



*Bukovina  
Food and  
Food Stories  
Volume III*

*A collection of recipes and related stories submitted by  
former Bukovinians and descendants of Bukovinians.  
Compiled and edited by Merle Kastner, 2010.*



## How this book came into being.

As I was collecting recipes to include in the Bukovina Cookbook, Vol. II, there were a number of messages posted on the Czernowitz Discussion List, referring to some of the dishes, as well as a number of other food related messages.

So many and so rich in context were they, that I decided to create another book that would provide color and background to life in pre-WWII Czernowitz and Bukovina in general.

Et voilà! Here you have the result. I hope you will all enjoy reading this and will know that these precious memories are carefully preserved for yourselves and your families.

Merle Kastner, Montreal, Canada

(Note – for conversion of measurements for recipes:  
1 kg (kilogram) = 2.2046 lbs. (pounds), 1 oz.. (ounce) = 28.350 g (grams)

Sincerest thanks to the following Bukoviners who contributed to these discussions:

Abraham Kogan, Tel Aviv, Israel  
Andy Halmay, Toronto, Canada  
Anny Matar, Ido Str. Ramat Gan, Israel  
Arthur Rindner, Ramat Gan, Israel  
Charles Rosner, Provence, France  
Cornel Fleming, London, England  
David Glynn, Cheam, Surrey (suburb of London), England  
Dr. Lisa Andermann, Toronto, Canada  
Frieda Tabak, Philadelphia, USA  
Hardy Breier, Haifa, Israel  
Hedwig Brenner, Haifa, Israel  
Michael (Mechel) Surkis, New York, USA  
Mike Fuhr. Reading, England (close to London)  
Miriam "Mimi" Taylor, Bloomington, Indiana  
Paul Heger, Toronto, Canada & Tel Aviv, Israel  
Sylvie Gsell, Paris, France



## Foie d'oie (Goose Liver)

I was raised by my grandmother till the age of 9. She instilled in me the love of food. I followed her like a pappy dog, watched her every move. I watched how she conserved the summer fruit and in the fall, the sauerkraut and the pickles. Late in the summer my grandmother would walk from Czernowitz to one of the nearby villages and return with at least 2 geese.

In the yard of her house she had an enclosure where she kept those geese. Every morning and evening she would force feed those geese with crushed corn. She would mix the corn with sunflower oil to make a patty and stuff it down the throat of the geese. She showed me how to do it—you had hold the goose between your legs, with one hand you had hold the goose's head open its beak and with other hand you had to stuff the corn patty down the goose's throat. I could never do it, as every time I would get near a goose they would bite me. Those were mean birds. After 2 or 3 months she would have the geese slaughtered. After cleaning and koshering, she would remove the liver. The liver was white the size of a football. Also the goose was very fat, so she would render the fat. In the fat she would cook the liver.

When it cooled down, she would insert the liver into a large glass jar and pour the fat on top. This was her way of preserving the goose liver. In her cellar she had at least 5 or 6 jars like this. The rest of the goose she would place in a smoking chamber to smoke it, preserving it. On festive occasions we would eat the goose liver, by smearing goose fat on a slice of *challah* and top it with a piece of goose liver and sprinkle it with crunchy salt. This was heaven, orgasmic is my only description.

Moving forward 40 years. We lived in Germany not far from the French border. On one Sunday we run out of bread. Our neighbors told us that the only place where you could get bread on a Sunday would be in France. We crossed the Rhine and drove to the nearest village which was Wissenburg, Alsace. We arrived late; no bread, the bakeries run out of bread, all they had were cakes.

We were hungry so we looked for a restaurant. We found a One Star Michelin Guide restaurant in a side street. The place was full but they arranged a table for us on the patio, we were seated and given a menu. I opened the menu and the first thing that I saw was "*La terrine de foie gras d'oie*" (terrine of goose liver) WOW.

Of course we ordered it; the waiter arrived with a large white china tray which was fashioned like a goose with head and wings, in the tray there was a crystal jar with goose liver. He placed "*deux cuillerées de foie d'oie*" (two spoonfuls of goose liver) on a plate and on the side he placed small cubes of aspic and several slices of baguette which had walnuts in it.

The first taste... WOW... I saw my grandmother, I saw those jars stuffed with goose liver and goose fat, and it was Shaves, Heaven.

**Arthur Rindner**



**My grandmother's House in the Schiesstaetgasse, Czernowitz**



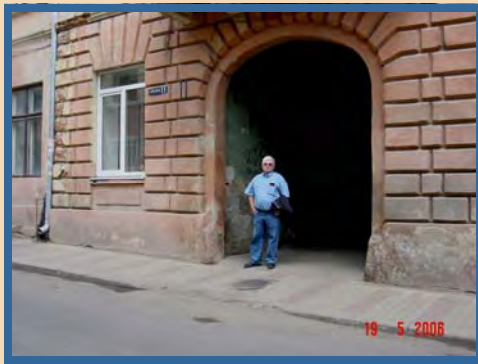
**My grandmother at 96 young with my darling wife Greta, 24 years old, in Pardes Hanna, Israel**

**Catfish** is a non kosher fish and nobody would have used it. Today when I eat just about anything, I still have a problem with catfish. Regarding carp being a scavenger is true.

Today **carps** are being raised in fish farms and they do not taste of mud. Even in the old times the carp, which you bought for Shabes came from fish farms. You would go to the market buy a couple of carp, come home fill up the bathtub with water, place the fish inside so they would swim and be fresh for Shabes. I remember this. Now we buy gefilte fish in a jar.

The housewife used to go to the market every day. There was no refrigeration just an icebox and sometimes it would run out of ice. Everything had to be fresh, so if you went to the market and found cheap carp you brought it home filled up the tub and you had fresh fish for Shabes. Sometime those fish swam for 3 - 4 days and we had to wash in the basin.

### **Arthur Rindner**



The house where I was born—Russischegasse 11:

Above—me in front of it in 2006.

Below—an archival postcard.



**You might like my mother Erica's account of Pesach in Czernowitz in her childhood in the 1930s for your collection.**

"For us the highlight of the year was Pesach, which we celebrated in a grand manner. The whole family, including my mother's sisters and their husbands and children spent all eight days at our small apartment. Cousins of different generations and friends would visit at Pesach, so there was a never-ending stream of people, lemon tea, hot egg 'Kaislechs' soaked in wine.

I would go with Zazia to get the Matzos from the Kosher baker, make sure they were all perfectly baked, then trundle them home in a giant wicker basket, crammed to the brim with enough for all eight days. At home, the Matzos were stored away next to neatly stacked baskets of eggs, three hundred eggs or more.

In another corner, Mama's specially fermented Passover borsht glowed bright pink, alongside deeper-tinted home brewed 'Morello' cherry brandy. On a high shelf were almonds, walnuts, sugar, preserves for baking and piles of finished biscuits. Throughout Pesach family and friends were crammed together, chatting, cooking, eating, or – adults only— having an after-lunch siesta, herring-bone fashion across the beds.

On Seder nights, one of my uncles always took out glasses of red wine to the maids. This was to demonstrate that it was wine, not the blood of Christian children. In the Bucovina, the Blood Libel myth which had led to so much suffering for Jews through the centuries was still not dead - at any rate among some of the peasants."

**David Glynn**



**My mother- Erica Glynn, neé Grunberg.  
On the left— in school, wearing the school uniform  
(Liceul Oltea Doamna, LOD); on the right - in later years.**

### **Banush.**

I think we got that from the "Hutzulen" and if you go to Google, put in "Ukrainian Banush" and read the entry "ethnic evolution....Hutsul wedding" it describes their method about halfway down the story. It is similar to mamaliga except made with sour cream, not water and far tastier. The way we made it was to use a metal pan, fill with sour cream and bring to the boil. You then add, slowly, corn flour while stirring...with a wooden rolling pin or spoon. At the finish you add salt or sugar...up to taste!.. and bit of butter and 1 or 2 egg yolks...and keep stirring for another 5 or so minutes. If you want it solid so it can be cut, then at the start add a lot of the flour, but I much prefer it much more on the liquid side. On top you put brynza, fried mushrooms, chicken fat "gribenes" (or if you are not overly kosher, pork scratchings!!), or cottage-type cheese and maybe a load of onions, raw or fried. IF you go to Czernowitz the restaurant "Knaus" does an excellent version of Banush!

