjoyed my work and became the pet of the office. One day, while running into the factory on an errand, I slipped, fell hard and ended up in the hospital emergency. It was found that I had cracked my coccyx and the pain was excruciating; but it didn't stop me from going out that evening. I had finally convinced my boss's son to meet a girl friend of mine and he was taking us out to a night club. I wasn't going to jeopardize the chances of my friend meeting an eligible bachelor; besides, my husband and I could not have afforded to go out in style on our own. Somehow, with a pillow to sit on and the wine our host plied me with, I managed to survive the evening. Unfortunately my matchmaking didn't work; and my coccyx gave me a great deal of pain for many years.

ST. THOMAS

Our next encounter took place in St. Thomas, Ontario. There, a brand new facility that was built for a mental hospital was taken over by the R.C.A.F. for its own use. The townspeople were not very happy about the military invasion, because many young girls became pregnant. Apparently, in the eyes of many a young maiden, an ordinary mortal donning a uniform takes on the aura of a knight in shining armour. My husband and I, however, were warmly welcomed into the home of a middle-aged couple. There, in a lovely large room, filled with sunshine and the wonderful scents of blossoming fruit trees, we set up housekeeping.

Since for the first time in many years, I had little or no responsibilities, I allowed myself to take in the beauty of my surroundings. I was so relaxed and contented that without realizing it, I kept putting on a pound here and a pound there. My nephew

Max, who was like a brother to me, happened to be in the area and when he took a look at me, exclaimed: "my God, you look like a little pig!" I returned the compliment by saying: "and you look like a big one!" He, too, was well looked after by the military.

In the midst of all this tranquility, I received a letter from my father, asking me to come home. There was no one else that could help them out at their rooming-house at Winnipeg Beach. He could understand my husband "wanting" to have me near him, but my old parents "needed" me more. It wasn't an easy decision, but I made up my mind to go home. My husband wasn't too happy and begged me to at least stay on for one more week-end so that we could visit Niagara Falls for a real honeymoon. I could not help but acquiesce; but in my heart of hearts, I had this strong urge to go home. I don't know why, but my aging parents were like my children and I always felt responsible for them. That Friday evening, in front of my parents' photo that I always take with me when away from home, I lit my Sabbath candles. As I began to chant the blessings, one of the flames blew out. Normally, I would re-light the candle without giving it a second thought; but this time a feeling of dread came over me. I tried to brush it aside and even erase it from my mind, but I still wondered, in front of which parent had the flame extinguished itself.

Early Saturday morning we were off to Niagara Falls. The view of the Falls was a magnificent and overwhelming sight. The impact and beauty and force of the rushing waters, cascading majestically over the cliffs into the river below, made you realize how infinitesimal is the power of Man. We took a tour on the "Maid of the Mist" where we got as

close to the Falls as possible. There, as the cascading waters came crashing down, we were sprayed by the sparkling droplets that escaped from the main stream of the Falls. We spent a relaxing day and evening and decided that the next morning we would cross the International bridge and spend a few hours in the United States. Since I would be leaving for Winnipeg and home on Monday, we decided to buy a few gifts for me to bring home. I especially wanted to bring my father some cigarettes, since he rolled his own and he would enjoy the luxury of a ready-made cigarette.

Sunday morning, we started to cross the bridge and at Customs we were asked where we were born. I told them that I was born in Canada and my husband told them that he was born in Russia. The moment they heard "Russia", the whole situation changed. Suddenly, we were interrogated as if we were fugitives from justice. It seems that my husband came to Canada as a child and was registered on his father's passport; but now that he was over twenty-one years of age, he was supposed to have his own passport. According to the customs officials, he was not a Canadian citizen; but since he wore the uniform of the R.C.A.F. he would be allowed to go into the United States; but I, on the other hand, would not be allowed to go, since I was the wife of an alien. We could not believe that we heard what we did! The logic certainly escaped us!

Harold and I decided that he would go across the bridge for a short while, pick up the cigarettes and a few little things for my mother and his parents and I would wait for him in Canada. I sat down on a park bench and sat looking at the Falls, with tears streaming down my cheeks. A priest sat down beside me and asked me what was troubling me. I

told him what had taken place and also assured him that although at the time I was angry and frustrated, it was not the reason I was crying. I had a terrible heavy feeling in my heart and no matter how I tried, I could not erase the ache. We sat and chatted for awhile and when I regained my composure, he wished me well and walked away.

Monday morning, after a tearful goodbye to my husband and a silent farewell to the beautiful surroundings that brought me a great deal of peace and serenity, I was off on my journey home. First, by the shuttle train to London, then on to Toronto where I boarded the evening train to Winnipeg. Settling down to a long and boring ride ahead of me, I was pleasantly surprised to discover a former Winnipegger, now a member of the Armed Services. He sat down beside me and we carried on a lively conversation about mutual friends and neighbors. A news agent came towards us selling coffee and candy and when we recognized each other as family friends, he began plying me with all sorts of questions. He wanted to know where I had been, where I was going and when I had last heard from home. I told him briefly that I was on my way home to help out my parents. He looked at me rather strangely and walked away. In a short while he was back again, interrupting my conversation with the young soldier and again asking me all sorts of questions. He kept walking back and forth selling his wares; but when he came up to where I was seated, he stopped to talk and generally began to make a nuisance of himself. Suddenly, he came up to me again and blurted out: "Boy, did your father have a big funeral!"

Apparently, my father had suffered a stroke at our cottage at Winnipeg Beach and died on the way

into the city. Sunday afternoon, at the very same time that I was sitting on a park bench in Niagara Falls with tears streaming down my face, my father's funeral had taken place. I know the news agent found it hard to contain himself, but I still had a long night and half a day before getting to Winnipeg and he could have waited at least till morning to break the news. I didn't know what to do or where to turn. I wanted to jump out of the train and run; instead I lay on my bunk overwhelmed by my grief without a family member to share it with me. Why didn't I listen to my heart and go home earlier? Why didn't my father live to see his 'baby' have a baby? That was one of his dreams. A thousand and one "whys" kept hammering in my head as the train made its way through the darkness of the night.

MOOSE JAW

My husband's next encounter took place in the metropolis of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. I was at the Beach helping out my mother in her declining business venture. With my father gone, she seemed to have lost some of her stamina; but as long as there were still a few people to feed, she managed to find the wherewithal to keep going. Towards the end of August, I packed my few belongings, some linens, a few dishes and utensils and was off to join my husband.

After a long and dusty journey by train, my husband greeted me and took me to the place he had rented for us. The house didn't look too inviting, situated all by itself on Moose Square without any trees or foliage to enhance it. It was hot, the earth was parched, and I was tired; but I hoped that once inside, I would find a "home" away from home. I was introduced to the owners who escorted us

upstairs to the room we were to occupy. I wasn't too impressed with the iron cot that pulled out to make a double bed; but the room looked clean and after a nice leisurely hot bath, my clean linens covering the old and thin mattress and protruding iron bars, all would be well. Since it was hotter upstairs than on the outside, I looked to see if the windows were open wide enough. Lo and behold, the winter storm windows were still on and the three little holes that might provide a bit of air in the cold winter were sealed tightly with scrunched up papers that oranges were wrapped and packed with. Needless to say, my heart sank. Determined to make the best of things, I then asked to be shown the bathroom. The lady of the house led me to a window and pointed: "out there at the very end of our lot!" She also informed me that they had no running water and I would have to buy it from the city at 25¢ a pail. Of course, I would also have to wait till morning when the truck came around to deliver the water. Apparently, it was the only house in that area that had no modern facilities. With tears threatening to spill over, I asked my husband how he could possibly arrange for us to stay here? Didn't he realize what he was getting into? The advertisement stated that it wasn't modern; but he assumed that the furnishings weren't modern. Little did he realize what "not modern" meant. I knew we could not possibly stay here, and asked my husband if he knew where we could go for help or advice or at least find me a Jewish family who would help us out in our time of need.

My husband took me to the home of the Shoichet (the ritual slaughterer), whom he had met previously at the Synagogue. He and his wife made us feel very welcome and gave us the names of a

few people we could call. After a few unsuccessful attempts to find accommodations, they came up with the idea that we could rent the third floor of the house next door. Since they owned that property and their tenants only occupied the first two floors, they felt that some sort of arrangement could be made. It sounded promising and we went next door to take a look at the accommodations.

We were introduced to the young couple who had five little children milling about and a little baby being held in its mother's arms. We climbed the stairs to the third floor and found two doors facing us. We pushed open a partially open door, only to find that it couldn't be pushed any further. The room was completely littered with empty bottles, large cartons with their contents spilling out, broken toys, discarded furniture and anything and everything that had outlived its usefulness. With my hopes dampened, we pushed open the door to the other room. There we found a fairly large room devoid of any furnishings except for a double iron bed against the wall. That seemed very promising, except when I took a look at the mattress, I really felt sick. The mattress was concave with a large hollow in the middle. The hollow was completely stained a brownish colour, where many children must have used it as a latrine. Since we didn't have much choice, we decided to take the room and do the best we could to clean it up and make it livable.

We spent the night in some hotel and the next morning I was off to Regina to my sister Rose's home, where I knew I would be comforted and provided with what was needed to transform our newly acquired accommodations. My sister Rose fed me, packed up bedclothes and things to fill the burnt-out cavity in the bed, a rubberized sheet to protect

us from close contact to the mattress, some utensils, and most important, a hotplate so that we could do a little cooking. True, one element didn't work too well, but at this point, who cared. Things were beginning to look up. When I got back from Regina, laden with my treasures and with my sister's baked 'goodies', I was ready to face anything and everything. With a pail of hot sudsy water and a lot of rags, a mop and broom, I got to work with a vengeance. With some orange crates to act as cupboards, two borrowed chairs and a little table, we made our home away from home.

In case you get the impression that all was serene in our elegant surroundings you would be wrong. It so happened that the lady of the house found her six little children, and her husband who was on the night shift and had to get his sleep during the day, a little more than she could cope with. Since her husband worked for the railway and she didn't have to pay for her train fare, she just took off for awhile, leaving a twelve-year-old neighbor to sort of babysit. Well you can just imagine the upheaval that took place. Her husband, coming off the late shift, probably stopped off for a few drinks and barely managed to get home. My husband had to crawl out of bed in the wee hours of the morning and help drag him up the stairs, take off his shoes and get him onto the bed.

Before we knew it, the children started getting up and bedlam reigned supreme. The children ran around half-naked, hungry as little bears and clamoring for food. The table was littered with dirty dishes, several opened quarts of milk, and a pound of butter gradually losing its shape with the heat. The knives the children wielded made their impressions on a large jar of peanut butter and a tin of jam and

of course the white sliced bread that they managed to pull from its package. Naturally, the flies could not resist the temptation and they too, took their turns buzzing around and feeding themselves. The twelve-year-old babysitter, holding the baby and trying to see that the other children were fed, finally in desperation ran next door to hand the baby over to her mother.

I wasn't going to get involved, but somehow, I wiped a face here, a pair of hands there, covered a few bare bottoms and gave the sitter a few words of advice on how to keep them occupied and a little quieter so that their father could catch up on his sleep. I could certainly empathize with the mother who ran off for awhile; for I, too, kept running to the Shoichet's home where I felt welcome. They were an elderly couple and since I spoke Yiddish well, they made me feel like a member of the family, sharing some of their joys and their problems. They had an unmarried daughter whom my husband and I befriended. I even invited her to share dinner with us sometimes; but she had to bring her own dishes and a chair to sit on. She looked forward to her visits with us, because she was a rather lonely person, not having many single Jewish people around.

