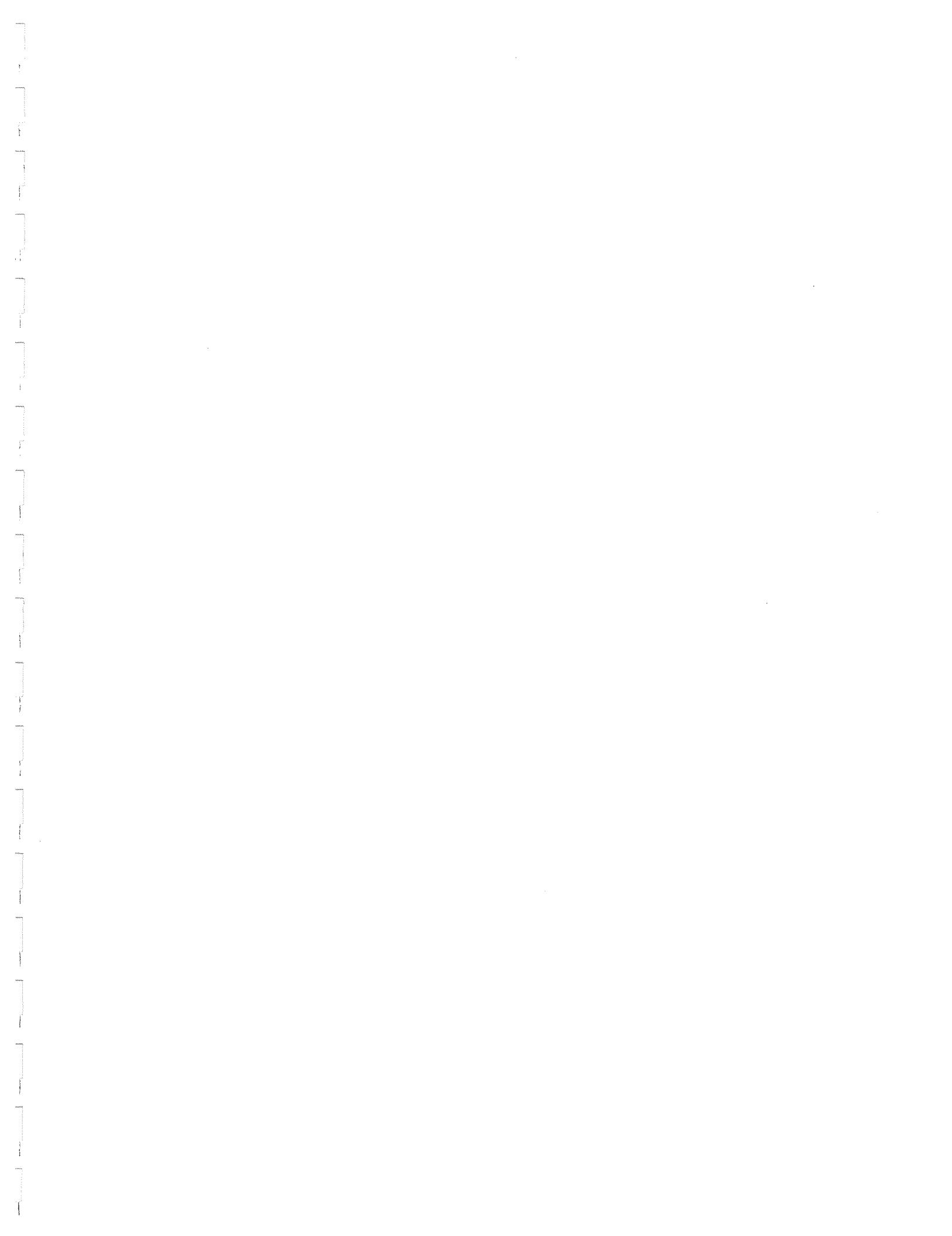


For my son Ely



THE MEMOIRS OF BOUENA GARFINKLE

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Montreal, April 12, 1975

It took me six years to give my impressions of a trip I made to Israel in the year 1969, with members of the Jewish community of Montreal. I have tried very hard to forget these impressions. There are parts of my life that I always try very hard to forget. Disasters of the second World War, nazis, cruelty, starvation, persecution, I try my best always to forget. But in times of difficulty, you remember your life in the fullest detail. At these ~~times~~ moments, you feel that your world has ended; only vain people would force you to remember the past miseries.

After the combined Jewish Appeal of Montreal honoured me, in 196~~8~~, with the gift of a silver plate from the Women's Federation, I received a letter. I was invited to visit Israel with a group consisting of the leaders of the community, to see with our own eyes the needs of our brothers in Israel. I showed the letter to my husband. He was very enthusiastic about accepting the invitation. But I was not very enthusiastic. All of a sudden I had a premonition telling me not to go, as if I knew that this trip would bring to life my memories, memories that I was never willing to think about. On the other hand, I said to myself, "I'm crazy! Why not go? Why have these ideas?" My grandmother used to say 'kien no tiene ventoura no devia de nacer' - if someone has no luck, he shouldn't have been born.

The night before our departure, my so-called friend, Phyllis Waxman, who had just been named Chairman of the ~~X~~ campaign of the Combined Jewish Appeal of 1969, telephoned me.

"I just learned that you are going to Israel with a Mission."
"You just found out today?" I asked her.

"Oh, only today," she answered.

" You know, you are a liar," I said. "First, I went to Ottawa to get a passport with your son. Second, I gave my passport photos to you, to be signed by your husband, who is a Justice of the Peace. Third, you did all that was in your power to prevent us from going on this trip. You terrified everyone in the Combined Jewish Appeal by saying that my husband is a very sick person who cannot walk. And you terrorized everyone who is ~~in~~ in the Mission. Fourth, when I paid Mr. ~~SyD GOTFR~~^{ED} Officer of the Combined Jewish Appeal, for my trip, you were in the office, and you called me afterwards on the telephone. You screamed at me that one had to walk on this trip to Israel, and my husband cannot walk. I told you then that my husband walks better than you, he is more intelligent and more educated than you, and you know your education leaves something to be desired. My husband's hands tremble, only the hands."

After I had said this, Phyllis Waxman tried to excuse herself, and to say that she didn't know what I was talking about at the same time.

"Don't worry about us," I said. "The neurologist knows better than you."

We ended our conversation on apparently good terms.

The day of our departure, my husband and I arrived at Dorval airport and went into the waiting room. As soon as I entered, I saw Phyllis, and I learned that she herself was supposed to come with us on this trip. After our unpleasant conversation of the night before, I thought to myself that we were going to spend fifteen days together and I had better say hello. If I don't speak to her now, I won't be able to speak to her during the entire trip. My husband and I approached her, and instead of answering our greeting, she said "Take him away from here!" in a very nasty way.

"Drag me!" I answered.

They were taking photographs, and I didn't move from there. They took a picture of Phyllis and her daughter, my husband and me.

"This is your friend?" my husband asked me later.

We took an airplane to New York. In the plane, I sat as if I was nailed to the seat, and I began to remember my father.

I don't remember my father well, since he died when I was very young. But my brother ~~Eli~~^{ELIAKIM}, who had raised us like a father, used to talk a lot about him. One day, ~~Eli~~^{ELIAHOU} told us something that my father had said once, that he wanted to pass on to the family.

"Never be scared of the truth in life," he had said. "Hardships, everything, will pass. In times of difficulty, you think the world is ending. But you don't have to be scared. The only time you have reason to fear is if someone close to you all of a sudden, night to day, becomes rich and buys a dozen new dresses to impress others. You must fear a person like this. Changing clothing from one day to the next, they develop an insane superiority complex. And these people don't know how to stop hurting others. The more they have, the more they want."

My father came from a very ancient Sephardic family. ~~xxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxSarfatty~~. My father used to wear a ring with a dark green stone. There were Roman, Latin and Hebrew letters, and a small picture of a king carved into the stone. This ring came from our ancestors, and it was passed down for many generations from father to son. ^{Our} ~~The~~ family name is Sarfatty. In Hebrew, Sarfatty means "French". It means that the family came from the Pyrenees, from the French and Spanish side. They came to Salonica, like all the Sephardim, in the time of the Spanish Inquisition. They lived under the Turkish regime for many generations. When the Greeks came to Salonica, a large majority of the Jews became Greek citi-

zens, and a small minority remained Spanish. The Spanish people used to have certain privileges during Hitler's regime. The last Jews to leave Salonica during the war were sent to Germany by the nazis, and after a while were sent to Spain, and from there to Palestine to a Greek camp in Gaza.

Salonica was a Jewish city with all the Jewish traditions. All services were provided by the community. The community was our government; it presided over marriages, deaths, circumcisions, and even legal ~~judgements~~ judgements. The name for the legal court was Bet Din. The Bet Din made the final decisions in disputes between Jewish people.

If two people wished to get married, the community would send the Rabbi of their Khila. The city was divided into sections, each section with its own Khila. People would pay an amount for their weddings according to their positions in life. We had synagogues which were supported by donations. People would give donations for the honour of reading the Torah. The name for these donations was Mitzvoth. People would bid for the honour, and the highest bidder would get to read the Torah. During Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashonah, the synagogue would collect enough money to keep going for the rest of the year.

My father was one of the leaders of the synagogue, and later, this honour was passed on to my brother, who knew Hebrew very well and had a beautiful singing voice. He used to help the Hazan. This was a great honour for our family.

We arrived in New York and boarded the El Al airplane to go to Israel. We were soon made to get off the airplane, since there was something wrong with the engine. We sat in the lounge and waited to find out if we were going to get another airplane or if we were going to spend the night in a Hotel. My husband wanted to go

to the rest room, like many others who were in the lounge. A few minutes later, a bus came to take us to a hotel for the night. The people who had gone to the rest room before my husband came back, but he had not returned yet. The bus waited for about two or three minutes. All of a sudden, Phyllis Waxman said to me: "I told you, this man can't walk". I didn't answer her. I didn't want to start the fight again. The only thing that came to my mind ~~waxxx~~ was: "My father was right when he said to fear people who bought a dozen new dresses. They don't know how to stop hurting others. And they are different because they have an insane superiority complex". While I was thinking this, Phyllis said to me: "Your husband is an invalid".

"You are a 'bevedera de sangre' (a vampire)", I replied in Ladino. "My husband is no invalid. My husband has a tremor in his hands only. The neurologist told us before we accepted this trip, 'If you don't go, don't come to me any more. ^{Any} Your husband is a very intelligent man. He walks like a soldier. I don't see any reason why you should not go. If this woman doesn't want you to go, it is not because of your husband. She wants to be rid of you, because you are more capable than she is. She can't be rid of you, so she talks about your husband.'"

We spent the night in the hotel in New York, and the next day we flew to Tel Aviv. When we arrived in Tel Aviv, there were two buses waiting for us, one red and one blue. Thank God I was in ~~a~~ the blue bus and not in the red one with Phyllis Waxman.

We were introduced to our guide and our chauffeur. We were going to spend fifteen days together and see all of Israel. The bus went along the road to Jerusalem, and we soon came to our hotel, which was only half completed. The workers had left the elevator on the fourth or fifth floor. My husband went up and down like anything, but I was dead tired by the time I walked upstairs!

After noon, we went to the Old City of Jerusalem, and to the Wailing Wall, 'Cote Marat' in Hebrew. Coming back, we saw some murals. I asked the guide if there was a school in the area named Havad Hallimoud.

"Don't dare ask me another question. I have orders not to answer you," he ~~said~~ replied in a nasty way. I looked in his eyes, but I didn't answer.

We went to see a miniature mosque that the Israelis had made, in Old Jerusalem. A great artist must have made it, it was so perfect in all its detail, and the gold colours were so beautiful. I was filled with admiration, and I enjoyed myself very much. The guide, who was from the other bus, was explaining all the details to us. He asked if we had any questions. I asked a question, and his answer was very sour.

"Don't have the chutpah to ask me any questions. I have orders not to answer you," he said. And this one, too, I looked in the eye.

"As soon as we arrived in Jerusalem," I thought to myself, "they gave orders to the guides to annoy me. They are hoping that we will leave the group and go off on our own, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ because Phyllis wants to get rid of me. I think they know me very little! It was in very poor taste for the guides to talk to me in this way."

We went to our bus, and the guide gave us orders. We were to sit one seay back the next day, and the people in the back were to move to the front, so that everyone would have a chance to sit in good seats. I sat down in the bus, and I felt like someone had given me a good beating. And like this I started to remember my life.

It was Pesach, 1941. I was 23. Tia Donna ('Tia' means "aunt" in Ladino), my father's sister, and I were alone in the house. Regina and Eliaou, my sister and brother, had gone downstairs to visit neighbours, friends of the family for many years. We had not been living in this house for very long. We came to this house when the war with the Italians started, because the family home did not have a bomb shelter, and this house had a very good one. We were standing at the door of the balcony. The curtains were closed. We could see outside, but people couldn't see in. We were watching the Germans coming with tanks, and the Greek soldiers retreating. They were taking the soldiers to the schoolyard of Alliance Israelite Universelle by the hundreds.

Tia Donna was widowed when her son Samuel was five years old. When the boy turned nineteen, he went to do his compulsory military service. Tia Donna had not received one letter since the day Samuel left. A few months after Samuel left, Chaim, my fiancee, was ~~xxx~~ drafted. I hadn't received any letters from him either. We were looking out ~~to~~ the window to see if we knew any of the retreating soldiers. ~~TiaxRann~~

Tia Donna asked me if we were going to go to the Soupe Populaire. I answered that now they needed us more than ever. The Soupe Populaire was organized by the Matanot Laevionim. They gave food to poor children and to the children of soldiers. The Matanot Laevionim was founded by a large, ancient Sephardic family, the Revak. The Revaks were wealthy, and they were very dedicated, philanthropic people. The life of the Revaks was Matanot Laevionim, and looking after poor people. They had a very large building with a hall, and in this hall were held the weddings of the very wealthy, who could pay well. There were balls given on occasion by rich organizations that could afford to rent the hall. On Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashonah ~~the~~ services were held in the hall. All the income from these

activities was used for Matanot Laevionim, and donations came without any difficulty. Regina, my sister, Tia Donna, Sara Trabou, a very good friend of mine, and I used to volunteer to supervise the meals. At seven o'clock in the morning we would go to make sure that the food was of the best quality, and the bread was of the measure of Matanot Laevionim.

Tia Donna and I were watching the retreating soldiers, and it was the most depressing sight of my life. Some of the soldiers in the ranks were crying. Others couldn't walk any more. Others were wounded and in pain. It was a very dark tableau; there was silence in the house. Tia
► Donna broke the silence.

"With this good deed (zakoud) that we will do tomorrow, God is going to help Samuel and Chaim," she said. She had not finished saying this when a soldier escaped from the ranks. He was heading for our door.
► I went down the stairs and spoke to him from afar.

"Come in, come in to my apartment."

"It's me, Chaim, it's me!" I heard a very familiar voice say. He came upstairs. Tia Donna, a woman who never lost her courage, had the bath water warming before we got upstairs. She took Chaim's uniform and he put on pajamas until the bath was ready. She put the khaki clothes in a laundry sack, made a parcel and tied it well, and threw it into the yard as far away as she could. Chaim got clean, very clean. Tia Donna rubbed his back very well.

Two hours later, we could see only German tanks in the street. But the brave Tia Donna went to Chaim's mother to tell her the news. There were no streetcars, no taxis. She walked.

When we got up the next morning, the yard was full of parcels with uniforms inside. Everyone had copied Tia Donna's idea; every apartment had soldiers hiding inside.

In two days, the situation had returned to normal, but the Jewish

people were very scared. On the third day it was decreed that all Jews were to bring their radios and their dogs to Gestapo headquarters. The Jews who worked in the port of Salonica were sent away the day after the Germans came. Jews who worked for the railways were immediately fired, as were those working in the tobacco industry. The working people were the first to realize that they were Jews.

The International Red Cross started to organize the distribution of milk to children in the working districts. Many people had no food, and they were bloated from starvation. My Soupe Populaire was in Regie Vardar, a working class Jewish district. The people there had lost their jobs. Many were dying, and we would see wheelbarrows with bodies piled onto them all the time. The community had no more ~~saxxiages~~ horsedrawn carriages for funeral services. All of this was misery to see.

Sarah Trabou, Regina and I used to prepare milk from the condensed milk provided by the Red Cross. Each mother would come with a bottle, and we would give different amounts, according to what was marked on each mother's card.

The Germans next decreed that Jewish people were forbidden to live in certain districts. Mitropoleos Street, where we ~~were~~ lived, was in the prohibited zone. We found a house in the ghetto zone, on Singrou Street, near the synagogue Monasterlis, and not too far from the Regie Verdar. We moved on Friday. On the next day, on the Sabbath, every Jew between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five was ordered to go to a large square near the port of Salonica. This was half a day of mourning for us. When the Jews were allowed to leave the square, panic started. Everybody started to run, to be the first out of the square. But this panic lasted only one day, and everything soon came to order. Chaim and Eliaou were looking for ways to escape, but it was difficult, even if one had a lot of money. One had to know exactly the right person to help one escape, and we were afraid to talk to strangers.

One day, as we were going to the Soupe Populaire, we saw some Eng-

lish soldiers, prisoners of war. They were repairing the road. Regina saw that one of them was wearing a Mezuzah. Tia Donna said that the young man was very sick, that he had a fever. But we could do nothing about it. In the evening the whole family discussed what we could possibly do for this boy. We concluded that we could do nothing with the Germans standing guard. Next day, when we were going to the Soupe Populaire there was a fire near where the soldiers were working. The fire engine came. In the confusion, Regina took the soldier to our home, without anyone noticing, not even us. When we arrived at the Soupe Populaire, we realized that Regina was not with us. Tia Donna thought that she ~~wx~~ had stayed to watch the fire.

When we came home later, we realized what Regina had done. The great Tia Donna warmed the bath, and washed the soldier very well. She fed him good soup, and put cold compresses on his head, since he was suffering from Malaria. But we didn't know what to do with his uniform. The bell rang. It was Sarah Trabou wanting to find out what had happened to Regina. We told her, and we started to discuss what we were going to do with the clothing. We decided that Sara would take half the clothes in her shopping bag. Her father would know what to do with them, she had confidence in him. After a half hour, Sarah's father came and took the rest of the clothes,

When Eliaou came home, we discussed with him what we were to do with the soldier. Eliaou knew of an organization in Salonica that looked after soldiers who escaped from prisoner of war camps. But we were scared of telling anyone that we had an English soldier in the house. Tia Donna looked after him as if he were her own son. She used to sleep in the same room with him. Every three hours she gave him quinine, which was very difficult to obtain. Eliaou would buy the quinine on the black market with gold. We got milk for the soldier from the ~~wx~~ Red Cross. We used to hear Tia Donna in the middle of the night, breaking ice from the ice box to put on the lips of the sick soldier.

The real problems started when the soldier died.

"We thought that getting rid of the uniform was a big tragedy," Eliaou said. "Now what are we going to do with the body?" We decided to go to the Jewish Community and to talk with Alphonse Levy. He was one of the bigger leaders of the Jewish Community. This was to be my job. As soon as I arrived at Alphonse Levy's, I saw Mr. Albala, with chevrons on. He was a member of the Jewish Police. The Jewish Police were worse than the Germans. I asked to speak to Alphonse, who was a very good person, but then I saw him from afar, and I ran over to talk to him.

"We found a man on our doorstep," I told him. "We thought he had just fainted, but he died soon after. We have to bury him, but he has no identification papers!"

"How do you know he is Jewish?" was the only thing Alphonse asked.

"Tia Donna saw!" I replied.

Alphonse provided me with the necessary papers, and he sent two men to help, 'embagnadores', people who washed the dead. He also gave us a coffin, and we took a taxi home. We gave the embagnadores some bread, and they helped us take the coffin downstairs. We needed a carriage, but the community had no more carriages. Sarah Trabou lived in my ghetto on a street where there were many stores selling lemons and oranges. Sarah's father was a wealthy Zionist, and he was always willing to help. He went to one of the stores and bought a carriage. Nobody wanted to sell a carriage for drakmes; everybody wanted gold.

Here in Montreal, if people see people like us, Trabou and Sarfatty, they would ask right away why we did something like this. They would start an investigation, and soon, the whole city would know. But for us, it was a very natural thing to do.

Someone had to push the carriage to the cemetery. Regina, Sara Trabou, Tia Donna and I pushed this carriage. There were usually some poor people in the cemetery. We took bread with us, to make sure that

we would find someone to help us bury the body. After the burial, we left the carriage for those who helped us, as payment.

(I saw Alphonse Levy again after the war, and before I could start to talk about this particular incident, he said "don't say a thing. I know it was an English boy." But people like Alphonse Levy you don't find every day.)

When Eliaou and Chaim came home, we told them what had happened. Reyna, our cleaning woman, couldn't stop crying. She was sorry that Tia Donna had looked after the soldier, and not her; her conscience was bothering her. Eliaou and Chaim and Mr. Trabou went to the synagogue to say kaddish for eight days. After the eighth day, we went again to distribute the milk. Everybody came as usual except the mothers of the Baron de Hirsch district, a Jewish working class district. We were supposed to prepare the tables in the dining room at eleven o'clock, and the children were to come to eat at noon. But since the Baron de Hirsch people didn't come, the containers were full of milk. We decided to call the Red Cross to find out what to do with the milk. I spoke to Mr. Bukard, the Red Cross delegate in Salonica, who insisted that we not leave the children of Baron de Hirsch without milk. He sent a car, and I went with the driver to distribute the milk.

Rxamxfax, When we were still quite far away, the driver cried, "Look, look!". There were high walls made of wood all around the district. In the center of the district was a tower; at the top of the tower were German soldiers with a machine gun. We entered the greek district through large doors in the wall. There were Jewish Police all around. It was the first day that the Jewish Police, supervised by the Germans, refused to let anyone leave the Baron de Hirsch district. Hasson, the chief of Jewish Police, came over to talk to me. I thought to myself, I came in, but they will never let me leave again. I had the flag of the International Red Cross on my car, and this gave me some consolation.

They took me to the Soupe Populaire in the school. We brought in all the containers of milk. With much anger in his voice, Hasson said to me "Drink!" He gave me a mug full of milk, and I drank. As soon as I finished, he poured some more. I couldn't drink any more. I was vomiting and drinking, and my dress was soaked with milk. I was thinking of all the babies who would be without milk on account of this brute. I couldn't drink any more, and I was desperate. When Hasson saw this, he took the mug from me and forced me to drink until my gums were bleeding. He kept pushing the mug into my mouth. He pushed some more, and my teeth began to shake. My white uniform was covered with milk and blood. Hasson began to beat me on the face. When I was exhausted, he decided that I should distribute the left over milk.

Hasson was from a very modest family. His sister worked as a secretary in the Jewish Community, and she was always in contact with the bigger Jewish personalities of the city. She wanted her brother to be as rich as the people for whom she was working. She placed Hasson in the Italian school, an outstanding school in an outstanding milieu. She worked all her life to give him an excellent education and environment. But Hasson was not socially accepted by his schoolmates.

When Hasson was in secondary school, he became a member of the Fifth Column. His job dealt with the Jewish question. Since his sister ~~xx~~ worked for the Jewish Community, Hasson knew exactly what was going on there. He had a list with an evaluation of every person in the community. He planned how ~~xxxx~~ he was going to become wealthy, and how he was going to acquire the fortune of the richest family in Salonica. He also had a list of all the girls who had refused to date him. I was one of the girls on that list.

The Jewish Police was organized by the Grand Rabbi, Koretz, who was born somewhere near Russia. He was the first Grand Rabbi in the history of Salonica who was not Sephardic. When the Germans came to Salonica, Koretz was sent to Vienna to receive training on how to treat the Jews.

Albala was a nobody who came from another country. Nobody knew him, and I don't know his history at all.

Thanks to the driver from the International Red Cross, they let me leave Baron de Hirsch. You can imagine that by the time I came ~~home~~ home Tia Donna and Regina were very worried. In the evening there was a family conference, and they all came to my room, since I was in bed. It was the same problem again -- how to escape. But we couldn't see how. Chaim said, "the first thing tomorrow, we will be married. As a matter of fact, I made the arrangements today." We had been on the list of the community a long time before. By the time we finished talking about how to meet, it sounded as if we were going to elope.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. We were very scared. A man whom we had never seen before, a non-Jew, came in, and he said, "Bouena (That's me), do not sleep in this house tonight." He told me to go outside the ghetto. I went to another ghetto, in another district, where friends of ours, the Arditis, were living. They were very good friends of the family. They were surprised and scared to see me arrive at that time of the night. They ~~did~~ didn't ask me too many questions. The only thing I said was "It's ~~xxxxxx~~ too late to go home. I want to sleep here with you."

The house of the Arditis was not very far from the Midrach. The Midrach was a small synagogue where rabbinical students came to pray. At the time of the rendez-vous I had with Chaim, the rabbi was supposed to be there, to give us the marriage blessing. I went there from the Arditis. When I arrived, poor Chaim was there, dying from a German bullet. The only thing I can remember him telling me was "Don't cry. Just sing and sing, only that can console you." Two Germans came and took me away in a closed truck. I only found out where I was the next day -- in a prison for criminals, Pavlo Mela. I had a guard staying with me at the door. The guard would take me to the interrogation room. She pushed me, but only on the first day. After that, she wasn't cruel to me. She

was an interpreter, and spoke very good Greek. We started to be a little friendly. She used to talk, and then suddenly she would retreat and say "I can't talk to you. I have orders not to talk to you." Just like the guides here in Israel, who have orders not to ~~speak~~^{answer} me.

One day I wanted to be friendly with the guard, and I told her that her skirt was very long. I told her to bring me needle and thread, and I would fix it for her. I said, "Look, I can make a blouse for you, You go to this place, they have the best material in Saloniwa." The owner of the place was a friend of my family. I sent the guard there so that these people (who were non-Jewish Greeks) would know that I am alive, and where I am, and maybe would be able to save me from this hell.

I made the blouse and gave it to her, some days passed, and I was still hoping that these people would be able to help me. Interrogations were held in the prison at any time of day or night. I was awoken suddenly one night, and my guard told me that a superior officer wanted to question me. It was the same song all the time, and very unpleasant. They always wanted me to give them the names of the saboteurs and the members of the underground. They would make me stand straight against the wall for half an hour without talking. After half an hour they would tell me to raise my foot, and they would whip me with a leather whip on the sole of my foot if I refused to answer questions.

The guard took me. As soon as she saw the officer, she shoved me, to show him that she didn't treat me well. The officer complimented her. We came to the interrogation room, and the officer told my guard that she would translate his questions and my answers. The officer held the leather whip in his hand; I was very familiar with it. The officer asked me who the chief of the ~~ak~~ underground was. Just as he finished asking, he took a handkerchief from his pocket. He put the handkerchief over the mouth of the guard. I don't know what was in it, but the guard fell asleep. He took the clothes off the girl and told me I'd better hurry up, because I was standing there like a statue. He tied

her up, closed the door, and he and I, wearing the guard's uniform, passed the guards outside like two lovers. The officer was one of the organizers of the partisans. The sentinel saluted us. The sight of a German uniform was enough for him. Even after the guard and I had become friends, she pushed me when she saw a German uniform, too, without knowing who was in it.

You guides, when you hear the name of Chairman, you think that it is a very important personality. But my grandmother used to recite a proverb in Ladino: "de casta que vengan los reyes para que sean imperadores." - to be an emperor, you have to have royal blood.

We started to walk. The officer took me to a house, I don't know where. A nice suit was ready for me for the occasion, and an identity card and papers to get me to Athens. The papers were in the name of the daughter of the chief of the Fifth Column. I also had one small valise. The officer took me to the station. When we arrived, we saw two Jewish Police going on the train and checking to see if there were any Jewish people using false names to go to Athens. Right away, the officer asked me, "Do they know you?" "Of course, I know them. They are the brothers Amareo." The only answer the officer gave to me was "I regret very much, but you can't go to Athens tonight." He took me back to the house.

The officer told me what had happened to Sara Trabou. She went to work in my place to Baron de Hirsch, with the assurance of the Red Cross that she would not get the same treatment as I did from Hasson. But Sara Trabou was on the same list that I was on. Hasson was very good with Sarah, despite this.

Sarah lived in a separate bungalow, with her mother and father and younger brother. One day Hasson came to Sarah's father. Tradition had it that the groom had to ask the father of the bride for her hand in marriage. But in this case, Hasson went to ask Mr. Trabou in the name

of his brother. Sarah's father was very scared. He told Hasson he would have to ask Sarah. In any other circumstance, the father would have said no right away. Hasson said, "You're going to say yes. If not, all your family is going to be killed today."

When Sarah finished the distribution of milk, she saw Hasson's car all decorated with flowers. This was seen at every wedding in Salonica. When she arrived home, she saw a wedding gown on her bed. At this time, there were not too many Jews left in Baron de Hirsch, except for the Jewish Police. But there was one Rabbi still there, who would ~~perfer~~ give them the kidouchim. Sarah said she did not want to marry Hasson's brother. & Hasson answered "The Germans are going to start with your little brother, and then your father and your mother. First you will see them die. After that, it will be your turn." The wedding took place.

The Hassons' car went around Baron de Hirsch several times. Sarah was wearing her bridal gown. They told her to wave. Sarah did everything that Hasson asked. The next day, Hasson wanted to send his brother and Sarah to a very good camp for privileged people in Germany. Sarah refused: "I prefer to go to Poland, to Auschwitz, with my family." We never found out what became of this family. We only knew that the girls on Hasson's list had the worst fate and the worst disgrace in the world.

The day after the officer told me this story, I went to my good friend Georgette Modiano. Georgette was doing volunteer work in the office of the International Red Cross. Her husband Daniel was out of town. I spent two nights with her. Her house was located in the district where I was born and grew up, and I never even stuck my nose out the window. I was scared even to see people who knew me. The only Jewish people in the street were the Jewish Police.

Daniel came home, and they sent me to Dr. Scouros in the same district. Dr. Scouros had just come out of jail. He had had an Australian soldier hiding in his house. The Germans found out, and they took

the soldier, and Dr. Scouros. When he came out of jail, he was deaf from the bad treatment the Germans had given him.

I stayed there a few days, and then they sent me to Mrs. Soula, in the city of Verea. Daniel took me to the bus. I arrived in Verea at the address they had given me, Platia Elies. The owner of the house was Dr. Moratoglou. The house was a duplex. Dr. Moratoglou lived upstairs with his family. Mrs. Soula lived downstairs, with a boy 6 or 7 years old, an old grandmother, and the housekeeper. Mrs. Soula's little daughter was in Salonica with Mrs. Soula's mother. Mrs. Soula's husband was in Cairo. He was the Lebanese consul in Salonica, and he had escaped to Cairo. Dr. Moratoglou was the chief of the Fifth Column. But no-one ever found out that I was a Jew.

The bus stopped and we were at our hotel in Jerusalem. We had dinner, and they called us to go to the reception room. We went, and they gave everyone but me sun hats. They gave us whiskey, which was a present of Seagram's of Montreal. I took a whiskey. I had my whiskey in my hand, and before I could take a drink, the chairman called me shicor. (drunk). For the rest of the trip she called me shicor. Not once in the 15 days did she call me by my name. I never answered her. I remembered my father and what he said before he died. "Stay away from people like this." I remembered what Chaim had said, and I sang and I danced, but believe me, I wanted to scream. My heart was full of tears.

The next day, we were to go to the Dead Sea. We sat down in the bus, one seat behind where we had sat the day before. Beside me sat a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. X. All of a sudden, the man jumped up. "Mrs. Garfinkle, go to the seat in the back." We went to sit in the back, and I started to remember.

Mrs. Soula was a very modern person, very well dressed, very human-

itarian, and very well known in Verea. The old lady that lived with her asked me very nicely why I had come to Verea. I answered that I had come to find a job. The old lady discouraged me about finding a job in Verea. I was very welcome there, and had as much food as I wanted. The little boy took me to the movies. One day Mrs. Soula asked me if I wanted to go with her to the Soupe Populaire, similar to the one we had in Salonica. But in Salonica we used to say amotsi lekem min haharetz. Here, everyone made the sign of the cross, and I did too. But I made my cross upside down. At the end of the meal we used to say levarek et a mazon, the traditional Jewish blessing after a meal. One lady saw me making the cross upside down. At the end of the meal, she stayed very close in front of me so that no-one else would see me do it wrong. As soon as she finished making her cross, she called me into the office. She showed me how to do it right, and she said "don't worry about me".

We went out to the dining room. The children were singing the song of the farmers (O Jeorgos):

Acoma glico kalama
Me to ayeleno
Olos photos pou lambi eki
Psila ston ourano
Ksinay alpida me kara
Na pane stin doulia
Psilo pono ergatico
O Jeorgos la la la la la la la la

They sounded like a professional chorus.

This young man, Mr. X, who told me to sit at the back of the bus, he thinks I'm the poor cousin coming to visit the rich one. Look at this lady who protected me and took me into the office to show me the right way to make the sign of the cross. And you, young man, you hear all the gossip and the orders that the chairman gives. Look, young man. Hitler was a nobody who became very big only through friends like himself, and through extortion. Look, Mr. X, if you knew my life, I am richer than all the people put together in these two buses.

I started to remember again. Mrs. Soula could no longer keep me. My life was like a parcel being moved from one place to another. I took the bus back to Salonica. Where else could I go? I went back to Georgette and Daniel. ^{Daniel's} ~~Moskow~~ was one of the most respected ~~families~~ Jewish families in Salonica. His father had a title from another country. He was called Signor Jacov.