Since I am not a cook, just an eater, I have no idea of the exact amounts of each ingredient...sorry!! So I guess if anyone tries it, it will be the trial and error method!

### **Cornel Fleming**



**Left—photo of Banush.  
Right—Cornel Fleming. with his son, Dr. Simon Fleming.**

**Soda Water** - Pesah, the soda-water holiday.

Soda water (or in short "soda") was one of Czernowitz staples.

Sold in thick, heavy glass bottles it was a most popular drink.

Drunk mixed with white wine it was known as " Spritz" and went along with almost anything.

After you got drunk, you could use it as a weapon.

No skull could withstand a well applied soda bottle strike.

These bottles were refillable at the so called Soda factories.

At Pesah father bought a soda container, a 20 liter copper cylinder and we could drink soda unlimited!

### **Virtue in Czernowitz.**

Czernowitz was a town where gossip reigned.

For such a small town, it had an information system of a modern computerized info center.

Reputation was written with a capital 'R'.

If a single girl went on a date, it was instantly spread in town.

So were ongoing liaisons, bedroom stories and family quarrels.

This answers the chaperone necessity. Some ignored this rule.

"Ist der Ruf erst ruiniert, lebt es sich ganz ungeniert"  
quotes von Rezzori in his " Hermelin ".

Meaning : "With your reputation gone, you can live quite unmolested".

Words of gold.

### **Hardy Breier**



**I received yesterday the greatest honor.**

Mr. Abraham Kogan, the Dean of the Czernowitzer elders, came over to Ramat Gan and invited me for a coffee not far from my apartment. Abraham told me that my recipes are authentically Czernowitz.

He could not believe that I knew them all by heart. He wanted to know why I did not submit a recipe for Totzch. I told him that it is in volume I and it is my recipe. Totzch is 100% Czernowitz.

**Arthur Rindner**

**Totzch**

Dear Arthur,

When I read your email about "Totzch", I remember this meal as my favorite when I was young. I asked always my mother, Malka Reicher, or my aunt, Luca Reicher, to cook it for me! It was the best Bukovinian recipe for me. My family was from Radautz.

**Sylvie Gsell**





**Zita Kimelman:**

My father and I returned to Czernowitz from Transnistria in late spring of 1944. The elders did not know what to do with me—school had summer recess, 1945. so they registered me in a Russian kindergarten. The first day there I saw this beautiful dark haired girl, big dark eyes, black eyelashes, I was in love. I could not take my eyes off her; all I did was just stare at her. I never had the courage to talk to her. In the fall I was registered to go to the Yiddish school in the Sibenburgerstrasse. I waited all day to see if the dark haired girl would show up, but to my disappointment her parents placed her in a Russian school. I knew where she lived; I believe it was a street of the Volksgarten. Going home from school I would always go through that area, just in case I would get a glimpse of her. The last time that I saw her was in 1945 at the border crossing into Romania; when the Czernowitzer Jews were send back to Romania.

April 1, 1951, we got off the boat the 'Transylvania' in Haifa, Israel. On getting off the boat we got sprayed all over with DDT, my clothes, my hair and my face were white from DDT. Israel did not want to import Romanian lice, fleas, bed bugs or 'mandevoshkes'.

We were taken outside the harbor to board a truck which had wooden benches, to take us to the absorption center. I looked across the road and there she was my dark haired girl, walking down the street. I told my father that I am going to cross the street to meet this girl; my father did not let me, he told me not to worry, Israel is a small country and that I will meet the girl soon. I never saw her again.

Zita Kimelman, after all those years, I have not forgotten you, where are you, are you a contributor to the Czernowitzer list? I could not give you more information about Zita.

The time when I met her, I was 7-8 years old, she must have been the same age. The period in which I knew her was for about 2 months in kindergarten and all I did was stare. When school began I went to the Yiddish school she must have gone to the Russian school. She lived near the Volksgarten. I saw her a few more times; the last time was at the Romanian border crossing. I have no more information. Did she have siblings? The name of her parents - did she have a living mother and father? I do not know. Remember we had just had a war. All I know for sure is that she was in Haifa, walking on Ha-Atsmaut street on April 1, 1951. I was a little over 13 years old and this time I had the courage to talk to her, but my father would not let me. She made such an impression on me that I never forgot her. I told this story many times to different people and to Greta my wife and when I joined the Czernowitzer List. She told me to write about her, but somehow I never did till now.

**Arthur Rindner**

**And to continue this discussion:**

Now I understand! Arthur and I were in the same school in second grade. At least this is what I believe. Yet he does not remember me at all. Of course, he was preoccupied thinking only of the dark haired Zita Kimelman. He does not even remember the best snowball fight we had in the winter of '44 – '45. Now I want to find Zita Kimelman too. I do not think I knew her in my childhood, even though, I too, lived very near the northern end of the Volksgarten and I am sure I heard my parents speak about "die Kimelman".

In the Czernowitz address book of 1936 there are about 10 Kimelmans. A few years ago I met an Israeli couple whose name was Kimmelman, but that was the husband's name.

Good luck Arthur! I hope you find Zita.

**Mimi Taylor**

**Arthur's response:**

Dear Mimi,

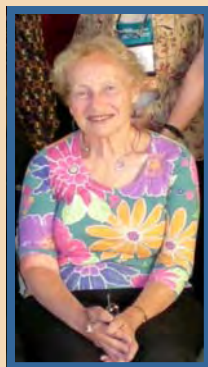
How could I forget our snowball fight, I still have a problem seeing with my left eye. How can I forget us tobogganing from morning till dark and our parents yelling at us to come home. I also believe it was you who flicked a cherry stone (pit) in my ear and I had to be taken to hospital to have it extracted. Mimi I will never forget you. The problem was that Zita had those black eyes and those long eyelashes. My problem is that this is the only information which I have of her.

Es tut mir so leid, dass wir haben unsere Kindheit verloren. (So sorry that we lost our childhood).

**Arthur Rindner**

**Arthur is just pretending out of politeness.** In previous conversations he never remembered the snowball fight and cherries ripen in Czernowitz in the middle to the end of June, not during the school year.

**Mimi Taylor**



**My grandmother was a remarkable woman.** I always admired her. She could not read or write, but in spite of it she owned a fruit and Kolonialwaren store in the Kuczurmarrerstrasse which was registered in her husband's name, my grandfather. I believe that he never stepped a foot in the store as he always studied in the synagogue with the Rebe. Grandmother all by herself send her 3 sons to study in Vienna. Her only Daughter, my Tante Fanny, stayed in Czernowitz, as she was a girl. My father was the eldest; his siblings called him "der Krohn Prince" (Crown Prince, the first born)

My grandmother was an Equal Opportunity Employer; she had several people who worked for her. She had two Ukrainian ladies which cleaned the house and once a month it was Waschtag, laundry day. They made a fire in the yard and on top they place a large cauldron where they would boil the laundry. The laundry was hung to dry in the yard and in the winter the laundry was hung in the "boidem" (attic). Those 2 ladies also tended to the small vegetable garden in the yard.