I promised her parents that if they would send her to Winnipeg, I would make every effort to introduce her to an eligible bachelor. Since Winnipeg has a large and vibrant Jewish community and since I'm a bit of a busybody, I felt confident that I would come up with a suitable match. I may believe in 'bashert', fate, but I also believe that it helps to give it a little push. Like chicken soup, it may not cure, but it won't hurt. Unfortunately, we never came in contact with that family again, although at the time we felt a kinship with them. That kinship may have been

the reason that in spite of all the drawbacks we encountered in Moose Jaw, we came away with some warm memories.

My husband's last stand was in Brandon, about a hundred and fifty miles west of Winnipeg, where he remained until he was mustered out of the Services at the end of the War. I came home to be with my mother and also to await the arrival of our first born. September, 1945, the War was over, our beautiful daughter, Paula Rochelle (Penny) was born, and my husband, with the few hundred dollars we had saved, opened up his very small printing plant.

In retrospect, in spite of or because of my contribution to the war effort, the Allies somehow managed to emerge victorious! ■

The Key To The Grand Piano

When my first born Paula, was seven years old, she kept begging me to give her piano lessons. I can assure you that if my circumstances were better, I wouldn't have waited for her to beg; I would have insisted that she take lessons at a much earlier age.

Music was an integral part of my upbringing. As a small child, the gramophone my brother Charlie bought with his meagre earnings was the focal point of all our family's activities. We would constantly be listening to the famous singers of our time, like Chaliapin and Caruso, to my father's favourite Cantorial music, to Russian and Gypsy music, and of course to the latest popular music that my brother and sisters could dance to. At family gatherings we would all sing, especially my oldest brother Barney who would entertain us with Yiddish folk songs and ask us all to join in. My sister Leah sang beautifully, especially in Russian, and although I didn't know any Russian, I knew every song without understanding a word. My brother and sisters would have parties, the gramophone giving out with the latest dance crazes and everyone dancing up a storm.

My brother Charlie and sister Anne danced beautifully together and even won many prizes dancing to the Charleston.

I was supposed to be in bed, but I would sit at the top of the stairs in my nightgown, straining to see what was going on. I would become so engrossed, tap-tapping to the music, that periodically, I would catch my foot in my nightie and go thump thumping down all the stairs. That would get my father out of bed and unfortunately it would spoil everyone's good time. He would cradle me in his arms and tell everyone: "it's late already . . . go home!"

Since my parents could not afford to give me a musical education, I certainly would do my utmost to see that my children got one. If I budgeted very carefully I would be able to pay for my daughter's piano lessons, but where do I get the $200.00 for the piano? Any money my husband could beg or borrow went into buying equipment for his business; so it was up to me to find the cash. After a great deal of talking, my sister Shirley came up with the money. It was all that she had, but she was willing to lend it to me, because it was for something very special . . . music lessons for her special little niece.

My sister knew a woman who taught piano and since she had studied at a Conservatory in Russia we felt that she had to be a good teacher. We looked up to her because very few in our family were able to have a good education, but she was rather arrogant and not too patient. She kept telling us, though, that we had a musical genius on our hands, and although my daughter wasn't too fond of her, we persevered. When she lay dying of cancer, she wouldn't let us get another teacher. She said that if she had to crawl, she would continue to teach "her

pride and joy.'' I assured her that when she was better she could continue teaching, but in the meantime we found another teacher who certainly gave our daughter the encouragement she needed and Paula went on to win many competitions. The concensus, though, was that she needed a much better piano to enable her to go on to bigger and better things.

In the meantime, my mother was becoming frail and longed for the summers we spent at Winnipeg Beach. We couldn't afford to buy a cottage closer to the lake and to our relatives, but we found a two-room 'mansion' off the beaten path, called ''a wee butt and ben''. Somehow, my mother, my husband, my three children and I managed to eat, sleep and even put up the odd guest in our cottage. We didn't have much privacy and my husband wasn't too happy coming out weekends; but my mother and children loved every moment.

An elderly Scotsman lived across the lane from us and walked by our cottage every time he went to the pump or to the store. He would always stop to chat, and even my mother, whose English was practically non-existent, managed to exchange the odd word or greeting. We all befriended him and he often stopped to watch our children play in the yard. He lived frugally and seemed to have a very lonely life. I noticed that every Saturday he would splurge on a carton of six Cokes that he brought back from the store and Eaton's would deliver a dozen doughnuts that did him for the whole week. Naturally, when we made a large pot of soup or baked something, we would share it with him. We were the first Jewish people he ever really had any contact with and to his great surprise, he found us to be nice, caring human beings. When we met at

the back yard fence or near the little garden we cultivated, he would give me advice and I would talk to him about Judaism, our history and the State of Israel.

On weekends, when my husband came, they would argue over politics and of course, religion. Although they did not see eye to eye on either subject, he apparently appreciated our friendship. Since he spent the whole winter alone in his one and a half room cottage, we would send him gifts for Christmas: a pair of mitts my mother would knit for him, a pretty tin with shortbread, or a book.

The years went by and we could afford a better summer place, so we moved away. He seemed heartbroken, but we promised to visit him and we did. When we heard that he was ill in the Veteran's Hospital, we went to visit him. One day we read in the obituary column that he passed away and my husband and I went to his funeral to bid him farewell. Several months later, a lawyer came to our door and informed me that I was the beneficiary of our Scotsman's one and a half room estate! It was incredible! Imagine, I, actually a stranger . . . almost an alien and a Jewess at that; yet he bestowed upon me one of the greatest gifts . . . his home . . . his sanctuary . . . his castle!

I realized over five hundred dollars from the sale of my inheritance and I decided that for the first time in my life I would do something special for myself; but, my daughter needed a better piano. Well, with the five hundred dollars and the two hundred we would get for her old piano, we went shopping for a second hand grand piano. The only one we could buy that pleased my daughter's ear was an old Baldwin Grand. Unfortunately, it was twice the amount I had and I couldn't imagine how I would pay for

it. In my heart of hearts though, I also had a dream — of a beautiful home with a winding staircase and a magnificent grand piano gracing the interior. A black Spanish shawl, embroidered with red roses and my daughter at the keyboard would complete the picture. Needless to say, we bought the piano, although it took two years of scrimping and wearing hand-me-downs to pay off the balance.

Mr. Hugh Wood Alston never dreamt that he would leave such a great legacy. In some strange way, this lonely and solitary gentleman, who gave little to society, managed to leave a lasting memorial and be instrumental in helping provide my daughter and myself with such a great gift. ■



Paula (Penny) at the piano

What Must Be . . . Will Be!

After a great deal of soul searching, I have definitely come to the conclusion that I have to accept the fact that my life will always be in a state of turmoil. To keep my sanity, I have decided to emulate my mother, of blessed memory, and accept the inevitable and say: "bashert", "what must be . . . will be!" I can assure you, however, that it is easier said than done.

Every mother goes through many anxious moments when it comes time to marry off a daughter, and that's understandable. Everyone has the usual number of problems; many also have an unusual number. Why should I be any different? I had the usual, the unusual and the extras! You know that extra little dab on top of the dessert that adds up the pounds!

God bless my in-laws, very fine people; but they decided to come a month before Reesa's wedding, so that they would be included in all the pre-activities. Naturally, being a good daughter-in-law, I could not possibly tell them to come a little later. Besides rushing, shopping, arranging, addressing, making seating arrangements (which is more frustrating than anything you can imagine),

I was busy preparing and serving meals at all hours of the day. Every evening, I was entertaining the visitors who came to visit my in-laws.

My oldest daughter Paula arrived from London, not Ontario, but England, where her mother's apron strings would have a hard time reaching across the Atlantic. She came two weeks before the wedding to have her gown fitted and of course participate in all the pre-wedding activities. I, personally, was hoping to have some time to listen to the beautiful music her nimble fingers were able to draw from her grand piano that was waiting for her with open strings. I guess it was not meant to be!

Two of my sisters-in-law and a niece also came to stay with me. They felt that since my home was fairly large, it would be no problem; but I felt I was running a hotel and didn't know how to delegate the responsibilities. Every evening, when I would have given anything to rest my weary feet, I was busy not only with my chores and duties, but having to act as psychologist, arbitrator and negotiator between the various factions.

My father-in-law is not exactly the easiest person at the best of times and I assure you I did my utmost to keep him happy; but, when I'm serving breakfast he decides to go for a walk first, in order to develop his appetite. He then comes back when the dishes are all done and the porridge that waited for him is already stuck to the sides and bottom of the pot.

My mother-in-law is usually a pleasure to have, but Winnipeg in the summer is much too hot for her. The bedroom is much too warm and the fan isn't blowing hard enough. All this is nothing compared to the fact that her gown had not arrived as yet. In case the good Lord thought perhaps I wasn't tested

enough . . . HE had to arrange for a postal strike with my mother-in-law's gown somewhere in transit from Montreal to Winnipeg. Does our prime minister, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, care that my mother-in-law, after coming two thousand miles to attend her granddaughter's wedding, won't be able to walk down the aisle in appropriate attire? Does it bother him that the special effect the bride had dreamt of and planned for and created, would be shattered? He's a bachelor, but just wait until he marries off a daughter, then he would appreciate the enormity of the situation. I'm sure he would personally open up the Post Office, strike or no strike!

I'm not going to burden you with any more details of what went on; but thank goodness, the Post Office opened up on the morning of the wedding. After driving all the postal workers crazy, the dress was found and delivered to the synagogue. The factory sent out the gown in the exact style and colour that was ordered . . . but, would you believe it? The gown was . . . sleeveless! Now, please tell me, how does a grandmother of eighty walk down the aisle at her grandchild's wedding with bare arms?

Here we all are, assembled downstairs at the synagogue, the photographer taking pictures of the bride and groom, the ushers, the bridesmaids, the parents, and every few minutes poking his head into the dressing-room, asking for the grandmother. My poor mother-in-law, in her slip, is fanning herself furiously, waiting for the dressmaker to add a sort of makeshift piece of sleeve, to at least cover the top of her bare arms.

Needless to say, to all guests assembled, all was perfection. The bride . . . beautiful; the bridal party . . . elegant; the grandparents . . . stealing the show; but as for me . . . all the time, the effort,

the energy, the anxiety, the heartache, the joy, the tears and I'm not even mentioning . . . the cost . . . I couldn't remember a thing! Well, just one little thing! This strange young man, wanting to take my daughter away from me . . . my little tomboy, my Reesa, suddenly, a grown woman; and do you know what? I let him . . . with all my blessings and with open arms! ■



Reesa at cooking school

The Case of the Violin

My youngest daughter Judy plays the violin; or rather, is learning to play the violin. I can assure you that there is a great deal of difference; even I, a mother, can tell the difference. But, being a mother, I also felt that perhaps a better violin might make the transition from "learning" to "playing" a little less painful.

My oldest daughter Paula, lives in London, England. As she is a musician, it seemed logical for her to purchase a violin in London. Not only would she be qualified to judge its tone, but also be able to buy one that was over a hundred years old and as an antique could be brought into the country duty free. After an exchange of several letters, the right violin was found and purchased. All that remained was for my daughter's girl friend, who was coming to Canada for a visit, to bring it across.

The day of the violin finally arrived and my daughter Judy and I were filled with excitement; she in anticipation of holding a lovely old violin in her hands and me with visions of a female counterpart of at least a Jascha Heifitz or a Yehudi Menuhin. With my ear for music and my husband's determination, who knows? On the other hand, God forbid, with his ear and my lack of ambition . . . Suddenly

the ringing of the telephone broke into my thoughts and the operator read this cablegram: ''Meet flight 906 at 6:35 p.m. David Schwartz with violin''. David Schwartz? What happened to Paula's girl friend? I couldn't recall my daughter having mentioned a David Schwartz before, but who cared, the violin had finally arrived and we were off to the airport.

Like the Cheshire cat in ''Alice in Wonderland'', Judy and I kept grinning at every young man coming through customs, waiting anxiously for our David to come forward waving a violin. When no young man seemed to respond, I began to stop and question older men and even women. No one seemed to have met anyone with a violin or with our young man's name.