When I got off the bus from Verea, all I saw were some members of the Jewish Police. I arrived at Daniel's. Georgette was ready to leave for Belgium, where she was from. I spoke to Daniel, and I said, "My only solution is to join the underground. I am ready. I had good treatment at Mrs. Soula's, I rested, and now I am ready to fight the Germans. Each new partisan in the mountains is one less soldier at the Russian front." Daniel refused. He was preparing to go to Italy. He said "I want you to know one thing. I'm not leaving for Italy before you are settled somewhere."

I spent the night again at Dr. Scouros*. Of course, his family was scared to death because I was there. His daughter Afro was one of the organizers of the underground. Daniel took me from this house and sent me to the house of another doctor, not far from where I was born. I went there and I found the mother and daughter. The father was working in a small town and came home only on the weekends. The fees that I had to pay at this house were so high that sometimes I didn't know how I was going to pay. But Daniel knew what he was doing. He obtained an Italian passport for me, with the help of the Italian consul. My name was Flora Tivoly, born in Livorno in Italy. He gave me a corset stuffed full with jewellery, and he told me that my family had sent them. He said, "You will sell these one by one, and you will be able to survive in Athens."

One morning at 6 A.M. Daniel came. We walked to the railway station. We went by back streets. I wore a black veil to cover my face. We passed by Venizelos Street. All the Jewish stores were closed. We

passed by Olympio Diamandi. This street was where my brother's mill was located. The mill was open, and the Germans~~s~~ were removing all the machinery. We came to the railway station. The consul himself was checking all the papers, and of course, Hasson too. Hasson recognized me despite my veil. The consul looked him in the eye, and Hasson remained silent. There were many people around who were ready to kill him if he did.

I was the first one to take a seat in the train. There appeared another lady with her husband. The lady was Ida Simantove. She sat down near me. She was the daughter of a friend of my mother's. The mother was Italian born, and Ida was, too. But Ida married a Greek citizen and became Greek, and so was deported. But the Italian consul had given her and her husband Italian passports.

All the passengers had embarked, and the train started to leave. After a few hours of travelling, they abandoned us in a field and left. The only thing we had in the field was water. But everybody had food. I asked Ida where her son was. She answered that he was in Athens with her mother and her brother. She said "My son and my brother received military uniforms from the Italian consul and they were put on a train full of Italian soldiers. Nobody discovered them, because they spoke Italian so well."

Most of the people on the train had places to go to in Athens~~s~~: parents, relatives. In the train, each one was given a card which told them where to go to eat. I was not given a card. The Italian government had put one school at the disposal of these people, to sleep in. I couldn't go there either, and I was worried about where I would sleep when I arrived in Athens. After two days of not knowing where we were, a locomotive with Italians on board arrived. They took us from the German zone to the Italian zone. Once in the Italian zone, we were taken by truck to Athens.

We arrived in Athens, and I had no place to go. I ~~never~~ had met a

young gentleman on the train, travelling alone, whose name was Salamon. He now said to me "Come with me, you will find a home in my house." I didn't think twice; I accepted his invitation. I went to his house and met his mother and two sisters, and a friend of the family. About two hours later, two boys, George and Nicola, came to the house. They told me not to worry, they would find a room for me. The next day they found one. I took a bracelet from my corset and I sold it so that I could pay the rent on my room. Daniel had given me cheese and oil and a few pounds of wheat, enough to last me a few weeks.

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I had with me in Athens the address of a friend of my father's. My mother had often talked about this friend, and I had gone to school with his daughter. One day Nicola^s and George introduced me to a friend of theirs, a very distinguished Greek. I showed him the name and the address that I had. I asked him if he knew them, and he said to me "This man can do a lot for you, and he can save you. The political situation of the Germans and the Italians is not very good. If Italy falls, you will be as lost here as you were in Salonica." He asked me what I had done with my Italian passport. I told him I had burnt it on Daniel's request, and that I had a new identity card that Daniel had obtained for me. My name was Maritsa Serafimidou. I was born in Comotini. The friend of Nicola^s and George advised me that I should go to see my father's friend.

The next day he came to take me to the address that I had. We went there and it turned out to be a beautiful villa in Kefissia. The guard at the villa asked me what I wanted. He went in and told his employer that Maritsa Serafimidou wanted to see him. Of course, he didn't know me by that name. The guard came back and said "I'm sorry, but my boss doesn't know you." He wouldn't let me enter, and I couldn't tell him

that I was relly Buena Sarfatty. I waited outside. Maybe someone would come and recognize me. After two hours, a car arrived. I saw a face looking out the window. It was the daughter of my father's friend. She took me in. I saw lights, maids, black and white, everybody getting dressed up. It was the girl's birthday. Cocktail dresses, white tuxedos. The guests started to arrive.

They put me in a room, and the daughter brought me food. When all the guests had gone, the father came to my room. He first asked me if I had money. If not, he would give me some. I told him that I had some. I explained my situation, and that I was afraid that Italy would soon fall. He said that it was just a question of days. He called someone on the telephone, and then he came back. "Tomorrow morning at 8 A.M. you will take the bus to this address. Make sure that the name of the driver is Photo. You will tell him that you are Maritsa Serafimidou." I told him that I wasn't alone, that I was with the two friends who helped me when I arrived, George and Nicola. He said the three of us could go.

In the house where I was staying, very good people lived downstairs. They had a daughter of sixteen, and a boy of five. The boy was a Jewish boy whom they were hiding. When I came home, Nicola and George were waiting for me downstairs. I told them what I was going to do, and told them the news that in a matter of days the Germans would come. It would be our turn to go to Kaidary, a criminal prison. No, I wasn't going to go places like that any more. "You don't understand what Kaidary is! The Jewish people are either killed or terrorized. If they are lucky, they are sent to Poland, directly to the crematorium. You can stay. I am going!"

The next day, in the morning, when I was ready to leave, Nicolas and George were there also, ready to come with me. Before I left, I went to see the two wonderful people who had rented me my room. They gave me their blessings and told me "Anytime you can come back here and stay

without paying rent. You will eat the way we are eating. And don't worry, you can come back any time." I cried, the two old people cried, and we left.

As soon as we left the house, I saw a good friend of mine from Salonica with another gentleman. I was very frightened. How did they know I was here? My friend said he came to do me a favour. "You have too much money. Give it to my friend to keep it for you." I was so scared, I gave him half the money I had, and we left.

We came to the bus station. I asked the driver if he was Photo, and he said "You are Maritsa". The three of us sat down in the bus. Photo said to me "You there! In the back!" in exactly the same tone as Mr. X. The only difference was that Photo was doing it for my own good, so that no-one would recognize me.

The bus started to go and go, and we had no idea where we were going. We came to a small town near the sea. Far away, we could see an island. We didn't dare ask where we were, or what island this was. The driver took us to a beautiful farm. The wife and the daughter couldn't do enough for us. They made roast lamb for us outside, and we drank ouzo. In the evening, the owner of the farm said to the driver "I took rooms for them in the hotel. My house is very big, but I have no place for them." The next day, he came to the hotel and took us home to have breakfast. He gave us tickets for the boat that would take us to the island. The name of the island was Evia. We were told that as soon as we arrived on Evia, we should sit down at the cafe, and somebody would come to take care of us.

We came to Evia, and we sat down at the cafe. We ordered a coffee, and a lady came up to us. She introduced herself as Mrs. Tsacouste. She took us to a room. She fed us, and she invited us to listen to the radio. This was a great luxury for us, because in Greece it was prohibited to listen to the radio. We heard a London broadcast in Greek. The next day, Mrs. Tsacouste took us to Ano Mamoula to a barn with three horses

two donkeys, and it was full of flies. Big flies! In the dark, the flies had a green and silver color. I never say flies like thks before, in my life. But we had a radio. I was afraid to say even one word, because Nicola~~s~~ and George would say "Where did you bring us?". The owner of the barn was the best man I ever met. If he slaughtered a sheep, he would give us a piece. He gave us oil, but even with what he gave us, we started to feel starvation. The people of the village didn't want my jewelery, only gold coins. Most of my gold coins I had given away in Athens.

One day, Nicola~~s~~ and George, feeling desperate because of the life we were leading, decided to go to Steny. It was the capitol of the underground. I told them they should take me with them. They refused. If they found a room, they would come back for me. The owner of the barn told them not to go. But the next day, at four in the morning, they were walking toward Steny. I was alone with the horses, the donkeys, and the flies. The flies were killing me. The wind from the mountains sounded like a regiment coming to take me away. I wanted to cry. But I remembered Chaim. He told me to sing and never to cry. And I started to sing the song of solitude:

Monaxia
Kafe tosso kic mirca
Monaxia
Ice pio sklire parea
Opios pi i zoi pos iney orea
Den faki tiki mazi
Me senane mazi

This means that if ~~somebody~~ somebody says that life is very good, it is because he has never had the company of solitude. As soon as I sang the last words of my song, the door of the barn was opened and the owner of the barn was at the door

He told me "Maritsa, do you see that boat far away that is approaching? It is full of Germans. Full of Jewish people. Take your

belongings and those of the boys. The Germans can come to check here." I asked him how he knew. "I had a telephone call from my people," he said, "I told the boys not to go to Steny! But they wouldn't listen to me. The whole island is terrified. Nobody will take strangers without a recommendation. This boatful of Germans will take everyone prisoner and send all of them to Haidary. What hurts me is that there are many children in this boat. Hurry up, hurry up, I'll explain to you as we go. Let's clean up the barn. If they come to inspect, they shouldn't see that there were people here."

He took all the animals and changed their places. I took all our belongings and we left. Suddenly we remembered that we had left the radio. We went back. We got the radio and started to run. We could see the Germans with their machine guns. If somebody was going to try to escape, they were ready. The partisans were there, but only if they were wearing uniforms would we know them, and they were without their uniforms. They were there to rescue Jewish children as if they were their own.

We were walking, running, to reach the farmhouse of the owner. Suddenly we heard "Voifia, Voifia" - "Help! Help!" It was a little boy about four years old and wounded. The owner of the barn picked up the boy. I had one of Nicola's shirts in my hand. I tied his foot so that the blood wouldn't give our trail away. We reached the farmhouse. I asked the owner where his wife was. He said to me, "I went to you, but my wife went to the boat. There are many pregnant Jewish women on this boat and she went to help them. You will ask yourself why I'm doing this. But you have to understand that every day I remember that the German flag is waving in the Acropolis."

We came to the farm and we asked the boy his name. It was Miki.

"And you?" he ~~sax~~ asked me. "And you?" he asked the man. "Afendico is my name (this means landlord in Greek). Alright, Miki," said the landlord, "I'll take you to the doctor. We'll say to him that you are my son." Miki understood very well. He had been brought up in this kind of atmosphere. Before they went away the owner said to me, "If you see people running, Jewish or not, take them in." I begged him to wait until everything was quiet and his wife returned, and then go to the doctor. "One bullet can come and you are finished, the way it is now outside." "Don't worry," he said, "we know our mountains very well. Nothing will happen to me." He took Miki and went to the doctor to have the bullet from Miki's leg removed. Two hours later, he came back alone. I asked him where the boy was.

"The doctor will keep him at his house until tomorrow, and then I will go to pick him up." The next day I found Miki; the owner of the barn had brought him home. I was starting to believe that everything I had was wrapped up in this little boy, so sweet and nice-looking. I asked him who his father was. "O, my father is in the Middle East," he said, very proud. "He went with the British when Greece lost its battle. But we won't lose. My father is still fighting against the Germans to save Greece. My father is Decanea (which in Greek means 19). He is the commander of nineteen soldiers. And you know, Maritsa, my father is very easy to recognize. He has an olive (birthmark) here, (he showed me the back of his neck.) Do you want to see the olive of my father? Come here and see mine. My mother and I went to a boat that was going to the Middle East to find my father. ^{While} ~~When~~ we were waiting for the boat to cross to the island, we sat down in the cafe. I went to play with one of the captains. My mother was still drinking her coffee when I saw the Germans coming to take her. For sure they took her to Haidary. The captain treated me like I was his own son. But as

soon as I came to the island I started to run. All the people who ran were shot at by the Germans. But don't worry, Maritsa, my father is going to shoot them, because my father is a Decanea." But for me, it wasn't so easy. There was one more mouth to feed. But Miki never complained of hunger. When I could not give him enough to eat, he would look at me with wide eyes, but never complained.

We were on our way to the Dead Sea. On the way, the guide showed us the beautiful and unbelievable things that the government of Israel is doing. They were washing the land, because all the soil was filled with salt. They were washing it to make it good for agriculture. We saw a kibbutz where they were doing experiments with plants. There were soldiers working there who were North African jews. I was very excited. I spoke Ladino with them. The Chairman came over in the middle of the conversation. She said to me, "Hey you! You can't talk another language. I have to understand what you say." I answered, "I am to be censured here?" I turned my back to her and continued my conversation with the boys in Ladino. I called the photographer over to take a ~~pix~~ picture of me with the soldiers. The photographer said "I can't take your picture. I have orders not to take your picture." I jumped. The Chairman saw that there would be a big fight so she told the photographer to go ahead and take the picture. My husband gave the boys a few dollars and we left. I was ready to go and complain to the head of the expedition, but I didn't because he was always busy and I could not find a moment alone with him.

In the evening, we had an invitation to dinner from the Israeli Government. I dressed very nicely as if nothing was upsetting me. I wore a beautiful Ruban Lame dress that I had designed and sewed myself. I ~~had~~ had taken my best wardrobe on this trip, everything designed and made by myself. The dinner was held at a fine hotel in Jerusalem.

As soon as we came to the door, we were all told to go to the bar and get a drink. My husband went to sit down. I took two glasses to get us each a drink. A man came up to me. He was a government employee. He said to me "I have instructions to tell you to go and sit down. Your husband should come and get the drinks." I answered "We have been together for two days now, and you must know very well that my husband cannot carry two glasses at the same time." "I'm an employee," he answered me, "these are my orders." I took the two drinks and told him "I'm not taking any orders."

As I sat down, I started to remember how this chairman (or friend, I don't know what to call her) destroyed the life of my son in school. She terrified all the children by telling them how my husband was shaking. She even gave us a nickname. My son used to come home and cry. I wanted to say to her "You destroyed the childhood of my son, and now you do everything in your power to destroy my trip. You are a chairman, in charge of raising money for sick people, for widows, and for the poor!" When I found that I was about to cry, I started to sing "Hava Nagila".

We returned to the hotel. I couldn't sleep all night. I was thinking of how my husband first began to shake. I had a little girl after my son Elly, whose name was Regina. I was very happy. I had Eliaou and Regina with me. Regina died when she was just three months old. When we returned from the cemetery, we were very bitter, my husband and I. The doctor came and gave us some sleeping pills. We went to sleep, but were suddenly awakened by the telephone. My husband answered. It was the police. They told us that our factory, children's wear, was in flames. Max started to shake while he was on the phone.

He never spent a day sick in bed; he just shook. We went to see different neurologists. One day a new series started on television, "Ben Casey", and they showed a brain operation that was done to control tremors. There were advertisements in newspapers for ~~the~~ this type

of operation. My sister-in-law was very excited about Dr. Casey on the television, ~~xx~~ and the newspapers. Before I made a decision, I went to see patients before and after this operation. I saw many patients who were sick before the operation, but none was sick like my husband. I started to go from one neurologist to another to get an idea of what to do. The majority of the doctors ~~said~~ told us not to go ahead with the operation. They said that in a few years there would be pills to control the tremors. The pills were being researched, but they were to be available soon on a first come first served basis. Our name was on the list at the Jewish Convalescent Hospital, and I was sure that when we returned from our trip to Israel, our name would be called. You'll see, Madam Chairman, that my husband will not shake any more!

The next day we were to go to Jericho. In the morning, I went to the bus. My guide stood at the door of the bus. I told him that Mr. Garfinkle was coming.

"I don't wait! I have orders," he answered me very rudely.

"Then let's go!" I said.

"But the others have not come yet," he answered.

"Oh," I said, "you mean you will wait for the others but not for us?"

"Not for you, and not for your husband."

"Oh, Mr. Guide, you can tell the people who gave you the orders that we are here and we are going to stay."

My husband arrived, and we went to sit down. ~~XXXX~~ Mr. X., the cavalier servant of the chairman, appeared. "Mrs. Garfinkle, in the back," he said. I remembered the prayer that one says at Yom Kippur. Eliaou used to help the Hassan in this prayer. "O Dio piadozo" - but I said this prayer in my own words - let me not fight with these people. I said nothing. I went to sit down in the seat that he had indicated. I was sitting under the air conditioning, and water was dripping from it. I was starting to get wet. The water was like chemical water, it irritated

the skin. My backside started to itch, and I was very uncomfortable and miserable. And I started to remember once more.

A few days after Miki came back from the doctor, I took him for a walk, to get some fresh air. We were now staying at another barn, with another radio. We saw some people approaching. There were Jews and Christians and partisans. Hitler was supposed to give a talk that night and everyone wanted to hear what he had to say about the Jewish question. There were rumours at the time that the Germans had asked the Americans for money, tanks, airplanes and other supplies. If the Americans agreed, the Jewish people would be allowed to go free. But Hitler didn't say that he had asked the Americans for help. Instead he attacked the Americans and said that they were led by Jews and that money was their whole life. He was going to spare the Jews, but they were going to be very miserable. They were going to regret that they didn't die.

I had developed a stomach ache, so I went outside with Miki. Suddenly we saw Germans approaching with torches. We hid in a ditch and watched as the Germans set the barn on fire, with everyone who had been listening to the radio still inside. They died singing "ou mi anaknou Israel".

Miki and I spent the night in the ditch, and I slept a bit. I dreamed that I was at home. My Nona (grandmother) came to visit us. Whenever she came to see us she would bring us peppermint candies. She said to us "All my life you used to ask me, you're so religious, where will you go in the next world? Now is the time to tell you. My job consists of putting oil for Buena al cotel maravi (at the wailing wall). And I swear to you, in three months, you yourself are going to go to cotel Maravi. And you yourself will put oil in the containers at cotel Maravi." I woke up, and naturally I found myself with Miki in the ditch. I woke him up. "Let's get out of here!"

We started to walk. Because of the echo from the mountains, it was very easy to hear voices. We heard a baby crying. We came across a mother and her child. The mother was covered with blood; she was dying. The baby was three or four months old. The only thing she said to me in Ladino was "Salvalo" - save him. And she told me not to lose the booties. It didn't make much sense to me.

In the meantime, Nicola^s and George had come back from Steny. They had not found accomodations. Nicola^s asked me if I was planning to start an orphanage. "What do you want?" I answered. "Should I let them die?" ~~xxxxx~~ I decided at this moment that I had to find a way to get to the Middle East.

There were no diapers with which to change the baby. The wife of the owner of the barn gave me a few rags to use. The ~~baby's~~ baby's backside became redder and redder every day. It was a pity to see.

George, Nicola^s and I had a conference. We did not have enough money to go to the Middle East. I told the boys that I had a corset full of jewellery. We would go to the fishermen and find a boat and get out of there. We found two families that had gold coins. The fishermen agreed if they were paid half in jewellery and half in gold coins.

George and Nicola^s told me to go to Athens and bring back Tamo, who was a cousin of theirs. Of course I refused. After six hours of discussion I still did not want to go into the fire of Athens. They made me go.

I arrived in Athens and I phoned the proprietor of a hotel who was supposed to tell me where to find Tamo. He told me to call back the next day. I said "Look, every moment counts. Every moment I stay here I risk going to Haidary." I called my friend to try to get my money back. I didn't get the money; instead he begged me to take him with me.

I had to spend the night somewhere, so I went back to the two good people who had rented me a room when I first came to Athens. If these

people were discovered, they would be killed. They welcomed me with food. I told the neighbor downstairs who was hiding the little Jewish boy of my plan to go to the Middle East. She begged me to take the boy's father with me.

I called the hotel manager again and he gave me Tamo's address. It felt as if the bus took a year to get to her place. I got off and walked a bit, and came to a gorgeous villa. The housekeeper came to receive me and he asked me to take a seat in a beautiful dining room. I was surprised to see that people still had tables.

Tamo used to be the most elegant lady in Salonica. She had beautiful dresses, shoes, hair. I thought of how, when Tamo walked down the street, people would look at her to see what the latest styles were. She now appeared in the dining room. She was wearing a beautiful house-dress. Her hands were manicured, and her ~~hair~~ was dyed in the latest fashion, a touch of blue in places. I told her our plan.

"I came to take you and Victor, on the request of George and Nicola. There is no dining room, no blue hair dye, no manicure in the place where I have come from. Cut your hair very short, try to take the blue dye out of it, and tie a kerchief around your head."

Tamo's perfume was opening up my lungs. When she heard all the things I had said, Tamo assured me that she was fine where she was, she was hiding very well. I asked about Victor, her husband. She assured me that he, too, was well. I left before Tamo could change her mind about coming with me.

In Athens the streets were filled with terror. Even the Christians were afraid to walk in the streets. You can imagine me. I was wearing a veil to cover my face. I got to my room. I took my friend and the little boy's father. My landlord and the people downstairs both gave us parcels of food. We took the bus to the same small town to take the boat to Evia. We sat down in the cafe, outside, to wait for the boat. My friend and the boy's father both got up to go to the bathroom.

This had become a tradition - all the Jewish people who had to wait for something were so scared they had to keep running to the bathroom. ☒
Thank God that they went away!

A German truck arrived, and was taking all the men in the streets away. I saw many women whom I knew who had escaped to Athens from Salonica, sitting in this cafe. The Germans took them too - they were recognized by the way they were dressed. But I was dressed like a peasant, and I had my shoes under my arm, the way peasants did when they sat in a cafe. Only the shoes saved me. When the truck left, the owner of the cafe brought me an ouzo. I felt as if I was paralyzed. The owner urged me to drink. I told him that I hadn't ordered anything, that I had no money. He said "Drink! It's an order! It is on the house, you need it."

The two men came out of the bathroom. The boat was ready for boarding, and we took it to Evia. In the boat I did not speak to the two men I was with. I asked myself if I was an angel, or just stupid. If George and Nicola wanted to save their cousin Tamo, why didn't they themselves gone to Athens? I called this doing good with someone else's back. But I said nothing.

When we arrived at Evia, everyone was ready to depart for the Middle East. They would not have waited even five minutes for me. I took Miki and the baby, and the whole expedition headed for the rendez-vous that we had with the fishermen.

We came to the tip of the island. The ~~baby~~ baby's troubles were just starting. As long as we were with the owner of the barn, there were many women to give him milk. Now there was no-one. When we arrived at the village, the fisherman found us a family with whom we could pass the night. The lady of the house gave me a rag to use as a diaper. I changed the baby. She squeezed two tomatoes into a bottle with a nipple that I had bought in Athens. The baby drank the tomato juice. It was all I had to offer him. I think it was the first time that I cried since I had gone to meet Chaim for our wedding. The baby didn't stop crying, and neither did I.

We went to the beach very early in the morning to get the boat. Suddenly, behind every rock on the mountain, we saw a machine gun. A man with a big beard approached us. He told us not to be afraid, but we were shaking. ~~XXX~~ He introduced himself. He was one of the partisan leaders. He went to talk with George and Nicola^s. He sat down on a rock and wrote a letter, and then he called the other partisans. He gave them the letter and he came with us to the boat. The other partisans left.

He told me that he wanted to go to the Middle East, he had work to do there with the Greek soldiers. He wanted to form a new political party because he did not want the King to return to Greece. I said to him "You don't think there has been too much blood flowing in Greece? You don't think it's enough? Let him come who wants, as long as the German flag no longer waves in the Acropolis." He told me that I was ignorant. I saw that he was getting angry, and he was armed. I shut my mouth. This was not the time for discussion with him.

It was very high tide. The boat came right alongside (side) the shore and stopped. Suddenly Miki said "Behind this rock there is a woman. She is praying like you (he meant in Ladino)". I went to see who it was, and I found a pregnant woman about to give birth. I took her and put her in the boat. All the men were worried about who was going to help her deliver her child. I told them that I would, and that I wasn't scared at

at all. "If we leave her here, she and the baby will both die. If we take her, she won't," I said. Suddenly, from behind the rocks, fifty children appeared. They were the survivors from the boat that Miki had been on. We took as many as we could onto the boat. How many could we take? It wasn't the Queen Elizabeth.

I was very busy with the pregnant woman and with the baby. I had no time to pay attention to Miki. The boat sailed. The woman gave birth to a baby boy just as the fisherman was changing the flag on the boat from Greek to Turkish, but later we told the Turkish government that he was born under the Greek flag. We called the baby Moise. In Turkey, soldiers received us with great welcome. They didn't ask us for papers, passports, visas, anything. They took us to register, and we registered under our real names. They took the young men separately. Suddenly I realized that Miki was not with us. We had left Miki behind on the island with the other children!

They took us to a Turkish bath, which we really needed. But the only thing on my mind was how to get Miki from the island. In the bathhouse, they took our clothes for disinfection. I gave them all the baby's things except the rag the woman had given me that he was wearing as a diaper. The Turkish soldiers took the woman with the newborn baby to the hospital. I took down the number of the police car that took her.

We were supposed to declare all our valuables. I remembered that I had three gold lira sewn into my cape, and I went and declared them. Back in the bath, I started to remove the baby's diaper. The diaper was glued to the baby's skin. We couldn't take the diaper off unless we took a piece of the baby's flesh. I asked for help from God, and He helped me. I saw a tass in a corner. A tass is a copper bowl used by the women to scoop water from the bath with which to rinse themselves. I was sure that someone had forgotten it. I put some water in the tass and I sat the baby, with his diaper still on, in the water. The baby was screaming. I kept changing the water in the tass. After about fifteen minutes, the diaper

so

came off. The baby's skin was ~~xxx~~ badly infected that I thought it was gangrene. I continued to change the water, trying to clean off all the poison. After about half an hour the baby's backside was only very red. I used ~~the~~ towels that they had given us as diapers for the baby. They gave us each an orange, and some orange juice for the baby. I washed his bottle, and I think it was the first ~~xxx~~ time that the baby had had a clean bottle. We left the bathhouse and they took us to a large hall. There were jute mats on the floor for us to sleep on. But the baby never stopped crying. The infection was very painful.

We went to eat at a restaurant, and on the way I saw a general store. From outside I could see that they were selling towels, so I went in and bought all the towels that they had. This way I could change the baby whenever he needed changing. When I returned ~~fix~~ to the hall where we were staying, I saw a peasant woman from one of the islands next to my mat. Her husband had escaped before, and she had arrived in Turkey a few days before I had. She had a little boy about two years old. I saw that she was still breastfeeding him. I was very surprised and asked her about it. She explained that there was a famine on her island, but she was very lucky to have a lot of milk with which to nourish her child. I asked her if she wanted to earn a gold lira. She opened her eyes wide and said that she had never seen one, and had only heard about them. But what would she have to do to earn one? I told her that she was to give the baby milk until we reached Syria.

I gave her the money in advance. I went to change the baby. When she saw the baby's backside, "Oh!" was all she could say. "You need some pork fat!" I told her that I needed many things but didn't have them. She opened a rusty old box and took some pork fat with two fingers and put it on the baby's skin. This was machia for the baby.

If the baby cried, she would immediately give him some milk. She kept washing his backside and putting more medicine on it. After a few times, the baby's skin was only a little red. I asked her if it was just

pork fat that she used. She said no, that on her island people made their own medicines. This medicine for the baby was made from many herbs. The base was pork fat. It was her family's special medicine. They wouldn't give the secret away, it was passed on from mother to daughter. She assured me that the baby would be fine before we reached Syria. I was blessing this peasant woman, and she was blessing me, because it was the first time in her life that she had a gold lira.

Sitting on the bus with the air conditioning water dripping on my backside, I started to scratch and thought about how much that baby had suffered, and about how much I had suffered. When the baby cried, I would curse my mazel to be alive. The bus stopped at a restaurant before we reached Jericho. I had a flight bag with me that El Al had given us before our departure, and in this bag I had some panties. I was all wet and uncomfortable, and with this company, all I needed was to scratch my backside in public! I ran to the bathroom. Mrs. X, whose husband was so much against me, was waiting at the door of the bathroom. I told her "I want to go in, I won't use the toilet and take your place, I will just be in the passage. I want to change my underpants, I'm all wet from the air conditioning." At first she said no. I said "I can get burned, I don't know what kind of chemicals they use in the air condition tank." She told me to go ahead. After a moment I came out. I thanked her and said "You see, I didn't take your turn." She answered "I hear so many stories about you, that you take advantage of other people." I answered "There is only one person in this group who has known me for ten years in Montreal. She has told you many stories about me. I would like you to know the right one. You'll know it if one day I decide to write my memoirs."

It was very very hot in Jericho. The only thing I could think about was how I wished that someone would put me on a tass, like I had done with the baby. The itinerary said that we were to visit the ruins of Jericho, but the heat was so strong that we didn't go. I was glad. We came to

the bus, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein, fellow ~~xxxxx~~ travellers, as soon as they saw me said "Don't go to the back any more! You will sit down in front of us, and you won't listen to anyone else any more." I felt as if someone had put the soul back into my body. God bless the Bergsteins!

It was announced that we would go to Massada. On the way to Massada they took us to kibbutz Ste Boker, Ben Gurion's kibbutz. I was very tired, exhausted, and disgusted. I was praying that this trip would be over very soon, with no more fights. Ben Gurion talked to us, but I was so tired that I fell asleep. My husband told me after "You missed Ben Gurion, he spoke very nicely. I didn't wake you up because I know you haven't been able to sleep lately. Ben Gurion spoke about the Sepharadi situation." I was very sorry that I missed his speech, because there was a question period afterwards, and there were things I would have liked to ask.

They took us to a very beautiful hotel in the middle of the desert. The green of the trees made it very lovely and pleasant. I couldn't believe that all this was desert only a few years before. I danced and sang, and I remembered Chaim who told me not to cry. Mrs. X came up to me and asked if my husband was going to go with us to Massada. I said "You can tell whoever sent you that my ~~is~~ husband doesn't need a wheelchair to go to Massada."

The next morning we were off to Massada. They introduced us to new drivers, and told us that they were Temani. The guide told us that the Temanim was the best element in Israel. When we arrived at Massada, my husband, as usual, was walking like a soldier. We were both among the first to arrive at the top of the mountain of Massada. When everyone else arrived, they surrounded me, as if to tell me ~~that~~ they were very sorry for what they had done to me.

In Massada we saw many things. We saw how the people used to take baths. The market place was being repaired. We saw how they communicated

using pigeons. We saw the cages where the pigeons used to roost. There
were beautiful paintings. At ~~the~~ time they used paints made from the
juice of fruits. The colours were baked on by the sun. We saw how they
kept reserves of water. We saw the synagogue with the separate section
for women. It was really worthwhile to see.

I went to buy some postcards to send to my son Eli and to friends.
Suddenly I saw a young man near me, and I heard his voice say "Oh, Mar-
itsa". I was about to pay the salesman. The young man said "Oh, no, don't
take her money, it's a present."

"How do you know my name is Maritsa?" I asked.

"You have a nametag on that says Buena Garfinkle. And you are Marit-
sa," answered the young man. It was one of the boys that I had taken
to Turkey on the boat. We embraced and kissed. I was very pleased to see
him all grown up, even if I wasn't sure ~~if~~ exactly which ~~is~~ one he was. I
thought of all the ~~the~~ people surrounding me on the mountain of Massada, and
I started once more to remember.

We left the village of Chesme to go to Ismir. We arrived at Ismir
at the station, and we were waiting for the train to go to Syria. I had
the baby in my arms, and the other children were all around me, holding
onto my clothing. I saw an old couple far away. "Oh", I said to the
children, "this couple is Jewish". The children asked me how I knew. I
knew them from Salonica but I didn't remember their name. Of course, ever-
one turned to look at this old couple. One of the children screamed "Nona"
The Nona and the Nono turned their heads. It was their grandson. In half
an hour, we found Nonas, Nonos, Aunts, Uncles, Fathers for all the child-
ren. But we found no relatives for the baby. We didn't even know his name.

The peasant woman was wonderful, washing the baby, changing him, feed-
ing him, everything that a mother would do. When the train came, everyone
was happy, and we left for Syria/. When we arrived, they took us to the
baths for disinfection and for a medical visit. Thank God, because the

baby had been changed often and been treated with the medicine, he was wonderful. They put us in a very big bungalow, clean and with comfortable beds. My eyes opened wide when I saw the beds. I had thought that never again would I sleep on a ~~H~~ bed. We went to bed and fell asleep right away.

It was the first night that the baby slept right through. In the morning, when the baby and I woke up, everyone else was outside, except the peasant woman waiting to feed the baby. Even though we were in Syria, the woman never left the baby, changing and washing his diapers.

I changed the baby. As I was putting in the pins, a woman came to stand beside me. I had never seen her before. She was staying in the same bungalow. She said to me "You must love your baby." I looked at her and said of course. She told me that she had a baby, but she had left him with her mother in Athens. She didn't need to escape from the Germans, but she was paid to help other people escape. "I make arrangements with the fishermen and I bring people out. If you have people in Athens, I will help them. Naturally, you have to pay." Instead of answering her, I started to cry. I was thinking of Miki who was in the fire with the other children. I was at the end of my strength. The woman told me not to cry, she would help me. I told her that I had no money.

I told her the story of Miki and the baby, and that the baby wasn't mine. She started to question me. I told her that all I knew about the baby was that the mother had told me not to lose the booties. To me it made no sense. I had declared ~~the~~ in Turkey that the baby was mine. I didn't know what else to do. I didn't even know the baby's name. The woman asked me to repeat the story of the booties, even if it didn't make sense. I explained that when I took the baby, the mother was still alive, and she begged me to save the baby and to keep the booties. I also knew that the baby was not circumcised. But when this baby was born, there were no rabbis to perform the ceremony.

