



The Bukovina Society of the Americas NEWSLETTER

P.O. Box 81, Ellis, KS 67637-0081 USA

Vol. 31, No. 1 March 2021

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Membership Dues:
Lifetime \$150.00
Annual \$25.00

SOCIETY NEWS & EVENTS

- Welcome to the new life members: Christopher Worrall, Gerard Gelowitz, Llyn Strelau, and Wanda Barnes
- Website: Over 200 active users of the 130,000 data base of people. 30 annual members since last newsletter.
- Dr. Sophie Welisch, long time researcher and author of all things Bukovina, has been admitted to a long-term care facility near her home in Congers, NY. She was hospitalized due to a fall and is no longer able to live alone. The Society is in deep debt to her for a lifetime of dedication to our Bukovina heritage.
- Thanks to Greg Barker for his computer expertise as a volunteer working with Doug Reckmann on the BSA website.
- We have enjoyed 30 years of free rent for the Society headquarters and museum, thanks largely to the Ellis Arts and Historical Society and the City of Ellis. For those of you who have visited, you know the building is old and in need of restoration/preservation. It is listed as a State and Federal Historical site. A task force has been formed to apply for \$50,000.00 grant from the Kansas Historical Society which requires a matching 10%. Our Society has been asked to join local and area organizations and a group of generous individuals who have agreed to fund the matching portion. BSA is a 501 (c) 3 non profit organization recognized by the IRS for charitable donations. You may send funds to P O Box 1083, Hays, Ks 67601 or pay by credit card on the Society website by clicking on the DONATE button.
- For the year 2020 we received 68 new annual members 16 new life members.

Yodeling is said to have originated in Africa, thousands of years ago (and still practiced today), and spread to all continents, with exception of Antarctica. Many Americans remember fondly Julie Andrews yodeling with the Von Trapp Family children in the American musical classic, "The Sound of Music" from Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. Today, many Americans associate yodeling with Switzerland, Austria, and the southern German state of Bavaria.

The history of yodeling is sketchy, but the scholar Alfred Tobler reports the first documented case of yodeling in Europe was as early as 1545, practiced in the Alpine area of Switzerland. There are earlier reports, that the Roman Emperor Julian complained of the "wild, shrieking songs" practiced in the north mountains (Alps).

What is yodeling and why is it practiced? Yodeling is the ability to move a musical note from the lower chamber (chest area) to the higher chamber (falsetto). The change between the two chambers is to include a distinctive break in the note. The note does not 'glide' from the lower chamber (chest) to the upper chamber (falsetto), but is to have a distinctive break. Moving from the lower chamber and singing 'a' and moving to the upper chamber falsetto 'e' is the beginner's best lesson to get the feel for yodeling.

It is believed the word yodeling comes from the German word Jodeln...a noun, stemming from the word 'jo' that was an utterance of happiness. So jodeln (small 'j') is the verb that incorporates the ability of one to say the word 'jo'. The 'j' sound in German is the equivalent of the 'y' sound in English. Therefore, the German word 'jodeln' became the English word 'Yodel'.

Yodeling in the Alps had a useful purpose. Each year, after the snow melted on the upper pastures (Alms) of the Alps, farmers would parade the cattle from the Scheunen (barns) to the greening pastures on the Alm. Today, many Alpine mountain communities still hold a traditional cow parade, with the cows adorned in wreaths of flowers as they are led up the mountain

YODELING

By: Al Lang

What do Jimmie Rodgers, Franzl Lang, Roy Rogers, Kerry Christensen and Takeo Ischi have in common? They were all accomplished yodelers.

to the summer pasture. The village celebrates the day with traditional garb of men in Lederhosen and women in Dirndls, listening to Alpine folk music, yodeling, dancing, and enjoying traditional Wurst (sausage) and Bier. The cows graze all summer on the Alm pastures, wearing bells to help identify where they are on nebelig (foggy) days.

In earlier times, a herdsman would remain with the cows on the Alm, milking them twice a day, and making cheese, to preserve the milk. It is said, depending on the pasture location, sometimes a pipe was used, to bring the milk from the pasture to a collection point below, and taken into the village for human consumption. The herdsman would develop a distinctive, musically, intoned yodel to call the cows in to be milked, as it seemed much more effective over an extended distance, than to shout at them in a regular voice. Additionally, being alone, with much free time on the mountain, yodeling helped the herdsman to feel unified (Einigkeit) with the natural surroundings.