Naturally, the last person to come through customs happened to have been seated next to our elusive David. This man, red faced and angry after being held up at customs, was in no mood to be held back again by a strange woman bombarding him with questions about a violin. He tried to brush me aside, but seeing the consternation on my face, gruffly told me that our courier was deathly sick, so they rushed him through before anyone else. ''Can you remember anything else?'' I desperately asked. ''Oh, yes, I believe he mentioned something about driving out to Selkirk, and madam, that is absolutely all I can tell you!'' With that, he was off and out of the terminal.

To most people in Manitoba, Selkirk is synonymous with mental illness, for that is where our large mental hospital is situated. I kept wondering just how sick he could be, but decided the logical thing to do was go home and wait until we would hear from him. I was certain that my daughter would not entrust the violin to anyone who was irresponsible, but I can assure you that I didn't get any rest that

night. When morning finally arrived, I decided to phone the operator at Selkirk and was happy to find that there was a "Schwartz" listed. I was delighted when a very British voice answered the phone and assured me that he indeed was David Schwartz. He apologized profusely and explained that when he flies, he gets violently ill and therefore barely managed to get off the plane. As for the violin . . . in his state, he simply forgot all about it and left it in customs; besides he hadn't seen his estranged wife in over a year and naturally was most anxious to get to her as quickly as possible.

I was sympathetic but also quite annoyed until I phoned the airport and they assured me that the violin was there, but that Mr. Schwartz would have to claim it personally. Since he had no means of transportation, I would have to drive the thirty miles to Selkirk, bring him into the city, and then back again. It seemed that the violin wasn't too anxious to come into our lives and I wondered if perhaps the Good Lord was trying to tell me something, but off I went.

David Schwartz was tall, dark and charming, particularly with his British accent. I must have looked motherly or very sympathetic, for when I asked him what he was doing in Selkirk, I unwittingly opened a floodgate that unleashed a torrent of emotions. I became so engulfed by his life story and so completely carried away that I had trouble seeing the road ahead through my tears.

He was a medical student and came from an orthodox middle class Jewish family. At a bar one night he met this very pretty Canadian visitor. She came from a completely different background. Her parents were hard working Polish farmers and she became a nurse and worked at the mental hospital. What started out as a casual pick-up, soon turned

into infatuation; besides, when Cupid aims . . . logic disperses; and without too much thought, they plunged into the turbulent waters of matrimony.

His parents were appalled and not only did they not accept her, but disowned him. His mother in particular felt that he had betrayed her. The demi-God whom she worshipped had fallen off his pedestal and broken into smithereens. The young couple could not cope financially or emotionally and after a few months of alternate bliss and despair, she left and went back to Canada. After a year of wandering and soul searching he decided to come and see his wife again and try to make their marriage work. I wished him well, but in my heart I felt that they could never make a go of it. (Two months later, he came to me for consolation and went back to London alone.)

By the time we had arrived at the airport, my heart had gone out to this young man. As he made his way to the Customs office, I inwardly decided that I would welcome him and his wife into our home, especially since he was a friend of my daughter. Perhaps some mother in London would do the same for her . . . and here was David coming towards me waving the violin and grinning from ear to ear. At last, the pursuit was over and being so relieved and elated I hugged them both. Then the three of us, the violin, David and I, made our way to the car.

Now that the case was solved, I leaned back against the seat of my car, turned to David and said: ''thank you so much for bringing the violin across; I know it was an imposition; but after all, what are friends for? In all the excitement, I didn't get down to what is always uppermost in my mind . . . how is Paula? How does she look? Does she look thin and undernourished? Is she happy at the Royal College of Music? Has she made many friends? She writes,

but it's not the same as getting a personal regard from someone who knows her well." As I bombarded him with all these questions, I took his hand in mine so that he could transmit not only verbally, but physically some of my daughter's warmth and personality.

David looked at me rather strangely and said: "I really can't tell you very much. Your daughter came up to me as I was ready to board my plane. She told me that at the last moment her girl friend's plans had changed and would I be good enough to take the violin across for her. She gave me a picture of your family with your name and address, also the proof of purchase of the violin. She told me not to worry, her mother would meet me and take care of things. She spoke so quickly and pleadingly that before I knew it I was on the plane with the violin."

Noticing the incredulous look on my face, as the truth dawned upon me, he said: "I'm dreadfully sorry . . . I thought you knew . . . I didn't realize that you weren't aware of the fact that I was a total stranger. She just stopped me . . . I can't even tell you what she looked like . . . I'm terribly sorry; but I never saw her before in my life!" ■



Dr. John Waterhouse and Judy

Maturity

Centennial Song

A Dictionary Defines

We're Very Civilized You Know

The Last Waltz

The Trees in Autumn

Centennial Song

From Sea to Sea lies Canada
Our vast, our great and bountiful land
With mighty rivers and great lakes
Its verdant forests proudly stand.

And guard the wealth that can be found,
The length and breadth of our domain
Majestic mountains gaze down on
The fields of golden grain.

God bless our proud Dominion,
The Maple Leaf, our children hold high
A symbol of democracy
Forever may it fly.

First came the French and the Englishman
Then others from far corners of the earth
With faith and courage, love and toil
To our vast land gave birth.

Each added to our way of life
A thread from his own ancestry,
Its multi colours wove into
A true Canadian tapestry.

From Sea to Sea across Canada,
United we all proudly stand
And pledge for our Centennial;
Unity and peace in our great land.

Music by Thelma Steiman
1967.

A Dictionary Defines...

A dictionary defines a heart
As an organ, valve, pump or part;
A doctor, takes an oath to strive
To keep this heart *pumping and alive.*

Does dictionary or doctor know
That this heart *can grow and grow and grow*
And almost burst with wonder and joy
When it beholds a new born girl or boy?

And how this tiny being can cause
This pulsing part *to suddenly pause*
In wonder at what God created
When kindred souls entwined and mated?

And that this pump *can pound with fear*
When there is danger lurking near
A little one absorbed in play;
Plunge down, until the enemy's at bay.

This valve *can also bubble with glee*
When for the first time it can see
A faltering child... stand up and walk;
And a babbling one... suddenly talk!

This heart *can twist and writhe with pain*
Or ooze drop by drop like falling rain;
When hopes and dreams for blossoming teens
Fall down and smash to smithereens!

This organ, *can also swell with pride*
Watching, as to the podium stride
Young adults receiving their degree
With confidence, in the future they see.

This pump *continues to fluctuate*
In empathy with the grown child's fate;
With the ups and downs that lie in store,
Until this part *can pump no more...*

NO! no dictionary nor doctor can define
This prosaic part, *that is sublime...*
This organ, *that is like no other;*
This pulsing part... *the* heart *of a Mother!*

We're Very Civilized You Know . . .

The doorbell rings, the children shout;
''Mommy, daddy's here to take us out!''
''Let your daddy wait out in the hall,
I'll have you ready in no time at all,
Get going and have a great time;
But let him bring you back on time.
Your sitter will be here promptly at eight
And I must get ready for my date!''
We're very civilized you know . . .

Both parents together, side by side,
Mother and father, ushering in the bride;
Mother on father's arm, doing just fine:
''For this short while . . . I believe he's all mine
Too soon, I'll have to relinquish him
To his new wife . . . married on a whim
So, with chin erect and shoulders high,
I'll show them all . . . and I won't cry!''
We're very civilized you know . . .

For forty years we've managed somehow;
But times have changed, the time is now!
Our marriage has had a great deal of strife
But we're still partners in our business life
Although children and grandchildren we share,
We can't live together, but we still care
So you go your way and I'll go mine
I'm sure though apart, we'll both do just fine!
We're very civilized you know . . .

''She's my mother, not yours, don't you see?
You have your own, you see frequently;
But your father and mine are the same,
That's why we both have the same second name.
Your brother is not mine, yet we share
Grandmas and Grandpas who really care.
I guess, we're rather lucky to be
Surrounded by such a large family!''
We're very civilized you know . . .

The Last Waltz

Come dance my beloved this last waltz with me
Let us savour this moment so dear to the heart
For soon we will both be left all alone
As each of our guests depart.

And now that our youngest has flown from the nest
We let go of the ties that bind
Although in our hearts a longing remains
A longing with joy entwined.

Remember when, many years ago,
You too left your loved ones for me
And placed your destiny into my hands
Not knowing how it would be.

Thus the wheel of Life keeps spinning round
And at times unrewarding, yet I have found
That as long as there's love in the game we play
We can accept what may come our way.

Come share with me dearest this moment of joy
Let us give away our bride with a song
For children must make a life of their own
That was our dream all along.

Dance my beloved this last waltz with me
Rejoice, for the seed we have sown
Is bearing the fruits of our labour of love
We'll never be ever alone.

For Judy's wedding
July 6th, 1982. Music by Thelma Steiman

The Trees in Autumn

The trees in Autumn standing tall
Preening and primping proud and bold
Flaunting their colours for all to see
Adorned in leaves red, green and gold.

Superbly coiffed, colours ablaze
They confidently reign supreme
Dazzling the eye with their beauty
Which too soon will fade like a dream.

The winter winds start to whisper
They rustle the leaves with their sound
Shaking them loose from their moorings
As they gently waft to the ground.

The trees in anguish start to shiver
Winter's winds intensity grows
And the leaves, their crowning glory
Cascade and swirl where the wind blows.

Unadorned, bereft, cold and bare
They stand dejected and forlorn
Yet stirring within their very roots
The lifeblood of Spring is reborn.

Getting Involved

JEWISH WOMEN'S MUSICAL CLUB

A dictionary defines a 'volunteer' as a person who performs or gives services of his own free will. I don't know if I qualify technically as a volunteer because I don't ever remember saying: "I volunteer!" All I know is that I seem to have been born with a guilt complex because if someone points a finger like Uncle Sam in a war poster saying: "I need you", I always think it means 'me'. In the spring of 1950 when our Red River flooded its banks, I had just given birth to my second daughter Reesa and my neighbor Ada asked me to attend a meeting of the newly formed Jewish Women's Musical Club, under the dynamic leadership of its first president, Clara Lander. Little did I know that Ada's invitation would revolutionize my whole life. I didn't know how I could possibly go anywhere, with my five-year-old Penny, a new baby and an elderly mother to look after. I couldn't afford a babysitter and couldn't count on my husband, who was trying to build up a business working long hours almost seven days a week.

Occasionally though, with a sister-in-law coming to the rescue, I managed to take in the odd meeting and found the organization gave me an opportunity to do something for myself. At first I went out one evening a week to join the choral group and before

long found myself involved in the organization as a whole. Its aim was to assist, promote and encourage young talent and at the same time give its members an opportunity to develop and enrich their lives in the field of music, arts and drama. Besides the choral group there was a dance group, a Jewish drama group and an English drama group. It attracted women with talent, those with hidden talent wanting to express themselves and mainly those who loved and appreciated the Arts. In 1958 I became chairman of the studio group and my job was to find people in the Arts to lecture or entertain us. At times when I couldn't come up with anyone, I would put together a skit and have our choral group participate. Apparently my skits were appreciated and I was asked if I could come up with something on a grander scale to help raise money for scholarships.

With my third daughter Judy in my arms, with note pads at the sink, with the telephone on the stove and while singing old Yiddish folk songs as I put my little one to bed, I somehow managed to come up with a musical drama. It so happened that I grew up in a home steeped with Jewish music and old European traditions. It also happened that I came from a different background than many of my peers, being brought up by parents old enough to be my grandparents, and was therefore able to put myself mentally into their era. The setting for the play was my parents' village back in the Ukraine; the basis for the play, which I called "The Rabbi's Nigun (melody)", were the stories I heard as a child.