She asked me where the booties were. I showed them to her. They were lined, which was very unusual. She took the lining out. "OH!" she

yelled, "there's a name in the lining! I brought a man from Athens with the same name. The man was looking for his pregnant wife." I told her the story of the pregnant woman. She didn't let me finish. She ran out and ten minutes later she returned with a man who had a cast on his leg. I asked him if his wife's name was Caroline. "Oh, yes!" he said. "Your wife and Moise, your son, are in Turkey," I told him. I gave him the number of the police car. He said "You did things that only the Sarfatty would do." When he said Sarfatty, I opened my eyes. "I know your brother Eliaou very well," he continued, "even though you don't know who I am. I used to serve on the same board as your brother Eliaou, the board of Karen Hayissod, and in the same zionist organization, too. I used to go to your home often. We held the meetings in your library. You had one of the most beautiful libraries in Salonica. It was well known for the masterpieces on its shelves. The baby you saved is the son of my brother."

Someone came to tell us to make a declaration. They would give us refugee books. The uncle declared the baby as his own son. When we returned to our bungalow, the woman, the man, and myself, the uncle made arrangements with the peasant woman . She would continue to give the baby milk. When we came back from registering, the uncle told me he would give me anything that I asked for.

I told him I needed a boat, ~~Kaxgaxkax~~~~Turkeyx~~ and a passport to go to Turkeyx. I wanted to go to the fire to pick up Miki. The lady told us that she had room for two or three people in her boat from Athens, but it would take at least two months. To make a long story short, I decided to go get Miki and the other children myself.

Our camp was in the middle of a cemetery. I was going to jump from one of the windows since no-one was to know that I was leaving the camp. Just as I was ready to jump, someone called me. There was a lady at the door who wanted to talk to me. Every second counted for me, but I had to see what this woman wanted. It was a middle aged woman. She said "I am Rachel Yanait. My husband is Ben Zvi from the Vad Aleoumi." I spoke to her for a short time. She was very sweet. "When you get to Jerusalem, come to see me. My house is open to you, and my school also. The name of the school is Havad Halimoud." I thanked her very much, and went back to my bungalow. I jumped from the window.

An Arab woman was crying at a grave. It was a phony cry; she was my guide. She took me by taxi, truck and train, and I walked and walked until finally I got to the beach where a fisherman was waiting for me with his boat.

When we descended from Massada, my husband and I were the first to reach the bottom. Midway on the road down, we found a tourist, not with our group, who had fainted. My husband ran to get the drivers. He got some water. My husband and the driver helped the man to the bus.

We came back to the hotel, had a bath, and went to sleep. When we woke up, we got dressed. I was wearing a beautiful print pants suit. I went down to the lobby, and someone complimented me. It was the first time that someone had said one kind word to me. I went to the dining room. Mr. Shofild was sitting at a table with my friend Phyllis Waxman. My husband was right behind me. Mr. Shofild was telling Phyllis that my husband walked better than anyone else on the trip, like a soldier. I didn't want

my husband to hear this conversation. I interrupted them saying "You know what?" My friend Phyllis answered me "We don't want to talk to you." Mr. Shofild said "But I want to talk to you." I told him how I had received free postcards in Massada. The young man had recognized me by my nametag.

Before I left them, I looked Phyllis in the eye, and I thought "Everybody was very pleased that my husband went up to Massada, except you. You are sorry he didn't die in Massada. You are sorry we didn't bring him back on a stretcher. You are a disgrace to humanity, and a shame to Jewish women." But Mr. Shofild had been very kind. His wife and her sister were on very good terms with me.

The next day we went to a kibbutz on the edge of Lake Quinerette. I remembered that my mother was in all senses of the word a lady. She was a Zionist down to her bones, from the family of Afssakadjis. Afssaka means 'rest' in Hebrew. Beginning on the tenth of the month of Tevet, my mother's grandfather would hold one week of tanid(fasting) and tifilatot (prayers). To occupy themselves during this week, the women made linen to give to each child when he or she got married. I have a piece of this for linen, and from it I made a cover for the Hallah ~~on~~ Friday night. My mother was called "Golden Hands" because she embroidered so beautifully. Not many people could embroider like her. My mother used to say "Grandfather doesn't want to die before he bathes himself in Quinerette and sees Sfat." What my grandfather was not able to do, I would do. I would bathe myself in Quinerette.

The next morning, I grabbed my bathing suit, ready to bathe in Quinerette. A few yards from the water, I met Thomas Hecht. Thomas Hecht came to Canada in 1942. He was born in Chekoslovakia. In 1941, during the Nazi occupation, his father, mother, sister and he escaped to France. They crossed the Pyrenees and went to Portugal (in Spain). They were there for ten months. They spent six weeks on the Atlantic Ocean on their way to Canada. They came to Montreal to start a new life. Thomas went to

Sir George Williams University and to McGill to study Political Science. For nine years he was professor of Political Science at Sir George Williams. He speaks many languages. He is on the board of governors of Sokonouth. He is also National President of United Israel Appeal of Canada. I considered Thomas my guardian angel on this trip to Israel. In New York, the bus had waited for us thanks to Thomas. He is the most humanitarian person that I have ever met.

Thomas now said to me "Mrs. Garfinkle, the water is very deep. Be careful." I told him not to worry. As I started to walk toward the water, another woman also came to bathe. Thomas called me; he was still worried about me. "Go with this lady." I never found out the name of this woman. I was the only one who had left her nametag on, and we had not been introduced. As soon as the two of us got to the ~~in~~ water, I started to remember.

When I went to get Miki from the fire, the fisherman was very nice to me. He put his life in jeopardy for money. He had been born in Jerusalem, of a Turkish father and a Greek mother. At first, I was very afraid of him. I was shaking, but I remembered Chaim. "Sing!" And I started to sing the song of Ani Maamin (I Believe). And the fisherman, ~~as~~ since he was born in Jerusalem and knew Hebrew, started to sing with me. We came to Greek waters, and he changed the flag. Ten minutes later, ~~we~~ saw the bodies of two children floating in the sea. The only thing either of us could say was "Oh, God, no!" There were a few minutes of silence between us. The fisherman than said "I am sincereley sorry for these two children. I'm sure you are wondering why I'm going with you into this fire. All my life I have been very poor. I come from a family of twelve children. My older brother went to America the day he turned eighteen. I always clothe myself from the packages that he sends. I am not married because I don't want to do what my mother and father did. They brought us into the world without being able to ~~take~~ take care of us."

We came to where the children were. Miki yelled "It's Malitsa!" But my mother always said "There are no roses without thorns." The tide was very low, and the boat could not go to shore. I jumped into the sea. The fisherman gave me some rope. I tied one end of it to my wrist, and the other end was attached to the boat. I came to where the children were waiting. Suddenly I saw two bandits with revolvers in their hands. They used to steal goods from the German warehouses and then sell them on the black market. Of course the Germans were looking for them. I said to them "If you want to eat, we have sandwiches, coffee, milk." "No, we don't want coffee, no food. We want the boat." They pulled the boat to shore with the rope I had brought with me. Since it was low tide, the boat couldn't cast off again. They tied the fisherman to me and the children at gunpoint.. They then left to get their families from a neighbouring village.

After they left, I looked around me, but I could not see Miki. I asked the children where he was. They answered "When you were approaching, the bandits were busy looking at your boat. Miki and the priest escaped." "Who is this priest?" I asked. "Since you left, we have had the company of the priest. He teaches us & how to kill birds, and they are good to eat." Four or five minutes after, Miki appeared with the priest. They untied us, and there were a few moments of panic.

"We have to push the boat," said the priest.

"There's too much mud, it's impossible," said the fisherman.

I answered "The port of Tel Aviv was opened with songs. Jewish Greeks from Salonica, they make history. We are Jewish Greeks from Salonica, and we are going to make history right here. We're going to push, and I will give directions. When I say 'elias mo ya lessa', you will answer 'elias mo ya lessa'. When I say 'berden', you'll answer 'yossa'. And when you say 'yossa' you're going to push with all your might, and I will too." And I started.

Long Island, Long 1947

8

"Elia elia mo ya lessa".

They answered "Elia mo ya lessa."

I sang "Dali berden".

They answered "Yossa".

"Mirande"

"Yossa"

"De cachcantica"

"Yossa"

I ran out of words. I said anything that came to my head, and they answered "yossa". We pushed the boat, singing. I said to Miki "If you don't come with us now, I'm not going to come back to pick you up." Miki was the first one in the boat.

As we were pushing the boat, I remembered the German decrees. From Jewish the first week that the Germans came, all the people who had worked in the port of Salōnica were without jobs. All the Jewish people had to do forced labour. They used to send them to regions where malaria was a great danger. Many young people died in forced labour. The Germans asked the Jewish people for a large quantity of gold. If the Jewish community could raise it, the young people would be brought back to Salonica. The community taxed all the Jewish people, rich and middle class. They all paid. All the survivors of the forced labour camp were brought back, but they were very ill.

I was pushing the boat and remembering this tragic event. I lost my shoes. I was soaking wet. Everybody was wet, but especially me. My stockings were torn and I was freezing.

The priest came with us. He was merely dressed like a priest; he was really a medical doctor, an escapee from Haidary. Just as the last child was getting into the boat, the bandits returned with their wives and children. They started shooting at us, and they injured one of the boys. They shot him in the arm. The boat started to go full speed, and we were

singing, despite the bullets. We sang the slave song:

Elada doxasmeni
Patrida ~~adixfexxenix~~ aderfomeni
Den tolmissa
Pote na scavothis

When we ended the song, Miki told us that the bandits had thrown two children into the sea. The fisherman said "I lost 2000 Palestinian liras." At that time, a lira was worth \$5.00. "For every child I bring across, I am paid 1000 liras. And for bringing Maritsa back in good health (And he looked at me as if I was made of gold) I am getting 5000 liras. You," he said to the priest "are on the house."

The priest asked the fisherman if he had any ouzo. He gave some to the wounded boy to get him drunk. There was a first aid kit in the boat. The priest removed the bullet from the boy's arm. The boy screamed and screamed. I put my hand over his mouth. We didn't want to attract the attention of the German patrol. Miki was drunk just from the smell of the ouzo, and someone had to grab him so he wouldn't fall overboard. There was a thermos of coffee aboard, and we gave it all to Miki. I gave him a sandwich, and I told him not to go near the patient. The fisherman and the priest drank the rest of the ouzo. We had milk and soup in thermoses. I gave some to everybody. We had a blanket for each child. We arrived in Turkey singing:

Ou mi anaknou Israel
Ou mi coulanou Israel
Ou mi atem Israel
~~Ba~~ mochavoth Israel
Be kibbutsim Israel
Be Tel Aviv Israel
Be Chesme Israel

The lady who swam with me in Quinerette said to me "Come on, come on!". I answered "I can't swim any more." I remembered something, and I came out of the water. I apologize now to that wonderful lady for not giving her any explanation.

We went to the dining room for breakfast, and then we went to Ein Gev kibbutz. Every kibbutz in Israel has its own industry. This helps the country's economy greatly. The specialty ~~of~~ of Ein Gev is the fish industry. People ~~xxxxx~~ come from all over the world to eat the fish of Ein Gev. There is a beautiful gift shop there, and I bought a few ashtrays to bring back to Montreal as souvenirs. The ashtrays are in the shapes of fish. The designer of the ashtrays must be a very good artist, because the ashtrays have all the minute details of the fish.

As usual, since we had been on the bus for so long, there was a line in the ladies' room. A lady near me said to me "You have to suffer very much on this trip". I asked her why. "Because we were told that it is very embarrassing for you if people sit at the same table with you." I answered "The person who told you this doesn't want anyone to sit with us. My husband shakes, but he eats better than our chairman."

We went to the restaurant of the kibbutz. As usual, we sat alone. The fish we ate was tsipoura. We ate. My husband was shaking, but he ate better than some of the other people. When we finished eating, I showed his plate to Phyllis Waxman. I showed her my hands and my ~~is~~ husband's hands. It was the first time that I talked to her. "You eat the fish with your hands. Look at both of us. We don't eat with our hands."

Two minutes later, someone called me. "Maritsa!" It was one of the children from the boat. I asked him how he knew ~~xx~~ was Maritsa. Again, it was from the nametag that said ~~BXXX~~ Bouena Garfinkle. We stayed together for five minutes, but then my bus was leaving. I sat down in the bus, and I started to remember. What courage I had had to talk to Phyllis the way I did! Oh, God, help me to have patience and not to fight!

I remembered that when we arrived in Turkey, Miki said that he wanted to eat fish. The fisherman gave us a treat; he took us to a restaurant. The children were making a lot of noise because they were very happy, especially since the fisherman had told them they could order anything they wanted. They just had to ask me about ~~th~~ the quantity. I was afraid that they would eat too much and then have diarrhea. The priest took the responsibility for their health.

Everybody ordered steak, except Miki. Miki ordered tsipoura, the same fish I ate at Ein Gev. He ate the fish like a man. My Nona used to say "You can know where people come from when they sit down at the table."

The bus stopped and we were at the Quinerette Hotel. We went to our room to wash up, and I washed a few of my underclothes. We got dressed, and I put on my nametag as usual. We went to the salon to sit down. All of a sudden a woman said to me "You sat down near us! Can't you see that we are talking?" I got up. I really wanted to cry, and I started to go up to my room. On the stairs, I saw a lady from our group. She called me. I asked her what she wanted, and she said "Why do you always wear your nametag? My name is Shoshona, and everyone knows you are Mrs. Garfinkle.

Phyllis is right! Take that nametag off your breast!" She grabbed the pin and she tore my dress and my brassiere. As she was yanking the pin off, the sharp end of it scratched me. She threw the nametag onto the floor. I just gave her a dirty look, but I didn't say anything.

I picked up the nametag. I said to myself "If it wasn't for my husband, I wouldn't stay with people like you for a minute. But I don't want him to worry." I went up to my room. I didn't have another brassiere to change into. The others were still wet. I fixed the torn brassiere and changed my dress. I fixed my nametag and put it back on.

When I was dressed again, I started to cry. But right away I remembered Chaim. And right away I felt as if someone was choking me. And I started to sing the song of the ~~prisoner~~ prisoner:

Calselero i piadogo
Anci el dio te de las vidas
Que me quites de estas cadenas
I que me afloches de oun coyare
He he he he he he
He he he he he he

I heard my husband calling me to go outside and get some fresh air. I didn't sleep all night. I couldn't believe that I didn't spit in the face of this Shoshona. Again, I didn't want my husband to lose confidence in himself. Suddenly I remembered: "Oh, God, it's not the first time that somebody scratched me!"

Max used to have a children's wear factory. The manager left and Max asked me to help him. I worked very hard. Two days before Christmas, Max said to me "Be a sport, prepare yourself, lets go to Mexico to see my sister. She has invited us so often." I said "Two days before Christmas we won't be able to get a reservation." "Try!" he told me. Ely had some holidays, and for the three of us the trip would be wonderful. I called for reservations, and luckily I could get them. The next day we were ready to go. Ely was jumping up and down with joy.

In the morning we got up and saw that it was snowing. It was one of the worst blizzards I had seen. It would be impossible to find a taxi. Max said "Don't worry, the factory truck will take us to Dorval airport." I prepared our valises, and I opened my box of stockings. It was empty. "Oh," I said, "Ely, I have no stockings." I called the drug store and asked if they had stockings. They did, but they wouldn't deliver just stockings. So I ordered a few things I didn't really need. The stockings came, three pairs in one package. I wore one pair and packed the other two. We sent a telegram to my sister-in-law, and we caught our plane and went to Mexico.

We ~~xxxxxx~~ landed at the Mexico airport, but my sister-in-law wasn't there. We took a taxi and went to her house. Nobody was home. We went to our hotel. We called again the next day, but still nobody was home. We called some friends and they told us that my sister-in-law and her family had gone to Acapulco. They made reservations for us at the hotel, and we

went to Acapulco. Oh, Ely was so happy, and we were also. The sea! Ely was like a little fish, happy in the water. In the evening we would go to see a water-skiing show. It was paradise. My sister-in-law and her husband were very happy to see us. But all good things must end.

We ~~were~~ returned to Mexico City, to my sister-in-law's house. In Acapulco, I ~~said~~ hadn't worn stockings, I had worn socks instead. The day after we returned to Mexico City, I wore the same stockings I had worn to go to Dorval. All ~~of~~ of a sudden, my sister-in-law said to me "Those stockings are mine!". I opened my valise and showed her the other two pairs.

Without any hesitation, she started to take the stockings off my legs. I looked at her as if she were crazy. I said "I think you must be joking!" She said "No, I'm not. I was never as serious in my life." As she was ~~was~~ taking the stockings off, she scratched my leg with her long nails. "Oh, Pauline," I said, "you're scratching me!" She answered "As long as you don't agree to an operation for my brother, I'm going to scratch you." Ely asked me why I had let her take the stockings off my legs. I answered "We are guests here. The only thing we can do after this is to leave." The next day we left, and I have never again invited Pauline to my house.

But you, Madame Chairman, you are only heading the campaign, you don't own the community. We're not going to leave. We're going to stay, even if it costs me my life! I want to see how far you will go! And I remembered how much Ely had suffered in school, and this caused me much pain.

One day, Ely came in from school, crying. They had called him names. Every~~day~~ day, it was the same. One day I spoke to the director, and to Ely's teacher, but nothing came of it. I went to see Dr. Stillman, a well-known urologist in Montreal, and a very good friend. I told him what was going on, and he answered "You will go to Mr. Sternthal. He is one of the founders of the school." I had wanted to take Ely out of the school, but my husband didn't agree. Dr. Stillman told me that my husband was right. "This lady can do the same thing anywhere, terrify everyone because

your husband's hands are shaking." He called Mr. Sternthal and made an appointment for me.

I told Mr. Sternthal what was going on in the school. "~~They~~ is
~~Grade Two now~~. Since his teacher can't do anything about it, I came to complain to you." After I had explained the situation, Mr. Sternthal said "You keep saying 'she, she, she'. Who is 'she'?" I refused to tell him. Mr. Sternthal said "I'm not going to permit this in my school. But I want you to know one thing. You are protecting a monster, and monsters grow bigger." God bless you, Mr. Sternthal, the monster has grown much bigger.

I started to remember that in 1966, Phyllis Waxman was associate chairman of the Combined Jewish Appeal. I was serving coffee at Sadie Neamtan's home. Sadie Neamtan was a friend of mine who served with me on the board of Adath Israel Synagogue. We enjoyed talking to each other. She was a very determined person. She was born in Montreal and went to school at Strathcona Academy. Her father was a doctor of medicine. She is a very active member of Technion, involved in cancer research for twenty years, and an ex-president of her group.

The phone rang at Sadie's. It was Phyllis Waxman. She had become associate chairman of the Combined Jewish Appeal and she wanted Sadie to be a district chairman. Sadie accepted the job, and she said "Put Tova (me) down for ~~district~~ ^{AREA} chairman, too." But Phyllis refused. The only thing I could hear was Sadie saying very determinedly "Put Tova down! Put Tova down!" I was made ~~district~~ ^{AREA} chairman, and I did so well that I was the champion. I finished my district and I took on another one. I used to say to myself "If she knows what kind of people we are, maybe she'll leave our boy alone."

The only incident we had in 1966 was at a meeting at the home of Mrs. Kattan. The Kattan's are one of the most respected members of the Sephardy community in Montreal. Mr. Kattan was born in Iraq. He studied in England. He is president of Royal Trust. We ended our meeting and left.

In the street, Phyllis Waxman asked me "These people have not been in Canada a long time, and they have such a beautiful home. How come? And they have such beautiful furniture. Yet Mrs. Kattan speaks English with an accent." I said "Is it only the people who speak good English who are allowed to have beautiful homes?" "Heh," she answered, "I was born in Montreal and I don't have a house like this." I said "The Kattans didn't make their money in ~~Moscow~~ Canada. They came with it. But your people came without a penny." "How does she know to buy furniture like that?" Phyllis asked. I answered "Mrs. Kattan was born in a palace. If all of a sudden you have money, you won't know how to buy nice things. But Mrs. Kattan has always been surrounded by very good things." She was disappointed with my answer.

cess hours. Special meetings were held to obtain members' solicitations. The synagogue neighborhood stations of the residents to collect their gifts.

Postings in order to devote effort to the Emergency heir staffs available for the Welfare Funds for clubs closed their solicitation meetings of their club houses. The public at large to rents was phenomenal. Contributions have flooded Fund offices beyond

County's (N.J.) Jewish Community Council were over \$3 million.

Winnipeg's Jewish Welfare Fund, Providence's General Jewish Committee (which also moved up a fall campaign to June), Washington's United Jewish Appeal, Hartford's Jewish Federation, San Francisco's Jewish Welfare Federation, and Miami's Jewish Federation were between \$2 million and \$3 million.

Pittsburgh's United Jewish Federation and St. Louis' Jewish Federation were close to \$2 million. Dallas' Jewish Welfare Federation, which had just completed an extraordinary regular campaign, was over \$1,700,000 in emergency gifts.

Other communities too are raising far beyond what they have done in the past: Atlanta's Jewish Welfare Fund and Minneapolis' Federation for Jewish Services

Beth Hamedrosh Hagadol Tifereth Israel, Beth Ora, Beth Zion, Shaar Hashomayin, Shaare Zedek, Shevet Achim, Spanish and Portuguese, Reconstructionist, Young Israel of Montreal and Young Israel of Val Royal. Workers meetings also were held in the homes of Mrs. David Fisher of Town of Mount Royal and Mrs. Sydney Goldwater of Dollard des Ormeaux.

Although there are many district chairmen who did outstanding jobs, and therefore it is impossible to single out individuals for

Additional reports on progress in the Women's Division, with names of outstanding chairmen and workers, will be published in coming issues of this newspaper.

special praise. Mrs. Fisher did throw a bouquet to Mrs. Max Garfinkle of Outremont as typical of the women who did an extraordinary job. Under her chairmanship, her Outremont district was canvassed thoroughly, and as a reward for her workers she made a party in her own backyard. National Council of Jewish Women also made available a team of workers in Outremont who cleaned up a Cavalcade of a thousand cards.

Stepped into Special Names

The Special Names committee, led by Mrs. F. Victor Elkin, "is doing a wonderful job," Mrs. Fisher declared. She also singled out for special praise Mrs. Max Feldman, last year's Special Names chairman and Mrs. Bernard J. Lande, president of the Women's Federation, who took over the leadership of Special Names when Mrs. Elkin was forced to take a short rest.

Mrs. Harry D. Fogel and Mrs. Harvey Maron "are bringing in fantastic sums of money" as advisor and chairman of Special Assignments respectively, Mrs. Fisher said. Mrs. Ben Korda who is in charge of

Losing the Peace

The war has cost hundreds of millions of dollars, but more than this, there are other great costs which are our immediate concern.

The economy has been damaged, tourism has been lost, the rebuilding of the physical damage will need tremendous amounts of money as will the building of new housing to replace that destroyed and the rebuilding of settlements. There has also been great loss in crops burned in the fields.

In addition to all this, Israel turns to us for help in meeting the need for housing for new Jewish immigrants from the Arab countries. Relief will be needed for the unemployed because of the economic effects of the war. Tremendous amounts are needed to replace buildings, ~~livestock~~ and equipment in the settlements.

The next year, in 1967, I was ~~again~~ district chairman, and I went to the office to ready the allocations for the workers. Suddenly I realized that it was very late, and that I had to go home to prepare supper for my husband. Phyllis Wexler, my associate chairman for 1967, and Phyllis Waxman were in the office. I went over to Phyllis Wexler and said: "There are only two people in this office, you and Phyllis Waxman. I'm going to leave everything on my table and go home to give my husband his supper. I'll be back in an hour. Please make sure no-one disturbs anything on my table."

When I returned an hour later, the cards on the table had been shuffled around. I asked Phyllis Wexler "Who did this?" She answered "Don't ask me. I don't want to talk." I said "How am I going to arrange all these cards now?" As I was saying this, a lady entered. I had never seen her before. Her name was Phyllis Jackson. "Don't worry," she said to me. "Even if we have to work all night, my ~~sister-in-law~~ sister, Sheila Lipson, and I will arrange all these cards. She took the cards, and the next day she brought them to my house. I later found out that she and her ~~sister-in-law~~ had worked all night to put the allocations in order. People ~~like~~ like Phyllis Jackson don't get recognition in our community.

My workers were supposed to come to get their envelopes on Sunday morning. No-one showed up. They had been told to get their envelopes at Adath Israel. I complained to Phyllis Waxman. The only answer she had for me was "If I didn't do that, I would be washed out of the Women's Federation, because I refused to work for Mrs. Fisher, the chairman of the 1967 campaign. Despite the sabotage, I was the champion once more. Mrs. Fisher sent me flowers and put an announcement in our community newspaper. It wasn't easy to finish the campaign so well.

In 1968, Rosetta Elkin was the chairman of the campaign. Rosetta comes from a very old family on her mother's side, the Josephs of Quebec. They came to Montreal in 1760, with the British Army. The Josephs were one of the founders of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue. Her father's family

were the Wolffs. Her father was a civil engineer, a treasurer ~~of~~ of the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue for eighteen years. The indefatigable Mr. Wolff also had other duties. Mr. Wolff formed the committee that greeted the survivors of Hitler in Montreal, particularly the Sepharadim. He ~~had~~ held an Open House once a week at his home with the help of his four daughters. His wife had died on Argyle ~~Street~~ Avenue in Westmount in 1940. He held services in his own home for the Sephardy survivors on Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanah in the Sephardy tradition, since at that time there were no pure Sephardy services in Montreal. When I came to Montreal, I was one of the people welcomed at an Open House, and like this, I got to know the Wolff family very well.

Rosetta is married to Victor Elkin. The Elkins do not need an introduction in the Jewish Community of Montreal. Rosetta has three sons and one daughter, and she has eleven grandchildren. She is a lady in all senses of the word, and she is a very sweet person. Educated as a teacher at McDonald College, she also has her B.A. from Queen's University.

In 1968, my district was doing very well, until the day Phyllis Waxman called me. She said "Don't run any more. Leave it for next year." I answered "Israel can't wait for next year. ~~XXXXXX~~ Why, are you scared you won't be successful next year? First," I continued, "Mr. King is the best advertising man in Montreal, and he's going to make you big. Second, you have the rabbi, who is going to teach you how to speak." I didn't know who the rabbi was, I had just heard about him. "Third, everything will be done by telephone. All the organizations will send people to do the telephoning. I'm going to finish my district and not worry about what will happen next year."

One hour later, my phone rang. It was my associate chairman, Ella Cohen. She was coming to get my cards; I had done enough. I called Rosetta and told her what was going on. Rosetta said "I'm going to call her." As I was putting the phone down, my associate chairman was ringing my door-

bell. When she asked me for my cards, I answered "I want to finish my district." She said "I have to be on good terms with the 1969 chairman, because she is going to give me executive work next year." I felt like spitting in her face, but I didn't do it. I remembered what my father used to say: "If you walk in the street and a donkey kicks you, are you going to kick it back?" She took the cards and she left.

I called Rosetta and said "It's too late to call Ella, she already took the cards." A week and a half later, the closing luncheon of the campaign was held at Beth El Synagogue, and they presented me with the silver plate. Rosetta introduced the 1969 chairman, Phyllis Waxman. She started to talk. At the same moment, everyone got up to leave. Phyllis, with tears in her eyes, started to say "Wait! Wait!" But everyone was leaving; they showed her they didn't want her. At that moment, I felt sorry for her. I went to console her. "Don't worry! Mr. King will make you a star!"

A few weeks later, she called me. "I'm a big shot! I'm a big shot!" she said. "I gave a talk today at the golf course, and everyone there will help. I want you to know one thing. It's not what you were, it's what you are, and I'm a bigshot."

A few weeks after this conversation, she called me again. She asked me what I wanted to do for the campaign of that year. I answered "Nothing! I'm not used to people destroying my work. Find yourself somebody else. I can serve my community without going to find money. I can do other things." Sadie Neamtan, too, called. I refused her also. I think she took my refusal a little personally, but now I think she understands.

The next day, we went to Sfat, a very ancient synagogue. The synagogue was built into the rocks. As we left the synagogue, I saw an old man running. Our guide was chasing him. The lady photographer was yelling "No, Albert, no!" The man tripped over a rock and fell. Two minutes later, there was a sea of blood. There was a doctor in our group. I called him, and he said to call an ambulance right away. I gave

our guide a nasty look, but I said nothing. The indefatigable Thomas Hecht came to see what was going on. I started to walk away, thinking that in Israel you needed protection against everything, and this man didn't have it to sell quipot to the tourists. By the time this man gets to the hospital, he will surely die, just like the mother of the baby. I remembered that we had gone to see an apartment building in Israel that had been built with Canadian money. They took us to see one of the apartments. It was very nice. A family of Moroccans was living there. I spoke with the housewife. She said "I came to Israel after my daughter came. I have two daughters and a son. One girl works for the government. My son goes to two different schools, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon. I don't pay rent. I have two pensions." I asked "How come you have two pensions?" "Oh," she said, "I have protection. My daughter was a Zionist in Morocco, and the leaders of the town are friends of my daughter." "Where is your daughter now?" I asked. She answered "My husband died, and my daughter married and went to Paris with her husband." We left the house, and we heard screaming. A blind man was yelling "I am blind, I have children, and I don't have a pension. These people have two pensions. Is this justice?"

I spoke to our group about this. I think that rather than helping this blind man, I made more enemies. Now in Sfat, after seeing all this blood, I couldn't walk. But life goes on, Eliaou used to say.

We went to see an exhibit of paintings. I found a chair, and instead of looking at the exhibit, I sat down. When the others had finished looking, we went to the bus. Our guide went to the police station to make a report of the accident. The guide from the chairman's bus, Jacov, came to our bus. The radio had just announced the news. Man had landed on the moon. At this very moment, the lady photographer came to sell me some photographs. During the trip, everyone bought photos but me. She had refused to sell me any. She had orders not to sell me photographs. But in the end, no-one wanted any more pictures, and she wanted to sell them to me. Because of her, I didn't hear what the guide said about man landing on the moon.

I asked Jacov "Could you please repeat what you said for me? I didn't hear you." He put the loudspeaker up to his mouth, and he answered me: "For you! Ou bou bou!" Everyone on the bus heard Jacov say this to me. My husband said "This one is very fresh!" I said to myself "The chairman bought a dozen dresses. She's pushing everyone around. Of course, the rabbi taught her how to talk. She spends hours in front of the mirror, imitating Mrs. Gertsman, like an actress. But she has to learn that to become a 'bigshot', as she called herself, one doesn't gossip with a chauffeur."

We came to the hotel, and the bus stopped. I took a little while to get up from my seat. She was waiting at the door of the bus, the picture of innocence, and she asked me what happened. I looked at her and I said to myself, "I don't know if I should spit in your face or pity you. But I pity the Women's Federation who chose someone like you to represent the Jewish women of Montreal."

That same night, there was a meeting, but they never called me for a meeting. We had supper, and I went to sit down with Mrs. Shofild and her sister-in-law and the photographer. The photographer said she had no place to sleep that night. They hadn't given her a room because she had sold me some pictures. I looked at her and I left. Suddenly I saw a taxi cab stop. Three soldiers and a civilian got out. The civilian was dressed in white, like Eliaou and Chaim used to dress in the summertime. I was admiring this youth. "oh," I said to myself, "look what kind of youth is going to the battle to die! Jewish or Arab, his mother is crying. Oh, God, peace in Israel!" Suddenly the civilian started to kiss me! "Who are you?" I asked. He answered "I'm the baby." It was a very emotional reunion. He told me that he was studying in England. He was supposed to spend the summer holidays with his uncle in Europe, but his uncle had told him that there was to be a reunion in Tel Aviv for all the people who knew Maritsa. The reunion would be held in the cemetery, because one of the boys had died. They would hold the unveiling at the same time.

The uncle was a sick man and couldn't come. The boy told me "You don't know how happy we are that the Jewish Community invited you on this trip." I answered "I am treated here like the poor cousin who came to visit the rich one." I said, "this chairman is making my life miserable. When my grandmother was young, there was a lady entertainer in her town. Her name was Bona La Tagnadera (Bona the Entertainer), and she used to say:

Estach coumbidas
I poco encomendadas
La caza sé corré
Lougar non aye andé acentar
Myor ese qué non vengach

This means: You are invited and very little recommended. The house is leaking. There is no place to sit down. The best thing you can do is not to come. This was my invitation."

The boy answered "This chairman deserves to be pelted with tomatoes. My uncle, as I said, can't be here, but he gave me a present for you." He took a little box from his pocket "This is a brooch from my mother. After the war, my uncle went to the ditch where you had told him you had found me. The skeleton of my mother was still there. Nearby there was a shopping bags with things to change babies inside, and all of her jewellery. My mother didn't die from a German bullet. She fell into the ditch and hit her head, and she died from a loss of blood. The brooch comes from the jewellery that my uncle found in the ditch. My uncle and I wanted you to have it."

"You will give this brooch to your fiancée," I said. He answered "You are my fiancée." I said "When this boy whose unveiling we are going to died, I sent money for the grave-stone, but it wasn't enough. Just last week I learned that his widow has many debts for the rest of the stone. When I go to Tel Aviv, I will give her the money to pay off her debts First, if I take this brooch, I will never wear it, because I don't want to remember my past any more. I remember enough every moment on this trip. Second, this brooch is very valuable. Either keep it, or sell it, and with the money buy chicoun (a condominium) for the widow, who now lives in a slum. I'm not going to take it."

He told me he would call his uncle to ask him what to do. He begged me to let him talk to the chairman. I said "To talk with people like this only gives them honour, and she doesn't deserve it." I made him promise to say nothing about this, ever, to anyone.