For centuries, yodeling was relegated to only rural, mountainous areas. In the early 1800s, yodeling was introduced to the metropolitan areas, as entertainment in music halls and theaters. Through migration, this art transferred to the New World, both North and South America. In North America, yodeling became integrated within the country music genre... especially popular in the Appalachian Mountains and had a mini-boon from the late 1800's to the 1940's, when its popularity began to wane. Yodeling was even captured in Hollywood Films...especially with the film 'Tarzan'. The director wanted a distinctive Ape-man call, and Johnny Weissmuller (the original Tarzan) was able to offer a call based upon his ability to yodel. Weissmuller, born in Austria, later moved to Pennsylvania, was able to offer the now famous Tarzan call. Carol Burnett (actress and TV show comedienne) was often requested to replicate the Tarzan call on her famous TV show.

The American author, Mark Twain, was intrigued with the art of yodeling, when he made a tour through Switzerland. It is said, he was so enchanted, that he handed out tips to the yodelers, until the uniqueness wore off, and by the end of his tour, he handed out pay if the yodelers would STOP.

So how does yodeling tie into our ancestors, for those of us who trace our heritage back to the Bohemian Forest? The Bukovina villagers of Fürstenthal, Bori, and the German half of Buchenhain (Poiana-Micului) migrated from the Bohemian Forest area...an area of low mountains, forests, and isolation.

Stories told by the elders, indicated my great-grandmother, Franziska (Eigner) Lang, was well known for her ability to yodel. As related to me in person, people would often walk by the Lang house in Ellis, to have the opportunity to hear her yodel. It is only within the last few years, that I found out my grandfather, Ignatz Lang (son of Franziska and Ignaz Sr.) inherited the ability to also yodel. From relatives that remained in Europe, it is relayed that two sisters, Maria and Berta Reitmajer (cousins to my grandfather) were well known in the village of Poiana-Micului, for their ability to yodel and

harmonize. People would come out of their houses to hear the two sisters, as they walked by, with some suggesting they could yodel professionally. Those attending the 2018 Bukovina Society Meeting and social were witness to this author's humble attempt to carry on this valued tradition.

The next time you hear someone yodeling, enjoy and remember that it is also a part of our Bohemian/Bukovinian heritage.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF BUKOVINA

By: Carol Plach

Submitted by Kath Garofoli, who edited her father's memories in Newsletter issues of December 2019, March and June 2020, *Where to Mates?* To the end!

With so many children in our area being multilingual it seemed unique that over time many "combo" words were developed for our own use when we played together giving us extra freedom as our parents were not privy to our secret language. I was just in the right place to grow up in a multilingual society being born in Cernauti (Czernowitz) in 1927, just 7 years after Austria had to cede this province to Rumania. Having a Polish mother meant this language was number one for our family, and Ukrainian followed closely as it was the only language our adored housemaids spoke. Our Ukrainian male farmhand Nestor, who was also in charge of our horse and sulky, had full lodgings with us and ate with us at the table on most nights, only spoke Ukrainian. That is how we learnt to speak Ukrainian, although our parents both spoke Ukrainian well too. Nestor always had great stories to tell and we loved him for never dobbing us in to our parents and in turn we reciprocated. Sometimes when we were late for school (starting at 8 a.m.) he would give us a quick horse-driven "droska" trip. Often, we ran late on purpose, knowing he was always on the ready. Our parents spoke together in German when they didn't want us to understand and we were careful not to let on how much we had picked up over the years.

Our immediate neighbours and their only son (one year younger than me) and further down the road one boy 2 years older than me (my brother's age) only spoke Ukrainian. There was also a boy from our neighbourhood with a detective Rumanian father and a German mother fluent in both those languages and finally, a Polish boy whose father had a furniture factory next to our long border. Every now again we also mixed with a Rumanian Major's son who only spoke Rumanian. We mostly played at his magnificent house a few doors along from our home as his parents were not keen to let him roam the streets. We also picked up a lot of Jewish expressions from the local shopkeepers and the Jewish neighbours of my grandfather's estate in the city. It was only in the high-school, with a good proportion of Jewish boys, that we increased more fluency in their language too.

