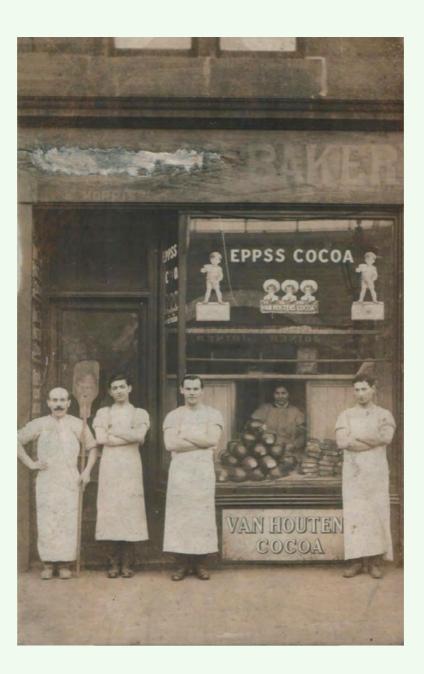
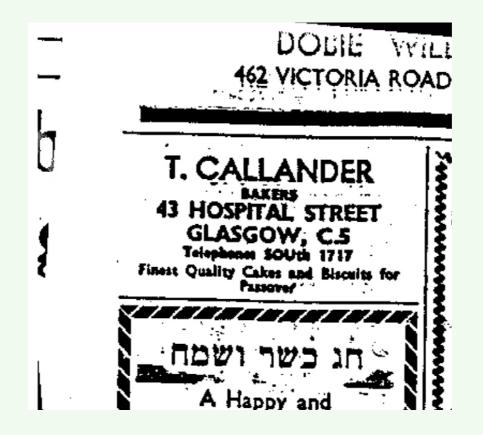
BAKING MEMORIES



Callanders Bakery, 1914



Callander's bakehouse was set up by a Jewish immigrant from Lodz inPoland, Abie Callander. The bakehouse made and sold kosher goods such as challah, sweet and sour bread, kichlach, strudel, Gebeck, and also made the bakery available to women in the community to bake for their families:

"Full use was made of the facilities of the bakehouse by the immigrant women... It was also an opportunity to meet old friends from der heim and to chat easily in the native tongue... I used to rush to the bakehouse form nearby Gorbals school in Buchan street and it was the highlight of my day to see mother, wielding a long-handed wooden shovel, miraculously bring out her own baking from the depth of the oven."

Memories of Callanders Bakehouse – Mrs Lily B

Interview with Gertie Livingstone by Harvey Kaplan (2015)

HK Obviously, your father was a butcher, so that's where you got your meat from. What about other Jewish shops? Can you remember any bakers and grocers?

GL Oh, there was Callander and Ettinger, the Teitelbaums had a shop in Main Street – they went to Canada actually – but they made wonderful bread. She used to make wee kichelach – I could eat them now. I was very friendly with one of the daughters, Jenny Teitelbaum.

HK Did your mother use the bakehouse?

GL She used Teitelbaum's bakehouse – we got our cholent on a Shabbos. She would make the dinner and erev Shabbos, the boys would take it round and Saturday morning, they went and brought it and it was out of this world – it had a different taste.

HK I've heard this story before, but how did they know which pot was whose?

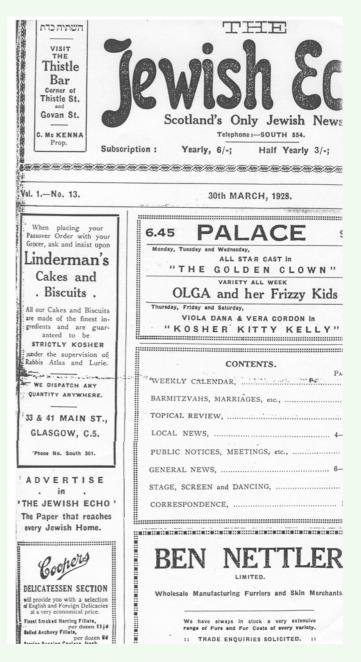
GL You knew your own pot.



Ida Schuster speaking about the Gorbals in 1990

"Dunmore street was... kind of epitomised the Gorbals. At our corner was Ettingers, the delicatessen, and the kids used to look forward to their spring cleaning before Passover when they would clean out all their sweetie jars and sell big bags of sweets for a hae'penny... much to the chagrin of my parents...

Fogell's Bakery, Hospital Street around 1962



At the other end of the street was Glickman the baker and what was quite common with most of the Jewish bakers at that time, before the Jewish holiday they would allow the women in through the night with their basins and their whisks and their eggs... and allow them to bake [different food for different holidays]... and my mother would come back.. and we would wake up in the morning to this wonderful smell of baking and she was sitting with rosy cheeks and sipping a cup of tea."