In the fall it was pickling time. Grandmother had 2 small wooden barrels, one was for pickling whole heads of cabbages for later use for Haluschken, and the second barrel was for sauerkraut. The ladies used a shredder in German "ein Hobel" which would shred the cabbage and according to the Czernowitzer recipe they would add shredded carrots, salt and caraway seeds. They would layer cabbage, carrots and spread a layer of salt and caraway seeds, till the barrel was full. Each layer was press down with a wooden spoon. The barrel with the sauerkraut was placed in the cellar and on the first frost it was rolled out and left overnight to freeze, then it was ready to eat. I can still remember the taste.

In the cellar you could find a sack of potatoes, a sack of onions and in straw on the ground apples. On the shelves there were jars of pickled cucumber, pickled red peppers, jars of schmaltz with goose liver.

She had a Hutzul man (a minority in Bucovina ) who would bring wood for heating and cooking. He would come 2 or 3 times a week to chop wood and on Shabes he would come to stoke the fires. He was her Shabes Goy. We had a big stove in the kitchen which is called a Pripicheck. In the cold winters my father and I would sleep on top of it.

She also had a Lipowener woman (a minority in Bucovina) who would bring us milk; she would also bring eggs, cheese, sour milk in a ceramic container which had at least 2 inches of cream on top, also she would bring smetana (sour cream) and butter. In the morning grandmother would wait for this woman outside the house and yell at her to hurry up as she needed the milk for my breakfast. Suddenly she calls me and tells me to follow her as the woman turned around and went back up the hill. I run right behind her and watched her Going towards the Prut River where she added water to her milk canister. I run back home before the Lipowener woman arrived and I told my grandmother about the Prut water, my grandmother commented that she had noticed that in the last few weeks the milk was watery. Some days, grandmother would hire a horse and buggy and would travel from village to village to buy fruit for her store. I have no idea how grandmother had time to run her store, cook, clean and raise 4 children.

**This photo is of my Grandmother's House  
in the Schiesstaetgasse 2, Czernowitz.**



**Arthur Rindner**

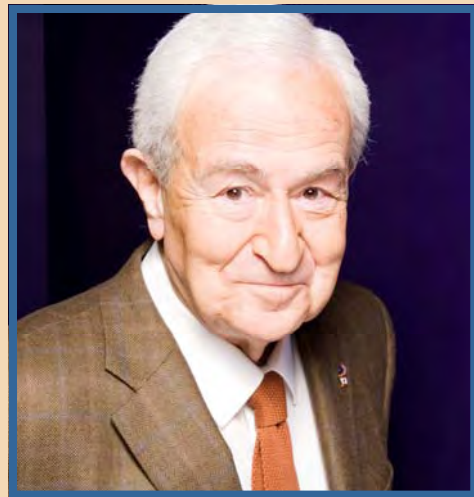
**This is the lyric to one of the most soulful songs I've ever known.** Mother sang it to me when I was a kid but I never knew the full lyric until the last couple of years when I did a Google search. I'll paste in here some comments from Wikipedia and the full lyric.

Thank you, Arthur, for that lovely word painting of your grandmother. She reminded me very much of my own grandmother - and all the time I was reading your piece, I heard music:

'Oyfn Pripetshik' (English: On The Hearth) is a song written in Yiddish by M.M. Warshawsky (1848-1907). Other spellings include Oyfn Pripetchik, Oyfn Pripetchek, etc. The song is about a rabbi teaching his young students the alef bet. It was written at the end of the 19th century and is a major musical memory of pre-Holocaust Europe. The song is still used in Jewish kindergartens.

Lyrics:

Oyfn pripetchik brent a fayer!  
Un in shtub is heys.  
Un der rebbe lernt kleyne kinderlekh  
Dem alef-beyz.  
Gedenkt'zhe, kinderlekh,  
Gedenkt'zhe, tayere,  
Vos ir lernt do.  
Zogt'zhe nokhamol un take nokhamol,  
Komets alef-o.  
Lernt, kinderlekh, hot nit moyre.  
Yeder onheyb iz shver.  
Gliklekh iz der yid vos lernt toyre,  
Vos darfn mir nokh mer?  
Az ir vet, kinderlekh, elter vern,  
Vet ir aleyn farshteyn,  
Vifil in di oysyes lign trenn  
Un vifil geveyn.  
Lernt, kinderlekh, mit groys kheyshik,  
Azoy zog ikh aykh on.  
Ver s'vet beser vun aykh kenen ivri,  
Der bakumt a fon.



**Andy Halmay**



### **Bread was our daily food.**

If we had some - that is.

During the war it was issued in daily rations against ration stamps.

Then came '44 and the Soviets returned and brought with them the "coffin" bread. It was black and big and was coffin-shaped. It was made of all kind of wheat, corn and bean flour.

The ingredients were not properly milled and mixed - bubbles of liquid unbaked stuff were abundant.

In a few days it was hard as a brick. It also had the shape of a brick.

In school, the management arranged for pupils to have some food and prepared "butterbrots".

The word comes from German and means butter-spread bread slice.

In the Russian language it meant a bread sandwich of any sort.

Our butterbrots were slices of coffin bread with brown sugar spread on top.

It was heaven. After victory, white bread re-appeared. We didn't even remember the taste...

### **Hardy Brier**

"**Coffin bread**" brought back memories. I remember the taste and the grittiness of it. We lived on the Theater Platz and there was a bakery or bread store around the corner. It was my job, as a twelve year old, to line up for our daily ration. One day, after standing in line for a good while, I finally reached the counter. Just as I was about to reach for my allotment a huge rat ran across the counter. My family did not get their bread that day.

### **Frieda Tabak**

#### **Thank you, all recipe sharers.**

I gained eight pounds the past few days just reading the Czernowitz digest and I have to keep a box of Kleenex next to the computer to continuously wipe my chin, because I'm drooling.

My memory is not perfect but I get the feeling that I never heard the word Latkes until we came to the new world. What other words did we have for potato pancakes?

Now does anyone recall a dish in which thinly sliced potatoes were laid in layers in a baking dish with sliced onion and sliced hard boiled egg? I vaguely recall that sour cream was also involved. It was a delicious dish and I'd be indebted to anyone who could supply the name for the dish and a proper recipe.


### **Andy Halmay**



Frieda Tabak—  
my father, mother and  
I on a street in  
Czernowitz, ca. 1939.

Our apartment house in  
Czernowitz (with the  
cupola) where we lived in  
1944-1945 and from  
where we left never  
to return.





**Apricot Jam** - As most Czernowitzers ate the same food and had the same Speisekammern (storage) for their winter preserves and everything was home-made, I don't really know how much I can add. Still, as I do preserve Apricot Jam, because of its short season here in Israel and the price rise off-season, I'll share it with you:

***The Apricot Jam Recipe:***

3 kgs. fruit

To 1 kg sugar (if you like it very sweet) add another ½ kg, taste while boiling. (The original recipe says 1 kg. fruit to 1 kg sugar but I find it much too sweet.)

Wash the fruit in a strainer (*Sieb*), half it, take it out, put it into the dish you want to boil it in (pot).

Add sugar and leave it in refrigerator (*speisekammer*) at least overnight, can be longer, so the sugar melts into the fruit.

Remove it from fridge and set the container on a high flame to start with till it boils. DO NOT ADD WATER - just boil it in its own juice.

As soon as it starts boiling on low flame, stir it until it gets the thickness you want.

It can be used as *confiture* or jam for your breakfast or your cake.

Should anyone try to risk it, good luck and enjoy it - my whole family does and I just LOVE it.

**Tocherl** were and are our favorite food eaten - either with sour cream and - for those who are not Kosher, with Goulasch. I say not Kosher because after draining the water I add a handful of flour (I make about 6-8 potatoes) 2-3 eggs and I add some milk a coffee spoon, which make the potatoes nice and white inside before being fried. There seem to be so many variations to the theme but they do taste delicious.