If the truth were to be known, I had absolutely no musical training, but I sang to our accompanist Fraidla who managed to transpose the melodies into any key. By osmosis I learned more about music



Principal characters of "The Rabbi's Nigun" (L. to R.) Reb Aaron (Norman Goltsman), Dvoirele (Doris Margolis), Tzipa (Ruth Silver), Motel (Hershel Fox), and Reb Pesach (Al Israels)

THE STUDIO WORKSHOP
of the
Jewish Women's Musical Club
Present

The Rabbi's Nigun

by DORIS T. MARGOLIS

Produced & Directed by Zora Weidman

★ ★

- Cast -

REB PESACH, Grain merchant ..... Al Israels
TZIPA, his wife ..... Ruth Silver
DVOIRELE, their daughter ..... Doris Margolis
MOTEL, their young son ..... Harry Fox
MOISHELE, Motele's friend ..... Monte Bodenheimer
AARON, guest in the village ..... Norman Goltzman
CHANA-SOSSI, a neighbor ..... Eve Abosh
RAIZELLE, Chana-Sossi's daughter ..... Gladys Love
REB NOSSIN, a tailor ..... Herb Daien
DAVID, Reb Nossin's son ..... } Gerry Daien
REB MENDEL, a shopkeeper ..... }
SORKE, a spinster ..... Malka Lerner
BERKE, a widower ..... Sid Jacobson
FAIGA LAYA, a neighbor ..... Esther Wolinsky
CHANELE, Faiga Laya's daughter ..... Selma Lerner
GITEL, tailor's assistant ..... Gert Markell
MIRELE, friend of Dvoirele and Tzipa ..... Cecile Filkow
RABBI, ... Joseph Frieden
PUPILS

- Choral Group -

Edith Blank
Sara Bregman
Pearl Grushko
Sara Golumbia
Freda Leibl
Gladys Love
Doris Margolis
Gertie Markell
Celia Palansky
Cecile Filkow
Eve Ross
Elsie Segal
Ruth Silver
Pauline Shane
Rita Shuster
Doris Wagner
Clara Weiner
Olive Yaffa
Eva Abosh

- Production -

Script, Costumes ..... Doris Margolis
Director and Producer ..... Zora Weidman
Set Design ..... Charles Lazer, Norman Wolk
Make-up ..... Janette Guttman
Prompters ..... Doreen Brownstone, Luba Lazer
Properties ..... Malka Lerner
Stage Hands ..... Rita Shuster, Olive Yaffa
Musical Director ..... Ruth Billinkoff
Piano Accompaniment ..... Fraidla Pollick
Violin Accompaniment ..... Jack Shapira
Publicity ..... Pearl Caplan, Gert Glass
Program Book ..... Pearl Marmar, Sylvia Lerner
Stage Manager ..... Charles Lazer
Musical Arrangement ..... Cantor B. B. Brownstone

and she learned to appreciate Jewish folk music. Our director, Zora, even had me play the part of the heroine ''Dvoirele'' who was supposed to be pushing eighteen although I was pushing or had already pushed 'forty'. It may have had something to do with the fact that I named the main characters after my family and the heroine after myself. Today it might be called ''patronage''. At any rate it was a tremendous undertaking for everyone involved, even my mother whose clothes I borrowed for some of the cast, and surprisingly, it was very successful both culturally and financially.

The Jewish Women's Musical Club with its Choral Group under the capable directions of Sarah Udow, Ruth Billinkoff, Muriel Milgrom and Caroline Mitchell; its Dance Group with Sarah Sommers; its English Drama with Gwen Secter and Malka Lerner; and its Yiddish Drama under the capable direction of Anne Slonim became the unofficial talent bureau for the whole Jewish community. We were called upon to perform for all organizations until gradually each organization, each synagogue, started their own choirs, and our dance group went on its own to become the very well known Sarah Sommer Chai Folk Ensemble.

I served as president from 1962–1964 and since I had to represent our organization at various functions, I found that my dark curly hair was a blessing in disguise. I was always rushing and had no time to fuss or go to a hairdresser, so with a hat plunked on my head, a quick touch-up job on my battered nails and a bit of lipstick, I was ready to face any emergency. When I had to get up and speak or pour tea, I would do my utmost to appear as if I didn't have a care in the world and that I never did anything menial.

One of the main events in the Jewish Women's Musical Club was our "Artists of Tomorrow" competition. After being judged by well-known and respected people in the field of music, the successful contestants presented their winning selections at our annual "Artists of Tomorrow" recital. In that way we gave young musical students the opportunity of being heard and possibly receiving financial assistance to further their studies. Many of the young people we assisted went on to bigger and better things in the field of music. We also sponsored individual talented young people by presenting them in recital, and derived a great deal of pleasure when they went on to receive recognition. One of these young people was my daughter Penny.

Our choral group was the most integral part of our studio group where we continued to entertain the Golden Age Club, the Old Folks Home and various other organizations. We were so well received by them that we became bold enough to enter not only the Folk class but the Ensemble class in the Manitoba Music Festival. The judges apparently didn't appreciate us as much as the old folks did. Prior to the festival, I was interviewed by the press and at great length gave them a complete description of the aims and activities of our organization, delighted that we were receiving such recognition. The day after the competition, I finally found the press release which read: "The Jewish Women's Musical Club . . . mothers, grandmothers, chubby and happy keeping up with their music".

We weren't intimidated by the critics for we formed a bond that has united us for at least thirty-five years. At our annual wind-ups, when I acted as mistress of ceremonies, we would let our hair down literally and figuratively and have a ball.

I would call up each of them, even those who were normally shy, to let go and sing, recite, or dance. We would all have such a good time that the hotel staff were under the impression that we had too much to drink. It so happened that coffee was the strongest drink we imbibed, but when we got together we put aside all our trials and tribulations and threw our inhibitions to the wind.

In 1962 although I was president I continued to act as studio group chairman and did so until 1975. It wasn't that I was so capable, but no one wanted to take over and for me it was the most rewarding time of my life. My home became the unofficial headquarters of the group and I was privileged to be involved with so many talented and wonderful people. I now had a lovely old grand piano that I purchased for my daughter Penny and it became the focal point of all the young singers and dancers in our community. Since my daughter went off to London to study, her piano stood silent and it did my heart good to have someone pluck at its heartstrings. That is why, although it entailed a lot of work, I didn't mind lending my home for various studio meetings or teas for raising money. One thing that bothered me was the fact that I didn't have nice china and a silver tea service. As for the china, Eaton's or the Bay would periodically bring in fine china in barrels that had slight imperfections and I would come equipped with a damp cloth to wipe off the wet straw that clung to them and find some with the least visible imperfections. In this way I managed to acquire enough matching china to serve all my guests. As for the tea service, that was a different story. Although I wanted to buy one, we had more important priorities.

One day at Winnipeg Beach my sister Lily

insisted that I take her to play Bingo. Frankly Bingo is not my thing, but since my sister was looking for some excitement, I took her and my daughter Judy and we sat down to play. Since I really wasn't too interested I asked Judy to find the numbers and place the beans on the appropriate places. I won't burden you with all the details but my card won the jackpot and I received $150.00 in cash. All I could think of was that the good Lord wanted me to have the tea service to grace my table; but I would need at least another $50.00. I kept doing mathematical equations in my head to figure out how to raise it and got so carried away that I didn't realize how selfish I was in not sharing my winnings with my sister. I don't think she ever forgave me even though, as my circumstances improved, I would buy her lovely gifts and be there for her as she grew older. I still feel guilty for not having shared my winnings with her, but at the time all I could see was the lovely tea service gracing my dining-room table.

GOLDEN AGE CLUB

If you think that I was only involved with the studio group of the Jewish Women's Musical Club, arranging, writing and presenting various programs, you would be mistaken. The National Council of Jewish Women had opened clubrooms for our elderly people and needed a choir director. When they approached me I told them that I was already involved and that truthfully I had no musical training and therefore was not qualified for the job. It seems that they didn't believe me and made me feel that if I wouldn't do it, our poor senior citizens would not have an outlet for their musical talents. Having had old parents, this touched a responsive

chord and before I knew it, I became a 'conductor' without credentials. I talked my niece Reta into becoming my accompanist, since she could play with music or by ear, and in any key I would come up with; and since I had watched our choral director for years, I thought that Reta and I, together, would manage. Little did I realize what I was getting into.

The Golden Age Choir, God bless each and everyone of them, soon made me realize that I needed the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the finesse of Abba Eban and the endurance of Samson. They all preferred to sing solo, they all preferred to stand in the front row and they were fussy who they were standing next to. The men were even bigger prima donnas than the women. I finally convinced them that they would have to work as a team, not try and outdo one another and not push or shove when they were on stage. I got them nice blue loose-leaf folders, wrote out all the songs in Yiddish and wrote Yiddish lyrics for the Hebrew and English melodies. They felt that they were professionals already, but since we were invited to perform not only for Jewish groups but for other ethnic groups, I had to teach them to sing at least "O Canada" in English. One gentleman, however, no matter how hard I tried, managed to come out above all the other voices with "Oy Kennedi"! In spite of all the trials and errors, we built up a wonderful relationship with our Golden Agers. They appreciated us and we loved them. No matter how they sang they were very well received, and Reta and I derived a great deal of pleasure in our five year association with them. When we had to leave, because it became too demanding for us, they felt that we were abandoning them and naturally I personally felt very guilty.

CHAUFFEURING

I guess you could call me a late bloomer. All my friends were able to drive, but since my husband went to work almost seven days a week, I never had access to our car. Finally when he managed to take off the odd Saturday or Sunday, I took lessons and surprisingly, in my forties, learned to drive. I felt as though I had conquered Mount Everest. I could visit, shop without carrying my bags on a bus and not have to depend on anyone for a lift. Because I'd always had to wait for a bus or a lift, I made a promise to myself that I would pick up anyone who needed transportation. Little did I realize that I would become a chauffeur.

Now that I had a driver's license, my husband let me have the car. Well, my first venture was to pack my precious jewels (my three daughters) into the car and drive a few blocks away to show my sister that I could drive. As we neared a stop sign before crossing a main thoroughfare, I slowly began to slide into a 'stop', but somehow the car didn't feel like stopping. In a split-second decision I turned the wheel towards a parked car . . . rather bump into a car than slide into the heavy traffic with my precious cargo. My daughter Penny, however, grabbed the wheel and said: ''Ma, you don't know how to drive!'' Surprisingly the car stopped but my daughter didn't believe me when I tried to explain that I couldn't stop the car. Anyway we continued on our way, and when we got in front of my sister's home the car again refused to stop. Since I was travelling very slowly I called out to someone: ''the car won't stop!'' He yelled back: ''pull the emergency!'' Frankly, my instructor never mentioned the emergency brake. I won't burden you with the details but I left the car and phoned my husband and he said:

''if it doesn't stop, you keep pumping the brakes!'' That wasn't in my drivers' manual and I wouldn't take his car again.

My husband Harold was finally able to buy me a car of my own and I became an instant chauffeur. Somehow my children needed lifts to the dentist, the doctor, the concert, the music teacher. My sister needed a lift, the neighbors needed a lift and above all, my ladies of the Jewish Women's Musical Club needed lifts to the various functions or choral practises. I would pile everyone in and like the proverbial postman: ''neither rain, nor sleet, nor storm nor snow'' would stop me from venturing forth. Other seasoned drivers were afraid to take chances, but I was so happy to be able to drive, I felt that the good Lord would take care of me. Of course there were times when my car also wouldn't go — but I found that it's important to check the gas gauge.

