

# The Bristol Jewish Recorder



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• JUNE 1969 •

• SIVAN 5729 •

### BRISTOL HEBREW CONGREGATION THE SYNAGOGUE, PARK ROW, BRISTOL

#### Synagogue Services:

Friday Evenings 7.30 p.m.  
Saturday Mornings 10.0 a.m.

#### Minister:

Rev. M. Modell,  
66 Harcourt Road,  
Bristol 6.  
Tel.: 40615

Hon. Sec. Dr. S. Curwen,  
77 Parry's Lane,  
Stoke Bishop,  
Bristol 9.  
Tel: 68-3033

Talmud Torah Classes -  
Sunday Mornings 10 a.m. to  
12.45 p.m.

#### Bristol Jewish Women's Guild -

Hon. Sec. Mrs. C. Culank,  
113 Wags Head Hill,  
St. George,  
Bristol 5.

#### Bristol W.I.Z.O. Group -

Hon. Sec. Mrs. B. Burke,  
4 Downs Cote View,  
Westbury-on-Trym,  
Bristol.

Both Ladies' Organisations hold  
regular meetings and functions  
throughout the year.

## *for your diary . . .*

Sunday, 15th June

Ladies' Guild  
Dine & Dance  
7.30 Synagogue Hall

YAHREZEITS

Thursday	5th June	Mrs. Tonkey	Sivan	19
Saturday	7th June	Mr. A. E. Morris	Sivan	21
Tuesday	10th June	Mr. I. Freeland	Sivan	24
Monday	30th June	Mr. N. Cohen	Tammuz	14
Tuesday	1st July	Mr. B. Silverman	Tammuz	15

KADDISH WILL BE SAID THE PREVIOUS EVENING

The Memorial Prayer (El Mole Rachamin) will be recited by the Minister, during the Reading of the Law, on the Sabbath prior to the Yahrzeit, in the presence of the bereaved.

COMMUNAL NOTICES

Mrs. Minnie Kushner (37 Long Eaton Drive, Bristol) would like to thank everyone concerned for their many kindnesses and visits during her recent stay in hospital. She is happy to say that she is now well on the way to recovery.

Congratulations to Dr. Wallace Fox who is now Consultant at the Brompton Road Chest Hospital, London. Dr. Wallace Fox continues to add to his many successes. He is Bristol born, and was educated at the Bristol Grammar School. His parents took great interest in the Jewish Community. His mother, Mrs. Esther Fox still maintains her interest in the Community, although now resident in Bournemouth. We wish her good health and happiness in the successes of her family in Bristol and London.

Our condolences to Miss Pearl Nathan on the loss of her brother Nat Nathan. Miss Nathan is the last remaining member of her family, an old Bristolian Jewish family who rendered service to the Chevra Kaddisher, of which Nat Nathan was President.

JEWISH WOMEN'S WEEK

Mrs. Naomi Dembo and Mrs. Marcia Gee wish to thank all those who have contributed so generously to this year's Women's Week appeal,

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helping to make it such a success.

Anyone still wishing to be associated with this worthy cause may do so by sending their donation to:- Mrs. M. Dambo, 23 Ormerod Road, Bristol 9.

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#### BRISTOL W.I.Z.O. GROUP

A Coffee Morning was held on Tuesday, 29th April at 10 Oakhurst Road. Our hostess was Mrs. Marcia Gee.

A Coffee Morning was held on Tuesday, 13th May at 9 Pitch and Pay Lane. Our hostess was Mrs. Shelagh Hart. The Guest Speaker, Mrs. Behrman, gave a most interesting talk on W.I.Z.O. achievements in Israel.

Betty Burke,  
Shelagh Hart.  
(Joint Hon. Secs.)

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#### "AIMEZ-VOUS LE FISH AND CHIPS?"