Neither I nor my mother ever starched underwear or towels - they must have been pretty hard to wear. Mother did all bed linen and pillow covers with starch and blue. When opened it made such a wonderful SWISCH sound and it SMELLED!!!! heavenly. I still use lavender between my laundry. How nice to hear the voices of home!!!!

**Anny Matar**

**Toczerl:**

With fascination I follow the correspondence on the Toczerl issue.

First I thought it deals wit a small Tocz which I know too well.

A housewife being short on potatoes would make a Toczerl!

How wrong I was!

First, a Czernowitzer housewife was never short on potatoes.

All she had to do was go down to the street and stop the first peasant and ask: "Mayesh Kartufflya?"

But a Toczerl seems something extra - except the size its ingredients are different and the flavor must have been out of heaven.

All this, I must admit, I missed.

Of course I can make Toczerl now, but it will not bring back any memory.

Only give me heartburn.

**Hardy Brier**



**Hi Mimi and to all Czernowitzers,**

As I am the senior of the list, I will tell you the "Emes" Totscherl, is the diminutive from Totsch, like the child of the big Totsch, as was called by the Ukrainian Jews "Barabulnik", from Barabulies, (potatoes) and in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, the first potatoes were imported from the northern Germany, the Land of Brandenburg. For this reason, the Poles and Huzuls gave them the name of 'Mandeburges' (Brandenburg was too difficult to spell) and the totsches were called "Mandeburtschik... So the potatoes and, for diet...for every potato one egg, separate the yolk and beaten to "snow than melt all together, and because they are like fluid like a "Dichter Schmetten" , they are put with a spoon in hot oil, in second turn to the other side, not too brown...delicious...."they zertoppen sech auf der Zing". My mother did them for Pesach, and also from this mass she did a "Kigel" ...next time I will give you the recipe, I have many Pesach recipes, written by my mother, 100 years ago ...best regards and Shavua tov

**Hedwig Brenner**

**You must refer to onion potato gratin.**

There are many versions of this.

Very tasty, rich in calories, not strictly from Czernowitz.

Not recommendable for overweight, high BP and high LDL cholesterol readings.

Settle for the memory.

If you Google up 'Latkes' you get the history of the dish:

The Jews claim it is Ashkenazy Jewish traditional but if you look at the different languages of the Wiki you get Latkes in all European languages.

The Czernowitzer Jews will swear to it that it is a Bukovinean Czernowitzer Jewish dish.

Evidently it is not.

Czernowitzer did not invent Latkes - disappointing as it is.

But in one field of the Latke history Czernowitzer did excel:

They were the greatest Latke - eaters of them all.

A Czernowitzer could consume immense quantities.

Until the last available Latke. ( with sour Schmetten).

From the latest mails I see that they still are.

**Hardy Brier**

**All those whom I met in 2006** (and those who read my introduction some years ago) know that I was born in Czernowitz in 1941, that I left it in 1945 and arrived in France in 1948. I never tasted Tocz nor Platzerl in Czernowitz, i.e.: I only know them both from what I enjoyed as a child in France when my mother did them on special opportunities.

So, first of all, I never heard before the name Toczlerl: we called them "Platzerl", like Gaby and Mira Rinzler - are we the only ones? In addition, I believe that the word "Latkes" is the Polish version of our Platzerl - a friend of mine, whose mother was from Poland and whose family didn't even know about Bukowina, called them "Latkes". Lastly (for this first point) you can find nowadays some kind of Platzerl in Czernowitz (in particular at Knaus Restaurant) where they are called "Derony" But make sure not to order the stuffed ones!

Second: I don't know how to cook, I just know how to enjoy... And I really enjoyed them on festive opportunities... Pity, these times are gone. Third: I never heard about the starch by-product but, like Mimi, I believe that they didn't need any onions or flour of any kind...So much for the Platzerl.

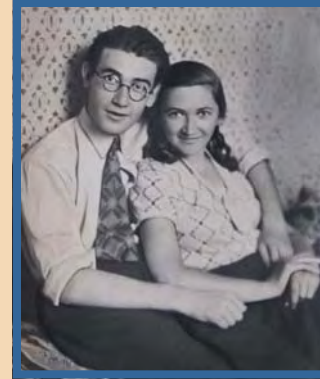
I only know where my mother's family (the Wagners) used to live, on 8b Morariugasse together with her parents, her sister Alma (my cousin Eduard Weissmann's mother – Gabrielle's mother-in-law) and her three brothers, among them Edi Wagner...

Attached is a picture of the house in 1945 (it got burned in 1943, I believe) and how it looks nowadays in 2008, during the 600-years Jubilee. On the same attachment I enclosed a picture of my parents in 1935: it's the one I used for the cover-page of my book "Emancipation – Êtes-vous (aussi) de Czernowitz?" And, lastly if really needed, there is a picture of myself in my garden not far from Aix-en-Provence in the south of France.

**Charles Rosner**

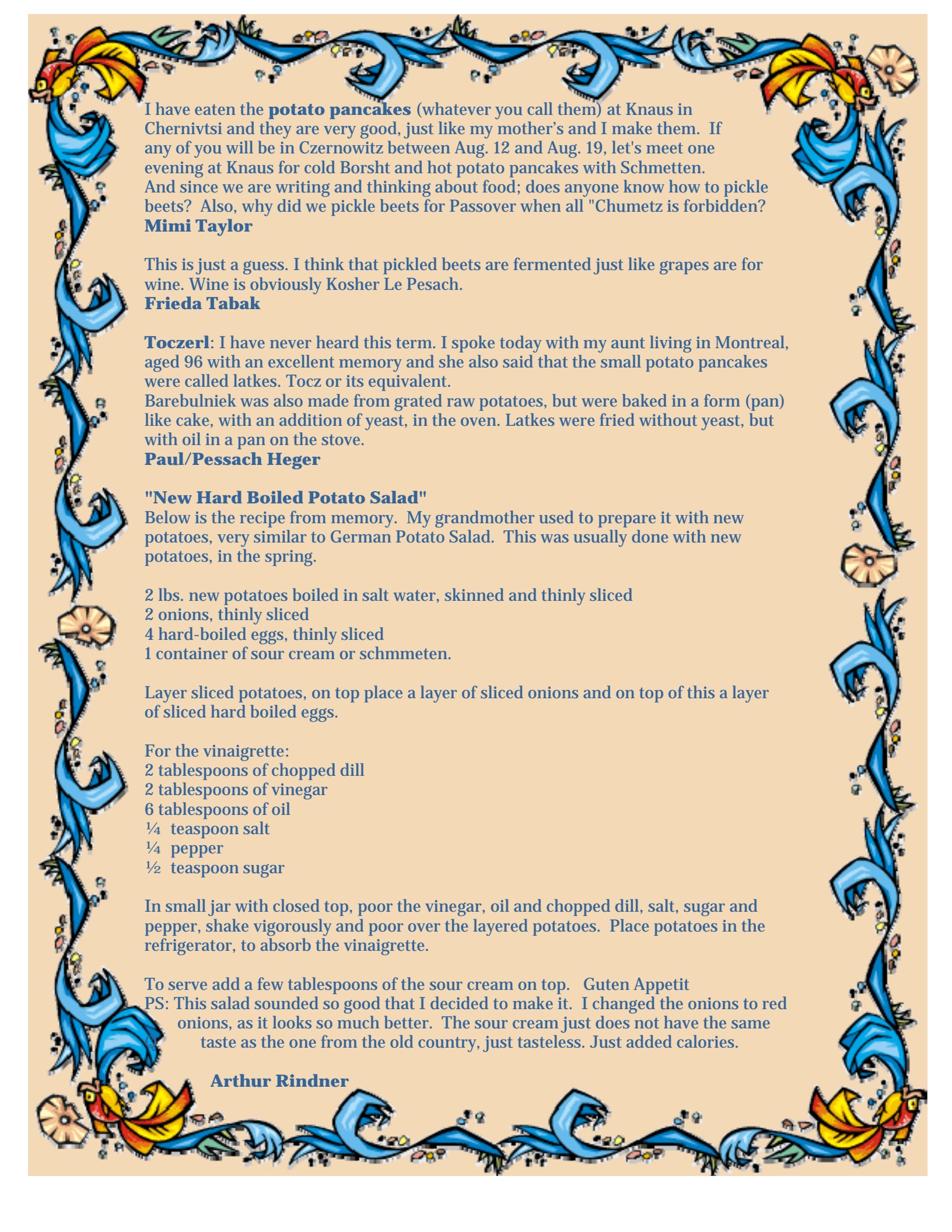
**Left: the Wagner Haus  
at Morariugasse  
& me, in 2008**





