

HALLOWEEN, 2014

By



Marjorie Gottlieb Wolfe

IT'S "FRAYTIK, OKTOBER 31, HALLOWEEN.

Have you heard the story about "di por" (the married couple) who were invited to a swanky Halloween party? She got a terrible "kopveytik" (headache) and told her husband to go to the party "aleyn" (alone). He, being a devoted husband, protested, but she argued and said she was going to take some aspirin and go to "bet" (bed), and there was no need for his good time being spoiled by not going. So, he took his "kostyum" (costume) and away he went.

The wife went "shlofn" (to sleep) for one hour, awakened without "veytik" (pain) and as it was still early, she decided to go to the party. In as much as her husband did not know what her "kostyum" was, she thought she would have some fun by watching her husband to see how he acted when she was not with him. She joined the party and soon spotted her husband (der man") cavorting around the dance floor, "tantsn" with every nice chick he could and sharing a little "kush" (kiss), too.

His wife went up to him and being a rather seductive babe herself, he left his partner high and dry and devoted his time to the "nay" (new) stuff that had just arrived. She let him go as far as he wished, naturally, since he was her husband. Finally, he whispered a little proposition in her "oyer" (ear) and she agreed. So off they went to one of the cars parked outside and had a little bang.

Just before unmasking at "halbe nahkht" (midnight), she slipped away and went "heyim" (home). She put the "kostyum" away and got into "bet." She wondered what kind of explanation her husband would make for his behavior.

She was sitting up reading a "bukh" when he came in and she asked what

kind of a time he had. “Oh, the same old thing. You know I never (“keyn mol”) have a good time when you’re not there.”

Then she asked, “Did you dance much?” He replied, “I’ll tell you, I NEVER EVEN DANCED “EYN MOL”--ONE TIME. When I got there, I met Pete, Bill Brown and some other guys. We went into “der keler” (the basement) and played poker all evening. But I’ll tell you...The guy I loaned my ‘kostyum’ to sure had a real good time!”

Rabbi Joshua Maroof of Magen David Sephardic Congregation in Rockville, Maryland, says that “the Torah prohibits us from adopting customs that have roots in idolatrous religions. Rather than sending Jewish children out to trick-or-treat, we should use Halloween as an opportunity to teach them about the features of their heritage that makes it truly unique.”

Personally, I consider Halloween harmless fun. Why Fergie, Dutchess of York, wrote, “One year I cut up a sheet, put it over my head and dressed up as Freddy Krueger.”

This year my 4-year-old grandson, Preston, will dress up as Batman and I’ll accompany him in search of the perfect candy collection. Then, the adults in the family will share a “blut oranzh tayneg”--a Blood Orange Delight. We’ll mix up a simple spirit fit for a spooky soiree.

“Der resipee”:

Combine 2 cups (“kopes” of chilled blood orange juice and 1 1/2 cups of chilled champagne in a large drink dispenser. Stir/mix (“misht”) champagne in a large drink dispenser. Stir and serve in champagne glasses--cheers to Halloween.

Perhaps Preston will even learn to “zog a por verter” (say a few words)--about Halloween--IN YIDDISH.

1. “kostyum” (costume)
2. “kunts” (trick)
3. “tsukerl” (candy)
4. “oranzh” (orange)
5. “ibershrekn” (to scare)
6. “k’vish” (to scream)
7. “dershrokn” (afraid)
8. “der tayvl” (the devil)
9. “der keyver” (tomb)
10. “misteryez” (mysterious)

11. "der shotn" (shadow)
12. "der gayst" (the ghost)
"der rvakh")
13. "dos meshugass" (madness)
14. "di levone" (the moon)
15. "der nepl" (the mist)
16. "farbissn" (grim)
17. "der keyver" (the grave)
18. "pretendir" (to pretend)
19. "beyz" (evil--think Freddy Krueger)
20. "nekome" (revenge--remember "A nightmare on Elm Street 2:
Freddy's Revenge")
21. "di moyre" (fear)
When an aversion or fear to All Hallow's Eve becomes a phobia,
it is known as Samhainophobia."

MARJORIE WOLFE'S FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CARTOON BY PAUL NOTH shows two young children, dressed in costumes, knocking on the door of the White House. President Obama answers the door and asks, "I'll find you some candy, but first tell me how you got past Secret Service." :-)