We were together for an hour, and then I saw him to his taxi. He introduced me to his friends. "This lady is my mother." He kissed me and got into the cab, and said "I'll see you in Tel Aviv". When he was in the taxi, he gave me a bottle of Coca Cola that he took from a case, and he said "L'chaim". They left. I drank the Coca Cola with gusto, as if it was the first time that I tasted something very delicious. Mr. Waxman, a very nice man, came up to me. He said "The bar has been closed for two hours. You see, they are talking about you. Don't do that! Where did you get that Coke?" I answered "You won't understand, but my baby gave it to me."

Everyone was leaving for the meeting. I told Mr. Shofild "It is time that I was invited to one of the meetings. I, too, have an opinion." I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. Despite all this, I never stopped dancing and singing. I remembered Chesme.

Suddenly, Miki appeared with a pair of slippers. I was walking barefoot because I had lost my shoes when I was pushing the boat. I got scared. I asked him where he got those brand new slippers. All the children said in unison "We bought them!" I asked "where did you get the money?" They answered "The Turkish government gave us one ration of corned beef each. We sold it to get you a present." I kissed them all.

They invited me to the next meeting. I spoke about the protection in Israel. I spoke about the two pensions that lady was getting. But Phyllis interrupted me, and the meeting adjourned.

The next day, we went to see an airplane factory. When we got off the bus, we saw soldiers training to be parachutists. I joked with my husband "You know what? We're going to jump". My guide heard me, and he insulted me. This was the last straw. I took him into a corner, and I said to him "First of all, your job is to show Israel to the tourists, and not to insult them. Israel needs tourists. And don't think I came for free. I was invited, and I paid, like everyone else. And for your information, the Jewish people need women like me. The Jewish people don't have missionaries, and I believe that every Jew must be a missionary. And I am one of them." He apologized.

I was very excited about seeing the airplane factory. I was eager to see the first airplane made in Israel. I was admiring it when a lady came up to me with her hus-

band. Her husband was wearing a quippa on his head, like the religious Jews. She asked me if I was Tova (my Hebrew name). I said "Yes. And who are you?" She answered "I am the daughter of Mr. Loewy. Ruth Pollak is my sister." "Oh!" I said, "Nellie!" Our chairman was just passing in front of us. I called her over. "Phyllis, I'M going to introduce you to Mr. Loewy's daughter." Mr. Loewy does not need an introduction in the Jewish Community. I introduced Phyllis to Nellie and her husband. When they left, I spoke with the chairman. I said "You see, her husband is very religious, he wears a quippa. You see, Phyllis? He is not a gentile, he is a Jew. It is not true what you used to say all over Outremont, that Loewy's daughter had married a gentile. For you, it was exceptionally good gossip. I told you that it was a lie. Now you have seen it with your own eyes." She answered "Oh, God, don't say anything to anyone." I said "Oh, no, Phyllis, I don't gossip. But when I write my memoirs, I will not forget it."

I almost forgot to write about yad ve chem. The guide told us when we were there that a group of Jewish people, no-one knows who, started the yad ve chem. I said "The chaverim of the kibbutz Michmar a Emek started the yad ve chem, and Mr. Garfinkle was one of them". For me, it was like going to a very big cemetery of all the young people that I had seen dying. They would die of a simple wound. There were no medicines, no doctors to remove the bullets. They died of loss of blood. And do you know who went down for the ceremony (kaddish)? Phyllis Waxman, who enjoys to hear people cry. I remembered a little girl in Montreal who had told her "How can you laugh at a time like this?" She repprsented 6 million Jews, the Jewish women of America. This made me cry.

The trip was coming to an end. We were told that we would visit Gaza. But then a bomb had exploded the same day, and our trip was canceekled. I started to remember Gaza.

When we left the retaurent in Chesme, a lady that I didn't know came to talk to me. She said "You can't travel with the children. It is going to take too long. All the refugees from the camp in Halepo in Syria are going to Palestine. They have prepared accomodations in Gaza for Greek refugees. You have to be back at the camp tonight, or they will find out you are missing." I looked at her with such surprise that she asked "You are Maritsa?" I said "Yes".

I told Miki to stay with the other children and the priest. I went to Syria with a commercial truck. At the border between Turkey and Syria, a taxi was waiting for me. It took me to the cemetery where the camp was situated. The window was still open. I climbed in. Everyone in the bungalow asked me where I had been. I answered "I went to work. I need money." One of the ladies said "After what you did for our children, if you need money, we will give it to you." I said "I prefer to work".

As I said this, I was looking out the window. All I could see were rows of tombs. And I said to myself "If one day I return to Salonica, I don't even have a cemetery that I can go and visit. The Germans destroyed the tombs of my father and of the previous generations of my family. My mother and the English soldier are buried in another cemetery.
had
But bandits ~~have~~ gone there to destroy the tombs because they thought that Jewish people buried their fortunes with the dead".

Everyone was busy preparing and packing. I asked "Where are you going?" "Oh, we are going to Palestine. In a few minutes, all the men will be here, and we will travel together." Two minutes later, everyone arrived, including, of course, George and Nicola. The children and Miki hadn't arrived yet. We left.

We arrived in Haifa, and I and other Jewish people received certificates to enter Palestine. ~~But~~ But not George and Nicola. I procured certificates for them to be sent to Gaza to the camp for Greek refugees, and that is where they went.

The next day, they took us to see the Houlpam, a beautiful house, the most luxurious apartment that I saw in Israel. There were washing machines, dryers, beautiful dressers, a library, a beauty parlour for women and a barber shop for men. We needed a guide to see a big building like this. A lady officer knew a bit of French, and Mr. Lazous was translating what she said to English. The lady officer mixed Hebrew with French and Mr. Lazous didn't understand exactly what she wanted to say. I explained what she was saying to Mr. Lazous. This was the biggest mistake of my life. Phyllis Waxman came over and she said "Shut up, you!" I looked her in the eye, but I didn't say anything.

I started to remember that when I was in jail after they killed Chaim, they used to take me for interrogation four or five times a day. I didn't have anything to tell them. "Where are the partisans? Who is the chief? Where is the headquarters in

Salonica? Who is the boss?" My answer was always the same: "I don't know anything, and I don't know them." When I was in very bad shape, they would put me back in my cell. My guard would come and talk to me. "The more you shut up, the worse it is for you. Talk. I'll give you soup." She used to bring a very good soup. If I talked, she would give me some. I would say "I have nothing to tell you."

The next day we went to Haifa. We went to Bat Galim, a beautiful restaurant in the mountains. I remembered that when we arrived in Haifa, after we received our certificates, they took us to Bat Galim, to the Bet Haolim.

The Bet Haolim was a very dirty bungalow. The beds were full of bedbugs. It was very hard to sleep without scratching. We would open the lights in the middle of the night to kill bedbugs. Many of us had psoriasis. They gave us herring to eat. You can imagine that with the bedbugs, the psoriasis, and the herring, our lives were spent scratching.

The day we arrived in Bet Haolim, the lady in charge came to see me, and she said "There is a lady here who wants to talk to you." As soon as she walked in the door, I recognized her. It was the lady who had had her baby in the boat. She had ~~xx~~ a parcel in her hand, which she gave to me. "This is yours," she said. "Mine?" I asked. "Yes," she answered. "After you left Chesme, I called the fisherman and I asked him to sell me all the jewellery that you had given him to pay for the boat. He sold it to me, and here it is." It was a very emotional meeting. She said to me "I'm alive only because of you. I have my baby only because of you. There isn't enough money in the world with which to repay you. My baby and the baby you saved are with me here. My husband still has his cast, and he can't come to see you. We will meet you later, but if you need anything in the meantime, let us know. My husband has plenty of money in Palestine." I answered "I don't need anything, but I want you to promise me one thing. You must raise ~~x~~ this baby that I saved as if he were your own child". She promised.

Not all the jewellery that was in the corset that she gave me was mine. First of all, there was some jewellery that had belonged to Tia Donna. The day Samuel returned, I would have to give it to him. There was also a bracelet that belonged to Suzane, my first cousin. I had been so anxious to save Miki and the baby that I hadn't thought of

When Suzane was a baby, her father died of cancer. A few months later, her mother died of pneumonia. The only thing I can remember about Suzane's parents is that they lived in a very big apartment, and that every ~~sabbath~~ shabbat they would come to visit us. One day, when Suzane was 21 years old, she came to my house with an envelope in her hand. It was two days before the German occupation. With tears in her eyes, she said "I want to speak with Eliaou". I answered "He's not here now, wait for him". But she couldn't wait. "Don't tell anyone that I came here. I have only 6000 drakmes left of the fortune that my father left to me. The money is in this envelope. Give it to Eliaou to keep for me." And she left.

When Eliaou came home, I told him what had happened. Eliaou took the money and with it he bought a beautiful bracelet. In the evening, he showed us the bracelet, and he said "The drakmes are turning to water. I bought a bracelet for Suzane. You will give it to her after she gets married. I bought it for 7000 drakmes. Before we give it to her, we will not know what it's worth. If it is more than 6000 drakmes, you will give it to her. If it is less, you will give her 6000 drakmes."

"You can imagine," I said to the mother of the baby , "what would happen if I didn't have this bracelet when I meet Suzane." When the lady left, I raised my eyes to the sky. "There is a God in heaven!"

We went to see a jewellery factory staffed by war amputees. The Israeli government opened this factory as part of ~~the~~ its programme for amputees. The people were working in their wheelchairs, making gorgeous jewellery. I wanted very badly to buy something, but I needed the money to pay for the gravestone.

According to Sepharady tradition, the stone was to be placed thirty days after the burial, and it had been placed, but now the widow was in debt. The boy had been sick for some years, and every once in a while I would send him a few dollars. In 1968, a group similar to ours had visited Israel. Phyllis Waxman was one of the people who had gone. I begged her to take 35 dollars to my sister. I didn't tell her that the ^{FAMILY} money was for this boy. When she came back, she gave me a big argument. "Your sister is very rich," she said, "and when she came to get the money, she was dressed very elegantly. Instead of giving it to a wealthy woman, you could give the money to the community. You are not a very big donor. You have to learn that the more money you give, the more you will be honoured by the community. And don't forget, you speak English very badly. With money, this could be forgotten."

I answered "If this is my biggest defect, I am very happy. But like everyone else, I have defects too. As for my sister, who came to see you so well dressed, she took ~~nothing~~ nothing from the community. And I don't want to buy honour with money; I want to deserve it by my actions."

I was thinking of all this in the factory, when Mr. Gelber approached me. He asked me what I was going to do with the liras that I had left. I didn't want to tell him that I was going to pay for the gravestone. This was personal. I answered "I'm going to give it to my sister." When Phyllis Waxman heard, the gossip started. Everyone knew that my sister was very rich, and that I was going to give my left over liras to a wealthy woman.

Instead of Gaza, they took us to a kibbutz. They showed us a discotheque for teenagers. It had been a bomb shelter before, but now they had made better shelters, and they had converted this one to a discotheque. It was very nice. But when they showed us ~~us~~ where the babies slept, my heart was sore. In an underground shelter were cribs. They didn't take chances by putting the babies in a nursery.

The very nice Thomas Hecht asked me how much money I was going to give for the

~~give you~~ give you 5000 dollars. But I won't give one penny to the Women's Federation." He asked me why. "If the Women's Federation can have Phyllis Waxman for chairman, they don't need my money. I can give to the men's division, or I can send the money directly to Israel."

In the bus, the El-Al agent gave us a bill for the food for the fifteen days, and also a statement of how much tip we had to give to the guides. My husband paid right away, but I was burning up inside. After the treatment we got, we were expected to give a tip! But I didn't say anything. I think it is time that the Eged put an end to these tips. They are very well paid, the chaverim of Eged. And look at their behaviour! I find this disgusting. As well as being very well paid, they have a store where they get everything at half price. After 20 years of service, they get a big, big, big sum of money that I don't even want to mention. Find out for yourself. Plus when they retire, they continue to get their monthly salary for life. If they put money in the bank, they get 20% interest. This, too, I want you to ~~make~~ check for yourself. The big shareholder in the Eged is the Istaderouth, and if the Istaderouth is so generous, ~~they~~ it should not have a fundraising campaign. They have to understand that the Jews of the diaspora want to help Israel, but not to make individuals into millionaires.

So we arrived in Tel Aviv. We went to a very nice hotel, but I was reaching the end of my strength. I was suffering because I was reliving the miseries of the past. But I never stopped singing and dancing; I didn't want to show others how much I was suffering.

We went to see Jaffa. The Israeli government had conserved ~~all~~ the Arab monuments very well. In the middle of the town square was an old well. We thought that it was very considerate of the Israeli government to preserve the history of the Arabs and the Jews of Jaffa.

I started to remember ~~Greece~~ Evia. I used to go to a similar place to wash clothes for George, Nicola and Miki. When I finished washing, I couldn't wring the clothes out. I hung the clothes up and the water ran off them. But the sun of Greece is very strong. My laundry was clean enough for me then, and it had a very nice smell.

When I came back to the hotel, I found out that there was to be a reunion for all the groups that night, but it had been kept a secret from me. The next day, the last day of our trip, I had an appointment at four o'clock in ~~in~~ the morning. Some of the children were going to come to the hotel. At nine o'clock in the morning, I was to meet my niece, who wanted very badly to buy me a present.

At 4 A.M. I went to the hotel lobby. There was a soldier standing there. I asked the clerk at the desk if someone had come for me. He said "This soldier." When I turned my head, the soldier started to kiss me. When he was small, he couldn't pronounce the letter 'r'. He used to call me Malitsa. I realized it was Miki right away. You can imagine what kind of reunion we had. The taxi that Miki had come with was at the door. ^{We got in.} I couldn't talk, I was crying too hard. I started to remember the day that I left him in Chesme to go with the lady to Palestine, to the Beth Haolim.

Two or three days later, I asked for a telephone book. I was looking for the name 'Nakmouly'. I found it. It was my brother-in-law, who had a store in Makalat Benjamin Street. I called him. He was very happy to hear my voice. The next day, I met my other brother-in-law, Alfandary, for the first time. He came to pick me up. He gave me news of everyone, and he said "Tonight we are ~~goin~~ going to have a big party. Daisy Nakmouly, my niece, is engaged, and we will have the engagement party." I was very happy for her, but I said "I can stay here for ~~in~~ another day or two. ~~in~~ I'm just not in the mood to go to a party ~~in~~ tonight." I gave him my corset with the jewellery inside to keep safe for me.

In the Beth Haolim, there were other Jewish people from Greece. Everyone encouraged me to go with my brother-in-law, to start my new life with parties. But there was nothing there for me, and I didn't want to go. After my brother-in-law left, rumours started in the Beth Haolim. The camp of Alepo was to come to Gaza. And I started to make plans to take the children from Gaza. They wouldn't get certificates. I was afraid to talk to anyone about this. The priest had registered the children as non-Jews, with names that he had invented. For sure they would have to wait out the end of the war in Gaza. Without parents, it was not the place for children to grow up.

The next day was Sunday, and I didn't have too much time to think of a plan. How

could I take the children, and where would I put them? I remembered Rachel Yanait bei Zvi. I would put them in Havad Halimoud, her school. But how could I get the children from the train, before they went to Gaza. I took the bus and went to Tel Aviv, to my sister. A bath and clean clothes ~~were~~ were waiting for me. But my thoughts were only of the children.

Many people came to see me. I felt like the Fat Lady in the circus. All of a sudden, a young soldier, a Greek Jew, came. He came to ask me if I knew his family. answered no. He invited me to go downstairs with him to have an ice cream in the café. I accepted right away. The only thing I heard around me was what dresses the women would wear to the wedding, and who would be invited, when the dressmaker would come to make the achougar (all the clothing that the mother would give to the bride). It was a machia for me to go with this boy, to get away from that atmosphere.

We sat down in the café, and he told me he was stationed in Gaza. I jumped. I told him about ~~my~~ the children. He told me that he was on leave until Friday, and we made an appointment. On Tuesday, we would go together to Gaza. He asked me "What are you going to tell your sister? Your brother-in-law won't let you come with me!" My brother-in-law was a very nice person, very well educated. He was one of the most elegant men in Tel Aviv, and he was very humanitarian. But he had a head of 2000 years ago. Girls, after they reached the age of 12, couldn't talk to boys. He believed that a girl must be married before she became 20 years old. From the first night that I arrived in Tel Aviv, my suitors were ready. When they introduced me to one of them, I saw that he was interested in me, I would say "I want you to know everything about me. I can't see at night, I'm a little blind. But only at night." And he wouldn't come again. Everyone knew that I couldn't see that night. And like this, I was left in peace for a few days. Until another suitor came.

As we were sitting in the café, a young lady came up to me. It was my cousin Suzane. She had escaped from Gaza. She had been in Tel Aviv for only one day, and she was staying at the Beth Haolim of Tel Aviv. Suzane and her husband came with me to my sister's. We didn't appraise the bracelet I had for her, because at the time, 600 drakmes weren't even worth one penny. Suzane and her husband couldn't stop blessing me and Eliaeau.

The next day I told my sister that Rachel ben Zvi had invited me to go to ~~the~~ Jerusalem to spend a few days with her. The ben Zvis don't need an introduction in the Jewish world. They are very sweet people. Mr. ben Zvi was later the president of Israel. My sister believed me, and I went to meet the soldier.

We went to Gaza in a truck full of Greek soldiers. The first thing that the soldier did was to find accomodations for me. He took me to an Arab home where he had lived a few months earlier. They received me there very nicely. The soldier didn't tell them that I was Jewish. I was Greek, and my name was Maritsa again. The next day, at eight in the morning, he came to pick me up, and he told me that many of his friends wanted to help us. A few trucks were going to Jerusalem that day. If we could intercept the trucks, we would have mazal.

From 8:30 A.M. until late in the afternoon, we waited for the train to come. When it arrived, I looked in all the windows. Suddenly, as the train stopped, I heard a voice: "Malitsa!" I never knew how the children got off the train, because as soon as he saw the group, the soldier told me to get into one of the closed trucks. The truck left at full speed, heading for Jerusalem.

After a while, the truck stopped, and I was told to get off. The children were already waiting for me! ~~in~~ Each of them was holding chocolate, bread and corned beef in his hands. We sat down under a tree and ate. The sun was very strong. We rested and slept. When we woke up it was very dark. We spent the night under the tree. Very early in the morning, we were ready to walk to Jerusalem.

We cut a branch off the tree, and we made a stick. We used the tins of corned beef to make music. The orchestra was ready. I told one of them "You will be the captain." He liked that very much. He said "Attention!" He told us what song to sing. He raised the ~~the~~ branch very high, and he said "March!" The song he told us to sing was a Greek ~~sing~~ military march, "Zoom!:

Zoom trianda hena
Zoom trianda dio
Zoom trianda tria
Kie misso

We marched for I don't know how many hours, until we couldn't stand the sun any more.

We made a tent from the branch of the tree, and a blanket the children had. But it kept

It was impossible to walk.

The children were between the ages of six and twelve. But there was one who was ninetten years old. The priest had declared him as sixteen, to avoid the military service, and he had ~~said~~ declared him as his brother with the same last name. The children were sitting in a circle all around me, in the middle of nowhere. The nineteen year old boy said to me "Maritsa, will you marry me? We will have a home, with all the children." I answered "A boy who marries someone older than himself is looking for a mother and not for a wife. The pride of a man is to have a young wife, and one who is pretty." The children said in unison "you are pretty!" If a man marries an older woman, his wife's age will show in a few years. He will be ashamed to go out with her. I love you all, and I want to keep it that way." Everyone promised to marry a younger girl, or one of the same age as himself. "You know what?" I asked. "My grandmother knew a very nice song for men who married older women. I'll sing it for you. The name of the song is El Amor:

El amor de las mossas
Es como la manssana de Escopia
Comè ouna i quierè otra
Tagnè què non sos tou

El amor de la rezin cazados
Es como la carnè assada
Comè i comè i non sè afarta
Tagnè a sè bivas tou
Dilè què non sos tou

El amor de las viejas
Es como la samara vieja
Tiene pelo i non caenta
Tagnè a sè vivas tou
dilè què non sos tou."

This song means:

The love of youngsters is like the apple of Scopia
You eat one, you want another one
The love of the newly married is like a steak
You eat and eat, and are not satisfied
The love of old people is like old fur
It has hair but it doesn't keep you warm.

After I had sung this song, the children wanted to sing the song of Palestine:

Palestina tou lous ermoza i santa
Couanto tou sos deseada
Alevanta i tou sola canta
Pass i amor adientro el corasson

Macabi tou ovra ese querida
Fina el dia de la rekmission
Mouestra tierra tierra conocida
La tierra què alegra el corasson.

Suddenly, one of them said to me, "Why don't you marry the priest? You let him go to Gaza, you didn't bring him with us. ~~He~~ He's older than you, nice looking, and a good man." I said "Look. I suffered much for being a Jew. And I'm going to die a Jew. The priest is Greek Orthodox, and I would never ~~M~~ marry him. And I advise you never to marry a woman who is not Jewish. I love you all, but it's not enough to marry you. In Greek there is a proverb: 'Papoutsi apo tom ~~topo~~ topo sou asse inez balomeno.' It means 'Shoes should come from your own country, even if they are torn.'"

Very early in the morning, as soon as it was light, we prepared to walk again. I chose a captain to hold the broken branch. And we had our music. Everything was ready, the boy said "Attention!" when I noticed that Miki was still on the ground! "Miki, get up, we're going!" "Oh, no," he said. I said "I'm going to leave you here. We're going!" "Carry me," he answered,

"Are you a baby, that I should carry you?"

"You treat me like one."

"I made you captain for the meal last night," I said.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

"You just gave me to understand that you won't marry me because I'm too small.
That's number one."

"Look, Miki, I will answer number one. You can tell me number two after. When you will be 20 years old, and if you still want to marry me, I will marry you. Now," I said, "let's hear number two."

"You've been in the Middle East so long," he said, "and you still haven't found my father!"

"Look, Miki," I answered, "a man without a name is impossible to find. Whom should I ask for?"

"I told you, my father is decanea. He has an olive on his back. How many times

"Maybe you can explain to me how," I said.

"When we walk, many trucks filled with soldiers go by us. You always take us to the side of the road. Me, I'm going to stay in the middle. They're not Germans. They not going to hurt us. They're our soldiers. We'll stop the trucks, and we'll ask about my father."

I asked for everyone's attention and I told them that Miki would be the captain that morning. I gave him the broken branch. Right away, he shouted 'March!'

We were walking and dancing, and everyone was singing 'Zoom'. After half an hour, we heard some trucks coming, sounding their horns. Miki stayed in the middle of the road, and we did too, because we had to obey our captain. The trucks stopped. An officer got out of the first truck. He was ready to kill us. He was saying things in Greek that you don't hear every day. I went over to him. He didn't even want to talk to me. I told him very loudly, over his yelling, "We are Jews from Salonica!" "I'm a Jew from Salonica, too," said the officer. He told us his name, but no-one knew him.

I said "Look, we stopped you because this little boy is looking for his father."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know. He is decanea, and he has an olive on his back." And I showed him Miki's olive. The officer was Miki's father! I will never forget that scene. The officer cried, and Miki told him "A soldier doesn't cry."

In the trucks, we found fathers, brothers, cousins, for the rest of the children, all but one child. The soldiers asked us where we were going. We answered "To Jerusalem." They answered "But this is not the road to Jerusalem!"

Everybody was given an address to go to. The soldiers gave us money for the bus to Tel Aviv. They showed us where to take the bus to go to the sister of Miki's father. Her husband was a taxi driver. When we got there, he took each child to the address that he had been given. There was just one boy left, and I didn't know what to do with him. A neighbour came to visit. As soon as she saw the boy, she said "He looks like my family! And he has my name!" The neighbour asked the boy where he had been born in Salonica, at what address. "I ~~were~~ was born near the synagogue of the Monaster

lis." The lady asked "Are you a Monasterli?" "No, but I think my father is, because he used to go to this synagogue."

The lady took the boy to her home. She showed him some pictures of her family. In the first picture, the boy recognized his Nona, his father, and his mother. It was too late at night now ~~for~~ for me to go to Havad Halimoud. I could now return to Tel Aviv, to my sister.

Suddenly I heard Miki's voice. We had arrived at the cemetery. Everyone was waiting for my arrival. They all had their young wives with them. I was introduced first to the widow, and then to Miki's wife and all the other women. The widow took a letter out of her purse, written by her husband. He said that he wanted the stone to be placed on his grave within 30 days of his death, according to Sepharady ~~re~~ tradition. But he didn't want an unveiling, and he didn't want anyone to visit his grave, not even his wife. "When Maritsa comes, that should be the first time that anyone visits my grave. After that, anyone can come. And you, also," he had written to his wife, "as long as Maritsa doesn't come, you cannot come to visit my grave, either." He gave directions for the unveiling. "They should all sing songs. If it is possible, a reunion should be held for all the people who know Maritsa, including the baby."

The widow told us that she had said to her husband "Maritsa is in Canada, and it will not be very easy for her to come here for your unveiling." He had said "Maritsa went from Syria to Greece at the time of the German occupation. Coming to Israel is much, much easier."

We started with avdela, a traditional prayer at the end of shabbat:

Adio alto con sou gracia
Mandamos moutha ganancia
Non veamos mal ni ancia
A nos i a todos Israel

Venimos mos adjountemos
I sou nombre bendiziremos
I a el demandaremos
La rekmission de Israel

Tou que sos padre Rakman
Mandamos a mossad Leman
Que mos sea bien siman

Bouenas semanas vemos venir
Las salimos arecevir
Què mos dechè el dio bevir
A nos i todos Israel

Every shabbat, while Miki's father was in Palestine, he would entertain all the children, Before he sent them home, he would make avdela. This prayer at the graveside was in memory of Miki's father, who had died in the revolution in Greece, after the Germans had gone.

Afterwards, we sang the 'Potiraki'. The priest used to sing this song to the children when they were waiting for machia to come to pick them up from Evia:

Mia comssi mondaine san Kie Mena
Den bori na taki kamena
Den bori na treki stin taverna
Kie na pini crassi
Kiomos mena dio potirakia
Phernoun tis cardies ta merakia
Kie phonazo messa stin cardiamou
Agapi mou krissi
Acoma ena potiraki
Acoma ena tragoudaki
Sto cosmo pou vrefica
Ta panda varefica
Agapes pikres Kie farmaki
Acoma ligo coquineli
Acoma ligaque ti sas meli
Mou ferni mia zali
Messas sto mialo
Kie totè xero Kie kamoyelo

This was sung in memory of the priest, who had died in the revolution in Greece.

We sang another song, 'La Rosa Enfloresce' ('The Rose is Flourishing'), in memory of Miki's uncle:

La rosa enfloresce
O hè el mes de Mars
Mi alma sè escouessè
Adientro del lounar

Los derbelicos cantan
Con souspiros de amor
De la passion los mata
Oulvida mi dolor

We sang Ava Nagila Ava. We made achcava. It was read by the baby. The widow told us to get ready for the Greek national dance, 'Biva la Democracia' ('Long Live the Democracy'). We took each other's hands, and we started to sing a slightly altered version of this song:

Oli oli na piastoumè
Kie na arkisomè Koro
Na efkaristifoumè oli
Pou irfamè y'a na se edo
Zito zito i patrida
Kie i Maritsoula Mazi
Zito kie i democratia
Kie i Bouena Tova Mazi

The translation is:

Everyone take each other's hand
And start to dance
We should all be thankful
To be able to come to see you
Long live our homeland
Together with our small Maritsa
Long live the democracy
Together with Buena Tova

The widow gave me a present in ~~the name~~ everyone's name. She thanked me warmly for the chicoun (condominium) the baby had bought for her. We left the cemetery singing 'Zoom'. Opposite the entrance of the cemetery, I saw many, many children. They were the second generation. All the children said in unison "Shalom, Nona." The smallest one came forward to give me a present in the name of all the children. He was Miki's son. I said goodbye to everyone, and I went to the taxi. I was crying with all my heart, and Miki was, too. I was very happy. I thought ~~in myself~~ that I had ~~ever~~ done a very good deed. I thought to myself that there were few people as rich as I.

Miki started to talk to me in the taxi. "Do you remember when I told my father that a soldier doesn't cry? Now I am a soldier. A soldier also cries. Do you remember when I told you 'You see, Malitsa, how I found my father!' Do you remember when I said 'You see, Malitsa, even the best Malitsa makes mistakes.' Now I understand that it wasn't Malitsa's mistake, it was just mazal that we had."

We came to the hotel, and of course Miki had to go. I sat down in the lobby in a very comfortable chair. Two minutes later, my niece came. I didn't want to go shopping, I didn't want any presents, but I had to go. She bought a present for my husband.

When I returned to the hotel, Phyllis Waxman and Mr. Gelber were at a table in the lobby. Mr. Gelber invited me to sit down with them. In my thoughts I was praying "Oh, God, I don't want to fight with Phyllis." I sat down. Mr. Gelber asked me what dress I would wear to the party that evening. Right away, Phyllis gave him a sign with her

eyes, not to talk to me about the party. I was not supposed to know. Mr. Gelber excused himself and left. And I stayed alone with Phyllis.

She understood that I knew there was a party. She said "Wear the white dress." answered "No". She said "No? I think that dress is very nice, and you don't?" I looked at her without saying anything, and I started to remember.

Three years ago Phyllis used to wear an old camelhair coat that was two sizes too big for her. Her shoes were always one or two sizes too big. She had a ~~hand~~ handkerchief in her hand all the time. I remembered a meeting at Adath Israel. She was wearing a suit one size too small, and a hat that looked like a chamber pot. She was supposed to sit at the head table. The hat was so ridiculous that one of the ladies took her own hat off and gave it to Phyllis to ~~wear~~ wear. And now, because she had bought a dozen new dresses, and Sadie Neamtan had taught her how to wear them, she wanted to tell me how to dress.

While I was thinking about this, she was talking to me. She said # "I gave \$500 for the campaign. But you gave to your sister. I saw the way she came here last night, so elegant." I answered "My sister didn't take anything from the community, even if she is so elegant. And I want you to know one thing, Phyllis. As long as you are in the Women's Federation, I'm not going to give one penny. Every Jew must help Israel. But that doesn't mean that I have to give to the Women's Federation. I can send money directly to Israel. Or I can give to the Men's Division.

"I refused to work with you in the 1969 campaign. In 1966, it wasn't so bad to work with you, because you were district chairman and you wanted to collect every penny to show that you were somebody. But in 1967, because you refused to work with under the direction of Mrs. Fisher, you did everything to destroy my district. Friday, before the Sunday we were to make the collection, I went to prepare the allocations. I was almost finished. I left for an hour to give my husband his supper, and you destroyed the allocations. I really wanted to cry. When I asked Phyllis Wexler who had done this, she said 'I don't want to talk. Ask Phyllis Waxman.' So I asked you. The only thing you had to say was 'So what? Start your campaign next week!' In 1967, Phyllis, there was a war in Israel, and soldiers were dying.

"A lady came to the office just then, Phyllis Jackson. She told me not to worry. Even if she and her sister, Sheila Lipson, had to work all night, the cards would be finished. They would make the allocations. You wanted to kill her when she offered to do this. These two ladies worked all night fixing the cards and putting them in order. But people like Phyllis Jackson are of no use to you.

"It was only on Sunday that I found out why you had done this. You called all my workers; it had taken me weeks to convince them to become canvassers. You told them to go to Adath Israel for the distribution of the cards. You wanted to form a cavalcade of canvassers, but Phyllis, if you want to do this, you have to find your own workers and not take mine. I complained to you. Your answer was 'If I didn't do this, I would be washed out of the Women's Federation.' I replied 'You do things at the expense of others!' Even after all this sabotage, I got the campaign into very good shape.

In 1968, you told me that I had done enough, that I shouldn't run around any more.

I should leave it for the next year. I answered, I don't work for Mrs. Zelkin, I work for the organization.' You weren't satisfied. You told the associate chairman take my cards before the campaign was over. I called Mrs. Zelkin and I told her what was going on. Mrs. Zelkin told me that she would speak with the associate chairman. When I put the phone down, my doorbell was ringing. It was the associate chairman, coming to take my cards. I'm sure she was coming from your house. I asked her not to take them, because traditionally the cards are taken after the closing luncheon. She answered * 'If I take the cards now, Phyllis will give me a job of honour in 1969.' I don't work for honour. I repeat it again for you. I work for the organization. My honour is in my conscience, for the acts I am doing.

"You ruined my son's life in school with your gossip. You ruined my trip with gossip. These wonderful people don't know who you are. You would burn the whole world down to get me what you want. When you want to ask where my husband is, you make your hands shake. But I have never answered you. I want you to know that the tremor my husband has is a disease, like an ulcer, except no-one can see an ulcer. But in my house we have love between us, and you don't have this, Madame Chairman. In my house, we make sacrifices for each other, and this you haven't done and never will do, Madame Chairman. Only when I decide to write my memoirs will these wonderful people know who you really are, Madame Chairman.

"When we went to Yad ve chen, I wanted to vomit seeing you represent the Jewish women of Canada. This was a disgrace for all those people who died in the crematoriums or by German bullets. There were names of people there who had had salt poured into the open wounds on their backs so that they would reveal where the partisans and Jewish families were hiding. And you represented American Jewish women at Yad va chen. You love it when someone else cries. I remember, and you remember, when a little girl asked you how you could laugh at a time like this.

You see, Phyllis, it is not the \$500 donation, and not the dozen new dresses, that change you inside. The only thing that has changed is that you no longer wear your old camelhair coat. My father was a prophet. He was right. But I don't know if I should spit in your face or feel sorry for you. But I am sorry for the ladies in the Women's

Federation who voted for you.

"People like you shouldn't collect money for sick people. How will you have the face to ask the public for money for Maimonades and Convalescent Hospitals? Those two hospitals are the centers of research for Parkinson's disease. If you want to bury the sick people and their families alive, you have to find an organization that collects money for cemeteries, and then bury the sick people and their families."

She replied "Me? Me?" But I didn't let her continue.