Memories:  
Czernowitz, 1927 - "Die Wagner Geschwister" - my mother Rosa is the girl on the right; her sister on the left is Alma, the mother of Eduard Weismann, husband of Gabrielle. Sitting on the table is Edi Wagner (leader of a folklore orchestra, assassinated by the siguranta in August 1936).  
July 1935, my parents, Simon and Rosa (née Wagner) Rosner.  
1945—the Wagner Haus at Morariugasse.  
2008 - myself , Charles Rosner, in my garden in Provence, France.





I have eaten the **potato pancakes** (whatever you call them) at Knaus in Chernivtsi and they are very good, just like my mother's and I make them. If any of you will be in Czernowitz between Aug. 12 and Aug. 19, let's meet one evening at Knaus for cold Borsht and hot potato pancakes with Schmetten. And since we are writing and thinking about food; does anyone know how to pickle beets? Also, why did we pickle beets for Passover when all "Chumetz is forbidden?"  
**Mimi Taylor**

This is just a guess. I think that pickled beets are fermented just like grapes are for wine. Wine is obviously Kosher Le Pesach.  
**Frieda Tabak**

**Toczerl:** I have never heard this term. I spoke today with my aunt living in Montreal, aged 96 with an excellent memory and she also said that the small potato pancakes were called latkes. Tocz or its equivalent.

Barebulniek was also made from grated raw potatoes, but were baked in a form (pan) like cake, with an addition of yeast, in the oven. Latkes were fried without yeast, but with oil in a pan on the stove.

**Paul/Pessach Heger**

### "New Hard Boiled Potato Salad"

Below is the recipe from memory. My grandmother used to prepare it with new potatoes, very similar to German Potato Salad. This was usually done with new potatoes, in the spring.

2 lbs. new potatoes boiled in salt water, skinned and thinly sliced  
2 onions, thinly sliced  
4 hard-boiled eggs, thinly sliced  
1 container of sour cream or schmmeten.

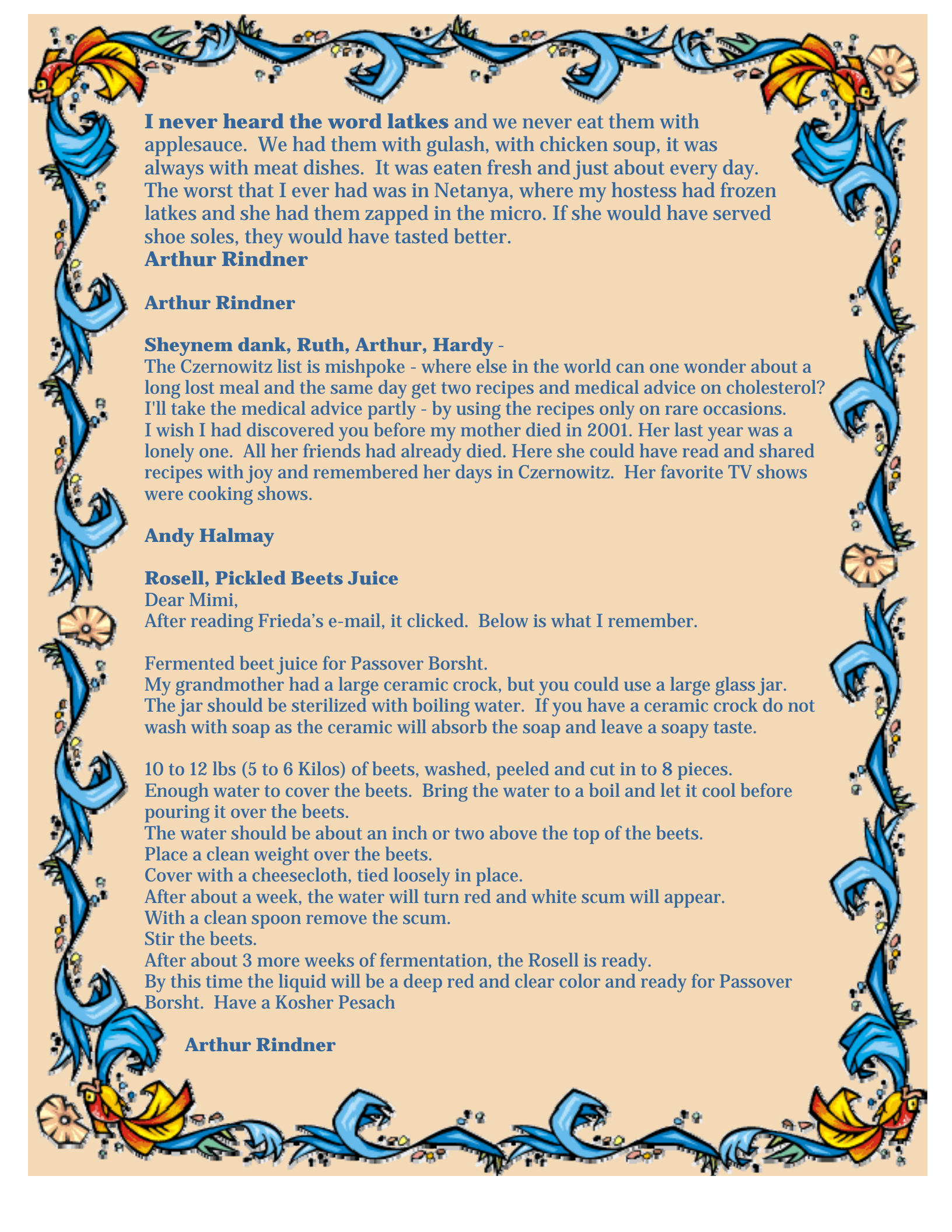
Layer sliced potatoes, on top place a layer of sliced onions and on top of this a layer of sliced hard boiled eggs.

For the vinaigrette:  
2 tablespoons of chopped dill  
2 tablespoons of vinegar  
6 tablespoons of oil  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ pepper  
½ teaspoon sugar

In small jar with closed top, poor the vinegar, oil and chopped dill, salt, sugar and pepper, shake vigorously and poor over the layered potatoes. Place potatoes in the refrigerator, to absorb the vinaigrette.

To serve add a few tablespoons of the sour cream on top. Guten Appetit  
PS: This salad sounded so good that I decided to make it. I changed the onions to red onions, as it looks so much better. The sour cream just does not have the same taste as the one from the old country, just tasteless. Just added calories.

**Arthur Rindner**



**I never heard the word latkes** and we never eat them with applesauce. We had them with gulash, with chicken soup, it was always with meat dishes. It was eaten fresh and just about every day. The worst that I ever had was in Netanya, where my hostess had frozen latkes and she had them zapped in the micro. If she would have served shoe soles, they would have tasted better.

**Arthur Rindner**

**Arthur Rindner**

**Sheynem dank, Ruth, Arthur, Hardy -**

The Czernowitz list is mishpoke - where else in the world can one wonder about a long lost meal and the same day get two recipes and medical advice on cholesterol? I'll take the medical advice partly - by using the recipes only on rare occasions. I wish I had discovered you before my mother died in 2001. Her last year was a lonely one. All her friends had already died. Here she could have read and shared recipes with joy and remembered her days in Czernowitz. Her favorite TV shows were cooking shows.