When I was involved with my Golden Agers, I always managed to have a few passengers to drive home, but sometimes it became above and beyond the call of duty. This one particular lady asked me to drive her to a tea that she had to attend. Well, why not? But since she wasn't sure of the address, I drove her home first so that she could find the invitation. She came out with about a half dozen invitations, but not one was for that particular tea. She knew though that it was somewhere in a particular area and that she would recognize the house. Well, we cruised around, up and down several streets, (meanwhile I'm anxious to get home at the other end of town to get dinner ready for my family), looking for a house with a lot of cars in front. In desperation I finally stopped at a house to use their phone to ask this lady's friend's husband if he knew where

his wife was attending this tea. He finally came up with the right invitation. As you can see, being a chauffeur isn't all that it's cracked up to be. But in spite of all the pressures, having my own 'wheels' opened up new horizons for me. When I'm at the wheel, I feel like I'm the master of my own destiny, free like a bird spreading its wings and flying off into the wide blue yonder!

THE ISRAELITE PRESS

One might get the impression that I deliberately look for ways and means of getting involved but you would be mistaken. In case I didn't have enough to do raising three daughters and looking after a large house and being involved with the community, my husband decided to volunteer my services. The Jewish community convinced him to take over and publish our only Anglo-Jewish newspaper and since he was too busy running his own printing business he volunteered me. The paper was always in the red and the community felt that since my husband was successful in his business perhaps he would be able to carry on and make it pay for itself.

The Israelite Press, founded in 1910 by the Simkin family, was the only Yiddish newspaper in Western Canada. As the years went by and the younger generation were not that well versed in Yiddish, it became out of necessity an Anglo-Yiddish paper. With the paper, we acquired an English editor, Mel Fenson, and our Jewish editor Noah Witman. Since I had a good Yiddish education, I was put in charge of the running of the office, public relations, but mainly I found my niche in the 'obituaries'. People would come to me with a picture of their loved ones and I would have to console them, figure out the exact date of their demise on the Hebrew

calendar and run to the engravers to have a cut made for printing. It seemed that the only pictures of the deceased that could be found were taken at weddings, with them wearing corsages or boutonnieres. I had to get the engraver to remove or block it out; after all it was important to let the deceased die in dignity.

I would also get many phone calls when the paper wasn't delivered on time and the ladies didn't know the exact time to light their Sabbath candles. There were some people who were so persistent and practically in tears when there was a blizzard and the paper could not be delivered. I assure you our editors would personally deliver some to the very demanding and I too would find it hard to say "no". There was one older gentleman who came into our office and felt that $6.00 was too much for our yearly subscription. He then proceeded to tear the newspaper in half, hand me the English portion and inform me that since he only reads the Yiddish, he's only going to pay me $3.00.

As you can see, my husband now realized why the paper was always in the red and since he could not devote all his time to the managing of the financial end, he kept threatening that he was going to give it back to the community. I, meanwhile, got so involved that I felt it would be a tragedy to close it up. As long as there were people who wanted and were able to read Yiddish, I hated to let it go. For three years, working full days, rushing, running, always behind in my duties, always dishevelled, always guilty that my family was being neglected, I persevered. In spite of the fact that my husband lost a lot of money and I walked around in a state of exhaustion, it was a rewarding and certainly a learning experience. It was a very sad day when we

shut the pages on a very vibrant, cultural and entertaining Yiddish newspaper that served the Yiddish speaking community for close to sixty years.

HADASSAH-WIZO

The Zionist seed of Hadassah was planted in 1917 to help build a national homeland, fulfilling a two-thousand-year dream. It grew, it flourished and reached out to encompass women from the east coast to the west, building a national organization of great magnitude. Women of all ages, different political stripes and different economic backgrounds, united to dedicate themselves to the State of Israel.

Canadian Hadassah-Wizo took on the responsibility of supporting the youth village of Nahalal, an agricultural live-in school, to prepare children from radically different backgrounds to make a productive life for themselves. They also took on the responsibility of assisting the Asaf Harofe Hospital, which is more than just a hospital, but a complete medical centre as well. The Canadian Hadassah-Wizo Youth Village at Hadassim has helped absorb many immigrant children and youth from the Holocaust survivors of the 1940's when the village was set up, through the traumatic mass in-gathering of the fifties and subsequent immigration from Iran and South America. Another major project is the Hadassah-Wizo Canada Research Institute, with Dr. Reuven Feuerstein at its head. He has spent a lifetime working with children with special needs and has done wonders with autistic, retarded, and mentally handicapped children. He attends numerous international seminars to train some 1500 teachers per year in his methods.

There are many more such projects that Canadian Hadassah is committed to support, and

naturally, being a Jewish woman vitally interested in the state of Israel, I too wished to stand up and be counted. Even as a small child I wondered why an Irish girl has an Ireland, an English girl, an England, a Polish girl a Poland, a Ukrainian girl, the Ukraine; but I, a Jewish girl, had no land to speak of. I don't know why it was so important to me since no one discussed it with me; but perhaps it was our prayers, recited with deep yearning, especially during Passover: "next year in Jerusalem!" In 1948, with the rebirth of the State of Israel, I was elated beyond belief; my only regret was that my father was not alive to witness this great miracle.

Although I was a member of Hadassah-Wizo, I did not affiliate myself with any particular chapter until my friend Ada insisted I join her Aliyah chapter. Little did I know that without trying I would get more than just 'involved'. At first I helped out at our annual bazaar, by selling raffles, selling merchandise that the women managed to scrounge, serving food and doing whatever I could for our common cause. Apparently I must have been a good saleslady for I not only sold second-hand clothes but I sold myself as well. Before I knew it, I was asked to chair our next year's Bazaar.

"Fools step in where angels fear to tread" . . . an old worn cliché, but nevertheless very apt in this instance. Little did I think or imagine how involved I would get. What's so difficult in delegating responsibility? Nothing, except that I didn't know whom or how to delegate since I didn't set up a proper committee and it seemed that I kept phoning all the wrong people. In desperation, I ran around like a chicken without a head, begging, scrounging, cajoling, dragging boxes and imagining that "come the Revolution", I mean the Bazaar, our booth would

have nothing to sell. I needn't have worried for at the last moment our girls came through and we managed to carry our weight as well as the other chapters.

The following year, since I was an experienced Bazaar lady, I planned to be well organized, delegate a lot of responsibility and save myself a lot of wear and tear. The good Lord, however, had a different plan. My sister Shirley was slowly dying, and since she never married the whole responsibility fell on my shoulders. She was like a mother to me and my loss was very great. I spent seven very difficult months and was emotionally, spiritually and physically exhausted, but the work for Hadassah-Wizo had to go on.

This particular year our chapter was responsible for making a big stew to be served at the Bazaar. I got my friend David, who was in the meat packing business, to donate 25 pounds of Kosher chuck meat. Of course besides donating it, I asked him to deliver it to the home of one of the women early Monday morning, where her team would be waiting, ready with sharpened knives and vegetable peelers to create their masterpiece.

Monday morning arrived and my schedule wasn't too bad — I had to be at my sister's home so that the Salvation Army could pick up her stove and other things that I promised to donate; do something to my hair in order to attend an All Category Luncheon and not scare anyone; visit my sister Chava in the Senior Citizens Home because she was feeling rejected; run and congratulate my other sister on becoming a grandmother; and in the evening, attend a concert of the Youth Orchestra where my daughter Judy was playing the violin. If I played it cool, my day would be fairly relaxed.

Apparently, it was not to be. I received a frantic call from Anne who was waiting for the meat to be delivered: "Doris, we are all waiting, the carrots and onions and parsnips are peeled but the meat hasn't arrived!" I phoned my friend and he told me that he understood how important Hadassah is, but he was running a multi-million dollar business and had a few other priorities. I convinced him that nothing is more important than Hadassah: look at all the children they have saved through their Youth Aliyah projects, their hospitals, their schools and nurseries . . . . Anyway, rather than listen to me any longer, he told me that the meat was on its way.

Suddenly the shrill ringing of the telephone stopped me in my tracks. Again Anne was on the phone: "Doris, what kind of meat is this, it looks like a horse's rear end" (actually she didn't say rear end, but I was brought up not to say the other word). "What are we going to do with this big hunk, we can't cut it, we haven't got the proper knives for it!" Well, again I phoned my friend and told him the whole sordid story. He called his man in charge of the cooler who assured him that it was first grade Kosher meat and if my ladies were so spoilt that they couldn't cut up a good piece of chuck there was nothing else he could do! I then phoned my butcher, explained our predicament and he promised to cut it up for us if we would bring it over. To make a long story longer, we had enough stew to sink the Titanic, but it was delicious and we did very well in the food department.

Every bazaar had its special problems, but on looking back I find that they were always an exhilarating experience. You may well ask: "what's so good about cooking, baking, serving, selling and having your ankles swell and your back ache?" I will

tell you: you are working for a cause, not for yourself; not for monetary rewards but in some small way stretching out a helping hand to those in need, and especially our brethren, for we firmly believe that "I am my brother's keeper."

The women with whom I worked became very special to me. I felt closer to them than those in our chapter who only attended meetings. True, they gave money for our cause; but it was the ones who gave of themselves with whom I had a special relationship. Some of them got their husbands involved, who not only gave us the merchandise for our booth, but worked alongside with us, like Beattie and her Allan, Idy and her Mel.

Throughout the years my gazebo became the depot for people to deposit their clothes, dishes, bric-a-brac and anything in good condition that they no longer needed or wanted. One incident that comes to mind is my husband, on hearing a noise in our back yard, looked out to see a man depositing a large carton in our gazebo. On seeing my husband he said: "Harold, now I know why your wife is so well dressed!"

Before I realized what was happening I found myself president of our Aliyah chapter. Then I really became involved, not only at a chapter level, but with Council projects as well. As president of a chapter, I became a delegate at our conventions and since I held that office for more than thirteen years, I attended many conventions. Most of the women packed a lot of clothes; but I brought our chapter's Cook Book to sell and was busy running around with my books between sessions. I may not have been at my glamourous best, but I always managed to sell cook books.

A Hadassah-Wizo Convention is an extraordinary and overwhelming experience. The organization is headed by outstanding women from across Canada and I am always amazed when I see these women in action. They are all volunteers, and yet with their remarkable intelligence, capabilities and dedication they could run an Empire — and in a sense, they do.

The in-gathering of Hadassah-Wizo delegates from sea to sea across Canada is a most wonderful sight to see. From St. John's to Victoria, one thousand strong invade and take over the hotel and I can assure you that hotel staff and management will never be the same. After their Grand Opening with an impressive array of dignitaries and eloquent guest speakers, they settle down to the business at hand. The plenary sessions, the workshops, the proposals, the amendments and the amendment to the amendments, the elections and resolutions keep all the delegates involved. The distinguished guest speakers and luminaries from around the world with their messages and dedication help us renew our efforts to work even harder for the State of Israel. Although I am tired and want to relax, somehow after each Convention I charge up my batteries even though they threaten to wind down. I can't do as much as I used to, but I contribute my efforts in something that comes easy to me.

My forte has always been the pitter-patter, the rhythmic pattern and the beat of music. Although I received no musical education, I found it easy to express my feelings in rhyme. Through the years, therefore, I wrote many musical sketches in both Yiddish and English for the community. One such effort was a production called ''The Festival of Song''. My cast consisted of one adult and about

fifty children. The children were quite rambunctious, especially some of the boys, and I thought I would never survive. They even climbed and walked on the piano and in the few months of rehearsing, I lost seven pounds. Surprisingly, on the day of the performance, they came through without missing a cue, and it was worth every ounce that I lost. Even more surprising was the fact that the most rambunctious of the boys grew up to be professional men and very solid citizens. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that the finale included Moses holding aloft the 'Tablets of the Covenant'. I made the tablets out of cardboard covered with gold foil, and inscribed the Hebrew lettering with black ink. By making them point to, and name each Commandment for the finale, I must have drilled them into their heads.

My sister Chava, of blessed memory, was always dying. Since her sons did not live in the city, I was the one who always had to answer to her calls. Sometimes she would pick up the phone and dial my number, say that she was dying and hang up. Naturally I would come running, but somehow she managed to outlive many of my siblings (who were never dying) to the ripe age of eighty-six. She would often say ''Enough already! I'm tired of being sick,'' and that she wouldn't mind dying if I would promise to do as she asked. She wanted to have a large funeral and since I was so involved in the community, I could alert a lot of the people I knew. She would also like a wonderful eulogy and a Rabbi with a very strong voice, for many of her friends didn't hear too well. Naturally, I carried out her wishes to the best of my ability.