Our afternoon meetings with neighbourhood friends were consistent and didn't need any planning, except reserving

enough time for home work. You went onto our chestnut tree lined street and whoever you met first, started talking in any one of the four languages. Soccer was the favourite game with the words pertaining to it well known and used. My 2 years older brother was involved and appreciated in most events and I felt very protected under his 'umbrella'. Across the road from our house was an army supply base enclosed by a high brick fence. Between the gutter and the fence, was a row of mature chestnut trees with the branches touching. To climb those trees, cut in our initials and shake the chestnuts off was for we children an unending pleasure. There were bird's nests, butterflies, caterpillars and beetles to discover. In the spring the multitude of the chestnut tree flowers gave us a chance to study bees at a close and sometimes painful range.

There were a number of army barracks around our area, so we had a chance to witness the drill of the recruits and get to know it well. The majority of the recruits called up for the compulsory two-year military service came from the lower strata of the population. The more well-to-do could buy their way out or become officers. Peasants who never went to school or those who as yet had not mastered the Rumanian language bore the brunt of army life. The drill sergeants had their fun. For those recruits who did not know their left from right, they would call out during the march, 'hay, straw, hay, straw' according to the strapped bundles of hay and straw on the recruits' respective legs.

Brass bands of the various regiments in our area had the effect on us of the pied piper. Children followed them most eagerly. Such eagerness, however, had one day rather sobering consequences for me when as a 3- or 4-year-old I followed such a band ad infinitum, only to discover that my brother and other children from our street had dispersed long ago and I was lost. Many tears and hours later I was reunited with my mother and promised, unsolicited, never to leave her.

Gypsies also were known to visit our town. The news of an approaching caravan of gypsies preceded well ahead of their arrival, would start a flurry of security measures and always caused great excitement for us children. Children, poultry and animals had to be secured inside the garden fence. We were only allowed to watch their covered wagons either from a distance or only in the company of adults. The women wore skirts almost touching the ground and were known to use them as hiding places for stolen goods. Just about every gypsy man played the violin. It was quite an experience to hear and watch them play, sing and dance of an evening around a camp fire, but sad to see them shunned.

My memories go back to a square whitewashed house with a red painted gabled tin roof. We lived about 2 kilometres from the City Square, towards Cuciurul Mare, on acres of land. Our street, Jeremia Movila (Flur Gasse) was a well-maintained gravel road, with a deep gutter on our side requiring a wooden bridge for carriages to enter our place. In the backyard, alongside our neighbour's majestic walnut tree was another white washed building that was a two roomed self-contained flat. Adjacent to this was the stables that housed our horse

and two cows. Opposite the stables was a pigsty with a raised chicken coup above it with a gently sloping flat iron roof serving as a most convenient platform from which to pick cherries. It was our most popular fruit tree, being the first to ripen. The 'Herzkirschen' were large, sweet and juicy. Its ripening process was eagerly watched by us and all the neighbouring children for the first red tinge. The pigsty roof, reached by a daring climb through the adjoining outside toilet roof was then in full demand. Our smaller black cherry tree was always a giveaway when it had been raided due to its staining power after collecting the cherries in our shirts. Our property also had an orchard of about 24 fruit trees with varying ripening times. We had pear trees, plum trees and apple trees. We also raided our neighbour's orchard depending on what fruit ripened first. My parents and the neighbours knew what we were all up to but always indulged us by turning a blind eye.

Being the youngest in the family, I no doubt had some advantages in company and treatment but I also remember some mishaps due to being the youngest, shortest and weakest. My sisters took great joy in playing with me, the baby of the family, and one day gave me a fast run in the pram along our grassy lane with the good intentions of giving me a thrill. When returning home, they took a short cut through a growth of nettles in our field and unfortunately, I fell out and suffered the painful consequences. The damage to my skin could not be hidden nor my painful cries muffled. Another memory comes to mind. Our house had a completely glassed-in veranda along the width of the house with windows and multi-shaped panels of glass. This increased our playing area in inclement weather significantly, especially as it was a 'green light' area for our pets. There I witnessed at a very young age the birth of kittens and puppies. One day a big hailstorm damaged most of the glass and the next day I found a frame that exactly fitted my head. Alas my ears made it a prolonged and very painful way to extract my head.