"There's no doubt about it" said George in a disconcertingly mild voice "that your cooking has reached an all time low". He chewed on the last chip, elegantly sucked a fishbone and continued "It's boring". This I had realised for some time, but immediately I took the affronted tack and babbled on about the children, fatigue, the dog, social activities, the difficulties involved in putting children to bed and cheffing at the same time.....George was unimpressed and said nothing, and I relapsed into sullen capitulation; he was right and I knew it. As he watched me wash and dry the dishes - George's idea of helping is definitely non-contributory - he considered. "Let's think what we can do about it. A new cookery book. I'll get one tomorrow".

The first cookery book he brought home was enormous and expensive and was received in aggrieved silence. After I had pored through it for a while, I pointed out it was useless. It was obviously for a very inexperienced housewife since it took ten pages to explain how to cook chips (on this point I needed no advice), six pages on mixed grill, and a section on hygiene which informed me I should clean my cupboards every other day (which I considered an impertinence). A quarter of the book was devoted to cake making, and the last half simply repeated what was printed in the first - not in another language, but simply in different words - perhaps it was meant for idiots. It was illustrated with many beautiful colour photographs, which I felt were probably worth £3, but the actual recipes weren't worth the other 3s.

So George took it back and returned home the following evening with a book which I felt could adorn only the kitchen of a Mayfair flat where money was no object and at least in that area the butcher would know what the good lady was talking about, even if she didn't. As far as I was concerned, the cookbook was completely incomprehensible, plunging immediately and without warning into Escargots Farcis (stuffed snails), hurrying into small print to Estouffade de Cerf au Vin Rouge (venison stewed in red wine) and giving as an alternative a recipe for Le Marcassin (young wild boar). The lines I now bear on my brow were created, I swear, by studying the first ten pages of this book, what IS venison, and does one casually ask a small country town butcher for the haunch of a young boar without running the risk of a sympathetic lift home?

George took the cookbook back and returned home, slightly worn, with two cookery books - both cheap and good. One was large, with some black and white photographs, cost 12s. 6d. and was called Encyclopædia of European Cooking; the other was a Penguin Handbook of French Provincial Cooking, costing 7s. 6d. The latter has no frills and is a basic cookbook with a difference. It DOES mention things such as Le Marcassin AND Estouffade de Cerf au Vin Rouge and quite a few of the ingredients are impossible to buy here - or even perhaps in the heart of Bristol. Nevertheless, most of the recipes are very 'sensible', and after considerable study of both books (which is why the creases in my brow are now  $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep) I selected initially about twenty interesting dishes and set about collecting various dried herbs and spices; some of these herbs have the most fascinating names - Coriander, which puts me in mind of a Beethoven Overture, and Turmeric, which I never use because it sounds so diseased.

My first recipe was "a typical Provencal dish" of beef stewed in red wine with garlic, onion and tomato puree. It looked very easy in the book (I must admit that this is one of my basic principles when making a selection). I scuttled excitedly to the shops to purchase wine, garlic and a long French loaf, and carrying it all back suddenly felt transformed into one of those old ladies dressed completely in black hurrying apparently nowhere along a long straight road in France. I glanced into a shop window to reassure myself that this metamorphosis was imaginary, and on reaching home I shoved all the ingredients into the pot (it took precisely ten minutes) and waited for five hours.

It worked! It was delicious! George was overwhelmed and spent the whole meal prodding the air poignantly with his fork, speechless.

Heartened, I continued to try more new recipes (with George screaming for a repetition of the beef in red wine) until I had acquired some fifteen really interesting dishes which I found fairly easy to make. Of course, there were the failures - either because we just didn't like the result, or because I'd made a mistake, like reading 10 minutes for 30 minutes, and then we had dried-up fish hotchpotch. But the stimulation of different

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dishes made this sort of thing well worthwhile.

And now, two years later, I have a fat happy husband who bores everyone by continually extolling my culinary virtues, three children who reel to school after supping pears cooked in wine, two deep creases in my forehead and a fair repertoire foodwise.

I would conclude, however, by pointing out that in my opinion not all the best dishes are foreign, and that whatever George may say, you can't beat fish and chips - especially in a newspaper.

Mim Elton.