**Andy Halmay**

**Rosell, Pickled Beets Juice**

Dear Mimi,

After reading Frieda's e-mail, it clicked. Below is what I remember.

Fermented beet juice for Passover Borsht.

My grandmother had a large ceramic crock, but you could use a large glass jar. The jar should be sterilized with boiling water. If you have a ceramic crock do not wash with soap as the ceramic will absorb the soap and leave a soapy taste.

10 to 12 lbs (5 to 6 Kilos) of beets, washed, peeled and cut in to 8 pieces. Enough water to cover the beets. Bring the water to a boil and let it cool before pouring it over the beets.

The water should be about an inch or two above the top of the beets.

Place a clean weight over the beets.

Cover with a cheesecloth, tied loosely in place.

After about a week, the water will turn red and white scum will appear.

With a clean spoon remove the scum.

Stir the beets.

After about 3 more weeks of fermentation, the Rosell is ready.

By this time the liquid will be a deep red and clear color and ready for Passover Borsht. Have a Kosher Pesach

**Arthur Rindner**



Dear Arthur,

**Thanks for the recipe.** Passover is a long time from now, but right now, I can get very nice beets at the farmers market, which put me in mind of borsht.

Now I get it: Making pickled beets is just like making pickled cucumbers, minus the dill and garlic. ROSELL! A true Eastern Europe ELIXIR! Usually it is the water and juice of the pickled cucumbers which is called Rosell. Of course they have to be home made pickles. A glass of ice cold Rosell on a hot summer day is better than anything the Greek gods could have dreamt of. It is also the most important ingredient of "Ciorba de verdure" (Romanian sour vegetable soup).

Arthur, you forgot the SALT. Non-iodized salt should be used, to make an almost saturated solution in the water before pouring it over the beets.

**Mimi Taylor**

**As far as I can remember - no salt.** So I called my cousin Grete and she told me no salt for the beet fermentation of the rosell. To pickle cucumbers, yes salt is required. Let me know when you are in Israel, I will cook for you a borsht with meat and schmetten.

**Arthur Rindner**

**If you want Ciorba de Verdure cu perisoare,** I will also make it. It's your choice.

We called them Pletzalech . Kartoffelpletzalech.

One advice, if you want to enjoy the flavor, eat them hot.

Not an hour later, not 30 minutes later. Eat them as they come out of the frying pan, crispy and golden, not too thin not too thick. If not, as soon they get black and shrink, losing their crispiness. If consumed cold they will give you a "Grimenisch" (that is, colic of the stomach) and other Krenken. And never drink cold water on a stomach full of hot Pletzalech!

**Hardy Brier**



**You're looking for stories from long long ago from home, so I'm forwarding the one I wrote to Arthur, and that brought my mind back to another one:**

When I got married, as my mother before me, I knew NOTHING about cooking except what I remembered while watching, never had to do a thing at home. I still grew up when there were live-in maids and later mother never myself. Well, we worked for El Al, lived, worked and married in Zurich. My mother-in-law came to visit so I wanted to produce something special. We bought a clean (no feathers etc.) chicken, but whole. It took us about an hour to dissect. I managed to get the liver clean of the gall, and tried to make a Braten (roasted chicken on the stove). Well from home I remembered Gefuelltes Halserl so I cleaned the neck off its skin, sewed it at one end, and, as I remembered, I filled it with flour and a bit of chicken fat salt and pepper. When I got it half filled, I called my husband and asked whether he thought it was enough. He asked whether the filling was expensive and when I said 'no', he said add some more. Well I did. The chicken was most appreciated and tasty but the stuffed neck!!!! It was SO hard y husband threw it against the kitchen wall and it bounced back. It was so funny we laughed till there were tears in our eyes. My mother in law was so gracious as to say: I admire you; I never even tried to do that for MY husband!!! There are some who are nice?!!

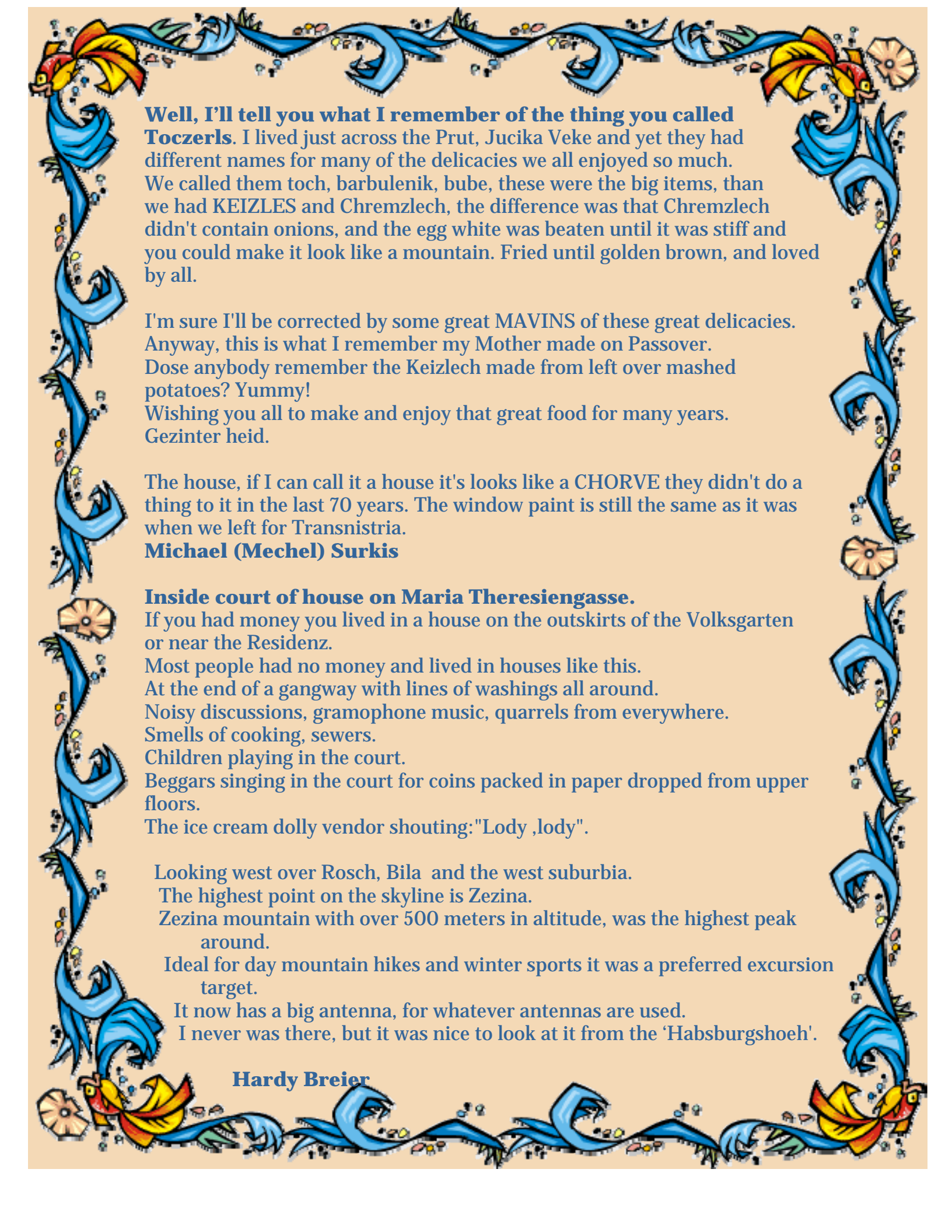
**Anny Matar**

**I beg to differ; "Bouch Grimenisch"**, no one ever got from eating cold Pletzalech, latkes, Chremslach or Keislach. Bouch Griminish you only got from people who annoyed you. People who "hacked in kop", hacked in Czainik", people who told you everyone's woes, tried to give you advice, and generally "malageret".