I, on the other hand, am not too anxious to leave this world but I don't have to worry about 'eulogies'. The Jewish Women's Musical Club has honoured me

in many ways, particularly when I was presented with the 'Sydney' Award in 1967, a silver kiddush cup with the inscription: ''to Doris Margolis for her contribution to Jewish Culture''. I treasure this cup, but more than that the tribute by my friend Gwen who made the presentation. I also will always treasure the tribute my friend Elsie paid me in appreciation for the program I presented on the twenty-fifth Anniversary of our club. I don't even need a Rabbi with a strong voice. I'm happy to have been able to hear it in advance.

From Hadassah-Wizo I have also received tokens of their appreciation for my efforts, particularly a silver tray engraved with the inscription: ''Presented to Doris Margolis in deep Appreciation by Hadassah-Wizo Council of Winnipeg'' in June of 1978. However, when I finally stepped down as president of our Chapter, Myrna's gracious 'eulogy' will always remain with me.

I never volunteered my services with any personal goal in mind. I only answered a request, a need or a cause and always felt amply rewarded. When I gave of myself I received a great deal more in friendship and in experience, which in turn gave me courage and the feeling that in spite of my lack of education I was appreciated. Many people have nothing to do; they feel neglected and lonely. But all they have to do is 'reach out and touch someone' and they will be rewarded a thousandfold. My advice: become a volunteer!

It is good to be appreciated, and like Tevye in Fiddler on the Roof: ''after thirty-five years . . . it's nice to know!'' ■

Perfect Plan For Mid-East Peace

Many world-shaking events are keeping me awake lately; especially Jimmy Swaggart's fall from grace. How can a man who has the power to sway millions to be born again, fall off his pedestal and come crashing down. I also happen to be concerned about the State of Israel, particularly when my children and grandchildren live there.

Greater minds have not been able to find a solution to these problems; but I, in the stillness of the night . . . have suddenly seen the light! There, riding into Jerusalem on a magnificent white horse is Jimmy Swaggart, in flowing white robes, white skull-cap on his head, surrounded by millions exclaiming: "Hail to our hero! Hail to our hero!"

You may well ask, how can a deposed evangelist bring about such an impossible dream? Very simply, all he has to do is convert to Judaism. We, the Jews, will furnish him with a magnificent pulpit, all the television coverage he needs, an outstanding choir and of course, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra.

He doesn't even have to beg for contributions. He just has to use his considerable talent, his power for persuasion, his charisma and of course . . . his tears, to convert the Arabs of the West Bank and Gaza . . . to Judaism!

That shouldn't prove too difficult, since Jews and Arabs have a common ancestry and, to make it easier, the Arab men are already circumcised.

With one big concerted effort, Jimmy Swaggart not only regains a pulpit, but we Jews have a completely Jewish State of Israel.

Now I can curl up and get some much-needed sleep, knowing that my children and their children are surrounded by peace and harmony in our beloved Israel, and Jimmy Swaggart has regained his place in heaven. ■

(as published in *The Jewish Post & News*, May 18, 1988)

A Brief Bizarre Encounter

My husband made plans for us to attend a Printing Machinery Show in Dusseldorf, Germany. He was most anxious to see all the latest equipment and technology related to the printing industry from all over the world. Frankly, I had no desire to go to Germany, but I didn't want to spoil it for my husband, especially since we were to be the guests of a large corporation. They had arranged to have a boat on the Rhine as our hotel, where we would be wined and dined as we cruised along to our destination. They also set up special tours and entertainment for the wives, and my husband assured me that it would be a wonderful experience for me, but my heart wasn't in it.

Meanwhile, I was getting ready for Passover, cleaning, cooking, baking and unpacking my Passover dishes that waited patiently for a whole year to come out of hiding. At the same time I put aside some things that I would need for the trip, but with very little enthusiasm. On the eve of Passover, with my loved ones all around me sitting at a festive and gleaming table, I should have been delighted; but somehow my heart was filled with foreboding. That same evening I received word that my sister in Los

Angeles had suffered a severe heart attack. The next day I was on the plane, but it was too late . . . she died before I got there! My beautiful and vivacious sister . . . . gone! I knew she was living on borrowed time, but it was a terrible shock. Since I would have to spend the week of mourning with her family in Los Angeles, I guessed that the Lord also felt I should not be going to Germany. The day after the funeral however, the Rabbi told us that we were absolved from sitting 'shiva' because of Passover and the Sabbath that followed. I flew home to join my husband, thinking that perhaps the good Lord knew best and wanted me to go to Germany in spite of myself.

Looking and feeling totally worn, I managed to get my things and myself together and we were off across the Atlantic. I felt like a zombie, an automaton, doing what was necessary; but, flying above the clouds without any responsibility gave me the necessary respite to gather my resources. When we landed in Frankfurt, our Canadian contingent was herded onto a bus and in a short while we arrived in Mainz where we were to board our boat, the S.S. France. While our luggage was being distributed to the various staterooms, we were asked to either go up on deck to relax or walk into the old part of Mainz until we were ready to board. My husband and I elected to take a walk into the old part of town.

It was a Saturday morning and the whole area was alive with sightseers and shoppers milling about the colourful umbrellas that shaded the wares that were displayed, just asking to be bought. The beautiful flowers, the fruits, the vegetables, the cheeses, the fish, the meats, the pastries and, for me, the wonderful aroma of fresh baked breads; all this made for a kaleidoscope of fascinating shapes and colours.

There were arts and crafts on display and tables and chairs for people to relax and have a bite to eat. We stopped for tea and biscuits, but did not linger since we were anxious to get back on board and get settled. My feet also were bothering me from walking on the cobblestone streets, although these certainly added to our picturesque surroundings.

Walking back to where our boat was docked, I asked my husband to walk ahead so that I could take a picture of him with the name of the boat and the name of the show, "DRUPA '86" as a backdrop. While trying to get my husband properly focused, I was approached by a man who offered to take a picture of the two of us together. Thinking that it was a generous offer and something I always volunteer to do when I notice people in a similar situation, I handed him my camera. Instead of letting me walk ahead towards my husband, he took me by the arm as if we were old friends and led me towards my husband. We all chatted for a few moments and then he suggested that a better picture would be created if my husband and I would sit down together on a bench nearby. We sat down, but apparently this man was not quite satisfied for he kept touching me and positioning me so that he would get the best possible angle. He kept cupping my face in his hands and gently turning it this way and that, until my husband impatiently asked: "are you a photographer?" No, he was not a photographer. However he commented that I looked rather tired and before I had time to agree or disagree, he put his hands on my shoulders and began to manipulate the muscles of my neck and back.

Feeling not only physically manipulated, I finally told him that I was very tired, my feet were sore and that we had to go back on board. He then cupped

my head in his hands and gave my head such a jerk, that I heard every bone in my neck crack. I yelped like a puppy and before I could open my mouth to complain, he jerked my head in the opposite direction. Again my bones cracked and I jumped up from the bench, crying out: ''enough!'' He then asked: ''don't your feet feel better now?'' After what had transpired, I didn't know what I felt. It was as though I was an observer looking on, as a complete stranger held sway over this other person, who I supposed was me. My husband then asked him ''are you a chiropractor?'' He then told us that he was a doctor, a gynecologist, and was leaving for Moscow the next day to deliver a paper on some of his findings. We asked him his name but he didn't divulge it. He said it was a long Polish name, too difficult to pronounce. He wished us well, shook hands with my husband and then took both of my hands in his and squeezed them gently, looking deeply into my eyes before letting me go. He then walked away quickly without a backward glance.

That night, as I lay in my bunk, with the rhythmic motion of the boat and the hum of the engines in my ears, I could not get this man out of my mind. What did he want of me, what was he searching for? I, too, could feel a sense of kinship between us. If I was young and alone, I would say that he was trying to make a pass at me. Here was I, a middle-aged grandmother, and obviously the only Jewish looking person amongst those wandering nearby. What did I awaken in him? Did he perhaps want to share something of himself with me? Did his conscience bother him for what was done to the Jews by the Nazis, and wished in some way to communicate his regrets, or was he himself Jewish? Did I remind him of his mother or some other relative that he lost

in the Holocaust? I will never know; but this brief and bizarre encounter will always remain in the recesses of my mind and at times come out to haunt me. ■

Matchmaker, Matchmaker

If you think that Yente from Fiddler on the Roof was the greatest of matchmakers you would be mistaken. In all modesty, I must lay claim to that distinction. Now that I think of it, when looking back, I must have been drawn to that noble profession without even realizing it.

As a small child, when my sister Shirley would bring home a new suitor she would ask: ''darling, what do you think of him?'' With the wisdom of a five year old I would advise her: ''he may be alright in his place, but I don't think he belongs in our place''. I really don't think that it is because she took my advice . . . but it so happens that she never married.

As a teenager, I would always act as a go-between between two factions. Two girls always vied for my nephew Max's attention, Reta and my best friend Norma. Naturally I always invited Norma when I knew Max would be over and even helped her with her homework so that she could spend more time with him. It so happened that he eventually married Reta.

As a married woman my matchmaking instincts came to the fore. Why would anyone choose to be

single, when they could be married? Why would they elect to be free and unencumbered, when they could be burdened with looking after a husband and trying to make ends meet on his meagre earnings? Like Noah, I liked to pair off everyone and march them two by two into their respective niches. I always liked things to match, faithwise and family-wise. By nature I'm not very ambitious; but give me a cause or a mission and I'm off and running.

Visiting at a friend's home, I sat next to a relative of theirs who was our storekeeper many years ago. When I used to run across the street to shop for my mother, I never really saw him as a person. Now, years later, I found him to be very knowledgeable and to my surprise, interested in music and the arts. It seems he retired to look after his ageing and ailing mother and now that she had passed away, our friends felt that it would be nice if he could find someone to share his life. Naturally, I filed his resumé at the back of my mind. Later, during a discussion with our accountant, he mentioned that his sister, whom I knew quite well, was planning to leave the city. She had a good job, but socially was going nowhere. Suddenly, a light bulb flashed in my mind and I realized that here were two kindred spirits if only I could get them together.

It was much easier said than done. First of all, I had to talk our former storekeeper into going out with the lady and give him a resumé of all her attributes. Then I had to talk her into taking a chance and going out with him. Finally, I had to convince my husband to take her and me to the movies, where I had arranged to have our friends David and Sarah bring along the gentleman and meet us there. As we were ushered into the theatre, we saw to it that the 'couple' would sit together and we and our

friends would flank them on either side. Of course, I didn't pay too much attention to the movie for I was busy glancing over to the 'couple' to see if they were sharing a laugh or any emotion the movie evoked. All seemed to go well, so we decided to go to our friends' home for coffee. There the 'couple' would be able to get to see each other in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere. They seemed to have a lot in common and when she expressed her preferences in music, he went next door where he lived and brought over some records that we all enjoyed. As the evening came to a close, he thanked us all for a very enjoyable evening and went home. My husband and I then drove the lady home.

The next morning my girl friend informed me that 'he' was very interested but was afraid to ask his companion of the previous evening out in case she would refuse. I then got on the phone to ask 'her' how she enjoyed herself and I got an earful. ''Why couldn't he thank me personally for a lovely evening and at least have the courtesy to walk me over to your car, even when he wasn't driving? A man of his age should certainly know better''! This time I had to do some real fast talking, for I really felt that they would make a great pair. I had to explain that first he gave up a lot to take over his father's store. Then, when his mother was alone and ailing, he felt responsible and wouldn't leave her. I had to point out that he may not have the social graces, but certainly the good graces and warm heart to give up a great deal for his mother. I won't burden you with any more details; but they did get married and we all derived a great deal of pleasure in getting two lonely people together.