"Yes, you, you! When we went to the ~~hakem~~ houlpan, you told me to shut up. But now, it is my turn to tell you to shut up. In the haggada of Pesach, we say 'be chana aba be yerouchalaim.' But you forgot. In the middle of the haggada, we say 'daenou'. But with the insane superiority complex that you have developed since Sadie taught you how to dress, the daenou is scratched out of your haggada.

"You told people that my husband and I didn't want other people to sit ~~xi~~ at our table, and no-one did. It was a miracle if someone sat down with us. I showed you how my husband and I eat, not like you. You ate the fish with your hands, Madame Chairman. In my city, they would throw tomatoes at a person like you.

"You go to the meeting and you laugh at people. You say they are wearing slippers. You make fun of them. They aren't slippers. They are just shoes with low heels. People who were in the interrogation room with the Germans can't wear high heeled shoes, Madame Chairman. You told everyone in the Women's Federation, 'Hah, Mrs. Garfinkle was in jail!' My only crime was being a Jew, Madame Chairman.

"In 1968, you promised my associate chairman a reward if she took my cards before they were due. I refuse to work with people like you. But Mr. King is going to make you a star. He is the best advertising person I know. It's a pity that a talented man like he doesn't go to Hollywood.

"Get off my back, Madame Chairman. Many people took advantage of us since my husbands hands started to shake. We used to have blind faith, but they swindled us. Friends of my husband! But it was only money. But you, in these fifteen days, you took our blood, Madame Chairman. And one day you will see, Madame Chairman, in Ladino we ~~x~~ say 'Las del avoua al avoua, las del vino al vino.' Again, I tell you, I believe in

God. What belongs in the water will go to the water, what belongs in the wine will go to the wine. You practice in the mirror, immitating the way Mrs. Gerstman talks. I hope you will be able to look at yourself in the mirror after what you did here these past fifteen days."

I got up and left her. On the stairs, I met Mr. Gelber, a very nice person. I told him "I want everyone in this group to know one thing. I'm not the poor cousin who came to visit the rich one. If you knew where I came from, the religious and honest man that you are, you would understand. If there's one person here who deserves to be invited by the community, it's me. And don't think that I came for free. I paid like everyone else. But this Madame Chairman made my life miserable for these fifteen days. I have remembered all the miseries of my life. I spent the fifteen days remembering the miseries of the 1940's, and it is now 1969. Miseries that I never wanted to remember, and never wanted to talk about them to anyone. But \$500 ~~mark~~ donation is stronger than being a humanitarian. I don't ask that the community give me a gold medal for what I did. But I will not let myself be insulted any more, especially when it is coming from some ignorant person because she gave ~~\$500~~ a \$500 donation. She thinks that because of this, she is permitted to insult someone like me!"

I left Mr. Gelber and I went to my room. I closed the door. My husband asked me what I had bought. This made me feel a little better, and I started to remember again.

I started to remember the things I didn't tell Phyllis. When we were in Quinerette, Max wanted to visit Ein Hachofet on our day of leisure. Max had spent thirteen years on this kibbutz, and he had laid the first stone. We called a taxi, and we were ready to go. The taxi driver asked if there were only the two of us going. We said yes. He asked us if he could take his wife along. We went to Sfat, and picked up his wife.

On the road, I started to talk to his wife. I asked her where she had been born. "I am from Yanina, in Greece." Oh, we had so much in common. We spoke Greek, and we spoke Ladino, and we soon arrived at Ein Hachofet.

The chaverim were very happy to see us. They showed us the beautiful dining room, the two swimming ~~few~~ pools, one for little children, and one for adults. They showed us their industry; they manufactured screws. We had one day to feel like human beings. We returned later in the day to Quinerette.

Everyone was ready to visit the kibbutz at Quinerette. We also went to see it. Mrs. X was near us. When we started to walk, we saw a beautiful tall China vase in one of the doorways. *

"Oh," I said to Mrs. X, "this is early china."

She jumped. "How do you know?!"

I answered "Is it because I speak English with an accent that you ask me this? Or is it the portrait that the chairman has painted of me?"

They showed us where the children played, and the barn. Suddenly Mrs. X said to me "you know, Mrs. Garfinkle, my mother wouldn't do what you are doing!" I replied, "of course not! I'm special!"

We went back to the dining room of the kibbutz. She said to me "You have money for taxis. But you don't have any for the Women's Federation." I answered "You're mistaken. I have plenty of money. But I won't give one penny to the Women's Federation as long as you are there. My grandmother used to know a proverb: Quien al nuevo rico servio sou aiempo piedrio. A la fin del agno lo yamaron ladron o poutagnèro. It means "People who serve the nouveau riche are only wasting their time. At the end of the year they will call them crooks and whores.!"

This reminded me that in 1968, Phyllis Waxman asked me if I wanted to speak to a

group of French-speaking ladies. I accepted right away. Phyllis came to pick me up. The subject that I talked about was the situation of the Jews in Arab countries. I said that we needed a strong Israel. The next day, Phyllis called me. Instead of telling me if I spoke nicely or not, she said "I'll kill you if you tell Rossetta that you spoke last night." I asked her why. She answered "Because I told Rosetta that I spoke last night." I never told Rossetta that I had been the speaker.

I remembered another episode in 1968. I was district chairman, and I had to call a meeting. I told the Women's Federation the date on which I planned to hold the meeting, so that they would arrange for some speakers. The speaker was Mrs. Fisher. Mrs. Fisher always speaks very well. I called all the workers and area chairmen. The day of the meeting, most people showed up at my house. As soon as we were ready to start the meeting, Phyllis Waxman arrived. I was surprised, because she hadn't been invited. As soon as she arrived, she said to Mrs. Fisher "Let's go! Let's go!" I said "Phyllis, she's the speaker!" "I want to go to the Y. There's a very important meeting. All the ladies are going to be there." I said "Phyllis, you weren't invited here. You can go to the Y by yourself. I'm going to wait another five minutes for Ella Cohen, the associate chairman, and then I'm going to start the meeting." Phyllis answered "Ella Cohen is not coming. She's sick." I said that since Ella was sick, I would start the meeting right away.

As soon as I had said this, the doorbell rang. I opened the door. It was a taxi driver with a box in his hand. He said "I took a lady from Cote St. Luc to the Y, and she gave me this box full of papers to give to you." I took the papers. Ella Cohen had sent them for the meeting. The taxi driver asked me for # \$3.00, and I paid him.

I said to Phyllis "You told me Ella Cohen was sick, but she went to the Y, like you want to do. I just paid \$3.00 so that she could go to the Y by taxi."

Mrs. Fisher started the meeting. In her speech she asked who were the spokesmen for the Jewish community of Montreal. One of the ladies answered "The Congress." Phyllis Waxman said "Let's go, let's go!" to Mrs. Fisher. At the door I said to Phyllis "I paid \$3.00 and the meeting is ruined. You people take others for suckers." They left.

The ladies at my house were very insulted and angry. They asked me "Is it only the ladies at the Y who are important? If we're not important, why did you call us to a meeting?" I said "Let's go, I'll serve some coffee." But everyone got up and left without having any coffee. I felt terrible.

I put my coat on, took the car, and went to the Y myself, just to see what kind of meeting they were having. As soon as I entered, I saw Ella Cohen in the lobby. I told her "Between you and Phyllis, you ruined my meeting." She answered "You don't understand. Phyllis and I want to climb to the top in ~~the~~ life. And to go up, to have honour, you must be seen talking to Mrs. Bronfman. And that's what we did today." ~~If~~ I said "But don't you care about the campaign? Even with all the boycotting that you and Phyllis are doing, I'm going to get the campaign in good shape." She replied "Of course, because you are friends with Rossetta." "I don't work for Rossetta. I work for the campaign. And Mrs. Cohen, please pay me the \$3.00 for your taxi to the Y." But she never paid me.

The second person I saw was Phyllis Waxman. "Oh, Tova, are you invited here?" I said "No, I came to see what meeting you were having here, important enough to ruin mine." She said "You are a coo-coo. Do you think I would sit down with a bunch of women from Outremont if I have the chance to be with Mrs. Bronfman?" "But you weren't invited to my meeting," I said. "I went to rescue Mrs. Fisher." "The best thing for me to do now is leave," I said, "because I feel like pulling your hair out in public." You can imagine how hard it was to find workers after this. I did most of the work myself.

A few weeks later, it was decided to have another meeting in my district. Phyllis Waxman informed me that the meeting would not be held at my house. I was very glad about this, but just the same, I asked why. I also wanted to know where it would be held instead. She said "Your house is not up to the standards of the community." I said "I'm very proud of my house. I have a beautiful home." They looked for a house, and they decided to have the meeting at the home of Mrs. Rosenfeld. Mrs. Rosenfeld is always very generous towards all the organizations in Montreal. She lives in a beautiful cottage. Not more than five ladies showed up at the meeting. Thank God that the board of the Women's Federation was there to make the meeting a ~~success~~

little warmer.

When the meeting ended, I thanked Mrs. Rosenfeld. "It was very nice of you to offer your house, and I'm sorry that they disturbed you. You have a beautiful home, but mine is nothing to be ashamed of."

Lying in bed in the hotel in Tel Aviv, I wanted to forget all of this unpleasantness, so I started to think about all the children and about the widow. She was so happy to have the chicoun, to get out of the slum she was living in. And I started to remember happy things.

I had been liberated for three months in Israel, and I had heard nothing about the children or the baby. One day I received a letter from the baby's uncle. He told me he had just started to walk without crutches. On the third day of Pesach he would be in Tel Aviv. He wanted to make a third seder with me. At six P.M. someone would come to pick me up and take me to the hotel where he would be staying. And I would see the baby, too.

At six P.M. on the third night of Pesach, the doorbell rang. From the balcony where I was standing, I could see a taxi. The taxi driver was all dressed up in blue, and his shoes were newly shined. It was Miki's uncle. He took me to the hotel where the family was staying, with the babies.

I took the baby in my arms. My cheek against the baby's cheek felt like velvet. My tears were falling like rain, and I said to the baby's uncle "Don't think I gave you this baby because I wanted to be rid of him. I'm too attached to him. I suffered so much to save him from the Germans. I gave you the baby because I have nothing to offer him."

Suddenly we heard people singing a Greek song. I asked if we were in a Greek hotel. "Oh," said the uncle, "let's go to the dining room to hear the singing!" "No," I said, "I want to be with the baby." # "The baby has to go to sleep." He called the nurse and she took the baby away.

We went to the dining room, and the first person I saw was the priest. Of course, he was now a doctor, with a very fancy army uniform. The baby's uncle had arranged a reunion for me. Miki's uncle was there, too. The priest introduced me to two Jewish officers from the Brittish Army who had come with him. Suddenly, the fisherman with a new suit and shined shoes appeared. Suddenly, all the children came in as well.

There was a lovely buffet, with all the best things to eat. The baby's uncle said "attention!" And he started to tell us the story of Pesach, how the Jewish people had left Egypt.

"Pharaoh had the ten dinims. I'm telling you this so that you will know that history repeats itself. The Germans, on the Russian front, have exactly the ten dinims. Moses helped the Jews get out of Egypt. You see how history repeats itself; Maritsa helped us get out of the claws of the Germans. The Jewish people wandered in the desert for 40 years, and they received manna so that they could survive. You people, you received manna also. The priest taught you how to kill birds for food. If the Turkish government hadn't given us trucks and trains to go to Syria, we would have spent 40 years in the desert, too. If the British government hadn't taken us by train to the Promised Land, we would have spent 40 years in the desert, too. And now, we are going to start the programme."

The baby's uncle said to me "The children are well prepared." They took a big table, and two children tied up all the others around the table. It was exactly the same scene as in Evia, when the bandits tied us up. They called me to sing the 'Elia elia mo yalessa.'

When this was finished, we sang the traditional Pesach songs. We ate from the buffet, and we sang the traditional song, 'Eloenou chè ba chamaym.'

Eloenou chè ba chamaym

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grande
Coualo son los dos
Dos mouestros padres son
Primero eze el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grande
Coualo son les très
Très mouestras padres son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero eze el creador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravane grande
Coualo son los cuatro
Quatro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padres son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el creador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravane grande
Coualo son los cinco
Cinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padres son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el creador ~~EZEKIEL YAHAYAH~~
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grande
Coualo son los seih
Seih dias de la semana
Sincos livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padres son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el creador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim

Con la caravana grandè
Coualo son los sietè
Sietè dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primere ese el creador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mande
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grandè
Coualo son los otho
Otho dias de ~~kesufa~~ ho^{pa}
Sietè dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalafim
Con la caravane grandè
Coualo son los noueve
Noueve mezes de la Pregnada
Otho dias de ~~kesufa~~ ho^{pa}
Siete dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grandè
Coualo son los dies
Dies comandamientos de la ley
Noueve mezes de la pregnada
Otho dias de ~~kesufa~~ ho^{pa}
Sietè dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

El dio què nos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grande
Coualo son los pñzè
Onzè yos sin Joseph
Dies comandamientos de la ley
Noueve mezes de la pregnada
Otho dias de ~~la~~ ~~keupa~~ ~~houpa~~
Sietè dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grande
Coualo son los doje
Doje ijos con Joseph
Onzè izos sin Joseph
Dies comandamientos de la ley
Noueve mezes de la pregnada
Otho dias de ~~la~~ ~~keupa~~ ~~houpa~~
Siete dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestrás padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

Eloenou chè ba chamaym
El dio què mos mandè
A yerouchalaim
Con la caravana grande
Coualo son lo treje
Treje ijos con Dina
Doje ijos con Joseph
Once izos sin Joseph
Dies comandamientos de la ley
Noueve mezes de la pregnada
Otho dias de ~~la~~ ~~keupa~~ ~~houpa~~
Sietè dias con chabat
Sech dias de la semana
Sinco livros de la ley
Quattro madres de Israel
Tres mouestros padrès son
Dos Mochè i Aaron
Primero ese el criador
Barekou barouk chemon

This song means, roughly:

God send us to Jerusalem
With a big caravan
First is the Creator
Second, we have two fathers,
One is Moshe, and the other, Aaron
With the Creator there are three
Four, we have four mothers of Israel
Five, the five books of the law
Six, the ~~xi~~ six days of the week
Seven, seven days with shabbat
Eight, the eight days of houpa
Nine, the nine months of pregnancy,
Ten, the ten commandments
Eleven, the eleven sons without Joseph,
Twelve, twelve sons with Joseph
Thirteen, thirteen children with Dina
But first is the Creator
Barekou barouk chemon

* Again, I started to make a resumé in my mind of this trip I was on to Israel. ~~It~~ It is a shame that this chairman and others like her think that with a \$500 donation, they are militant zionists and they have bought Israel. I started to remember the boat Sarah Primo, that came to Salonica.

It was a school on a boat, belonging to the sukonouth. The sukonouth, for the Jews of Salonica, was synonymous with the salvation of Israel. We had a reception for the crew of the Sarah Primo in one of the clubs in Salonica, called the Zentin. All the zionist organizations were gathered there. Eliaou introduced the captain. Eliaou represented the Keren Hayssod. Mr. Bessanathi introduced the captain's speech. Mr. Bessanathi was one of the foremost intellectuals in Salonica. He knew ten languages, perfectly. He was a journalist. He had a wife and two daughters, as intellectual as he was. Mr. Bessanathi was later taken by the Germans, and we never found out what happened to him.

This meeting with the crew of the Sarah Primo was like a holiday. The Jews were very happy to see the first boat-school from the sukonouth. It was in the gulf of Salonica, at Niki Street. The atmosphere was like that on March 25, the Greek National Holiday. There were so many people going to see the boat. All the flags on the boat had Magen David on them. The uniforms of the crew were white with Magen

David. All the crew was Jewish. Officers, Jewish. We thought at that time that Palestine was ours. We saw the Jewish flags with Magen David on the boat with our own eyes.

The name of Sarah Primo was written on the boat with Hebrew letters. You had to see it all to understand the reaction. The captain gave a present to Eliaou, a miniature of the Sarah Primo. He gave Jewish flags with 'Sarah Primo' marked on them to Regina and to me. Eliaou ordered a vitrine to be made, in which to put the boat and the flags, and this was put in the best place in our library. Everybody would tell Regina and me "How lucky you are to have a brother like Eliaou! Because of him, you have the Sarah Primo, too."

And just look at the way I am considered here, on this trip. All I could think of was that people like this made something of themselves while Hitler made us, the ones in Europe, lose. How many Jews died with the hope that the American Jews would save us?

I couldn't swallow. She told me she gave \$500. Jews of America, it is time to show people like this that it is not the \$500 that we need. What we need are clean communities, and humanitarianism.

I started to remember 1968 again. I hated that year, but I couldn't help myself. My associate chairman would come every morning to pick up the money I had collected the day before. Everything was going very smoothly because I hate to have money that isn't mine in the house. One day Phyllis Waxman called me. "Your associate chairman is sick and can't come for the money today!!" "Oh, God, I have \$6000 that I collected yesterday in the house." She said that she would come to collect the money if I wished. I was very glad that someone would take the money. Phyllis said that she would be at my house in an hour. I said "I won't be home in an hour. But I can take the money to your house right away." She agreed.

Five ~~maxx~~ minutes later I was ringing her doorbell. Her two children opened the door. The two together ~~wadim~~ called their mother: "Hey, Ma, Mrs. Contaminated is here!" I said to the children in Ladino :"De la cavessa fieda el peche." This is an old proverb which means "The fish starts to smell from the head." I had just finished saying this when I heard Phyllis' voice. "Tova, I'm in the bathroom, wait a little." She knew to whom her children referred by that name. This was the nickname she had given us because my husband's hands were shaking. But she never dared to call me ~~tk~~ this to my face.

I started to remember the question of the amalgamation of Adath Israel School with Young Israel School. It was no secret that all the Jewish schools were having money problems, and Adath Israel was no exception. Mr. Sternthal, a member of the Board of Education and one of the founders of the school, called the parents together to try to find a solution. Ten or fifteen parents attended the emergency meeting. Mr. Sternthal explained the school's situation to us. He told us that the teachers there were very good, and to have this high quality of teaching, one had to pay for it. Many pupils who came to the school in the afternoons didn't pay. There were others in regular school all day whose parents couldn't pay. A solution had to be found, or the school would have to close.

I spoke and I said "The district has changed. It has become smaller. People are moving away. There is no place for two Hebrew schools. If we join forces with Young Israel, we can keep the school." There were many members of Young Israel at the meeting, parents of the pupils in the High School. They found the idea very good. We decided that Mr. Sternthal would speak with the Board of Education of Adath Israel, and they would speak with the Board of Education of Young Israel.

A few weeks later we found out that Mr. Loewy, member of the Board of Education of Young Israel, and Mr. Sternthal had taken the proposal very seriously. After many discussion the amalgamation took place. There was a meeting of the Adath Israel Sisterhood, and the question of the schools came up. The Sisterhood was split. Some were for the amalgamation, and some were against it. Some of the members went so far as to say that if the amalgamation took place, the Sisterhood would no longer give assistance to the school. I explained to the women that we had committments: "We took children without pay. There are many Moroccan children in the school whose parents cannot pay. What is the difference if the school is Adath Israel or Young Israel? All the children are Jewish pupils learning Hebrew. The pupils of Young Israel don't need us; the families there can pay very well. And also, new blood on the Board of Education is very good for the school." All of this was marked down in the minutes of the meeting. The meeting was then adjourned.

At the next meeting, Phyllis sat down near me. Another friend came to sit with us. They both started to talk to me. "We are going to remove what you said at the last meeting about the schools from the minutes." I looked at both of them. I couldn't believe my ears. I asked them why. They both replied "Yes, people are against this amalgamation. I said "Everyone can have her own opinion. If you, or you, want to contradict me, you can speak today, and it will be marked down in the minutes." "Oh, no! This has to be taken out of the minutes." They looked for the Secretary, Mrs. Glazer, and they told her "Remove what Mrs. Garfinkle said at the last meeting from the minutes."

At first I wanted to walk out of the meeting, but I decided to stay to see how far they would go. A recommendation was made, not to give donations to the Hebrew Academy, the name of the school after amalgamation. When the meeting ended, Phyllis gave me a ride home. I said to her "I gave a donation to the Hebrew Academy yesterday. Barouch Pollak called me, and I'm very happy to be able to give." She answered "You are a fool! The rabbi is against this amalgamation. If you want to be somebody in life, you have to agree with the rabbi." I said "Which rabbi? Tell me the name." She didn't want to tell me, and I never did find out who this famous rabbi was. I told her "you can tell your rabbi that he is not the boss of my pocket." She replied "Sternthal formed the school for his own children. Only Sternthal should give money to the school, and not you. The Sternthal girls should come and work for the Sisterhood. But they don't want to come. They are bigshots."

767 Dorval Ave.
Montreal 26 Dec
Nov. 11, 1968

Dear Mr. Gorfinkle

I regret to inform you of my intention not to allow you to resign from the Board of the Adath Israel. I will not advise the membership they you of your foolish intention of resigning. I truly have enjoyed counted you as my friend these past few years, and I assure you that by the same consider also that you resign your post I assure you this would give me ample excuse to resign my post.

As far as you charge for \$50, I will hold it until the next board meeting, where I will nominate you "my friend David Bovine", since I don't know what I'm stupid, so don't complicate the issue, my friend David, friends don't come easily, and when I like a friend, by golly, she gives like me. You understand, you're a good, competent, and if you can't be cosacl, I will send a personal note reporting you to King Constantine and all his good friend Bishop Nestor and another thing I want to be your friend because I love graduations, and when you see graduates, and you, my friend David, will make a party like a big shot, I want to be invited too, so I shot up good with the fancy letter on the typewriter, I signed in King on the phone telephone like a damn fool, to try to fire a good punch you understand me good okay friend Ben Gurion

I said "Your husband isn't going to give to the Hebrew Academy? You have a child in the school." She answered "Leave my husband out of this. He is not going to listen to me." I said "If even your husband isn't going to listen to you, do you expect me to listen to you? Phyllis, it's my pocket, and not yours. And I'm going to give what pleases me. I believe in Hebrew education, and I'm going to support the Hebrew Academy." "This stinker called you to give to the Hebrew Academy?" she asked. I answered "you and your rabbi are stinkers. You discriminate against children learning Hebrew because their parents are members of Young Israel Synagogue. This is a disgrace to the Hebrew Communi- I would like to know who this hypocrite rabbi is. The Sisterhood has already been ruined since we elected you as President last year because no-one else wanted the post. But wi- this question of the schools, the Sisterhood will be ruined even further. Don't think you're an expert in deciding who ~~is~~ should learn Hebrew and who should not. And your rabbi would be better occupied with religion than with politics."

The next day I sent a letter of resignation to the Sisterhood. Mr. Sternthal asked me many times whu I had resigned. I never answered him, because I didn't want to take part in these intrigues. The President, Mrs. Bessie Gorolnik, wrote to me that she didn't want to accept my resignation.

It was suppertime at the hotel in Tel Aviv. I got up and got dressed. My husband and I went to the dining room. In the lobby, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Syd Gotfried, very nice people. Mr. Gotfried was an officer of the Combined Jewish Appeal. It was at his office in Montreal that I paid for our tickets for this trip. Every day, for the last fifteen days, he would look for us to say hello, and to ask how we were. You could see in his eyes that he wanted to say "I'm very sorru, Mrs. Garfinkle, for what is going on here." I shook hands with both of them, and I said "Thank you very much for everything."

The next day was our departure date for Montreal. We arrived at the airport. Half the group went to Spain, and the other half, us included, went to New York, and from New York to Montreal. I sat down in the airplane and I started to remember the Jewish life in Salonica before the war.

When someone invited people who were not in their milieu, it was traditional to do everything in their power to make these people feel welcome. After having grown up in the atmosphere, how could I accept the treatment I had received from ~~somewm~~ of the people on

this trip? I couldn't believe that I hadn't opened my mouth and told them "Look here, chaverim, if we are so unwelcome here, my husband and I, Madame Chairman should go up to Mr. Garfinkle and say 'Get out of here!'. This would be better than to be humiliated every hour of the day."

One hour into the flight, the stewardess came over. She was carrying some small pillows. She gave one to my husband. I told her "If you have something else to do, give me the cushions and I will give them out to everyone." Mr. Waxman was sitting near me, and I went to give him a pillow. Suddenly I heard Phyllis Waxman talking to the wife of the doctor in our group. The conversation consisted of gossip about Phyllis Wexler. I didn't want to listen any more. But Phyllis Waxman told the doctor's wife "Now, ask her who Phyllis Wexler is, if you don't believe me." The doctor's wife didn't want to ask me, but Phyllis did. "Na, Tova, tell ~~jk~~ her who Phyllis Wexler is, your associate chairman in 1967."

"Phyllis Wexler is the most charming lady that I know," I answered. Phyllis Waxman was mad, but I went on. "You've finished godspiping about me. Are you now going to gossip about Phyllis Wexler? You do this to everyone who has a bit more education than you, or is more capable or more knowledgeable than you. You are scared because we know who you are. These wonderful people believe you because they don't know you. Madame Chairman, the leadership has gone to your head.. I told you to get off my back. Now I'm telling you to get off Phyllis Wexler's back. She is a person whom you don't even deserve to know." I gave Mr. Waxman a cushion, and Phyllis screamed "Don't do what I don't do for my husband!"

I left them. I said to myself "If Thomas Hecht is not sleeping, I will go to talk to him now. I'll tell him what has been going on on this trip. He has a good idea, I'm sure, but I want to tell him myself." I went to see him in the First Class section. I opened the curtain, but I said to myself right away "I'm not going to talk to him. ~~right now~~ I'll talk to him when the Combined Jewish Appeal asks me for a donation." Thomas asked me if I needed anything, I said "No, thank you," and I went to sing with some wonderful young people who were in our group.

I started to think about what I did after I ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ got the children settled.

I came to my sister's that night, very tired. I was happy because the children had homes. But I felt myself very alone. When I came in, my sister said "You have a letter from Motsa." I replied "Motsa? I don't know what that is." They explained it to me. "It is a rest home for people who have been gravely ill for a long time. They go there to rest. But in this place," my sister said, "beds are hard to find. But Motsa is inviting you to go there to rest. An anonymous person has paid for your stay there. We called you on the phone at Havad Halimoud, but you weren't there. The invitation is to start tomorrow."

I thought to myself that this is what I needed: rest. The next day at eight in the morning I was ~~in~~ on the bus to Motsa. I went to Jerusalem, changed buses, and arrived at Motsa. Naturally, even the bus tickets had been provided by Motsa. I came to Motsa, and I thought I had arrived in ganeden (paradise). There were beautiful gardens; the grass was like a green velvet carpet. A nurse came to receive me. She took me to the physician, who examined me and told me I needed complete rest and very good food.

The nurse showed me where to go to eat three times a day. Twice a day I would get a snack. She showed me where to get milk, as much as I wanted during the day. "Oh, no," I said, "I don't drink Milk." She took me to my room. It was during the compulsory rest period. A woman of about 22 or 23 years was getting ready to go to bed and rest. The nurse introduced us. "This is Leah". Then she asked me "Bouena, what is your name in Hebrew?" I replied "Tova". The nurse turned to Leah and she said "This is Tova. She will be your roommate."

Leah spoke Hungarian and a little bit of Hebrew. From the moment we met, we liked each other. After we rested, we went to the game room. The game room had many things to amuse people without tiring them. Leah introduced me to her friends. It was visiting hours, but neither Leah nor I had any visitors.

One day I saw a very handsome officer, who had eyes only for us. I said to Leah, "Hey, Leah, this officer of the Jewish Brigade is looking at you a lot." Leah turned around, and recognized her husband! She had not seen him for a very long time. Leah introduced me to him, and he talked to me a bit in French, a bit in Hebrew. I told th-

that they shouldn't bother themselves about me, they should go to our room. Leah's husband wanted to spend the night in Motsa. At four in the morning, he had to be in camp, and his camp was near Motsa. He came to say good-bye to his wife because his regiment was being moved from Palestine to Europe.

I said "You go to our room. When I come in, the nurse won't notice that there are three of us instead ~~as~~ of two. I know what it is to have your loved ones go to the battle." Leah went to our room first. Her husband followed, and I was the third to go. When I came into the room, I saw Leah's husband's uniform on the chair. I was afraid the nurse would see it, so I took the bedspread from Leah's ~~xxxxx~~ bed and covered the uniform with it. I told them "The nurse is going to come to check if we are sleeping. If she sees this uniform, we're going to be in trouble!"

Leah's husband ~~has~~ spent the night in our room. The next morning, I was still asleep when he was ready to leave. He woke me up and took me in his arms, and with tears in his eyes he thanked me. I remembered when Chaim went to the battle. At the time there was a song that the people would sing to the soldiers at the train station, to say good-bye. It was called 'Ayde sto calo'. This means 'Go with good health'. I sang the song for Leah's husband.

The next day I had visitors, George and Nicola. They had left the camp at Gaza. They came with Irene, Nicola's sister, and her husband Henri. We took pictures together. We spent a very pleasant two hours together.

In Motsa there was usually entertainment for everyone: Newspapers, a library, games, radios, singing, music. There was also very good food, and fresh air. We were like a big family in Motsa. No-one was alone. There were often conferences held on very interesting subjects, with very good speakers. There were beautiful pine trees on the grounds. From the pine cones we would make birds, each of us using our imagination, and we would teach each other. There was the greatest spirit of camaraderie that could exist in life. It was exactly what I needed after what I had gone through. But I never knew (and I still don't know, to this day) who had arranged all this for me.

I ~~left~~ left Motsa with many regrets, and Leah was very sorry to see me go. But she was also supposed to go home on the next day. We exchanged addresses. When I said good-

I came back to Tel Aviv very well rested, and ready to find a job. The next day I went to WIZO. They received me very well. They asked me if I had any references. I said no, but I sent a telegram to Mr. Burcard of the International Red Cross in Geneva. I would get an answer for sure, and the International Red Cross would testify ~~what~~ to what I had done for them.

WIZO gave me the address of a nursery for newborn babies. They told me "If you don't have any references, you will be paid less." They explained the kind of work I would be doing. Working mothers would bring their babies in the morning and pick them up in the evening. I said "Working with children! I speak very little Hebrew. How will I speak with them?" The lady from WIZO answered "They are babies. You only have to prepare the milk, and feed them, and change them. You don't have to talk to them." She advised me to present myself at the nursery the next day.

I went home and my sister gave me a telegram from the International Red Cross, signed by Mr. Burcard. He testified to the work that I had done for the International Red Cross in Salonica, and to my background. The next day I went to the ~~is~~ nursery. The director received me. Since I spoke very bad Hebrew, she asked me if I knew Yiddish. I said no, and I gave her the telegram from the International Red Cross. She didn't even look at it. She just asked me "Are you Sephardy?" I answered yes. She replied "I'm very sorry. We don't hire Sephardy here." I wanted to spit in her face. But all I said to her was "The German's don't want the Jews. The Palestinians don't want the Sephardy." I thanked her for the time she had wasted on me, and I left.

Outside there were a couple of steps. I sat down on them. I wanted to cry. But I remembered that I didn't have to cry. Chaim had recommended singing instead. I started to remember that the Jews in the ghetto would ask each other what was new. Someone would answer by singing the 'Philosophy of Koelè':

Nada de nada
Duhó Koelé
Nada de nada
Todo nada

Que avantage
A el hombre
Con toda son lazeria
Que bive
Debacho de el sol

This means:

Nothing of Nothing
Says Koele
Nothing of nothing

Everything is nothing
What advantage to the man
In all his labour
Who lives under the sun

I remembered another aspect of life in the ghetto. Even with all the miseries, the people would sing. They would curse Hitler with songs. Now it was my turn to curse Hitler.

Hah, Hitler, Hitler
Què tè vea oun estremesser
Què sea neigro i crouelle
Si el dio etha oun trouello
Creo què tè pella entero
Non tè decha ni oun pello
Mich

This means:

Oh, Hitler, Hitler
I should see you terrified
In a bad and cruel state
If God sent a thunderclap
I believe you would be without hair
He won't leave you one hair
Mich

Sitting in the airplane, on the way back to New York, I suddenly remembered that they had taken us to see a bomb shelter, miklat. I knew what this was because we used to have them in Salonica during the war. Our group came in two buses. The mayor of the city received us with a delegation. There was a nurse ~~with~~ a very white dress with a lantern in her hand, so that when we went down into the shelter, we would be able to see. There was no greenery in this village, unlike every other place we had been to. There weren't even any sidewalks. You could feel the misery of the inhabitants, even in the streets.

We finally came to the shelter. In front of the entrance there was a big hole. We had to jump over it to get to the door of the shelter. My husband jumped and went in, and others did also. Just as I was ready to jump, I heard someone ~~in~~ speaking Badino. Two ladies from the village were saying, one to the other, "Oh, God, tell them not to go in!" I turned around and asked them why we shouldn't enter. They answered "We are inhabitants of this village. This shelter is used by all the children as a bathroom. All of them go

there to make." Right away my husband and the others came out and told the rest of us not to enter. What the two ladies had told me was confirmed by my husband and the others. I asked the ladies "How can you let the children do that?" They answered "We came ~~s~~ here twenty years ago. They promised us decent housing, but they did nothing for us. You can imagine how we live. Come with us, we will show you."

I wanted to go and see. But a gentleman from our group standing near me told me not to go. I said to the ladies "If the bombs come, you'll have to stay in the dirt. Won't that be worse?" One ~~sd~~ of them answered "When we came here twenty years ago, we came with small children. These children are now grown. But more children were born in this village. They are grown now. When the villages started to build this shelter, these children asked them to build houses with shelters, instead of just the shelter in the middle of the village. They spent a lot of money on this shelter. If they had spent just a little more, we could have had shelters and houses. But they wouldn't ~~is~~ listen to us. We are Sepharadis. The big children, as ~~was~~ an act of protest and sabotage, sent the little children to use the shelter as a toilet. Look, lady," she said to me, "look at the hole at the entrance. The mayor has no imagination. How does he think we are going to go in? Not everyone can jump over the hole. When they finished the shelter, no-one came to inspect it. They spent so much money. ~~W~~ They could close this hole with two bags of cement."

ashamed.