In case you do not know what "malageret" means: in Hebrew "maaleh gera" is an animal which chews the cud, like a cow. Just like an animal who chews the cud, chews everything twice, a person who "malageret"..... You get the idea.

I have no idea how to spell it, but my father (born in Czernowitz 1910) called them (latkes) "mandabutschlich", with the plural mandabutschlichen. Or was this just a family term? I have never heard anyone else use the word.

**Mike Fuhr**



**Well, I'll tell you what I remember of the thing you called Toczerls.** I lived just across the Prut, Jucika Veke and yet they had different names for many of the delicacies we all enjoyed so much. We called them toch, barbulenik, bube, these were the big items, than we had KEIZLES and Chremzlech, the difference was that Chremzlech didn't contain onions, and the egg white was beaten until it was stiff and you could make it look like a mountain. Fried until golden brown, and loved by all.

I'm sure I'll be corrected by some great MAVINS of these great delicacies. Anyway, this is what I remember my Mother made on Passover. Dose anybody remember the Keizlech made from left over mashed potatoes? Yummy!  
Wishing you all to make and enjoy that great food for many years.  
Gezinter heid.

The house, if I can call it a house it's looks like a CHORVE they didn't do a thing to it in the last 70 years. The window paint is still the same as it was when we left for Transnistria.

**Michael (Mechel) Surkis**

**Inside court of house on Maria Theresiengasse.**

If you had money you lived in a house on the outskirts of the Volksgarten or near the Residenz.

Most people had no money and lived in houses like this.

At the end of a gangway with lines of washings all around.

Noisy discussions, gramophone music, quarrels from everywhere.

Smells of cooking, sewers.

Children playing in the court.

Beggars singing in the court for coins packed in paper dropped from upper floors.

The ice cream dolly vendor shouting: "Lody ,lody".

Looking west over Rosch, Bila and the west suburbia.

The highest point on the skyline is Zezina.

Zezina mountain with over 500 meters in altitude, was the highest peak around.

Ideal for day mountain hikes and winter sports it was a preferred excursion target.

It now has a big antenna, for whatever antennas are used.

I never was there, but it was nice to look at it from the 'Habsburgshoeh'.

**Hardy Breier**



**Hi Cornel, Yes I knew him, he was Dr. Juris**, a friend of my uncle, and he came every day in the pharmacy of my uncle Ecke Rathausstrasse-Kurze Gasse, "Zum Schtzenge" in Oesterreich, than "La Ingerul Pazitor", on the other corner was the Palace-Hotel. He and Dr. Simighinowicz were the most over-dimensional men in Czernewitz, maybe 150 kilos or more,

Dr. Chajes took me on his knees, and sang: "Hppa. hppa Reiter, wenn er faellt, dann schreit er, faellt er in den Graben, fressen ihn die Raben, faellt er in den Sumpf, da macht der Reiter Plump-s", and let me fall between his knees; this was a pleasure for a 4/5 year old girl...

When I was a little girl, we went every day to the pharmacy and I was happy to help in the laboratory, to put the face creme, named Blumenschnee:" in such tubes like toothpaste in the open end from such a machine, like a Fleischmaschie", and than when full, to press the tube with pliers. Do you know what is "Fiakerpulver"? This a medicament, against all the pains, like now Aspirin...

### **Hedwig Brenner**

**I still play Hopsa Hopsa Reiter** with my grandchildren and they all love it. They are all American born and none of them knows German, but a piece of Czernewitz tradition lives on.

### **Mimi Taylor**

**Zezipa mountain** remained after WW2, a preferred excursion target for summer hikes and for skiing. Sometimes hikes ended in Bila or in Revna and a bus ride back home was the end of the day. Same routes were sometimes taken on skis in wintertime. To some meadows, names were given. Like to one which was visited by our family with friends on Rosh-haShana. Since then my parents made appointments on the Rosh-haShana-Wiese on Sunday morning.

The television antenna is not on the top of the mountain, but on a high point overlooking Czernewitz. Till the beginning of the sixties, there were ruins of a fortress. As children we liked to play there. Then they closed the area, cut the ruins and built the antenna.

Since that time there are no fortresses around Czernewitz, but television ...

### **Alexander Rosner**



## "Souvenirs of Pesach"

Pesach was and remains indelibly imprinted on my memory. The preparations, in particular, were memorable. Borscht was an essential ingredient to the Pesach meals. It was prepared in enormous glass jars of a size no longer produced. The 'flour' floating on the borscht probably rendered it non-kosher, but we enjoyed it just the same.

We would go to buy kosher wine, usually Riesling, in a dank basement with enormous barrels and returned with unlabeled bottles which I was allowed to taste.

My aunt, Julia Hubner, would make 'pastete' consisting of unleavened pancakes interleaved with a filling based on chopped meat and liver. The highlight of Pesach was the 'gefrischte matze', still a feature in our homes, soaked matzes dipped in egg. Or chremslach, with similar ingredients but shaped into patties and then fried. Boiled potato patties were also features of the Pesach meal.

In Czernowitz, geese were sometimes available to be slaughtered for the holidays and the fat was rendered, leaving behind grammeln, otherwise known in Yiddish as grieven, the most delicious, though not necessarily healthiest, product of the goose. The fatty hypertrophied liver of the bird provided yet another delicious, but again unhealthy delicacy.

I am reminded of a poor woman who eventually managed to put together enough money to buy a goose. She went to see the shojchet and said to him "Shojchet, kojletz mir di gens" (slaughter my geese) with the emphasis on the plural, an indication of her affluent status.

A kosher restaurant was located near our home on Karolinengasse 5, in a basement. 'Kishke mit farfel' was one of their specialties. There was a great to-do when a "fiesenseckel" (otherwise known as a sock) emerged from the middle of the dish.

Uptown Czernowitz was not terribly observant of religious food commandments. Podsudek was a famed pork butcher. Their roast pork with cumin seeds, kochwurst and wieners, were their most prized products. The aroma and the remembrance of the sawdust on the floor are vivid to me still.

In no particular order, I would like to mention the marinated apples (or kwassnetzes) or sour apples which were sold from big water-filled jars and which were delicious. Another Czernowitz specialty was the green walnuts, which were peeled and sold from fluid-filled jars. The dark brown stained hands of the urchins selling these were a source of wonder, but only much later the staining ability of the unripe nuts to color skin or hair became apparent to me.

Continued on next page...

Remembering these snatches of childhood experience is like eating: "l'appetit vient en mangeant". Thus, further gustatory souvenirs will most likely emerge.

Here is a photo of my father, Frederick Andermann, in the courtyard of his old house at Karolinengasse 5, together with his son and daughter, Mark and Lisa Andermann, during the Czernowitz reunion in 2006. He currently lives in Montreal.

**Dr. Lisa Andermann**

Frederick Andermann  
in courtyard childhood  
home -Karolinengasse 5,  
with his two children,  
Mark and Lisa




**I was posted for 2 years in Leningrad (St. Petersburg) USSR,** representing an American Airline. I was restricted and not allowed to leave Leningrad without permission. I very much wanted to visit Czernowitz but several requests were denied. Finally, on my last request I received permission. From Leningrad I flew to Lvov and from there by train to Czernowitz.

I stayed at the Ceremush, the only thing that I could get there was breakfast, which consisted of black bread, marmalade, cut up red beets and cold weak tea. In town I did not find one restaurant. There was a small market near Am Fishplatz, where I saw people standing in line, a peasant woman was selling worm pies, the smell was inviting it was of fried onions. I was hungry so I stood in line. Suddenly I saw several people who bought the pie started to spit after biting in to the pie. I went hungry. I returned to Lvov by train and was picked up by an Inturist rep. I had several hours to kill before flying back to Leningrad. I told the Inturist rep that I am very hungry. She took me to a restaurant in a hotel nearby. There they did not want to feed me, after some arguments, I was served a weak cold tea and a slice of a week old cake.