Alongside our house we had an extensive vegetable garden which supplied our family and workers throughout the year. For winter the cellar supply consisted of carrots, parsnips, onions, garlic, cabbage, peppers and cucumbers. Included in the sour cabbage barrel were some apples which developed a most distinctive taste and were considered a delicacy. They were an acquired taste. There were also shelves full of preserved fruit in glass jars. Further along past the vegetable garden was a field where we grew maize, interlaced with pumpkins for cattle and pig fodder, and also rye, wheat and potatoes. Being able to play and hide inside the straw, maize or haystacks, often disturbing a field-mouse nest, or experiencing the thrill of a ride on top of a cart laden with straw bundles or loosely packed hay was the envy of some of our classmates.

The manufacturing butchers who lived on the corner of our street were known as a very tough bunch. I remember hearing people say that the owner was supposed to have had a major disagreement with a competitor and shot him in cold blood. That butcher had a deep well in his yard, used among other things, to lower moulds containing pressed ham for curing and

keeping it cool. These moulds were very expensive and one day the moulds broke loose and fell to the bottom of the well. The whole neighbourhood soon heard of this disaster and that the well would have to be emptied. The stories of what else might be found in the well were of particular gruesome interest to us children. There could have been bodies, rifles, guns, sabres, knives, ammunition, grenades and important sealed documents. It had not been emptied since WW1. The emptying took about three days and we watched the water running down the gutter until finally a courageous man was lowered into the well. Expectations were at breaking point but apart from the recovered moulds, only a few harmless articles were found and the circus was over. The rumour mongers were the first to disappear. The old lady on the corner had her best days yet selling roasted pumpkin seeds in small bags, one leu per bag, the smallest denomination.

My two older sisters were the first to attend school. They were sent to the old established Polish school. They took the usual piano lessons at home on the pre-purchased grand piano. Piano playing was a must for the girls. We boys had to do the right thing: Rumanian school. I recall one incident on my first day of kindergarten. My Rumanian was still quite basic and I didn't know how to ask for permission to go to the bathroom. I couldn't wait for the bell to ring so I gradually wet the neatly grooved bench on which 4 boys sat. On discovery, no boy admitted to be the culprit and we all had wet pants. The teacher's name was Silvia. She very tactfully solved the incident and her name stayed very much engraved in my memory. After our first few years of primary school, we were in turn enrolled in the "SPU" (Seminar pedagogic Universitar) school under the auspices of the University. We were exposed to more languages there as we all studied French and Latin. Our schools were just a bit further along from the Polish school, near the Jesuit Church. That is where we went on mornings, when we were ill prepared for our school day with unfinished homework, to pray that the teacher would not find out and report back to our parents. At one stage we had a very bad run at school in spite of prayers, so we gave up on prayers for a while and instead engaged in pre class soccer. A fatalistic attitude which is only tolerable when it actively diminishes the time span of worry prior to the perceived catastrophe.

We all had a specially designed school diary that had to be initialed at least once a week, sometimes each day, on every page, by one of our parents. Apart from the usual entries of homework and school events, the teachers used to make entries for bad behaviour, poor work and entries of oral or written exam results. We were keen to submit our 'bible' for good entries but prayed feverishly that the teachers would be too busy to enter the unfavourable ones. We were marked from 10 down to 1. The top mark being 10, 5 still being passable and a 4 or under meant heading for a repeat or a supplementary summer vacation examination in the particular subject.

During my first two years of primary school, my brother had the obligation to ensure my safe return home. Because the finishing hours sometimes varied, we arranged a safe spot to

meet. One day I got distracted with something and my brother thought I had left on my own. I did make it home with two results: I'd have to find my own way in future and my brother was happy to be able to spend more time with his own mates. Going to school during the winter often required holding your gloved hand at your nose and never stopping along the way as hypothermia was a real consequence. The snow would always come, at the latest in the middle of December and we always had a white Christmas. The main roads were not cleared to the very base as is the custom now. No salt was poured to keep it melting and all the carriages were on runners. The afternoons with ice (snow) skating on hard pressed snow by sleigh vehicles and tobogganing and the inevitable snowball fights made up for the cold mornings. Our shoes always got wet and it was a ritual to place them near the wood stoked stove to have them dry by the morning.