The mayor, the nurse, and other members of the delegation I'm sure were ~~afraid~~. One member admitted that the government had neglected this part of Israel. I asked him "Is it because they are Sepharady?" He didn't answer. But someone else on the delegation answered me: "If you know how to do things better, come to Israel and do them." I thought that this was a very stupid comment.

There followed a discussion about this in our group. One lady said "These people came from Arab countries, and they don't know any better." I answered "In twenty years, these people should have received better accomodations. If the ~~g~~ government had money for the newcomers, it should have first taken care of the old ones. A little bit less luxury in the hou~~l~~ban, and they would be able to do a little more for the people here." But they had taken us to see, and they didn't want to receive criticism. It is not good to say

I started to remember the life of the Sepharady in Salonica: Jewish life, and Zionist life. It was very colourful. I remembered how engagements were celebrated. First, the two families had to agree on what the bride would bring as bianquieria (trousseau in linen). Everything would come in sixes, or in twelves, or in twenty-fours if the people were very wealthy. Achougar was the trousseau in clothing; would the bride bring clothes only for winter, or only for summer, or for all four seasons? The bride and groom would hold an open house at the bride's house on the day of the engagement. The house would be full of flowers that friends and neighbours and relatives had sent. The groom would send flowers also, called jerbe. The flowers went from the floor to the ceiling. It was very difficult to bring the flowers into the house. The groom would give the bride a ring. Both sets of parents would give ~~the~~ presents to the bride.

Fifteen days before the wedding, the dowry would be given. The groom gave the bride a box of jewellery, the quantity and quality of the jewels depending on his financial situation. This gift was called the coffre. After the dowry was given, everything that the bride would bring was displayed on tables. A rabbi would come, whose only business was to price the goods. The sum of ~~exp~~ money that the bride brought, and the value of her trousseaus, would be marked down in the kitouba (marriage contract).

Relatives and friends were invited. The tables were removed to make room for music and dancing. On the shabbat before the wedding, after the avdela, there was a big party, (almoussama), that would go on all night. It was the biggest party the bride and groom could afford.

On the day of the engagement, the bride's mother would send candy favours to all the friends and relatives. All the young relatives would come and help. They would all participate in the engagement of their cousins. Before the wedding, the groom's mother would make korban (a sacrifice). She would bake pitas and give them to everyone, neighbours, friends and relatives. The wealthy people would barbecue a lamb outside, in addition to the pitas. They would cook accompanied by traditional songs to the bride and groom at this barbecue. They would dance and eat. They never forgot to give donations to ~~philanthropic~~ organizations.

For example, they would give to the dispensary Hassid, or to the other one, Pinkas, which belonged to the Bikour Kolim, a charitable organization for the sick people of the community. It was considered a great deed to give to sick people, especially in times of happiness.

The youth of Salonica would dress like other Europeans of the time. The old people like my Nona, would wear traditional Sepharady clothing. The women would wear a dress like a housecoat, with a very tight bodice and a very full skirt, made of print material. This dress was called antari. The antari had a very low decolletage, and underneath the dress, exposed by the decolletage, a very beautiful white blouse was worn. This white blouse was called Koyar. On top of the antari there was another dress of heavy silk, a material called stofa. From the shoulder to the bust there were two ribbons of embroidery done with gold thread, called sayo. The women would wear a necklace of many strands of pearls, called yadran. They would wear a soft bottle green hat called tocad, with a train that would come down to their waists. At the bottom of the train there was a square panel, covered entirely with pearls. The front of the hat, on the forehead, was embroidered with pearls. This part of the hat was called tserekve. Everyone had the same outfit, but the wealthy people had precious pearls, while the others had false ones.

The women would wear bracelets on both wrists, and many many rings. It was beautiful to see. If it was during the winter, they would wear a coat lined with fur, called kirim. The rich people were members of organizations like Matanath Laevionim, or Orphelinat Aboav, or Hospital of Hirsch, Loge Masonique, or Orphelinat a Latini. In every district, rich or poor, there was a Zionist organization. The Keren Hayessod was for the wealthy. All the youth would take part in sports, and they would all go to collect money for the K.K.L. (Jewish National Fund).

At my house, the biggest holiday was the day of Rabbi Simon Barioka. There would be a very big party, like a ball. There would be music all night. Relatives and friends would all come to be happy with us. There was confetti, and streamers, and party hats. All the guests would give donations to their favorite organizations. XXXXXXXX

I remembered how we used to celebrate purim. In every district there was a masquerade ball. A month before purim the business would decorate their windows in a purim atmosphere. Every little thing in the windows was made of sugar. All the families bought

gifts made of sugar to send as jokes to their relatives and friends. They sang the traditional songs of purim:

En Pourim Non Bevrás Vino

En pourim non bevrás vino
Ni aborrescas el tino
Todo el mal què lè vino
En los días de Pourim

Ven aquí tou zera de loca
Ati avlar non tè toca
Y'o por ti ize la orca
Què la estrenes
In Pourim

Se Vistio la Reina Esther

Se vistio la reina Esther
En el primer dia
Vestido de sou collor
Què al oro paressia
Con grandè manzia
Sè fouè andè el rey

El rey Kè la vido venir
Piedrio sou tino
Acolor del vino

Kes la tou venida Esther
Kes la tou demanda
Oun couabit quiero azer
En la touza caza
Con toda mi compagna
I Aman tambien

There was an operetta composed especially for purim. It was the story of Aman and Esther, and it went like this:

Esther mirada mi desgracia
O vos rogo mi vida salvar
Reyna djousta yena de gracia
Delantrè de vos mè vo a encorvar

Basta mizeravie tou desgracia
Por tou vida i tou croueldad
En la vida en la balanssa
Yo non pouedo tener piudad

Piudad Esther piudad
Piudad por tou majesta
~~Enforcar~~
Enforcar Aman enforcar
I oun nègro descarancar

Esther basta, Esther basta

Al punto què vengan
Què sè lo yeven

Deploravle, dio de los sielo
O sientè nouestra orassion
Oh què maravias què miraclo
Què vino azermos el bouen dio
El y'a mos escapo
De hombrè malo de oun
Enemigo de djidios

Cantar cantemos i cantar
Baylemos sin quedar
Aman sè enforco
Vino la claridad
De nouevo reynara Sion
Con toda sou nacion
Souvio la alvorada
De nouuestro corason
Souvio la alvorada
De nouuesta rekmission
Cantar cantemos
Baylor baylemos
Cantar Cantemos
Baylor baylemos

The translation is:

Aman: Esther, look at my disgrace. I beg you to save my life. Quuen of justice, full of grace, I bow in front of you.

Esther: Enough! Miserable! Your disgrace is because of your life and your cruelty. For this life, as I judge you, I will not have pity on you.

Aman: Pity! Esther, pity! Pity from your majesty!

Esther: Hang, Aman! Hang! We will be rid of a terrible person.

Aman: Esther, it's enough; Esther, it's enough!

Esther: Come right now, and take him away!

Aman: Deplorable, God in Heaven! Listen to my prayers!

(he is taken away)

Chorus: How marvelous, how miraculous, the Good God has helped us. He helped us be rid of a bad man, an enemy of the Jews.
Sing, everyone, sing and sing!
We should dance without stopping.
Aman is hanged. Night has become day.
All the nations of Zion will be a kingdom again.
There will be a beautiful morning in our hearts,
Beautiful a morning with blessings.
Sing, everyone, sing and sing!
Dance, everyone, dance and dance!

The people whose name was Saragoussi would make purim by themselves. The Saragoussi became a legend for this purim. There was a synagogue near the King's palace. All the members of the congregation were Saragoussi. The King gave an order. Every day the shaffer thora must be put in boxes, and these boxes must be paraded around the palace every morning. The Jewish people did this, but the ~~boxes~~ they didn't fill the boxes. They paraded with empty boxes for months and months. One night, the chamach dreamt that he was told to put the shaffer thora in the boxes, because the boxes must be full the next morning when they were taken to the palace. The chamach got up in the middle of the night, and he put the shaffer thoras in the boxes.

The next morning at the palace, the Royal Guard came to open all the boxes. They said that if the boxes were empty, they would kill all the Saragoussi. The people who held the boxes were afraid, because they believed the boxes were empty. As each box was opened, the bearer was very surprised. Thank God, all the boxes were filled with the shaffer thora.

On chabat hagadol (the big shabbat) everyone dressed in new clothing from head to toe. The wealthy people could afford to do this, but to the others, the community gave malbich haroumin (dressing the naked). Everyone would give voluntary donations to this cause.

The community had a matzah factory, and the matzah was tasty and well done. On pesach, the wealthy people paid a very high price for the matzah. The middle class paid the cost of the matzah. The poor people got the matzah for free. The sugar for pesach was sold by the community. It was shaped like small pyramids. The pesach seder was held with great happiness. Each person said the ~~passackiñkhañkan~~ passock in Hachon (hebrew) and in Ladino.

On chevouotte, one would hear people going for excursions with baskets full of food in the middle of the night. They would call out "We're going to recite the torah." They would sing the song of Ruth:

I fouè el dia
De djousgar a los djoueles
I fouè ambrè en la tierra
I andouvo varron
Del bet lekem yeouda
Por morar en campos de Moa

El i sou moujer
I dos sous yos
I nombrè de el varron Elie Melek
I nombre de sou moujer Naoumi
I nombre de dos sous yos
Elion tefilot Efratin
I moro ayi comi dies agnos

Everyone was dressed in white organdy, beautifully embroidered by hand. In the evening there was a ball held outdoors. All the Zionist organizations would hold balls outdoors. They called these balls 'La Fête des Fleurs'. The last ball I went to was given by the Tel Aviv Organization. It was the annual ball, 'La Fête des Fleurs'. I was wearing white organdy with hand embroidery. (This dress was like a photograph in my memory, and I finally made the same dress to ~~wear~~ wear to Ely's Bar Mitzvah.)

On Rosh Hashonah, there was to be a pomegranate on every table, for blessing the first fruit of the season. On soucot, on every balcony, rich or poor, there were beautiful soucas. The smell of the flowers in these soucas filled the city. On Yom Kippour and Rosh Hashonah, the people didn't buy seats in the synagogue. Instead, every mitsvotte was put on auction, and the money from these auctions on these holy days was enough to keep the synagogues going all year.

On Hannukah, the hanoukia was lit in every house. Afterwards, we would visit a different relative each night, to celebrate Hannukah. Everyone gave money to the children, but it wasn't theirs to keep; it was for ~~the~~ philanthropic institutions. The association of Jewish youth, called A.J.J. (Association des Jeunes Juifs) organized a very big bazaar. The profits were given to the K.K.L. (Jewish National Fund) as a Hannukah present. Each Jewish woman donated hand-made artifacts to the bazaar. This bazaar constituted the biggest income of the K.K.L.

On the last day of Hannukah, the A.J.J. gave the biggest ball in Salonica. The ball took place in the hall of Matenoth Laevionim. Before the ball started, the big hanoukia was still unlit. The privilege of lighting the candles was put on auction. The K.K.L. would receive a large income from the auction of the lighting of the hanoukia. The big companies and the merchants were members of Keren Hayissod. The committee of Keren Hayissod decided how much each of its members would give as a donation. This money was used to help build Israel.

On the anniversary of the day of the Balfour Declaration, every Jew was in the streets, waving Israeli flags. The band of the Macaby would play. Jaques Sarfatty was the leader of the band. When he led the band, he would dance along to the music. The band was in the front of the parade. In the back were the great numbers of the scouts of the Macaby. In the evening, there was a ball in each district, with its own people, because there was always a division of class in Salonica.

After having grown up in this atmosphere, it was not easy for me to swallow the ~~xxxism~~ treatment that I had received from some of my companions on this trip to Israel. I started to think of how I finally found a job in Tel Aviv.

A few days after the incident at the nursery school, I presented myself at a haute couture clothing store. Because I worked very well with my hands, I was sure that I could work there. But these people wanted only a designer. Coming from the mountains, I didn't even know what the current styles were.

One day, I arrived at my sister's house, desperate because I had found no jobs. My ~~six~~ sister said to me, "You have a letter from the Sokonouth of Jerusalem." They called me for an interview. The next day I went to Jerusalem, to the Sokonouth~~yx~~ and introduced myself. A gentleman invited me into his office. He started to talk. As I listened, I thought that this man was machia for me. He said "As soon as the war is over, we are going to send a group to Greece, to help people. The name of the group is P.I.C.R.A. In Hebrew this is plougot assad (rescue organization). It is attached to U.N.R.R.A. Of course, first we must prepare you. You must procure a passport for yourself. Then, you will go to courses on Greek Judaism. Lastly, you will learn to be a dietitian for a refugee camp. These courses will take place in Pitak Tikva."

My first task was to look immediately for a passport. I went to the Greek consulate with the refugee book that I had received in Syria. There was a very nice gentleman there. He said he would let me speak to the Consul.

The Consul said to me, "You are Bouena Sarfatty. Yet you speak beautiful French." I wondered how he knew I spoke French. I said "Yes, I speak French." He said "Why don't

Half an hour later, my passport was ready. I ~~w~~e left the consulate and went to Rachel Yanait ben Zvi. I was always welcome there. She and her husband were people made of gold,

When I came in, no-one was home except for a lady working in the garden. She said "Shalom, Tova." I said "Who are you?" She answered "I am Rachel Nakmouly, your brother in-law's niece." She made me some tea. She asked me if I knew Jerusalem. I said no. She said "My brother-in-law is going to come to take me on a tour of Jerusalem." In an hour, her brother-in-law arrived. He was a very nice man in his forties. He took me to Cotel Maravi, the Wailing Wall. It was exactly three months since my dream about my Nona. I told him about my dream. He said "I left my job today, just to bring you to the Cotel Maravi. Since the day we heard that you had escaped, I dreamt that an old lady dressed in clothes I had never seen before, to beg and push and order me to take you to the Cotel Maravi, to put oil in the wall."

A few weeks later, I went to Pitak Tikva for the courses. At the courses in Pitak Tikva, I met my husband. He was very sweet to me. He would explain in French whatever I didn't understand in Hebrew. The day to go to Cairo soon arrived. The headquarters of the U.N.R.R.A. was in Cairo.

We arrived in Cairo, and they took us to Meady, the best district in the city. They gave us beds, and tents, and linen. The only building existing so far was the officers mess and the dining room. The men were given driving lessons. They supplied us with trucks and uniforms.

One day, I decided to go to ~~Sa~~ Alexandria, to look for the brother-in-law of Dr. Amario, my family's physician in Salonica. At the time of the war, Dr. Amario couldn't support his family by purchases on the black market. We supported them. He gave us a cheque, to be honoured by his brother-in-law in Alexandria. Dr. Amario's wife had a large inheritance in ~~Sa~~ Alexandria. The family of Dr. Amario had been deported, and we never heard of them again. The brother-in-law was not hard to find, because the family was very wealthy, and well-known. They were wholesale druggists. I went there and introduced myself. I presented the cheque, and the man refused to pay me.

I came back to Cairo. During the day, we would go to visit the museums, very interesting places. In the evenings, sometimes, by moonlight, we would go to see the pyramids.

A few days after I returned, I started to look for Mr. Soula, the Lebanese Consul from Salonica. I wanted to meet him and to give him news of his wife~~s~~ and children. I went to many embassies, but no-one knew where he was. The evening before I was to leave Cairo for Greece, someone in the camp asked me if I had found Mr. Soula. He told me that he had his address, and he would take me there right away. In ten minutes, I was in the truck. We ~~walk~~ went to where the trucks usually stopped in Cairo, a kind of meeting place.

Serial No. 653

Military Permit for Exit, Middle East, and Entry into

Country →

GREECE

← Country

Provided the normal travel documents (passports, visas, etc.) are in order the undermentioned is hereby authorised to proceed to the territory shown above.

Rank and Name BOVENA SARFATI

Business, Employment or Status PALESTINIAN JEWISH RELIEF UNIT

Duty on which proceeding WELFARE WORK

Duration of stay PERMANENT

Destination on completion of duty

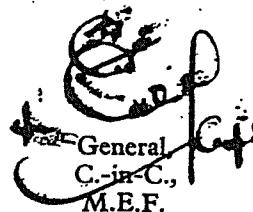
Particulars of authority for entrance: Signal No. PB 694

Cite From GREEKMIL To MIDRAST Dated 9 Jun 45

Stamp of the Adjutant General's
Branch, G.H.Q., M.E.F.

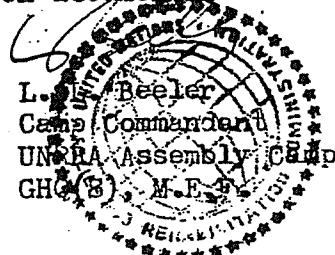
GENERAL ADJUTANT

6091m/GHQ/P/3.000/5-45



CERTIFICATE OF IDENTITY

This will serve to identify Miss Buena Sarfati, member of the PJCRA voluntary society, under the administration of UNRRA at the UNRRA Assembly Camp, GHQ(S), M.E.F., pending receipt of formal identification documents.



June 18, 1945

**UNITED NATIONS
RELIEF AND REHABILITATION
ADMINISTRATION**
TRAVEL AUTHORIZATION

THE PERSON NAMED HEREIN IS AUTHORIZED TO TRAVEL IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REGULATIONS OF THE UNITED NATIONS RELIEF AND REHABILITATION ADMINISTRATION, SUBJECT TO THE CONDITIONS NOTED BELOW. THE DATE OF THIS AUTHORIZATION MUST APPEAR ON EACH EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

1. PURPOSE OF TRAVEL:

Permanent change of Station.

2. ITINERARY: FROM Cairo TO Athens

June 22nd, 1945

3. DURATION: BEGINNING June 17th, 1945 ENDING
ON OR ABOUT

4. PER DIEM IN LIEU OF SUBSISTENCE EXPENSES:

\$ Actual expenses supported by receipts

\$

\$

\$

cc. Miss Sarfati,
Director, Bureau of Services
Travel Unit, Accounts Division
Director, Personnel Division
Movements Officer, Administra-
Services.

5. OTHER CONDITIONS:

Air Passage authorised.

ESTIMATED COST:

TRANSPORTATION	S.L.E. 26.071
PER DIEM	0.500
INCIDENTAL	0.500
TOTAL	S.L.E. 27.071

THIS SPACE FOR ACCOUNTING OFFICE

ACCT. SYMBOL & TITLE	NOTATIONS	AMOUNT

AUTHORIZED:

SARFATI, UNITED NATIONS APPROVED
NAME

Director, Bureau of Services,

APPROVED FOR PERFORMANCE WITH TRAVEL
REGULATIONS: FUNDS AVAILABLE AT *

Chief of Middle East Office

COPY

Ref: MERCAD. 1213P

AIR MINISTRY AIR MOVEMENT WARRANT (CIVIL)

To: Combined Air Booking Centre | British Overseas Airways Corporation
R.A.F. Transport Command

Copy to: Passenger for retention and action as overleaf.
British Overseas Airways Corporation.
R.A.F. Transport Command.

Air passage is authorised and priority recommended on behalf of the Middle East Air Priorities Board for the person(s) below to make the journey indicated and competent authorities are requested to arrange departure at the earliest appropriate opportunity by military or commercial civil aircraft.

Priority: IV

Date: 13th June 1945

Signature.....

J. Monkell
f.o.i. Middle East Representative,
Air Ministry Civil Aviation Department,
Office of the Minister Resident in the Middle East.

-
- A. Passenger's name and personal weight (lbs) :— Miss B. Sarfati
- B. Departure point :— Cairo
- C. Final Destination :— Athens
- D. Original sponsor :— U.N.R.R.A.
- E. Fare chargeable to :— U.N.R.R.A.
- F. Ready to leave on :— ^{**}
— 16th June 1945 — 23rd June, 1945
- G. Local Telephone No. :— ext 7 Dar el Shifa,
- H. Remarks: return priority :— ~~60 lbs~~ Up to 120 lbs including camp kit.
baggage weight, etc.

IN THEIR OWN INTEREST PASSENGERS SHOULD READ THE INSTRUCTIONS
PRINTED OVERLEAF

ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟΝ ΠΡΟΝΟΙΑΣ
ΚΑΙ
ΚΡΑΤΙΚΗΣ ΑΝΤΙΔΙΚΕΙΑΣ
Δ/Τ Σ ΜΗΤΡΟΥ ΣΤΑΤΙΣΤΙΚΗΣ
ΤΜΗΜΑ Ι

ΑΡΙΘ. ΠΡΟΤΟΣ. 17337.
ΒΕΒΑΙΩΣΗΣ

ΒΕΒΑΙΩΣΗ

Βεβαιώνται στις δια προκύπτεις ἐκ των τηρουμένων βιβλίων ότι:

- 1). Ζαργάρη... Μπουζία... Πατρός... Λινού... Διαβούλευση Επιτρού 1918
2)..... " " "
3)..... " " "
4)..... " " "
5)..... " " "
6)..... " " "

Φέρονται έγγεγραμμένοι όπ' αυξ. δριθ. μητρόου. 12622

- 1)..... 2)..... 3)..... 4)..... 5).....
6)..... Κατ' οιαμένουσιν ήδη είς το Προσφῆτων.
..... Τζανάκη... Οπουζία.

Χορηγεῖται η παρούσα βεβαίωσις κατόπιν... Αίτηση... Στις
μέρ. 18/6/45. Δ/Τ Σ. Αρχ. Νο. 17.337.....
Εντάθω Χρησιμεύσε. Ξπόύ δετ.

Ἐν Κατροφ τῇ... 18. Ιουνίου 1945....

Δ/Τ Σ ΜΗΤΡΟΥ ΣΤΑΤΙΣΤΙΚΗΣ



ΤΜΗΜΑΤΑΡΧΗΣ

της φατή

Σταύρου

The truck stopped, the door was opened, and I came down. Just as my foot was touching the ground, an Arab dressed in a white robe came up to me. He said "Selam". I answered politely "Selam". Suddenly I saw a pair of scissors. He cut the strap of my purse and took it, and disappeared among all the other Arabs in white robes. I was about to tell my driver "He was wearing a white robe!" But there were dozens of people there, wearing the same thing. My passport and my refugee book were in my purse. I was now without them, and without a penny, too.

I didn't go to see Mr. Soula. Instead I returned to our camp. I didn't sleep all night. I kept thinking about what I was to do, without a passport and without any identification~~s~~. The next morning, half my group took a plane to go to Greece. The rest of the people were to go by boat with the trucks and the baggage. I went to the Greek passport office. As soon as I entered I saw a friend of Nicola. As soon as he ~~saw~~ saw me, both of us were so happy that I forgot all about my paaspore~~t~~.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, "I prepare passports for officials returning to Greece."

"Michael," ~~I~~ I said, "you are machiak!"

"Why?" he asked. I explained all that had happened to me with my passport. He gave me a little piece of paper right away.

"I'm sure you have no money," he said.

"Oh," I said, "no."

"Take this paper into that room. The photographer there will take your picture for free." By the time I came back with my picture, the passport was ready. Michael gave me ~~express~~ the passport and a few liras, so that I would have some money in my pockets. He saw that I had nowhere to put the money; I didn't have a purse. He came outside with me, and he bought me a purse.

I went to the place where the trucks stopped to go to Meady. My driver was in the café facing this place. I showed him my purse from far away. He couldn't believe that I had a passport, so I showed it to him. "You see," I told him, "There is a God in heaven. He helped me." He said, "You know Miss Sarfatty, from this day on, I will start to believe in God."



The next day I took the plane and went to Greece without having seen Mr. Soula. I had good memories of Cairo just the same. We had gone on many excursions, we had seen all the ancient ruins, and the pyramids by moonlight. We had visited all the Zionist organizations, and I had met many people.

When I arrived in Athens, there was a station wagon on the airfield. I asked the driver where the people from P.J.C.R.A. were staying. He said "I don't know P.J.C.R.A. But I know Magen David." The driver was Jewish. He said "They wear uniforms just like you, khakis, with a Magen David on the apaulet, and the word 'Palestine'. They also have berets like yours, with a medal with a Magen David carved into it." The driver took me to a hotel.. I found that my whole group was staying there. A bed was ready for me, to be shared with one of the nurses.

The first day in Athens, I saw two cousins of mine who had remained alive. I asked them about Sam. He was the son of my first cousin, Rikuetta. I knew that he was supposed to be studying in Athens at the Polytechnic. "Oh," they said, "he was saved from the Germans, but he was killed later in the revolution." Of course, we went to the cemetery right away.

The next day my group went to put flowers on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. There were twenty people in our group, and we were divided into two. Half the group was to work in the region of Athens. The other half was to work in the region of Salonica.

Three days later, we were in the trucks. There was a big red Magen David on the door of every truck. We passed through Larisa, but we found very few Jewish people. We passed through Yanina, and this time there were a few more Jews. In every place that we went through, we would meet with the Jewish people in the synagogue. In every synagogue, there would be a speaker. Everybody would swear never again to let the Jewish Police into their communities. They wanted to prevent what had happened in Salonica, where the Jewish Police made sure that not many Jews were saved. Everyone would swear "Not another Rabbi Koretz,"

We passed through Veria. The trucks with the Magen Davids stopped in the Platea Elies, just opposite the house of Mrs. Soula. Up The landlady, the wife of Dr. Mora

toglu, was upstairs on her balcony. She was looking at the trucks, but especially at the Magen Davids, with big eyes. I changed into my cleanest uniform, and went to talk to her. I was walking very tall, very proud to be a Jew. ☺ I said hello to her. When she saw me, I think she had a heart attack.

She said "Hah! You are a Jew?!" I said yes. She made the sign of the cross. When she finished, she said "If I had known that you were a Jew, you wouldn't be alive today. My husband was killed by the Partisans after the Liberation." Her husband had belonged to the Fifth Column.

I looked at her, and I said "My condolences. I am sorry that your husband is dead." And I was truly sorry; I remembered what my mother used to say: "Kaye tou enemigo i non te alegres". If your enemy falls, don't be happy. I asked Mrs. Moratoglou about Mrs. Soula. She said "Mrs. Soula is in Cairo. She went to join her husband." I was very disappointed. I had looked so much for her husband. If I had found him, I would have seen her, too.

I went back to the truck and sat down. I made a mental estimate of the Greeks. I think that this woman was the only one who was not happy that I was alive.

We finally arrived in Salonica. When we entered the city, I thought we were entering a big morgue. The trucks stopped in the district where the Soupe Populaire of Matenoth Laevionim used to be. I can't describe the way I felt, sitting in that truck.

☺ We arrived at our Hotel. Everyone went out onto the balcony to see the beautiful view. I was the only exception. I stayed inside. The few Jews who had survived came to see me. I was crying on the inside, but I didn't show it.

The second day in Salonica, Mr. Chernovich, the Palestinian delegate of the K.K.L., whom I knew very well because he had been to Salonica often, was to talk to all the Jewish people at the Cinéma Palace. Of course, all our group was to sit on the stage. The speech was to be held at noon. In the morning, I got up very early, and I went to see the man who had sold the material to my guard.

I went into the store. In the middle of the store there was a table with two or three pieces of material on it. When I saw this empty store, I thought that I had made a mistake about the place. Suddenly, a voice from the back of the store asked me if I

needed anything. As soon as the man saw me, he started to yell. We embraced each other, we cried together. I told him that I thought I had mistaken the store. He explained that the Germans had taken all his merchandise.

I told him that I wanted very badly to see the officer who had saved me from the prison. He replied "The Germans took all of my chairs, too. But I have this stepladder. Sit down." He started to tell me the story of the officer. "He took too many chances, because he spoke such excellent German. One day your guard saw him in the street, and he was immediately arrested. They took him to the same prison that you were in. The treatment that he received is very tragic. They cut open his back, and then they put salt on the wounds. This was how they tried to make him talk. He died in great pain. But he didn't reveal that I was the one who had told him where you were. He didn't tell them the name of his wife and child. And he didn't give them the address where you were staying." We made a rendez-vous for the next day, to go to see the officer's wife.

I went back to my hotel, and cried as I was walking. This time I didn't hold my tears back. At the Hotel, my group was ready to go to hear the speech. Two nurses came up to me, very angry. Together they asked "Where were you?" I answered "I went to see a friend." When they heard this, the two old maids got even madder. They told me "You have to stay with us, at our disposition. We need an interpreter sometimes." I answered, in the same tone, "I didn't come here to be your interpreter. I'm doing it because I want to help."

We went to the conference. Chernovich spoke very well, as usual; he was a good orator. But there weren't many Jews there to hear him. In the evening, I went to see a gentleman who was supposed to send Chaim and me to Athens, after our wedding. He received me very well. Chaim had given him 1000 gold liras. He gave me item. He took me back to my hotel. On the way, I said "I think Chaim gave you a little more money."

"Oh, no," he said, "this is what he gave me." I had helped Chaim carry the valises full of money to him. I said to myself "I have to take what they give me, and not think of what we gave to them."

The next day at the time of my rendez vous, I went to the material store, and I went with my friend to see the officer's wife. We came to a beautiful district of Salonica. We entered a lovely home. The house was empty, without any furniture. The door of the bedroom was open. We could see two mattresses, a big one and a little one. This was her furniture; a mattress for herself, and one for her child. She had sold her furniture during the German Occupation so that she and her child could survive.

I said to my friend "Lets take her to a restaurant". She was skin and bone, and her child was very thin also. We went to a restaurant, and they both ate very well. I gave her a few drachmas. I didn't have any clothes to give her; I only had uniforms. I told her "I can't give you clothing. But I gave many things to people here, to hide for me. If I find them, I'll give them to you. I have to go now, because I have a conference with my group." I paid the bill and left them in the restaurant.

When the conference ended, everyone went to the movies. They asked me to go with them. I said "No, I want to visit some friends." Again, they didn't like what they called my "behaviour" very much.

I went to see a priest. His daughter had been in my class in the Italian school. I had given this friend two large valises filled with clothing to keep for me. The priest was very happy and excited to see me. He told me that his daughter was in Athens, but that the two valises were there with him. He saw that I was very happy to have them. I told him what I was going to do with them, and the priest was happier than I. He called his son to help me carry the valises. The next day, the priest sent a valise full of children's clothing to the officer's wife.

After I delivered the valises, I went to see my friend at his store. I told him "I can't bring her husband back. But I want to help her. I gave her clothes and some drachmas which will last for a few weeks. But we have to look for a more permanent solution.

"What can we do?", he said. "I can't help her. The Germans took all the material that I had. I don't have any money with which to buy new material. I have to close this beautiful store in this lovely district."

"How much capital do you need?", I asked.

"I would need at least ten gold liras right away," he answered. I said "I'll give you the ten liras, on one condition, You will take this woman in as a partner. You will be the outside man, and she will be the inside woman." He was very happy.

We drew up legal papers, and I gave him the money. They started to work together, and the arrangement was a very good one. She didn't need my help any more, and I was glad. They understood each other so well, and they were doing so well in the business, that six months later they got married.

The day after I gave the ten ^{liras} to my friend, we went to the Monasterlis synagogue. All the surviving Jews were there; there weren't too many. Soldiers of the Jewish Brigade, Jewish soldiers from the British Army, and our group, were also present. Like this, the synagogue was full. One of our group, the disinfector, was given the prayer to read. He was chosen because he was the tallest and the fattest. But he didn't know how to read. A few people from the Deportee Union (survivors of the lager) were there to help him. The only thing I could hear being whispered around me in Ladino was "He doesn't read Hebrew!"

The Deportee Union gave some speeches. They said we would never again permit the Jewish Police to exist in our community. If they came back, they would be prosecuted according to the laws of the land. We would not tolerate traitors like Koretz again. I remembered that Koretz had come to talk to us in the same synagogue, a few days before the deportations began. Koretz had stood in the same place where the speaker was standing now. If it wasn't for the Jewish Police, Koretz would not have left this synagogue alive. The Jewish Police saw that the people were ready to kill him, and they took him out by the back door.

In the synagogue, I met a friend of my family, a man in his late fifties. He was very glad to see me, and he asked if I had done something about my estate. I said I hadn't. "But," he said, "you will be leaving here, and you must have someone represent you in Salonica." I answered "If you want to take the job, I'll give it to you." The next day we drew up legal papers to this effect.

Two days later, we were downstairs in the hotel, early in the morning. The buses came to take us to a camp in Siderokastro. It was a small town near the Bulgarian border. Originally it had been an army camp. It had been converted into a rest camp for the deportees. The rest camp was for Prisoners of War, Jews and non-Jews. It was for non-Jewish people whom the Germans ~~were~~ had taken to labour camps in Germany. There were political prisoners from Greece whom the Germans hadn't killed, and also Jewish survivors of Hitler.

Our group was composed of a medical doctor, a chemist, two nurses, four chauffeurs, a disinfector, a quartermaster (Max Garfinkle), a dietitian (myself), and another

person who had no official function. We came to the camp. They introduced us to the camp commandant. She was a lady from England. When we were dismissed, we went by the bungalow that was to be the dining room. In the doorway, I saw Esther. I met Esther in Cairo, in the camp at Meady. Esther was the envoy of the Joint Distribution Committee. She was not very popular with our group. The reason that was given was that Esther spoke with non-Jews. Esther had been born in England. She was very well educated, and a very sweet person. She called me over and whispered in my ear "I prepared your room near mine." I didn't know how to thank her for having prepared a room for me alone.