While visiting with my sister Rose in Regina, my niece Anne entertained for me. She needed an

excuse to create a little excitement in the community and I became the 'excuse'. I knew most of the women, but there was one young girl whom I had never met. She was lovely, ladylike, and reminded me of a beautiful Japanese doll with her beautiful black hair coiled and brought up to frame her exquisite profile. I was surprised to learn that she was single and not doing too much dating. Apparently she was very discriminating. Without too much thought I asked her sister-in-law: ''what is a lovely girl like that doing in Regina of all places, where there are very few, if any, eligible Jewish bachelors?'' In Winnipeg we have a much larger Jewish population and I felt sure that she would have a much better opportunity of meeting someone special. I intimated that if she came to Winnipeg, I would do my utmost to introduce her to several eligible bachelors. Apparently, her family took me at my word, for in no time at all I received a phone call from the young lady's father. He informed me that he had found her a nice Jewish family to stay with and would I get to work as promised. To tell you the truth I was flabbergasted . . . but my word is my word!

Well, I got to work with a vengeance. I made a list of all the eligible bachelors that I knew or barely knew and got on the telephone. I reasoned that she would need someone who was well established and secure enough in himself to be able to sit back and enjoy any of the attention she would receive. I won't tell you any more for fear of giving away all the secrets of my 'trade'; but apparently my reasoning worked. A great match was made and years later, attending their children's Bar and Bat Mitzvahs, I was introduced to her children in this way: ''this is Mrs. Margolis . . . if it weren't for her, you would not be here today''.

Another one of my successful 'matches' involved the daughter of one of my dear friends. After a very brief marriage she was divorced and it pained me to see her without a date. She was a very lovely redhead with a lively personality, yet chose to spend her time quietly with just a few close friends. At some family gathering I took a second look at one of the young men and asked him if he were involved with anyone in particular. When he assured me that he had no commitments, I asked him if he would consider taking out this young lady. His answer was: "every blind date I've been on has been a 'dog' and I refuse to go out on another one!" I let the matter rest for the time being; but the next time I bumped into him I said: "do me a favor and take her out at least once. Actually she is much too good for someone like you, but I would like her to be seen publicly dating someone so that it would become known that she is available." After several more conversations with the young man, he finally acquiesced: "just to get you off my back, I'll take her out!" I also had to convince the young lady to take a chance and meet with him. She was not very anxious to get involved with anyone at this time, especially when she was planning to spend some time in Israel. I guess my perseverence paid off, for they finally got together. Apparently he was so impressed that he even flew to Israel to see her. Not too long afterward they were married, to the delight of both sets of parents, and of course I too derived a great deal of pleasure. As for the couple, I imagine that they also found happiness in their life together.

Although I was instrumental in arranging quite a few 'matches', I am only relating a few. My husband kept informing me that my matchmaking business was keeping him broke. If older people

were involved, we would have to entertain them, since they usually were not comfortable in going out on a blind date. Secondly, when I would bring a 'match' to fruition, we would have to first buy them an engagement present, perhaps attend a shower or two, and then of course, buy a wedding present. And perhaps, I would also like a new dress for the occasion. So, in my husband's opinion, it wasn't exactly a profitable venture.

I, too, would often worry that it would be on my conscience if any of my 'matches' didn't work out. On the other hand, I kept telling myself that I was not totally responsible. My mother, of blessed memory, always said that one of the most important duties that the Lord performed was the matching up of two kindred souls, like He did with Adam and Eve. Somehow, though, overwhelmed and inundated by all the hot and cold wars going on in the world, He felt that He had to delegate some of His responsibilities and therefore chose me as one of His 'messengers'. With my success rate of one hundred percent, He felt confident that He had found the right person for the right job.

Judging the lifestyles of today and the high rate of divorce, I think that many more 'messengers' should be appointed. Many couples today first live together in order to find out if they are compatible. Then, after the probation period and perhaps with a child on the way, they decide to get married. They then realize that they are not compatible after all and get a divorce! I therefore personally have come to the conclusion that 'matchmaking' is an indispensable and honourable profession. In the interests of domestic harmony and family unity, I have definitely decided to follow my special calling. ■

Post Surgical Trilogy

Ultimately

Reaching Out

The March in the Corridors

ULTIMATELY

Who is this tormented creature,
Its flesh insulted, scarred and worn?
You gaze upon this sorry sight
That lies so helpless and forlorn.

Could it be a kindred spirit
Although it's strange and so detached;
Yet coursing through its battered veins
The same Life's blood to which I'm attached.

Could this then possibly be me
Pushing through the layers of pain;
Reaching out for the breath of Life
Then sinking into a void again?

As awareness washes over me
Like a cold, wet and clammy sea,
Where do I turn, how do I cope
With the hand that fate has dealt to me?

In spite of all the skill and care,
The concern and the love that was shown
By my loved ones and many friends;
Ultimately . . . I was alone!

December, 1989

Reaching Out

In the stillness of the night
As I lay on my bed of pain
Attached to myriads of tubes
That ebb and flow into my veins

Twisting, turning and searching
For comfort, solace and hope
Aware of all that besets me
Wondering how I will cope

When there on the wall up above
Illumined by the soft moonlight
A figure nailed to a cross
Seems to empathize with my plight.

Not willing to accept an offer
From this stranger, yet wanting to
When He earnestly assures me:
''I'm your kinsman . . . a fellow Jew!''

December, 1989

The March in the Corridors

The marchers in the corridors
Of the post surgical ward
Attached to their I.V. poles
As if to an umbilical cord.

Old and frail she shuffles along
Finding it hard to guide her pole
Surprisingly with inner strength
She manages to reach her goal.

Mr. 'macho man' displays his chest
As he greets each nurse with a quip
Behind his smile . . . a grimace as
He holds his pole with a firm grip.

Beautifully coiffed and in charge
At many meetings she has chaired;
Now letting her defences down
Hanging on but visibly scared.

With expensive robe and slippers
The executive in command
Instead of his leather briefcase
A bag of urine in his hand.

Unwilling to join in the march
But my nurse insists that I do
So, I drag my weary body
And I too, join this motley crew!

December, 1989

Out of the Mouths of Babes

(and even some adults)

On looking back, it isn't the important events that come to mind . . . it's the little things, the seemingly inconsequential, that somehow bring back a special moment and evoke a bit of nostalgia and a smile.

■ ■ ■

Since my husband worked almost seven days a week, our three-year-old Penny never saw him in his pyjamas. This particular Sunday however, he was at home in bed and she crawled into bed with us. Noticing his chest at his open pyjama top she exclaimed: ''lookit daddy so much hair . . . why don't you take it from here and put it on the top of your head?''

■ ■ ■

After seeing her daddy off at the airport, and then as we walked out of the terminal and pointed to his plane up above, our three-year-old daughter Reesa exlaimed: ''but mommy . . . where are the steps in the sky?''

■ ■ ■

We always served a little Pepsi Cola at the dinner table so that our children would do more justice to their dinner. One day our three-year-old Judy wouldn't eat and when I insisted, she said that she can't eat unless she has a drink, but she only wants some Coca Cola. Since she rarely asserted herself, I was rather surprised but then became a little angry when she refused to eat and said: "eat your dinner . . . you know we always have Pepsi so hurry up and eat with or without!" She then started to cry: "Pepsi is for those who think young . . . and I'm a big girl already!"

■ ■ ■

My mother, of blessed memory, wasn't a vain person by any stretch of the imagination; but when we had to attend a family gathering my sisters would insist that she add something to her bosom to make her appear better proportioned. This particular evening I saw my mother fold a pair of bloomers and place them under her blouse before leaving for the party. During the evening, as I walked by where my mother was seated with a friend, I overheard her say: "I know it's hard to accept, but try not to take it to heart." Then patting her bosom she continued to say: "listen to me, only let it go up to the bloomers and not any further!"

■ ■ ■

When my father, of blessed memory, was hospitalized, he had to share a public ward with quite a few men. Most of them were Ukrainian and hard-working labourers who were accustomed to eating a lot of dark rye or pumpernickel bread, not

the one thin slice of anemic bread that was given to them. Even though my father was the only Jewish man in the ward, he could communicate well with them since he also came from the Ukraine. They seemed to look up to him or perhaps stand in awe of him when they saw him get out of bed every morning, wrap himself in his prayer shawl, and commune with his Maker. At any rate, they decided to appoint him as their spokesman when they found out that there was a meeting of the Board. Although his English was practically nonexistent, my bearded father, with skull cap on head, his hospital gown flapping, made his way down the corridor to the Boardroom. Uninvited, he entered the room, banged his fist on the table, and said: "what-si-di-mer? The General Hospital go brook? No brad?" (what's the matter? Has the General Hospital gone broke? Have they no bread?) Well, they got bread!

■ ■ ■

When my mother died and we were sitting 'shiva' (in mourning), we lit a large candle that was to last the whole week. My daughter Judy, then about six, asked: "why do we have to burn such a large candle?" My nephew Max then explained: "Judy darling, we light a candle to keep the memory alive of the one who has died." She then said: "when you love someone very much like I love my Boba, you don't need a candle to make you remember."

■ ■ ■

When our children were visiting us from Israel, we took a leisurely drive down Portage Avenue

towards evening. Looming out of the distance were the 'golden arches', the visible symbol that gladdens the heart of every North American child. However, to my three-year-old grandson Nathaniel, that distinctive emblem had a very different and greater significance.

Tugging at my sleeve and pointing excitedly, he exclaimed in Hebrew "Boba, look! Luchot Habreet!" Not believing that I really heard what I thought I did, and not too sure of my Hebrew, I asked him what he meant.

He impatiently asked, "don't you know Luchot Habreet?" My daughter then enlightened me: "mother, listen carefully, he's saying the Tablets of the Covenant, the Ten Commandments!"

Now, no matter where or when I come across the MacDonald's symbol, all I can see before me is this vision of Moses, coming down from Mount Sinai, holding aloft the emblazoned Tablets of the Covenant!

■ ■ ■

One day at my husband's place of business I noticed a set of Melmac dishes ready to be photographed for a catalogue. I asked my husband to try and get me a set since they would be ideal for the children, but in a colour other than the avocado.

About a month later, dozing off on the sofa, waiting for my husband, the phone rang and half asleep, half awake, I heard a man say something about "a grey cup". Without thinking I said: "I really didn't want grey, but if that is the only colour that

they've got, I'll accept them.'' The man at the other end of the phone began to sputter, almost getting apoplexy trying to explain: ''madame! your husband won two tickets to the Grey Cup game in Toronto!'' We took some cash instead because we really needed some drapes in our living room.

■ ■ ■

My sister Lily doesn't see too well or hear too well, but she always manages to come out with many 'gems'.

''When I die . . . I want to die healthy.''

''There's no reason . . . without a reason.''

''You look very handsome . . . but I don't see very well.''

This one, however, tops them all:

My daughter Penny was being married in our home by a Justice of the Peace since it was a mixed marriage. Naturally my sister was aware that we had mixed emotions and some concern. It so happened that she was seated right next to a Catholic nun and was extolling the virtues of the bride. She then turned to the nun and asked: ''are you married?'' The nun replied: ''yes, I'm married to Jesus Christ!'' I happened to walk up at that precise moment and when my sister Lily saw me she said: ''at least Penny is marrying a live one . . . not a dead one!'' You may be sure I wished I were dead and quickly moved away to visit with my other guests. ■

Afterword

Since we Jews have always prayed: "may we be inscribed in the Book of Life for another year," I have always been under the impression that I begin each year with a clean slate. I also feel that I'm a nice person. I try not to hurt anyone, I'm polite, I like and respect my elders (now more than ever since I have also joined their ranks), and I certainly obey the Ten Commandments. Well, not exactly all ten, but nine out of ten isn't bad.