The place was dark and I was all alone, at the end of the room waiters were fixing up a buffed with several dishes and a big plate of water melons. The waiters left, I thought should I go and steal some of the food? Suddenly one of the slices of water melon started to move, am I seeing thing? Slowly I walked over to the table; there were 2 rats the size of small kittens eating water melon. I did not finish my tea or cake and left the place. When I returned to Leningrad, I told the story to my employees and one of them remarked "In Lvov even rats eat water melon and here in Leningrad we eat govno"

**Arthur Rindner**



**About once a month I meet Abraham Kogan.** Usually, the first hour we spend telling stories about Czernowitz. Today I told Abraham a story; about how we made ice cream “Lody”.

Our Lipowener lady who used to bring milk and eggs to my grandmother brought her a large ceramic container with sweet double cream and from the forest wild strawberries. As it was a very hot summer day, my uncles and my aunts decided to make ice cream.

My uncle Mechel had a very old ice cream machine. We needed ice so I got volunteered with my cousin Sasha who was the daughter of onkle Mechel and tante Etu to bring an ice block from the ice factory.

The ice factory was so far, we had to go all the way to a side street of the Siebenbürgerstrasse. I could not remember the name the street. Of course Abraham knew the name which was Strada Petru Rareş.

It took us hours to schlep this block, we dropped it several times and it broke in half. Finally we were home with just enough ice to make the most delicious ice cream-lody. If anybody ever had “Wild Strawberry Ice Cream” he will never forget the taste.

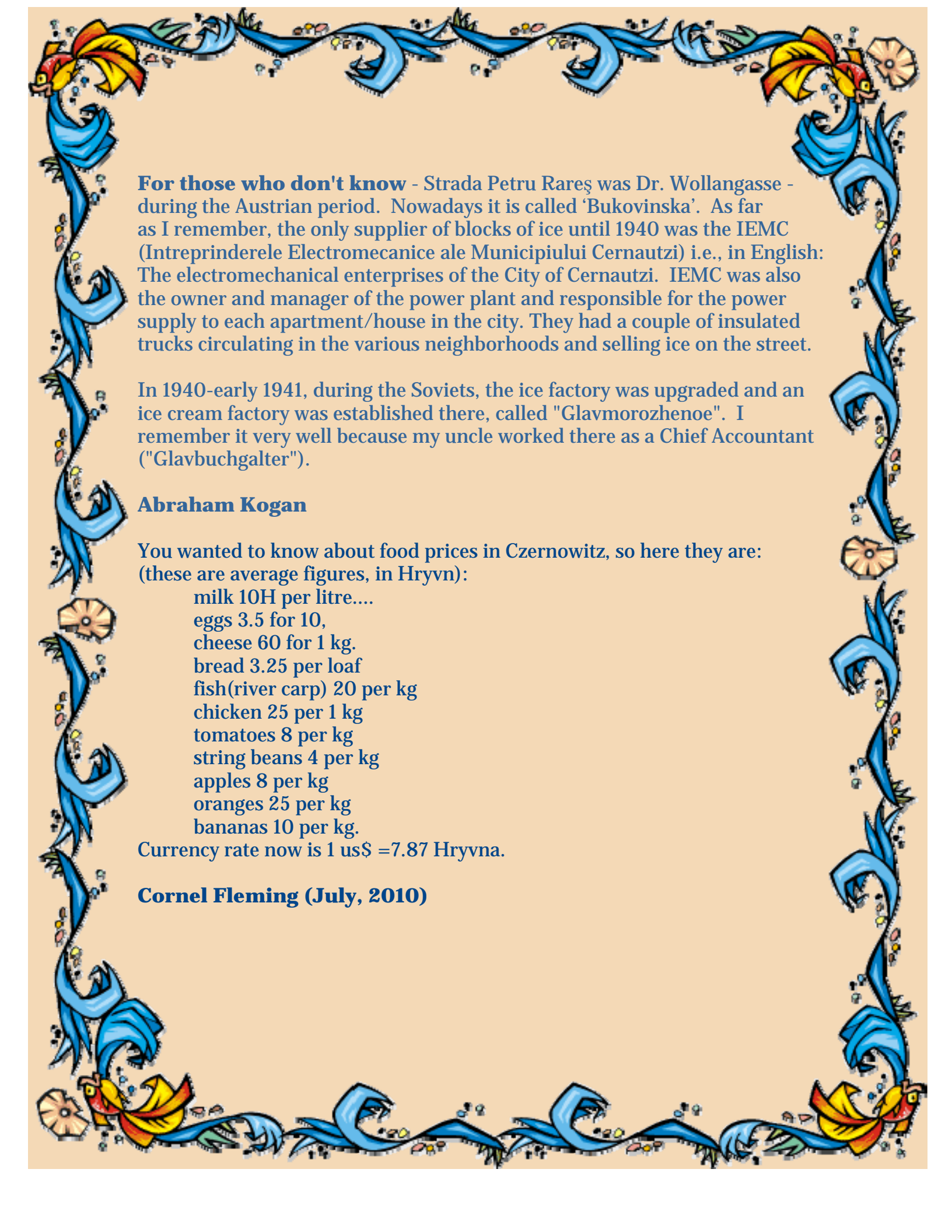
### **Arthur Rindner**

**Sounds fantastic.** To those of you who have never tasted wild strawberries - cultivated strawberries cannot duplicate their taste or smell. Wild strawberries grow mostly in pine and fir forests and the fruit ripens in June. Plan your trip to the Carpathians accordingly. If you live in a continental climate, you can grow them in your own garden under a pine tree. I have maintained the same patch for over 30 years.

### **Mimi Taylor**

**I have been to a Jewish deli** because a friend said they had good stuffed kishke and a decent cholent. The obviously (by his apparel) very orthodox owner asked why I knew cholent (!!!) so I told him my Czernowitz grandmother used to make it. And his face lit up and he said he had a set of tefillin which were made about 200 yrs ago by the very famous "Mottel from Czernowitz". Has anybody heard of this person???? Apparently Mottel made all the boxes and a rabbinical friend/scribe did the contents.

### **Cornel Fleming**



**For those who don't know** - Strada Petru Rareș was Dr. Wollangasse - during the Austrian period. Nowadays it is called 'Bukovinska'. As far as I remember, the only supplier of blocks of ice until 1940 was the IEMC (Intreprinderele Electromecanice ale Municipiului Cernautzi) i.e., in English: The electromechanical enterprises of the City of Cernautzi. IEMC was also the owner and manager of the power plant and responsible for the power supply to each apartment/house in the city. They had a couple of insulated trucks circulating in the various neighborhoods and selling ice on the street.

In 1940-early 1941, during the Soviets, the ice factory was upgraded and an ice cream factory was established there, called "Glavmorozhenoe". I remember it very well because my uncle worked there as a Chief Accountant ("Glavbuchgalter").

### **Abraham Kogan**

You wanted to know about food prices in Czernowitz, so here they are: (these are average figures, in Hryvn):

- milk 10H per litre....
- eggs 3.5 for 10,
- cheese 60 for 1 kg.
- bread 3.25 per loaf
- fish(river carp) 20 per kg
- chicken 25 per 1 kg
- tomatoes 8 per kg
- string beans 4 per kg
- apples 8 per kg
- oranges 25 per kg
- bananas 10 per kg.

Currency rate now is 1 us\$ =7.87 Hryvna.

**Cornel Fleming (July, 2010)**



**Down went the St. Nikolausgasse  
to the Morariogasse**

**Photo courtesy of Hardy Brier**