Everyone took their belongings to their rooms. The nurses had a very big room for the two of them. The men had a very big bungalow, where everyone stayed together. I went to my room and opened the folding bed that I had been given in Cairo. Then I went to see the cook. I introduced myself and told him he would be working with me. The cook was a man in his fifties, very nice and polite. I had never seen a kitchen as big as the one in the camp. I asked him where the stove was. He took me into a small room with a small stove in it. I asked him how we were going to cook hundreds of meals on this small stove. He said "This is for the staff. We have a very big wood burning stove for the refugees."

He showed me two large rooms in the kitchen that we could use for storage. I asked him if he could find a desk or a ~~little~~ little table for me. I could make my office in one corner of the kitchen. I asked him how many refugees there were. He said there were ten, and that the food was ready for them.

I went to see the food. The soup tasted like boiled water, but I didn't say anything. I told the cook to keep a small fire going all the time, so that we would always have warm water. I remembered that when I arrived in Syria in the middle of the night, tired from the train and hungry, they didn't even give us a cup of tea. We had to wait until the next day. I wouldn't make the same mistake here. If refugees arrived in the middle of the night, they would have something warm to drink.

The chemist came in as I was talking to the cook. He told me "Please, the camp commandant wants to go to Drama." Drama was a small city near Siderokastro.

The camp commandant had a bad infenction of the hands. She needed a reliable person to open letters for her in the offices she was to visit in Drama.

We arrived in Drama, a small, clean, pretty city. We went from one office to another until the commandant had finished all her business. She said that she was going to see a doctor who would change the dressings on her hands. There was a general store facing the doctor's office. I said "You go to the doctor. I'll stay here to window shop." I was looking in the window when I noticed there was a mazuza on the door. I went in to see if the owner was there. As soon as I saw him, I realized that he was not Jewish.

The people in Drama had not seen a Magen David since the German deportations. I picked up the first thing that I saw, and I asked the owner how much ~~it~~ cost, in Greek. I hadn't finished my sentence when a young policeman came in. He asked me to follow him. I went, and I found myself in the office of the Director of Police. He apologized for having brought me there.

"But," he said, "the owner of this store is very patriotic. He called me to say that there was a lady in his store ~~with~~ wearing a khaki uniform with a Magen David the Germans forced the Jews to wear during the occupation. He wanted to know where you learned Greek."

"This uniform is worn by Jews who have come from Palestine," I said. "We came voluntarily to help the Greek people. You say the owner of the store is very patriot and he thought I was some kind of intruder. But he made a mistake. He just saw a ghc

The Director asked me if I was from Drama. "No," I said, "but this man doesn't like to see Jewish people very much. He thought I came to take his store, because this store once belonged to Jewish people."

"But you used to come to Drama before the War?" the Director asked. I said no. "Eh," he said, "how do you know this store was owned by Jews?"

"This man changed the name of the store. But he didn't remove the most obvious evidence that this store had been owned by Jews."

"What is that evidence?" asked the Director.

"Go there and find out for yourself," I answered.

I went back to the general store to wait for the commandant.

When we returned to the camp, the nurses were very angry that I had gone to Drama with the commandant. "You have to understand that you must ask our permission to go, because you aren't from any miflaga (political party)."

"First of all," I answered, "I didn't come here to make politics. When the So-konouth asked me to come, they didn't ask me if I was a member of any political party. And I came here to heal wounds, to feed people, and to try my best to raise their morale. Don't expect me to ask your permission for every move I make. I'll ask the doctor or the chemist if I need advice."

Late in the evening, I went to the kitchen. There was boiling water on the stove. The table was placed, just as I asked, in a corner of the kitchen. The telephone rang: refugees would arrive in half an hour. We made some soup right away. We tasted it. We put thex soup in the trucks, and we went to Coula, near the Bulgarian border.

As soon as the truck stopped, we saw the refugees crossing a small wooden bridge, far away. The first person I saw was a very well dressed man, carrying a brand new coat and two valises. I said "Welcome to Greek territory."

"I am the commandant of the refugees," he told me. I asked him if he was also a refugee. "Yes," he said, "the Russian army gave me the food, and I distributed it to the other refugees."

"There is no commandant here," I said. "We give the food with our own hands."

"Some people need to eat better than others," he said. "You can see, some can hardly walk. Others need less food."

"We have food for everyone here," I answered. "No-one will be left hungry."

As I was talking to him, I noticed a lady in her fifties; it was Regina's art teacher. She was a non-Jew, but the Germans took her the first night they entered Salonica. They accused her of making anti-German propaganda in the school, but she was far from being a politician. They put her in a camp for political prisoners. She was walking with two men between 25 and 30 years old. The men were each carrying two valises. She introduced me to them, and told me that they were both deaf

mutes. We gave everyone very good soup, and we took them to the camp to the disinfection room. I went along to help so that they could get to bed more quickly. I disinfected the teacher with DDT. She said that she had something very important to tell me. I asked if it could wait until morning, and she said it could.

I talked to her the next day. She told me that the two boys with her weren't really deaf mutes. But they didn't speak Greek. They were officers of the Russian Army. I asked why they didn't go home.

"If they go home," she said, "they will be killed." I wanted to know why. "All those officers," she answered, "who surrendered to the Germans will be killed if they return to Russia. They were not supposed to surrender. They were supposed to die instead."

"How do you know that?" I asked. "you were in a political prison camp and they were in the Russian prison camp."

"My camp was liberated by the Russians," she said. "But before the Russians came to our camp, the Germans fled and they left us alone. We saw we were alone and we ran to the bushes. I couldn't run very fast and I fell down. These two boys found me. I spoke to them in Greek, in German, but they didn't understand. I spoke all the languages I knew, but it didn't help. Finally I spoke to them in French. They both speak French. They were scared, more scared than I was. They told me the rules of the Russian Army. I advised them to pretend to be deaf mutes. We found other people in the bushes, Greeks running away from the camps. From that time on, the two boys have not spoken a word. One thing," she said, "no matter what happens you won't turn them over to the authorities. I have confidence in you."

I was scared. I didn't know what to do. I said "Let me talk to the superior. He is a doctor. I'm sure he will help you." She refused; only I was supposed to know. I said "How can I help You?"

"You will give us money," she answered. "I will take them to Athens. It is easy to go to Palestine from there, and these two boys are Jewish."

"You don't need money to go to Athens," I said.

"Yes," she said, "I gave my address in Salonica when we arrived."

"I can change the address and you will go to Athens," I said.

"I want to take them to my house," she said. "They need new clothes, and they need to talk and to yell, because they can't take being silent any longer."

"I have no money here," I said, "but I'll give you a letter. You will go to my representative in Salonica, and he will give you money. By the way," I said, "when you are in Athens, go to see one of your pupils. He is alive, and he can help you."

I need jackets for the boys," she said. "They don't have any."

"I saw them carrying two heavy valises when they came from Bulgaria," I said.

"Those valises," she said, "are full of the best things in the world. Look at me, I don't even have my wedding ring. The Russians gave enough food for everyone in the camp. But this Greek commandant gave us very little, and he sold the rest. These two boys, and others, had nothing to give him. They were carrying the commandant's valises when you saw them. Take me," she said. "I gave him my watch and other things I had until there was nothing left. In the end I was doing his washing in exchange for food. You didn't see, but there were people who couldn't even walk because they hadn't had enough to eat."

I took the two boys to Mr. Garfinkle, the quartermaster, to get them jackets. I got clothing for others in the camp, too. I was proud of myself. From the first moment that I saw the commandant, I had told him that ~~were~~ there were no commandants in our camp, that the food was given with my own hands.

The next day, the camp commandant had to leave because of the infection of her hands. The doctor was a very good diagnostician, but he was not a good leader. The nurses were the ones really in charge. They did what they wanted, and they told the doctor what to do. The chemist wanted to make a name for himself, and he was willing to work very hard to do it. But there was nothing for him to do in the camp. The disinfecter would lose his head every time he saw a woman.

I would get up very early in the morning to give the menu to the cook. I supervised the cooking to make sure it was tasty and ready on time. I made a programme so that everything ran by the clock. If the food was ready and if I had time, I would

go to the disinfection room when new refugees arrived, to help and to give them warm food.

The day came when the refugees were ready to go to Salonica. At eight in the morning, the trucks were ready. I gave the people breakfast, and rations for the road. The doctor had gone ahead to Salonica. The nurses felt that if the doctor was gone, it was up to them to replace the camp commandant. But the chemist wanted to be commandant, too. When the nurses saw that the chemist had given orders to some of the refugees to board the first truck, they made all the people get out. They filled the trucks with other refugees, their favourites, instead. When the chemist saw what the nurses had done, he made the refugees get out, and he put his favourites in their place. At noon, I gave everyone lunch.

This process continued. I felt very sorry for the refugees. At 4 P.M. I saw that the exercise of getting in and out of the truck had made them very hungry. They were eating the rations I had given them for the road. I couldn't bear to watch this cruelty any longer. There were two patients in the infirmary who had been alone all day, because the nurses were too busy with the trucks. I couldn't bear to watch these people who had suffered so much at the hands of the Germans suffering again, for no reason. They were anxious to go home, and they were being prevented.

I spoke to the chemist. "I like you, because you are humanitarian. Don't you think that these people have suffered enough? They go in and out of these trucks, but they're still in the same place. I don't want to discuss whether you are right, or the nurses are right. I appeal to you in the name of humanity, because these refugees can't take this suffering any more. They will remember what happened here for all their lives. Let them go. It is ridiculous. These people still remember the German discipline. But don't push your luck, because they will rebel, and they can kill you."

He listened to me; the nurses won. A few days later, UNNRA sent a camp commandant, Col. Sheppheard, and a lady doctor. The infirmary took on its original character: sick people were looked after, without politics. The new doctor was in charge ~~of~~ of the infirmary whenever one of the nurses and our doctor would go to different villages

to provide medicine and to look after the sick. If there were people with tuberculosis in the villages, they were brought to our infirmary. We did whatever necessary to send them to the sanatorium in ~~Sak~~ Cavalla. On weekends when I had time, I went to see them, because these miserable people never had visitors.

Bulgarian

In this part of Greece, the people suffered greatly from the Belgian occupation.

The misery of these people was as great as the misery of those I served when I was with the Soupe Populaire in Salonica. But UNNRA helped a great deal. I was satisfied with my job.

One evening the chemist had nothing to do. He told me that on account of me he had lost the battle with the nurses. One day, without even saying "Shalom", he left the camp.

I never had time to sit down in the dining room at lunchtime, nor very often in the evening. When my food was cold, I didn't even want to look at it. But I had a wonderful cook, and he was after me to eat all the time. I would prepare programmes and try to figure out how to make the food tastier. I would even help the cook so that the meals would be on time. No matter how many refugees arrived, I made sure that I served them myself. For me this whole experience was very good. I felt I was doing something useful.

One day, a large number of refugees arrived. For the first time, there was a large group of Jews among them. We distributed food all day, and the kitchen was quite busy. I didn't have time to talk to any of the Jewish people I was serving, although I knew many of them. We could only look at each other. When everyone had been fed, I started to prepare the programme for the next day. Suddenly I heard the beautiful sound of a flute. One of the refugees was playing, and the others were singing. The melody was a Greek classic, 'Tsobanaki Imouna', but the words had been changed:

Evreopoula imouna
To astraki foressa
Mas placossan ta cafonda
Kie mas pigan stin Rîm Polônia

Stin Polonia mas piganè
Po po po si pafame
Mas courepsan ta malia
Kie mas dissan andrica

To ~~prj~~ praj sto Aufstehen
Viename sto Tsell apel
Pende pende stin sira
Ak manoula mou glikia
Pende pende stin grami
Ak manoula mou krissi

Sto loutro mas piganè
Ya psora mas quitakssanè
Ki i cardiamas tik tik tak
Min tikon mas panè sto gaz

Stin doulia pujenamè
Mè anenous kie vrokies
Kian siga doulepsamè
To bastouni vlepamè

This means:

I was a little Jewish girl
I wore my little star
But they crushed us
And sent us to Poland

They took us to Poland
Po po po, how much we suffered
They shaved our hair
And dressed us like men

In the morning Aufsten
We went out for tsell apel
Five by five in the line
O, my sweet little mother
Five by five in the line
O, my little mother of gold

They took us to the baths
And examined us for lice
And our hearts would beat tik tik tak
We were afraid they would gas us

We went to work
In the wind and the rain
And if we worked slowly
They whipped us

When the boys finished singing this, they started to sing another song, again a Greek classic called 'Black is the Life that we Live':

Mavri more mavri ine i Zoi pou canomè
Mè fovo tromè to psomi
Mè fovo perpatoumè

Stin vris more stin vris
Na pamè den boro
Pandou mè ley o scopos
Isè filaquismène
Yernano cratimeni

Den eclepsa more den eclepsa
Gutè scotossa
Evreopoula imouna yi afto
Mè filakissan sto
Aousvits mè Kleissan

Englezakia mas
Afta fa mas glitosoun kie fa
Mas elefterossoun
Pio messa fa mas kossoun

The translation of this song is:

Black, so black, is the life we live
We eat our bread in terror, in terror we walk

I can't go to the fountain, just to the fountain
Everywhere the guard says: you're a prisoner, a
prisoner of the Germans

I didn't steal, my God, I have never killed
But I was a little Jewish girl, so they imprisoned me
and shut me up in Auschwitz

Blessings, my God, blessings on the little English
They will save us and free us, or, who knows, they'll
lock us up again

I felt terribly sad just hearing the words. My work was done, and I was ready to take my smock off. Col. Sheppheard came to the kitchen, and he said "Such beautiful flute music!"

"They are very depressed," I said.

"How do you know?" he asked me.

"By the words of the songs. This was the first time that I heard the new words to these old songs." Just as I was saying this, they started to sing a part of the Operetta of Esther, the part where Esther comes to the throne and she is pessimistic about her future:

Al borde del yarden
O Tierra amada de los sielos
Santos montes
Por sien miraclos
Signalados
Dè el doulssè paez
De nouestros padres
Siempre vamos asser
Rojados

Near the Yarden border
O the land that God loves
The blessed mountains
And hundreds of real miracles
In the sweet country
Of our own fathers
Where we will always be rejected

Col. Sheppheard asked me if I wanted to go to try to raise the morale of these people. I said yes. I went to them right away. Everyone was happy to see me and talk to me,

not having been able to eat mealtime. I told them "Let's sing songs of Leon Botton, because you people feel sorry for yourselves. We will sing happy songs instead of singing that we will always be rejected, as in the song ~~and~~ of Esther, who was depressed and afraid of the future." They answered "What will we find in Salónica? Should we not be depressed? Where are our children? Our wives? Our mothers? Or our fathers? Everyone was gassed."

I answered "Sing 'O Tiriazi' (a Greek patriot song). Go to Palestine, fight for the state of Israel." They sang this song.

Oh Tiriazi
Ta hopla fonazi
Paidia sikophite
Ya tin elefteria

The translation of this song is:

Let's make a match
The army calls us
Children get up
And fight for freedom

I didn't know the rest of the song. But the whole camp started to sing with us. It was really beautiful to hear. When the song was over, I said to the man playing the flute "You have such a beautiful flute. Where did you get it?" The man said "I used to work in Canada." When he said 'Canada', I thought he was crazy. I said "What's this about Canada?" "Oh," he said, "You don't know. There was a huge warehouse in the lager. Everything that the Jewish people brought with them was stored there by the Germans. They called the warehouse Canada because that is the richest country. I was lucky enough to work there. We opened all the parcels that the Jews brought, and we put all their belongings in separate piles. One day a lot of Jews arrived. This flute was among their baggage. As soon as I saw it, I had to play it. I played the song I used to sing to my wife, 'I Never have the Courage'". He played this song for me and everyone sang.

Nounka touve el koraje
De dezir què tè ami
Kon sospiros mè mantouve
De tè ver me afarti

Lo blanco izo el platèro
Lo moreno izo el dio
Biva la djentè morena

This means:

I never have the courage
To tell you that I love you
I fed myself with big sighs
I was full just to see you

He said, "You know, my wife was a brunette, just like you. I sang to her:

The white is made by silversmiths
The brunette is made by God
Long live the brunette people
Because I would die for them.

In the evening the Germans called for me. I thought they were going to send me to the gas chamber. But they put me in the German orchestra. I was very well fed. We would go to play from one camp to the other. There were only two Jews in the orchestra. I played the flute, and the other one played the violin. One day they took us to a very nice camp. It was the birthday of the camp commandant's wife. She was very musical, and she came to every rehearsal to make sure we were playing well. I'm not a professional musician. I played some wrong notes. She knew I was a Jew. I felt the strap on my back whenever I played a wrong note. Once, when she was raising the strap, I caught sight of her ring. It was my wife's engagement ring. I had ordered this ring from Agope (the best jeweller in Salonica). You can imagine how I felt; I thought I would have a heart attack. I was told that I would have to sing at the birthday celebration. I asked for some paper and a pen to write the words of the song down. I said I didn't remember them very well.

I went to my room which I shared with the violinist. I wrote and wrote and kept throwing papers away. In the end, I wrote what I had in mind. The night of the concert came. I looked only at the ring worn by the commandant's wife. Suddenly I noticed the yadran she was wearing, strings of pearls with a little bow in the back. I wondered ~~whose~~ to whose grandmother it had belonged. It was my turn to sing. I sang in Ladino:

Tantas estreas en los sielos
Tantas ijos pareras
Sietè vezes què tè cazes
Inez bivda kedaras

(You should have as many children
as there are stars in the sky
You should marry seven times
And ...)

I was very proud that I had cursed her as much as I could.

I was liberated by the Americans. I waited at the door of the commandant, to see him being taken ~~to~~ prisoner. The commandant and his wife came out, both wearing packsacks. I told the Americans by sign language that the contents of the packsacks were mine. The violinist, who was also there, said "This is mine" -- the commandant and his wife had taken his violin. When I opened the sack, it wasn't only the flute that I found. My wife's ring was there, first of all, and a lot of other jewellery. Who knows to whom it had belonged. And there were American dollars too."

I said "Good for you!" I was very tired. They didn't want to let me go. I said "Do you remember the song we sang when the bride left her father's house?"

"Yes, the bride had a special farewell song," they answered, "but we're going to sing another song from Leon Botton first, called the Matchmaker:

A si biva Han Liathi
Bar mi nam
A si biva yo con el
Bar mi nam
Què mè bouchkes oun noviezico
Bar mi nam
Què sea a mi plazer
Què sea a mi plazer

Non mè mires què sè bachica
Bar mi nam
Tengo agnos en couti
Bar mi nam
El boye de mi estan cazada
Tienen ~~yos~~ al charchi
Tienen yos al tsarihi

Ouna ya sola tingo
Bar mi nam
Mè la yaman tendjere
Bar mi nam
Couando salè a la pouerta
Bar mi nam
Mè la azen kipazel
Mè la azen kipazel

Mi querido ese alto i vano
Bar mi nam
I ouna vara de espander
Bar mi nam
Mi madrè izo colada
Bar mi nam
Lo mitio a dentener
Lo mitio a dentener

farewell song." It was called 'Kedavos Embonora':

Si ves ke mè vo
Sola por oun camino
Rogar en el dio
Ke non tinga enemigos
Kedavos en bouena ora
Ke yo ya mè vo ayin

Si ves ke mè vo
Sola por ouna kaleja
Rogar a el dio
Ke non mè ~~cang~~ga teja
Kedavos en bouena ora
Ke yo ya mè ~~xp~~ vo ayir

I went to the dining room, feeling very pleased with myself. I saw Col. Sheppear again. He asked me if I had ever gone to military school, I said no. "But what you have done here tonight is exactly the basic step that they teach us in military school. The basis for being a good officer is to keep the soldiers happy and to give them good food."

I saw a light on in the kitchen. My cook was there. I said "Kosta, go to sleep! We have to get up at five o'clock tomorrow morning!" He said, "You know, miss, you haven't eaten all day. I made you some eggs and chips." I thought it was very nice of him.

My work was both physical and mental. I thought only of how to give the best food, and of how to raise morale. One day I was very tired. I had been going from one end of the kitchen to the other all day. I thought I walked many kilometers. The bungalows were full of refugees. I was on my feet from five in the morning to nine at night. I finished my work many hours after my group had had supper. Again the cook fixed something for me to eat. I ate and went up to my room. The nurses were inside and the doctor was in my bed. I came in. The nurses told me that the doctor would sleep in my bed that night. They had opened the doctor's bed in the hallway for me.

I wanted to get my nightgown. The nurses, together, said "We put everything you need on the bed outside." I was so tired that I went to bed. But I wanted to pull their hair out. The next day, I had my room back, and I didn't say anything. A few nights later, the same thing happened again.

Usually the cook placed warm water in the bathroom so that I could wash up in the evening. Everyone in the group bathed on the road to Koula, near the Bulgarian frontier. There were warm water springs there, and they would go to bathe every day, rain or shine. But I had to feed the refugees three times a day, and I had no time to go with my group. That's why I used to wash up in the bathroom at night.

A week after the incidents in my room, I had finished my work and changed into my bathrobe. I went down to the bathroom to wash. Again, the doctor was in my bed, talking to the nurses. Again, they had opened my bed in the hallway. In the morning I got up very early. The doctor was still asleep. I couldn't go to my room to get my uniform. I went to the kitchen in my housecoat. The cook asked me if I wasn't feeling well. I gave the orders in the kitchen. Some refugees were supposed to leave the camp that morning. I went out, without even combing my hair, in my housecoat. I was mad. I watched for the doctor to get up. As soon as he did, I went to talk to him. I said "Look here, Mister. Even though ~~you~~ don't belong to any mifлага, I have the right to my own corner. I want you to know something. When the Sokonouth sent me here, they didn't ask me if I belonged to any mifлага. Do you expect me to go to your bungalow and sleep in a room with eight men, to have my corner? If you want my room,

"Oh," he answered, "the nurses are driving me crazy, trying to convince me to take your room."

"If they want you to have your own room, they should give you theirs. Why didn't they give you Esther's room after she left?" The doctor never took my room again. We remained friends after this incident, but I kept my distance from him.

I always had hope that some member of my family would turn up. But that day never came. I was very happy to see Jewish people arrive. Every night after my work was done, I went to the bungalow where the Jewish people were staying to talk, and to raise their morale. But this wasn't enough for them. They wanted me to give them passes to leave the camp at night, to see Siderokastro. I explained to them that it wasn't up to me, that I wasn't the camp commandant. "Well, if you don't want to do that, go to Siderokastro and buy us some ouzo," they said. They proposed that I go to Col. Sheppiard or the doctor to ask permission, or just buy them some ouzo when I went. I explained that many of the refugees, non-Jews, asked me to do the same thing. "You didn't do it for them, but you can do it for us," they said. I said "If I do it for you, I'll only bring antisemitism to this camp. If you want, go to my superior. If he says yes, he'll give me a car, and then I'll go." I did everything I could for them, but they were very disappointed just the same.

The Greek government started to reorganize the armed forces. It was natural for them to ask us to give up a few bungalows for the army. We would keep the refugees in the camp for a shorter time. One day we received notice that many refugees were to arrive. The menu was salmon. I told the cook "They'll be very disappointed to have salmon the first day; they're Greek people, and they'll have no oil to eat. Maybe we can make cutlets." The cook said "Do you know what a job it would be to make cutlets for so many people? We need at least three cutlets per person!" I said "I'll help you. We'll do the cutlets; I'll prepare them, and You will fry them. Let's open a box to see how many there are, and how long it will take to cook. When the refugees arrive, they go first to the disinfection room. By the time they are out, we will have the cutlets ready." The cook said "We need breadcrumbs." I said "We'll use flour instead." A box was enough for four people. We figured out how many boxes we'd

need. I was timing the cook, to make sure the cutlets would be ready when the refugees came out of the disinfection room. We tasted one; it was delicious. And we started to open the boxes. We heard the trucks coming, and we started to hurry. Suddenly the disinfection officer appeared in the kitchen. he said "Come and help me. There's too much work, and there isn't enough water in the camp. You call the colonel of the military camp and tell him to tell his soldiers not to use the water because we need it here."

"Only Colonel Sheppeard can do this, and not me," I said. "Col. Sheppeard has his own interpreters, and he can do it."

"No, he doesn't want to do it.'

"If Col. Sheppeard refuses to do this, I'm sorry, but I will not do it."

He saw the cutlets, and he took one. "Oh," he said, "these are delicious. Well, come and help me put DDT on the refugees."

"I'll go and help because I want the refugees to eat the food when it's ready," I answered. "I'm not obliged to go. My job is not disinfection. Whenever I go, you are not at your post. And you have a staff to help you. Look. All the drivers are in the dining room, as well as the extra man with our group. Ask them to help you."

He answered "Instead of making delicatessen for these Sephardim bastards, come and help me."

"Get out of my kitchen before I kick you out!" I said.

"You are menuvelette (irresponsible)", he said. When he had said 'Sephardim', I thought "Oh, there are Jews among these refugees." XXXXXXXXXXWXXXX I was eager to serve dinner, to see who these people were. I was still hoping that some member of my family would one day turn up, but this never happened.

Col. Sheppeard was born in Australia. He was a very nice person, and very sweet. He had been a career officer in the Australian army. He knew how to give orders without anyone realising that that's what they were. He was a good comrade, honest and sympathetic. The officers of the Greek camp came to Col. Sheppeard's office often.

One day I went to his office. When I entered, there was an officer of the Greek army

there. Col. Sheppeard was about to introduce me. Suddenly, the officer yelled "Maritsa!", and we were hugging and kissing each other. It was the brother of the owner of the barn in Evia. Col. Sheppeard didn't understand what was happening; he knew my name was Bouena, and yet this man was calling me Maritsa. The man said "We didn't know if you were still alive." I said "When I came to Athens from the middle east, I went to Evia to see your brother. But I didn't find him. The farm was shut down."

"This farm was not ours," he said. My brother only rented it during the war, Everyone called us aphendiko. We didn't tell anyone our name." I asked for his brother's address. He said "One day in the mountains, my brother fell off a horse. He died instantly." I was very sorry. There was a moment of silence. Then I said to Col. Sheppeard "It is a very long story. I haven't the time now to stay and tell it to you. But this officer will explain everything. The refugees are leaving today, and I'm not ready to go with them. If there's another car going to Salonica tomorrow, I would like to go for the day. I have some business to attend to."

"I know," Col. Sheppeard said, "that it's not very easy for you to go to Salonica." The officer said that two days from then he was going to Salonica, and he would take me. Two days later, there were no refugees in the camp. Col. Sheppeard gave us his own driver and a jeep, and I went to Salonica with the officer. Before we left, Col. Sheppeard said to him "Make sure she has a good time. She needs it."

In Salonica, I went to the hotel, and the officer went to see some relatives. Three hours later, he came back to take me to an open air café to dance. We had a really good time. The next day the officer came to the hotel again. I was ready to leave. I said "Look. I didn't come to Salonica just to have a good time with you. I came to go to the convent of Ville Marie. They have a little Jewish girl there, named Sarica Leah. I came to get her."

"Where will you put her if the nuns let you take her?" he asked.

"The Joint Distribution Committee has an orphanage in Athens for children like her," I answered. The Colonel's jeep was at my disposition, and the officer said he wanted to spend his holiday with me. We went to the convent, and we saw the

Mother Superior. I told her "You have a little girl here, four or five years old, called Saruca Leah. She is my cousin (this was a lie)." She said "She is in the infirmary. She was a little sick yesterday." She took us to the infirmary to see Sarica. She was very sweet, and she had been ~~weak~~ well looked after. She kissed me. I had brought candies which I gave to the Mother Superior to give to all the children. She said "If you come tomorrow, I will let you take Sarica for a walk. But you have to buy her some shoes. She needs them."

When we left the convent, the driver told us that he had called Col. Sheppheard. There were ~~b~~ no refugees in the camp, and I could stay in Salonica for a few more days. The next day, Sarica was waiting for us, looking through the bars of the gate. She said to all the children "This is my cousin! This is my cousin! You see, she has a star, she is an officer!" I took her into town and I bought her a pair of shoes.

The next day, Sarica was again waiting for me, with the Mother Superior. The Mother Superior said "I know you have no other relatives. If you want to take Sarica for good, you can." I took Sarica and I went to the office of the Joint Distribution Committee. I told them that I wanted to take her to Athens myself, to stay with her for a day to help her get used to the atmosphere of the orphanage. One of the nurses from our camp was there. She answered me instead of the Joint Committee's representative. "The Committee has its own people to do this kind of job." I left Sarica, who was screaming and crying, and I went to Siderokastro, back to the camp. My thoughts were only with Sarica. Sarica was sent to Athens, and from Athens to Palestine. Today she is a very happy wife and mother, living on a kibbutz.

A week after I had gone to Salonica, the brother of the owner of the barn told me that the Greek army was going to hold a ball. He asked if I would accompany him. Col. Sheppeard asked me to be on the committee organizing the ball. I was told that everyone in my group would be invited. But the people in my group refused the invitation. As I was getting dressed to go to the ball, one of the nurses came in and ordered me not to go. I said "I accepted the invitation, and I am going."

We arrived at the ball, and they asked Col. Sheppeard and me to start the dancing. The band started to play a Greek national dance. They gave Col. Sheppeard a handkerchief, traditional to this dance. Col. Sheppeard didn't know what to do. I took the handkerchief and started to wave it. I gave the signal to the orchestra. I started to dance, and Col. Sheppeard ran away, but all the Greek officers came to join me. The brother of the owner of the barn shouted "Yasso vre Maritsa!" ("Long Live Maritsa"). The atmosphere of gaiety lasted until four in the morning. They held a lottery, and each officer who won gave me his prize. By the end of the ball, I was weighted down with prizes. We had coffee, and said goodbye, and it was six o'clock by the time we got back to our camp. My cook was already in the kitchen. I went upstairs to my room, changed into my uniform, and went to work.

A few days later, the doctor went to Athens to attend a conference with the chief of the Palestinians. Our headquarters were in Athens. When he came back, he brought three coats for the girls, one for each of the nurses, and one for me. UNNRA had given them to him for us, because Siderokastro was cold. The coats we had been given in Athens weren't warm enough. The new coats were windbreakers, very light and beautiful. X The lining was imitation fur. It was the warmest coat I ever had.

The doctor gave me my coat and made me sign a note that I had received it. I took the coat and marked my name on the label. A few hours after we received the coats, one of the nurses spilled a bottle of castor oil on hers. I was on my way up to my room when I saw a shadow coming out of it. As soon as I entered, I saw my coat on the bed; I knew that I had hung it up before. I picked it up, and I immediately saw the stain and smelled the castor oil. I went across to the nurses' room

right away. The nurse was in such a rush to go in that she hadn't shut the door properly. I pushed it open. I had the coat in my hand. I said "I'm sorry, but this coat is yours. The coat you are holding is mine." I took it from her, and showed her my name on the label. I left. Needless to say, from that time on, we were colder towards each other than before.

A few days later, the extra man in my group asked me for my coat. I said "If you want a coat like this, go ask the nurses. They will give one to you for sure; you are good friends with them." I said to myself "I have been intimidated long enough. These are just nurses, not Germans," I was very pleased with myself: I had started to take courage in life.

I went to my room, and I started to remember that Regina had an exhibition of handmade goods in the Italian school in Salonica. Many people came. One of the ladies asked to buy her work, but we refused to sell. The first day that the Germans arrived, this lady came to our house with a German officer, with a list of the goods that had been in the exhibition. They also took all the valuable paintings that we had.

Two days after the incident with the coats, the refugees in the camp were ready to go home. Since there were no other refugees in the camp, it was decided that I would escort them to Salonica. Since there weren't too many of us, we would go by train, and not by truck. I asked the doctor how many people there would be, so that I could prepare rations for the trip. He said "You go rest, because you will be travelling at night. I'll tell the cook what to prepare." So I went to rest.

I went to the kitchen when I was ready to go. The cook had one sack of conserves, and he put it on the truckx that we would take to the station. I asked the cook why he had done this, since usually we distributed the food at the camp before people left. The doctor answered "This time ~~x~~ you will distribute them at the station."

We arrived at the station and I gave each person his ration. I gave some to everyone, but the sack was still three-quarters full. The truck hadn't waited a minute; I couldn't send the rations back to the camp. I had to take that heavy sack

with me on the train.

We used to send the refugees to Salonica, and from there they were sent to all parts of Greece, to their homes. There were some German women among them who had married Greeks in Germany, and had children. These women and children had no visas to enter Greece. We sent these people to Salonica, where they were put in a special camp. The ~~men~~ women were placed in the dining room and in the former rooms of German officers in Pavlo Mella, the prison where I was held after they ~~had~~ the Germans killed Chaim.

It was already fall when I took the train with the refugees, but on that day it was very very warm. I put my uniform jacket on, but no coat. It was so warm that I took my jacket off. The train came into the station. The conductor got off the train and gave us instructions. "The Jewish people get in the open wagon. The non-Jews get in the regular train." I protested. He replied "The train will leave in one minute, and you will stay here". I had no truck to take us back to the camp. I was obliged to tell the Jewish people to get into the open wagon, and I got in with them. There were no seats, so we sat on the dirty floor. When the train started to move, it was like being in a refrigerator. Each refugee had a blanket, and they covered themselves. But I only had my jacket. I pulled my beret over my ears.

A few kilometers from Salonica, the train stopped in a small station. I got off the train with my sack, and I went to talk to the conductors. "We are in a refrigerator! All these people are going to be sick, myself included!" The train started to move. I was going to be left behind with my sack. There were no stairs on the open wagon; you had to jump up. I went to the regular wagon with my sack instead.

When I arrived in Salonica, there was an officer from UNNRA there to greet me. He took my sack and put it in his jeep, and he said "We prepared a room for you in the camp where the German women are staying." I didn't pay attention. All I wanted was to be in a warm place. When I came to the camp, I realized where I was: Pavlo Mella, the prison where I was detained after Chaim was killed. With my sack full of rations, I felt more like a refugee. I went to my room and put my sack down on a chair. This room had been the interrogation room of the Germans.