Apparently I've been labouring under a delusion, for no matter what I do or plan to do, no matter how simple, it becomes complicated and there are dozens of obstacles in my path. It must be that my soul, which has wandered around through the centuries, has garnered a long list of misdeeds, and the good Lord has decided to make me pay for all of them in my particular lifetime.

Women have babies. My mother, may she rest in peace, had about a dozen, give or take a few with a couple of miscarriages thrown in for good measure. They came quickly, naturally and unexpectedly in the field where she was hoeing the potatoes or in the barn where she was milking the cows. They just came! As for me, three children and three Caesarians, with complications! My mother had never even heard of Caesar, let alone Caesarian.

Every Passover we Jews pray: "next year in

Jerusalem''. Finally, fulfilling a dream of a lifetime, I was on my way in June of 1967. Would you believe that the Arabs decided that it was the opportune time to start the Arab-Israeli conflict? Here I was in the eternal city of Rome, waiting for what seemed like an eternity to board a plane for Israel, when suddenly through the loudspeakers came the message that all passenger flights to Israel were cancelled. Needless to say I was absolutely devastated, but c'est la vie or should I say: 'c'est la guerre!' Like Moses, I guess I wasn't privileged to enter the Promised Land.

People have stones . . . gallstones, kidney stones . . . plural. Somehow they manage to get rid of them without or with just one trip to surgery. I had only one kidney stone and ended up in surgery three times!

My latest surgical adventure came out of the blue. Here I was attending a meeting, running around delivering baby gifts and . . . totally unprepared and unexpectedly found myself fighting for my life on the operating table. As you can see, no matter what I do or get involved in, it becomes convoluted, twisting and turning in many directions, or blows up and mushrooms out encompassing much more than originally anticipated.

My mother always said: ''kleyne kinder, kleyne tzoris . . . groiseh kinder, groiseh tzoris'' (little children, little problems . . . big children, big problems). Little did I know how right she was. One can learn to cope with measles, chicken pox, sleepless nights . . . but teenage escapades are much more difficult to deal with. Of course my mother never knew about 'teenagers' because we just grew up to be 'people'. We wouldn't dare go off the beaten path

for we were afraid of God and even more of my father!

If by any chance you get the impression that once your children become adults, you can sit back and reap the rewards of your labour, you would very much be mistaken. My mother in her wildest dreams could never have envisioned or believed the problems that young adults face today. Their trials and tribulations become yours as well, without your even trying. However, some of my mother's philosophy must have rubbed off on me. She strongly believed in 'bashert', destiny, the will of God, and consequently accepted everything that came her way without anger or bitterness. I too, have learned not to fight the inevitable and make the best of difficult situations. I'll let you in on a secret ... it's easier 'said' than 'done'; but it does make coping less difficult.

In retrospect though, I have a great deal to be grateful for: a devoted husband for close to half a century, three beautiful and talented daughters and seven beautiful, brilliant, outstanding grandchildren. True, although my husband always tells me that I am the love of his life, I have a sneaking suspicion that the 'printed word', and his printing plant with the latest equipment and technology are more deeply imprinted on his psyche. All I know is that when he surveys his plant, especially when a new press is installed with its cylinders and gears meshing and rotating to its special rhythm and inbuilt sophisticated technology, his eyes light up with an inner glow of gratification.

True, my daughters may have given me a great deal of anxiety and heartache at times, but on the Scale of Life things seem to have reached the proper

balance. It is also true that my grandchildren may have helped tip the scale into equilibrium.

I never really appreciated how one ordinary small pebble cast into the waters of life can create so many ripples that billow out beyond all expectations. It wasn't until I became seriously ill that I discovered how many lives I touched and that I must have done something worthwhile in my life to have received such an outpouring of good wishes and concern for my well-being. My immediate family was devastated. How could I possibly do this to them, when I'm supposed to be the care-giver? Always in charge and needed, I suddenly found myself vulnerable and in need. It was very difficult for my family, but also difficult for me to accept their care and attention. I was literally inundated with hundreds of cards, gifts and flowers from across Canada, the United States, London and Israel. It was overwhelming and it got to the point that when they wheeled the cart down the hospital corridor, I was hoping it wouldn't stop at my door. I was so embarrassed that I would have hidden under my bed if it hadn't been for the fact that I was attached to a pole. My niece Anne, who happens to be my dearest friend, admonished me: ''don't ever do anything like that to me again!'' as if getting sick was my fault.

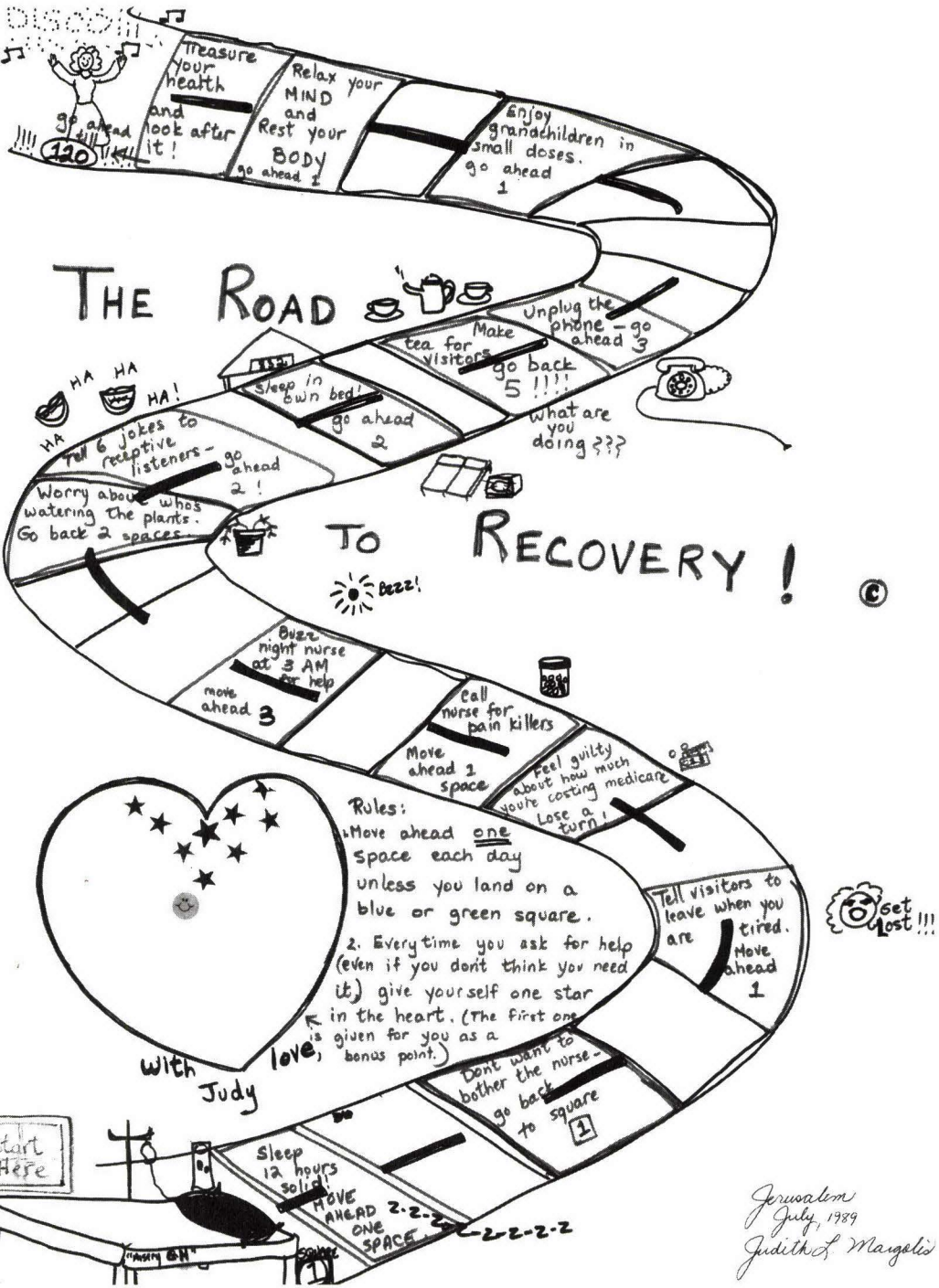
I can understand my husband, my daughters, my sons-in-law, my sister, my grandchildren, my nieces, nephews, my cousins and close friends hovering over me, but when my girl friend Norma arrived from Montreal, I was dumbfounded. She moved into my home, donned her very old nurse's uniform, rolled up her sleeves and got to work trying to get me back on my feet. My friend Reta phoned the hospital gift shop long distance from Ottawa and had them not only describe, but wind up and play

all their stuffed animals until she was pleased. She thought that the little dog waving its paw to the tune of How Much is That Doggie in the Window? would make me happy. She thought it would bring back pleasant memories of the time she accompanied me when I conducted the Golden Age Choir. It certainly brought a smile to my face and even though my little grandchildren wanted it, and I would give them anything ... I did not part with it.

My daughter Judy from Jerusalem even created a special game for my benefit entitled: ''The Road To Recovery''. If I take good care of myself I can move a few paces ahead, but if I don't I have to move back several paces. For example, if I ask for a much-needed pain killer in the middle of the night even though I have to bother the nurses, I can move two paces ahead. On the other hand, if I'm concerned about who is watering my plants at home, I have to move two paces back. As you can see it's a difficult road to travel, but if I listen to advice and take care I might manage to forge ahead and reach the proverbial one hundred and twenty years!

People always seem to complain about in-laws. All I know is that my sister-in-law Betty and brother-in-law Bert flew in all the way from California to see how I was getting along. My husband's family was especially concerned and, although from afar, gave me moral support in many different ways. Of course, I must thank my doctor, Dr. Arnold Rogers, and my surgeon, Dr. Morris Broder, for without them I might not have been around to finish this book. For all the concern and attention lavished upon me, I had no choice but to get back on my feet. For all that and more, I am truly humbled, thankful and grateful.

I hope that the various incidents, thoughts and reminiscences that have touched and shaped my life



The Road to Recovery — Judy's Get Well game
'Until one hundred and twenty'

have formed a coherent whole. This kaleidoscope of bits and pieces has hopefully created an interesting pattern that will pique the fancy of my children, my grandchildren and all my loved ones. I am also hoping that they will have gained an insight into their heritage, the moral values of my parents and of a different time. May it serve as a legacy that they can be proud of, appreciate, and pass on.

My mother of blessed memory, although uneducated, managed in her simple fashion to sum up in a few words what is most important to us all. At the end of a gathering or on ushering her guests to the door, she would always say: ''may you be blessed with good health, may you derive a great deal of 'nachas' (joy) from your children and grandchildren, and may there be peace in the world!'' Although I have a little more education, perhaps am a little more worldly, and an author, I find that I haven't been able to improve on her summary. So I close with my mother's blessings and thank you for sharing my moments of nostalgia with a little bit of this and a little bit of that. ■

About The Author



Doris T. Margolis

Doris Margolis is the youngest of an extended family of thirteen children. She learned folklore from her elderly parents who came from the Ukraine, and she was raised in an orthodox Jewish environment. Their home was always filled with family and friends, gathered around the dining-room table, drinking tea, telling stories, playing checkers or dominoes, listening to music, and singing. The gramophone filled their home with the magnificent voices of Caruso and Chaliapin, the moving melodies of cantorial music, and Russian, Gypsy and Yiddish folk songs.

Her involvement with Hadassah-Wizo, the Jewish Women's Musical Club, and other organizations, has over the years given her an outlet for her artistic and organizational talents. Although this is her first book, she has had several of her stories, poems and articles published.

Doris, and her husband Harold, who comes from a similar background, have three daughters and seven grandchildren.

ISBN 0-9695154-0-5