Back to school. Our school day started at 8am and finished around lunchtime. We had a chance to go to school and back by bus but that was not a direct line and by walking the 2 and a bit kilometres we could spend the bus fare on sweets after school instead. There were street vendors of ice cream and nougat near the school. We discovered how to make such delicacies last a bit longer; only having one lick or one bite per telegraph post, at the same time making us walk faster. On the morning walks to school, we watched the mostly Ukrainian and Rumanian peasant women arrive in the large marketplace with goods for sale carried in baskets on their heads. They had a long, daily walk from the country to sell butter, eggs, milk and other produce. Depending on the time of year and who could be spared from the labours on the farm, there would also be men with carts laden with homemade linen, live poultry, vegetables, wheat, maize or flour. In the winter the men sometimes accompanied by their sons, congregated on wooden trestles ready with axes and saws to offer themselves as woodcutters. Depending on the season, the stalls were full with milk and milk products, chickens and eggs, vegetables, fruit, flowers and land products. For us it was always interesting. We often observed the workers eating a breakfast consisting of a triangular cut of thick, homemade bread, with bacon or lard topped with cloves of garlic. My mother used to point out to us how healthy the children from the poorer families looked compared to us who were a skinny lot.

Our extended family on mother's side lived close by in Cernauti and seemed to provide security with its discipline and adherence to tradition. We would not miss the festive holidays for anything in the world. Easter with the religious rites of having the food blessed in a basket at church, the egg decorating, the easter bunny, the grass grown from seeds in little wooden boxes, were all eagerly watched and waited. Then followed Whitsunday when the house and the yard were decorated with the spring's early greenery. The highlight, however, was Christmas. A customary pre-Christmas (and rather cruel) event at home was to slaughter a pig for Christmas and to provide months of food supply thereafter. There was smoked ham, salami and salted meat, lard, bacon and many types of sausages. It was directed and done within two days in

our premises by a butcher of high reputation. In our case the same one was pre booked every year because he was known to produce the largest and best varieties of sausages beside the usual brawn (Presswurst), black pudding and kielbasa. The 'creating' of sausages was for we children the most interesting part. No part of the pig was wasted and the kitchen was a hive of activity with melting lard and big pots for boiling the sausages and a half barrel for pickling the meat.

That led to the eagerly awaited Christmas gifts and celebrations held at our Grandparents' large premises in town. The family with husbands, wives, children, singles and 12 members from abroad made it to a minimum of 30. We younger children looked forward to the decoration of the big Christmas tree by the teenagers, not only with baubles but also hand-wrapped home-made sweets and hung fruit, to be gradually 'harvested' after Christmas Eve. At the lavishly set tables on Christmas Eve, the sharing of the holy bread that had been blessed by a priest preceded the meal. Grandfather would then make a short speech followed by a one-minute silence to commemorate those not present, friends and the departed. The menu consisted of Polish-Austrian fare, starting with a Vodka toast then a small dish of "cutia" (boiled wheat with ground poppy seeds, crushed walnuts and honey) representing bread, followed by fish and special beetroot soup (barszcz or borscht) which contained 'ushki', a type of homemade ravioli. The main course consisted of hot ham, turkey, goose, 'Aufschnitt' (a variety of cold meats and sausages) and a variety of side dishes. These consisted of the usual vegetables, pickles, salads and condiments. For us children, the highpoint was the sweets. The sweets were home produced delicacies with almonds, walnuts, raisins or poppy seeds. There were Torte and a variety of cakes and biscuits. Having a sweet tooth, I'll finish my Christmas memories here. When my Grandmother died, our family moved to the Grandparents old house in town and the Grandfather moved in to one of the units they owned on the same property. The units were part of a new 2 story building with six units alongside the old building built by my grandparents. We lived there just 2 years before moving to Germany. My grandfather was a blacksmith and operated a business that made fiacres (horse drawn carriages) on the property. There was also a furniture maker, an upholsterer, a wheelwright and a lacquerer. When my grandfather retired, the premises were let to four brothers who ran a car repair workshop. They owned a model T Ford and a motorbike and these were always in great demand. We often got lifts and in return ran messages for them. The welders from the car workshop shared their skills with us and if a car had to be picked up or dropped off after service, one or both of us were often invited to accompany them. The youngest one taught us to drive. I was thirteen when I started a Skoda car by cranking the handle, drove over 3 meters and successfully stopped the car. My brother and I had the opportunity to get to know all the craftsmen in their workshops operating from Grandfather's large yard. I remember when the blacksmith business was still there and it involved the use of the anvil, horseshoeing and the precise fitting of wheels with the hot metal rims. The wheelwright showed us how to make one spoke the same as the others and to fit them accurately from the centre of the wheel

to the rim. Apart from the wheels we also watched him heating and banding the wooden upper mudguards of Fiacres.

There are many childhood memories of my parents. Just as my father took us by horse drawn vehicles to different suburbs, villages and the Prut river, our mother had a very special, unforgettable custom of taking each of us children (separately) every week or two after Church to a smart cafe to let us choose whatever we liked. Easier to please one child at a time than 4 but also regarded by each of us as special treatment and very appreciated. One trip to the Prut I remember walking a little bit too far towards the middle of the river, unexpectedly, and giving my brother a fright as I couldn't really swim. Swimming in a fast-flowing river needed particular care with children. The river was in walking distance from my grandparents' place and we were often in the company of our youngest uncle or aunty. We always had a wonderful time apart from making my mother cross when we got too sun burned.

Our Father, an Austrian born in Solka and a decorated Austrian soldier through the first World War, was a court clerk in Czernowitz (Cernauti) and keen to enthral us children during the school holidays with his hometown. He had one older brother and one younger brother living there, both with families. Solka was a spa town in the Carpathian Mountains with a beautiful landscape about 80 kms south of Czernowitz. We visited there twice for our summer holidays. We took off from home in a taxi for the first 40kms then changed twice to horse drawn carriages with some walking also involved. I don't remember much about my sister's holiday activities, but my brother and I had such fun exploring the beech and fir forests and tumbling down the meadows, associating with the local child shepherds and their sheep. Now and again we found ourselves hanging around a mountain inn while father and his brother would have a drink. It was here in the Carpathian Mountains that I acquired the particular taste for salted sheep cheese. All the inns carried the cheese, called 'branza', and also black olives, marinated herrings, pretzels and crispy white rolls. Perhaps the most memorable event during these holidays was a seven kilometre walk our father undertook with us across a mountain ridge known to have been frequented by bears. We did not linger too long on spots where the tasty wild strawberries were about. In such an adventurous, frightening atmosphere, despite the trust in father's local knowledge and protection, we were relieved to reach the comparative safety of a lonely mountain shepherd's hut. We soon descended into the enchanting village and judging by father's reception, he must have visited this village more than once in his youth. We were soon enjoying cuts of mamaliga (maize bread) with cellar cool sour milk, which was more than welcome after a long, hot summer day's walk. The village was completely surrounded by mountains and so steep the farmers used only sleighs to bring the harvest down. One part of it was settled by Germans, the other part by Polish families. During our stroll from the German to the Polish sector, we noticed something strange. All the houses had a dog kennel attached to their eaves on one corner. Father explained that due to the deep snow in winter and the marauding wolves, dogs were kept high for their safety

whilst still being able to warn their masters of any unwelcome visits.

We learned at school that we lived in a moderate climate region, to the north stretched the ever cold polar region, to the south towards both sides of the equator the unbearably hot, tropical monsoonal region. So we were, in my opinion, God's blessed people, with four diverse, splendid seasons and never in my wildest dreams could I have foreseen living anywhere else and being happy.

APFELSTRUDEL

During one of the early annual Bukovinafests in Ellis, KS, a group of ladies gave a demonstration on making the dough for Apple Strudel. It was a sight to behold and as they lifted the paper-thin dough up and down, the audience marveled with an audible sigh. Recipes and demonstrations can be viewed on You Tube.

Br. Placid Gross, Assumption Abbey in North Dakota, writes the *Folklore Forum* for the Germans from Russia Heritage Society in their *Heritage Review*. The following was published in the June 2020 issue, first submitted by Hermina Moran from the poem book *That's How It Was at Home in Dobnudscha* in their German dialect. Through great effort by Maria Tuchscherer and Br. Placid they made the translation to rhyme in English.

Girls, learn how to make Strudel
Or you will never catch a man,
Every boy eagerly wants a wife
Who cooks Strudel like mama can.

First, sift some flour into the bowl
Sprinkle lightly several pinches of salt,
Add a glass of water and mix it good
Stir in an egg or two, no need for malt.

So, then you make a smooth dough
Not too soft and not too hard,
You have to allow the dough to rest
Roll it and spread with butter, not with lard.

Next, begin to stretch the dough
Until it has no more bubbles or hump,
It only will be correctly stretched
When it is paper thin, without a lump.

The next step is to roll it up so nicely
Then cut it into pieces finger long.
With a lot of fat, but not much water
Lay it gently into an iron pan so strong.

Slice thin some potato wedges
Lay them in beside the Strudel,
When it all is cooked, let them fry
You are learning to cook, I can tell.