The bed in the room was very clean, but it was impossible for me to sleep. I thought of the experiences I had had in this room. Suddenly, I said to myself "I have to have courage! I think being in this room ~~w~~ in a Jewish ~~is~~ is uniform with a Magen David on my shoulder is like ~~sitting~~ spitting in the face of the Germans. I'm going to sleep well tonight! I don't have the agony I had here before. Every night the Germans killed five prisoners. Every night each prisoner thought it was his turn. Every night ~~each~~ we could hear the machine guns and the people screaming "Elefteria!" ("Freedom!"). I won't be among the five tonight! All I can hear tonight is a baby waking up and crying." And I slept.

Mothers and children slept in the dining room. In the middle of the night, the sack of rations fell from the chair. With all the conserves inside, it made a very loud noise in the silence. The children all woke up and started to cry. I thought the Atom Bomb had been dropped. The night for me was never-ending, and I remembered my whole life. I thought "Hitler told the truth. I will live, but miserable as I am."

The next morning, the officer came and took me to have lunch at the hotel. He took me to Siderokastro with my sack. The doctor was in the kitchen when I brought the sack in to the cook. I asked the doctor why he had given me more rations than there were refugees. He said "Oh, we only wanted to play a practical joke on you." I said "If you knew what life was about, you wouldn't make a joke out of extortion." I told him to ~~protest to~~ the UNNRA because the Jewish people had been placed in an open wagon. I never found out if he did or not. Later, when I would ask him if he had protested, he would say "O.K., O.K."

I left the sack with the cook and I went to my room. The nurse was standing in her doorway across the hall, and she asked me how I had passed my trip. I said "Very nicely, thank you." She said "I told you that you would regret taking the coat. This was nothing compared to what we could do to you." I answered "In this world, I lost my brother, I lost my sister. ~~W~~ I lost my love, I lost my relatives. I lost my friends, I lost my neighbours. I lost my house, I lost my belongings.

But you can be sure I will not lose ~~my~~ this coat." I went to my room. I had a

terrible earache.

The next day, the other nurse asked me to give my coat to the doctor. I answered "If you want the doctor to have a coat like this, give him yours." I went to doctor and I asked him to look at my ear. He said that he was going to Athens, and he would look at my ear when he returned. Instead I asked Col. Sheppiard's driver to take me to Drama to any doctor there. I found a doctor in Drama, and he gave me drops for my ear and some pain killers.

Fewer and fewer refugees were arriving at the camp. My work became lighter, and I started to eat in the dining room with the others. One of the drivers liked me to cook, and he cooked for us. The first day that I went to the dining room, one of the nurses said "Now that you have time you will come to work with us in the infirmary." There were four patients in the hospital, attended by two doctors, two nurses, and a cleaning woman. The cleaning woman fought with the nurses and they had given her notice. I told the nurse "It's true I don't have much work now. But who will do the little that there is?" She said "You'll work for part of the night." I said "You work one part of the day;" And I didn't go to work at the infirmary.

Every day everyone but me would go to the warm springs at the resort to bathe. I had to distribute food to the refugees three times a day. But this day I made up my mind to go, and I did. It was like a swimming pool inside, with beautiful warm water. The back of the building was in ruins; the cook told me it was from an earthquake. This was the first time in six months that I bathed like a human being.

A month later, there were even fewer refugees, and the camp would soon be closed. My comrades went either to Salonica or to Athens. I stayed in the camp with Mr. Garfinkle to close it and to hand over it to the Greek authorities. My ears were still hurting me very much.

When I finished my work, I was ready to go to Salonica. But before I left, I went to see the wonderful work that UNNRA had done to rehabilitate the tobacco growers in the region near Cavalla. These people had been ruined by the Bulgarian occupation. UNNRA provided the people with houses, and with storage places suitable for tobacco. Mr. Sibly, director of UNNRA and a wonderful humanitarian man, used to say "It's very good to give food to the hungry. But we have to help them to help themselves." Mr. Edward was in charge of this project. He was an American Negro, very sympathetic and well educated. Everyone respected him. In this project, they had also built latrines in the fields, but I saw only pictures of these.

The first day I came to Salonica, UNNRA gave me a room in the first class hotel. As soon as I arrived, I took a few of the pills that the doctor in Drama had given me when I awoke. I saw that I was

sharing my room with one of the nurses. The other had gone to Switzerland to visit relatives.

I got dressed, and without ~~me~~ even having breakfast, I went to see the guardian of my estate. The first thing I said to him was "I want a house." He asked me which one. I said "I want the house we used to live in near the Monasterlis synagogue. I want it because there are a few Jewish people living there. And also, I think that I have my last memories in this house."

He went to the lawyer, and applied to the court. In the meantime, I would stay in the hotel. When I left my representative, I saw a familiar face in the street.

"Oh, Miss Sarfatty, how are you?" he asked. "You don't remember me?" He told me his name, but it didn't mean anything to me. He was a Jewish deportee who had passed through the camp at Siderokastro. He invited me to an outdoor café. We sat down and he said "I would like very~~h~~ much for you to meet my wife."

"Oh, your wife came back?" I asked. He said no. "Oh, then you remarried?" No. I didn't know what to say, and the man started to explain.

"I met a girl who also came from the lager."

"If you love her, marry her!" I said.

"It's a little complicated," he said. "The girl is pregnant."

"Pregnant women also get married!" I said.

"The child is not mine. A Russian soldier raped her." To give myself time to think of what to say, I ordered another lemonade. He continued. "I don't mind that this baby isn't mine. But it won't be Jewish!" This gave me an idea .

"Look," I said. "If you love her, marry her. According to Jewish law, if the mother is Jewish, so is the child. It is considered one hundred percent Jewish. If you don't believe me, go to Rabbi Molko. He is a very nice person, and he will help you."

He answered "Many couples who came from the lager now live together. Fifteen of the women are pregnant. Rabbi Molko talked to us, and told us we should marry. He told us to have just one ceremony; all fifteen couples should marry at once. But I'm the only one who has some complications."

I repeated what I said. "If you love her, marry her. There are no complications.

The baby is Jewish."

Later that day, I went to court. My ear was hurting me terribly. I was given two rooms in the house I wanted. The first night I came to the house, the people who lived upstairs started to scream at me, to make me move. But I went to my rooms and shut the door. All I found in the house was a picture of my friend Sarica Florentin. The rest of the walls were empty. ~~IxxixxxfmmxdxxbxxkxxThexxRix~~ I also found a copy of the plays of Molière.

Half an hour after I arrived at the house, all the pregnant girls came to see me with their boyfriends. They told me that everyone had agreed to marry. I was glad. They~~x~~ told me they had made arrangements with Rabbi Molko to be wed in the hall of Matanot Laevionim. All the girls wanted to be wed in white gowns. I said "That's up to you!" They had spoken to the Joint Distribution Committee, and the Committee had agreed ~~to~~ to pay for the rental of the dresses and the veils. We needed refreshments for the ~~wed~~ wedding. I asked who would pay for the food for so many people. They answered that the Joint Distribution Committee had agreed to supply the ingredients for cakes and so on. ~~The~~ The girls would prepare everything themselves.

A few~~s~~ days later, the Joint Distribution Committee approached me to ask me to supervise this wedding. I accepted immediately. A few days before the wedding, the girls wanted to decorate the hall of Matanot Laevionim, because it had not been painted for a long time. The Joint Distribution Committee agreed to give us as much crêpe paper as we wanted. When we finished, the hall of the Matanot looked like a dirty circus. But I let them do whatever they wanted. All the girls were very happy. They had never dreamed of getting married in the Matanot, because they were not of that milieu.

The day before the wedding, the Joint Distribution Committe gave the girls everything they asked for; flour, eggs, vegetables. I came to the Matanot very early in the morning to supervise the work. One of the girls was going to brek the eggs, another was going to beat them, and so on. They had asked some other girls to help them. I told the others to clean spinach for spinach cake. Some had to prepare the eggplants. Others had to cut up the cheese, and so on.

~~Suddenly, three deportees appeared and said to the girls "Stop! Don't work!" I~~

"Look. These girls have been dreaming of marrying in Matanot, and having a party. They invited many people. If we don't work, we won't be able to serve them anything. The eggs are beaten. The eggplant is baked. If we don't finish, we'll have to throw everything out."

"This wedding is only propaganda," they said. "The people of the Magen David will be able to send a picture to Palestine and say 'Look what we are doing!' The Joint Distribution Committee will be able to send a report to England and to America to show what they are doing."

"The Joint Distribution Committee was very nice to us," I said, "and the Magen David has had nothing to do with this."

They said "the Joint Distribution Committee gave us food. The Magen David sent us illegally to Palestine."

"What's wrong with this?" I asked.

"We still sleep on the floor with just a blanket, at the Orphelinat Alatini." One of them said to me "I sent three children to the gas chamber. My wife and my father and mother also went, because I was honest. I refused to become one of the Jewish Police and co-operate with Koretz. But Koretz went to the privileged camp of the Germans with his wife and children. He died of typhoid in the camp, of natural causes. His wife and children came back to Salonica. The Joint Distribution Committee didn't place them with us in the Orphelinat, to sleep on the floor. They are in a better place. Is this justice? Don't work, girls! The Magen David and the Joint Committee want to repair the Pinkas Dispensary. They will spend a lot of money on it, and for what? There are no Jewish people there, and it's so far away! The people in need go to Palestine. The others have never gone to the dispensary, and never will. It is too far. This dispensary used to serve three districts. It filled hundreds of prescriptions every day. For two or three prescriptions, they want to open the dispensary again.

They gave us food. We don't want charity. We want rehabilitation! People from the Joint Distribution Committee go to the cemetery. They take pictures of the graves that were levelled with bulldozers by the Germans. They send the pictures with their reports. But nobody tells them that it wasn't the Germans who did this. Koretz, long before the war, gave the cemetery to the Germans.

Greek citizenship. Long before the war, Koretz removed the remains of the biggest rabbis from their graves. All the Jewish women went to Ziara to pray at the empty graves. When someone was sick, they prayed there for him to get better. All the brides' mothers went there to pray for mazel for their daughters. My father was a rabbi, and when he saw this, he said 'The Jews of Salonica are finished'. This was the traitor, Koretz." The man was crying.

I said "Look. We have to be proud of the director of the Joint Distribution Committee, Freddy Cohen. He is the most wonderful man I ever met. Freddy is the son of Hamaki Cohen. His father was a lawyer and a member of Parliament; he was a specialist in Jewish affairs. This family was good friends with the royal family. We have to be proud of this family. Freddy's father died before the occupation. One wing of the royal palace in Athens is for the princesses. There were few princesses there during the occupation. The Germans respected this wing of the palace. The Cohen family was hiding there. Tilde, Freddy's wonderful sister, took a large valise filled with wool with her. She knit day and night so that she would have presents to give to the workers in the palace. I knew Tilde very well, a most distinguished, educated, humanitarian lady.

Now Freddy Cohen is the director of the Joint Committee. When we were liberated, he was responsible for bringing us mobile synagogues from England. He does everything he can to please the deportees, because his roots are humanitarian. Mr. Cohen is doing us a favour by remaining the director of the Joint. He is a successful lawyer, and he doesn't need this job. We should be thankful to him."

They said "The booses are the doctor and the nurse."

I said "Not to my knowledge. Now let's prepare for the wedding and let these girls have a happy day. Let these children be born with names."

"Oh, no," they said. "The girls are going to leave. The Joint will see all this thrown out. You will tell them why, and they will do something for sure."

"You're mistaken," I said. "I will say nothing to the Joint. Anybody who has complaints should go to Mr. Cohen, who is a wonderful person. He will listen. If you don't want to go by yourselves, go with the union of Deportees. But go directly to

Mr. Cohen, and don't tell your complaints to me."

Everyone left. But before they went, the boy said to me "Throw everything out!" pleaded with them not to create a scandal at the wedding the next day. "If you create a scandal at the wedding, do you think you will gain anything?"

They left, and I was alone with the beaten eggs and the baked eggplant. I couldn't believe that they wanted me to throw all this out. These people were about to die from ~~start~~ starvation before they were liberated,, and now they were telling me to throw out all this food.

I put my hands up in the air, and I said "Oh, God, send me the strength and I will prepare everything myself, and throw nothing out. I know what hunger means." And I started to make the cakes. At seven o'clock in the evening, all the cakes were prepared and I started putting them in the oven. The kitchen was very warm. ~~The xx kitchen xx~~ I left the cakes in the oven, and I went into the salon. I looked at all the decorations, and I started to remember how elegant this salon had once been.

I remembered my coming out party. I was 18 years old. Eliaou took me to the ball of the KKL (Jewish National Fund). I was wearing a blue evening gown, with flowers on it. The flowers were handmade from the same material as the dress. The dress was made of natural silk. When we presented our tickets at the door, two ladies handed me a 'carnet de bal'. One of the ladies tied it to my wrist with a blue ribbon. When we entered, we saw all the debutantes with their fathers. There were many young men near the door. All the men were wearing tuxedos.

As soon as I entered, one of the young men approached Eliaou. Eliaou knew him; his name was Elio. He wrote his name in my carnet. I was very curious about which dance he wanted. As soon as we sat down at a table, I looked in my book. It was the first waltz. I was so disappointed! Elio was very fat! How could a fat boy like that dance the waltz?

Eliaou introduced me to another young man, Chaim. Chaim took the carnet de bal from my wrist. A few minutes later, the ball was opened with a Strauss waltz. Elio came over, and we started to dance. Surprisingly, he was the best waltzer in Salonica! He was flying, and so was I. I had never had such a pleasant partner at a ball before.

When Elio took me back to my table, Chaim returned my carnet de bal. He had put

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his name down fo every dance. We danced together until six o'clock in the morning.

As I was remembering this, I heard footsteps. In the back of the Matanot, there was a room for the bride. After the war, deportees stayed there. I thought it was one of these people. But it wasn't. It was a man, between 30 and 35 years old, whom I had never seen before. But when I saw the number tattooed on his arm, I knew right away that he was a Jewish deportee.

He said "I came to keep you company. I know what happened here today. Don't blame them. Everybody is burning up because of the good treatment that Mrs. Koretz gets."

I answered, "Until now, I didn't know that Mrs. Koretz was here."

"Go and find out," he said.

"I'm not interested."

"Theu are burning," he said. "There is one family who came from the privileged camp. All the members of the Magen David surround them, and their car is at the family's disposal. The father of this family died at the privileged camp, of natural causes. But you remember, and I remember, and they remember that this man was the right hand ~~ng~~ of Koretz. They are mad that the Pinkas Dispensary will be opened. For whom? & For what? For the goyim? I have made many mistakes in my life. I went to Poland for my mistakes. But this person ~~x~~ who spoke to you this morning was a victim of Koretz. He refused to collaborate with the Jewish Police. And now, all these people are going ~~x~~ to Israel illegally. But Mme. Koretz is waiting for a permit. Please, I beg you. You worked very hard today. But don't blame them."

I said "Don't worry. I don't blame them. They are bitter, like I am."

The man had a heavy parcel in his hands. He was clutching it as if it were a baby. I said "Let's go to the kitchen to check the cakes." we went, and he put the parcel on the table. He asked me when the dowries were to be given. I said "Dowry?" He said "oh, yes. There is a Sepharady organization in New York, called La Ermandad. They have sent money to give as dowries for these girls."

I said "I don't know anything about this.~~x~~ The only thing that I am responsible for is to make sure that the wedding takes place successfully. They should have mazel tov. Many of the boys are sick, and I wish them good health."

T had been talking over my shoulder to this man, because T was removing the cakes

from the oven. When I was finished, I turned to look at him. I saw that he was stroking the parcel, as one would stroke a baby. I didn't want to hear any more about Magen David, about the Joint Committee, about the deportees. I tried to change the subject.

I said "Oh, you caress this parcel as if it were your girlfriend. X What do you have there?"

I hadn't finished talking when he started to cry like a baby. I felt terrible. I ~~walk~~ went up to him and said "I said something bad." I felt like crying myself.

"Oh," he said, "no. I'll show you what I have in this parcel." He couldn't stop crying. He said "I must talk to someone, and you ~~are~~ will be that person." And he began his story.

"I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. My father was a very successful business man with generations of wealth behind him. My mother was a well-educated woman, from an outstanding family. My maternal grandfather bought a villa for my parents as a wedding present. Before my mother married, my grandmother had already picked a housekeeper for her. The housekeeper's name was Keety; she was two years older than my mother. Keety was my second mother.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX My father got sick when I was five years old. He sold his business to his friend. My father's sister took the money and gave it to her husband to invest. My mother was very annoyed about this. Six months later, there wasn't a cent left. They had lost the money playing poker. We were left with a beautiful house and some jewellery. My aunt came up with another idea. She suggested that my parents sell the house and buy a bungalow that the Jewish Community was building at low cost. But my mother refused.

She was a very capable woman. The first thing she did ~~was~~ to send the gardener away. Then she rented the gardener's cottage to an officer of the Greek army. My mother talked to Keety.; she would find another job for her. She couldn't pay her or keep her in good clothing any more. Keety refused to go. She said "I'll eat what you eat, with you. I'm not leaving this house. I will help you raise your son."

With Keety's help, my mother became a dressmaker. They both worked day and night.

~~They sent me to the best Jewish School, Alchek. I learned French, Greek, and English.
and Hebrew~~

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dard of living remained the same as when my father still had his business. My mother sacrificed her life for me. When I finished at this school, she sent me to the Italian school for two years, so that my Italian would be perfect. Nothing could stop this woman from working. The only goal in her life was to give me a good education. I swear to you, she was a ~~x~~ very good mother."

"Of course she was a good mother," I said.

"I got my Bachelor of Commerce degree. The friend who had bought my father's business took me in. He had no children, and he always said that the business was for me. He paid me a very high salary. I never helped my parents. My mother kept on working. She never asked me for money. One day I heard my father telling her 'You have to ask him to give you something every week.' My mother answered 'Cuando el padre da alijo rie el padre rie elijo. Cuando elijo da al padre yora el padre yora elijo.' (When the father gives to the son, the father laughs and the son laughs. When the son gives to the father, the father cries and the son cries.)

I spent my money like crazy on girls. Finally, I had a non-Jewish girlfriend. My mother talked to me about this. 'This girl is going to ruin you.' And she gave me her version of the girl's character. I started to hate my mother, and I hurt her very much. This woman prayed for death. One day she said to me 'Si en biva non me kijites en mouerta me dezearas'. (If you don't want me when I am alive, you should desire me when I am dead.) The only good words I had for my mother were 'Shut up!' The only good words I had for my father were 'Go to Hell!'

I grew up around soldiers. The officer in the cottage had many friends, and I would play ball with them. The officer had a butler, and they would both play with me. The officer was a very nice man. He started to be interested in Keety. My mother went to talk to him. 'Keety is non-Jewish, but we love her as if she were my sister.' She is like a member of the family. She is a very honest girl. If you have good intentions, that's fine. If not, then you have to move.' A few days later, a priest came to the cottage and the religious engagement of Keety and the officer took place. Two weeks later, my mother gave a very big party for Keety in the main house, and invited all the friends and relatives of the officer. Keety was wearing a pink tulle evening gown. She had borrowed a beautiful tiara from my mother and necklaces. She looked like a queen.

My mother and Keety baked and cooked everything that was served.

The officer had two nephews. They were going to officer's school. They had brought all their friends in their uniforms. They were the waiters. And I, the youngest one, dressed in a tuxedo, was the chief of all the waiters. A few of the students provided the music. Everyone sat down in the living room. The dining room doors were opened to reveal this tableau vivant of the officers and myself. Three soldiers rolled up the carpets to make room for dancing. It was a wonderful party.

Soon after, they were married in a very small church. The only guests were the coumbaro (best man) and a few of the officer's relatives. Keety had ~~xxxxxxxx~~ three children in the next four years. The ~~xi~~ children slept in the main house, and their parents slept in the cottage. My mother could work less and less, because Keety couldn't help as much around the house now.

Soon after, at the age of nineteen, I entered military training. The day that I finished my training, the officer took me into his office. I spent the remainder of my military service like a king, working in an office. I developed a huge ego. I started to treat my mother like a rag.

Keety started to look for a house like ours, near us. It was very hard to find, because the houses in our district had been in the same families for generations. They decided to rent a house in another district until they found a house near us.

The day they moved, the officer asked me into his cottage. He said "We are moving, and do you know why?" I said "Because you want a bigger house."

"No, you are mistaken," he said. "We are leaving because we can no longer stand the way you are treating your mother. We love her. You have parents made of gold. You have developed this ego since you have been going with this non-Jewish girl. I saw you grow up. I saw you earn your first cent. You came home and you said to your mother that you didn't need her any more. You only needed her for money. People like you, who have this ego, are sex-maniacs. You are good to the girl, and bad to your mother, because this girl gives you sex. This ego is insane. Look, biy. One day you will regret it. I hope that it won't be too late. An educated person like you, you behave like a mule toward your mother. We're moving because we can't watch your mother suf-

every day. But we can't find one, so we are moving farther away. I want you to know that a person who makes his mother suffer as much as you do is a legal murderer. You are killing your mother little by little. This girl is not for you. First of all, she is not Jewish. Second, she has only sex to offer you. I hope that you will think about what I told you.'

They moved. Keety came every day to see my mother. Six weeks passed. I never went to see them, although I had grown up with them.

My room was at the front of the house, facing the garden. One day, at six o'clock in the morning, I heard the front gates open to let a car in. It was a military truck. I went out to tell them that the officer no longer lived there. I saw Keety with her baby in her arms getting out of ~~the~~ the car. I was scared, wondering what had happened. Her older boy got out next, with a toy in his hand. The oldest boy was carrying two ~~two~~ shopping bags filled with clothes. The officer got out and said 'Don't worry, just open the door.' My mother had got up in the meantime. The officer said 'Get dressed and come with me. The Italians have declared war against Greece.'

The officer came in, and emptied his pockets. He put all the money he had on a table. He said to me 'Empty ~~x~~ your pockets onto the table.' He said to my mother 'With every penny that you have in the house, and all the money that Keety has that I gave her you will go to the store and buy food. This world is going to become very cruel. I swore to Keety that the boy would be under my protection. And I swear it to you, too, mother.'

Two days later, we went to the train station, to leave Salonica. When I arrived at the station, Keety was there, as well as my girlfriend. I don't know how she found out that I was going. There were loudspeakers at the station. Farewell songs were being broadcast for the soldiers.

Ayde Sto Kalo

Ayde sto kalo
Kie panaya mazi sou
Ayde sto kalo
I skepssimou i dikissou
Pha sè kiereto
Koris kaimo kie pono
Kie na sou zito
Na mè phimasse mono
Pha sè perimeno

They played a song making fun of Mussolini; called Duthè:

Vale Buthè tin stolisso
Kie tin coufia tin psili sou
Mola ta fters

Kie mia nikta me fengari
I Ellada pay na pari
Kie ton foucara

Oh to tsoliamas to levendis
Vyke sta vouna
Kie tarazi ton efendi
To macarona

Ah tsiano
Ti na sou po tsiano
Ta pantalonia den proftèno
Ya nalaxo

We left. Keety and my friend remained at the station. Keety talked to her: "I know you well enough. If you are running after this boy because of money, I want you to know that his family has no money. If you hurt this family, you will have to deal with me. Leave them alone!"

In the train, I thought only of how much this officer loved me, and yet had insulted me so. The loudspeaker in the train was broadcasting the song 'Mother':

Mi kles glukia manoula mou
Mi klapsis mi ponessis
I niki fa ne mia kara
Kie mi mavro foressi

Fa pas ya na cratay
Psila o yossou to kiefali
Nanè kie aftos eleftheros
Opos kie tossi alli

(Don't cry, my little mother
Don't cry, and don't be hurt
Victory will be wonderful
Don't dress yourself in black

We go to the war
So our sons can keep their heads high
So that they, too, can be free
Like others)

My girlfriend wrote to tell me what Keety had said to her. I was very nervous about it. I wasn't writing home too often, but the officer was after me. He gave me orders to write home. We were winning the war with the Italians. The officer and I slept in the office where we worked. It wasn't very common for an officer and a soldier to share a room. The room was warm; it had a fireplace. The officer would get up in the middle of the night to put wood on the fire; this was a soldier's job. He made sure that I was covered. If not, he would put a blanket on me.

One night, he woke me up. "Get up. We're leaving!" I couldn't ask any questions. We just got into the car. We took the road to Salonica. As we were driving, he said 'We are retreating. It is a matter of minutes before we surrender. The Germans are already at the Greek-Bulgarian border.'

We arrived in Salonica, and the officer said "We will go to my house to put on civilian clothing. I have a key." We came to the house, but we found it in ruins. It had been bombed. The first Italian bomb had destroyed the house, but Keety and my

mother had said nothing about it in their letters.

We abandoned the car and went to my house. We went to the officer's old cottage that my mother had since rented out to a notary. The notary and the officer were good friends. We told the notary to get my mother from the main house. My mother thought that she was wanted on the phone, and she came right away. We stayed until the children had gone to bed. An hour later, we went to the main house. Our baths had been drawn. I told the officer to bathe first, but my mother insisted that I go first. I had my bath. My mother asked the notary to put our house in the officer's name. She said to the officer "No-one can take your house. But we are Jewish, and the Germans would take it from us. Now you have a place to live."

The next morning the officer took the children to his brother, who had a farm near Salonica. In the evening, the Germans came and took Keety prisoner. My mother went to the notary to ask what to do. Two days later the notary came to see my mother. "I found Keety. She is in Pavlo Mella. Prepare something for her to eat, and I will take it." We didn't have any way to notify the officer. The notary took food to Keety every day. My girlfriend was very sad to hear that the Germans had taken Keety.

Ten days later, the officer returned. My mother told him what had happened. The notary, the officer, and some friends managed to get Keety out of Pavlo Mella. The accusation was "Security Risk". Keety, unlike other women, was not a member of any organization. Her main goal in life was to help my mother. Keety was released, but kept under house arrest.

I went to forced labour camp, like all the other Jewish men. The only mother who came to visit twice a week was my mother. Again it was the notary who found out where I was and obtained a pass for my mother. One day the notary went to see my mother. "This time I've got a real pass. I have one to go in, but two to come out." The notary and the officer couldn't even come near the labour camp. My mother came, and found me running a high fever. I had malaria. This poor woman dragged me out of the camp, and halfway down the road. The officer and the notary were waiting there. They brought me the rest of the way home.

her. She had some pieces of material left over from the time she was a dressmaker. She exchanged this material for good food for me. I recovered, but my ego didn't. I was still very much in love with my girlfriend.

Jewish people weren't allowed to live in luxurious houses any more. We had to move. Jewish people were to have only one room. We moved into the ghetto zone. When we left, the officer, the notary, and Keety all cried. My mother took only the essentials from the house. But she didn't forget to take two candlesticks to light candles in on Shabbat. Keety also made sure she took a few pieces of silver to be sold for food.

One day my mother told me that she had found a way for me to join the underground. I told my girlfriend, who was spending her days in the ghetto. She said 'I found a way to send you to the Middle East. But you need money. You haven't got any, and your mother won't give you any for sure.' I went home and told my mother that I had found a way to go to the Middle East, and I needed money. My mother answered right away. 'Take the jewellery,' she said. My mother asked who was going to help me. I told her my girlfriend would. She answered 'Take the jewellery. But don't have too much confidence in her.' I was very angry.

My girlfriend begged me to find out who the people were who were going to take me to the underground. But my mother refused to tell me their names. The next day, my girlfriend came to my house and took the jewellery. She told me where to be the next morning at 9 o'clock. It wasn't far from my house. She gave me a sealed envelope. She said 'Don't dare open it, unless something goes wrong. There are instructions inside.'

The next day, I said Shalom to my mother. She told me not to go, even though we had already given away the jewellery. I was mad at her for distrusting my girlfriend. She said 'Kien te avla mas de mama ese de palavras que te engagna'. (Whoever talks to you more than your mother, misleads you with words).

I went to the rendezvous. I saw two Jewish Police instead of my girlfriend, waiting for me from afar. I opened the letter right away. It said: 'You dirty Jew! Why didn't you listen to your mother?' I came home and found my mother unconscious on the floor. Two Germans were hunting her to make her tell them who belonged to the

undeground. My mother never talked. They took me to Baron de Hirsch. I was in the first wagon transporting Jews to Poland. We were packed in like sardines. During all these years of suffering in the lager, I dreamt of coming back to Salonica and finding this girl and killing her. When I finally came back, Keety and her family received me like a king, and I am staying with them now.

Today I went to the house in the ghetto. All the furniture was there, and I saw the two candlesticks on a shelf. I took these candlesticks like a thief, because the people who live in the house now were screaming at me not to touch them."

I asked "Did you find the girl?"

"I think I will find her tomorrow," ~~xxx~~ he said. "She lives in the suburbs near the beach."

I said "The wedding is tomorrow, so I can't go with you. We will go the day after tomorrow. We will give her over to the Greek authorities."

"I'll kill her! I'll kill her!" he shouted.

I said "Your mother needs to be avenged. But you should not become a criminal."

"Oh," he said, "if I could only reach all the youth in the world! I would tell them to be good to their mothers, or they will regret it one day." He was looking at the candlesticks, and he said "Now I will be like Jean Valjean in the Miserables."

I said "Jean Valjean did a very good thing. Now you have to also, and you can start with me. Let's go to a café and have a beer. Then take me home. I've had enough for one day."

We sat down in a café and ordered our beer. I gave him money before we went out of the Matanoth. As we were waiting for the beer, we saw a couple approaching. It was the man who had given me the ten gold liras, and a woman. I invited them to join us. He introduced me to his wife. His wife was holding a silver handbag in her hand. My eyes stayed on the bag. It was mine. Chaim's grandmother had given it to me. It was very old. Very distinguished women carried bags like this. This bag was handed down from mother to daughter.

I said to the gentleman "For sure you forgot to return this bag to me." He emptied the bag and gave it to me right away. I could hardly manage to say thank you.

When they left, I said to the man "This bag was full of jewellery when we gave it to them. You see, each one of us has a story."

He said "Tell me a little bit of yours."

I answered "I've had enough for today. But one day I'll write it down. I want my children and ~~g~~ grandchildren to know what we went through." Before, this man had been caressing his candlesticks. Now I was caressing that handbag. My heart was full of tears.

The wedding took place the next day. I sang the 'Barouk Aba' to the brides. The wedding was a great success. Rabbi Molko performed the ceremony. Of course, the Joint Distribution Committee sent photographers.

The doctor from my group was there. I asked him if I had received any letters. He said "Yes, I have one for you in my pocket." He gave it to me. I opened it and I saw the date. I asked "Does it take three months for a letter to get here from Palestine?" He answered "Oh, I've had it in my pocket for a long time."

The letter was from the two "deaf-mute" Russian officers. They had arrived safely in ~~P~~ Palestine. The driver who came to get them at the beach turned out to be the uncle of one of the officers. "In Russia, one would say that this was a coincidence. But I'm going to start to believe in God, like you."

The next day I had a rendezvous with the deportee at the bus that went to the suburb by the sea. We took the bus and we stopped at a very beautiful beach that had been used for swimming before the war. The man said "I spent all the summers of my youth here, with my aunt and uncle and cousin. It was very nice of them to take me away from Salonica for the summers. My mother couldn't take me. My father was sick and she had to work."

I said "I'm sure you know the landlord who used to rent the bungalow to your aunt."

He said "Yes. And this is the bungalow."

I said "Let's go there and ask where this girl lives."

We went to the house. The wife opened the door, and then yelled for her husband. "Look! Look who came!"

"Her husband used to sell ice cream, and he would give me some every day," said the man. As soon as ~~they~~ he saw him, the owner of the bungalow fell into his arms. He asked after the man's mother.

"You must mean my aunt," the man said.

The landlord said "No. I'm asking about your mother."

"You don't know my mother. She came to see me very seldom."

"Your mother is the dressmaker. She was the one who rented the bungalow. She paid for everything, even for the ice cream I gave you every day. Your mother paid your aunt to bring you here. But nothing was enough for your aunt. She used to play poker with the neighbourhood big & shots."

The man looked at me, and he said "Oh, God, and I was so bad to my mother." He was crying.

The owner said to him "You have things here. I went to see your mother in the ghetto. She gave me a box of cutlery to keep for you, service for 24, in silver. She also gave me a silver tea set. Your mother was an angel. She told me not to sell any of this, that I was to keep it as a souvenir of her love for you."

We asked him if he knew the man's old girlfriend. The owner said "She lives just two doors down."

I said to the landlord "Come with us, please." I was afraid that the man would kill

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We went to the house. A lady in her fifties opened the door. When we asked her about the girl, she said "She's my sister, I'll call her." A lady in her fourties came in. The man said "You have the same name, but you're not the person that we're looking for."

The woman said "you're right. But I have nothing to hide. I'll tell you the whole truth. Before the war, we used to rent rooms and bungalows here in the summer. My husband had left me a pension, and I made a little money on rents, enough for my sister and me to live on. During the occupation, no-one came to rent cottages, and we were both starving. I began to look for a job as a housekeeper, so we could eat. I went to Salonica one day to see the people who had rented bungalows from me. At the first house I went to they hired me for three days a week. They paid me very well and they gave me food. They were so well off that they gave me enough to take home to my sister.

One day, this girl came to the house to visit. I was amazed, because she had the same name as I. ~~Batixa~~ She was about the same age as I was. But she looked much younger, with her fine dress and makeup. I was born in Turkey. So was she. This girl was my employer's mistress."

"Who was your employer?" I asked the woman.

"Papanaoum," she said.

"Oh, no!" The man and I shouted. For the Jewish people, Papanaoum was the Hitler of Salonica.

"Yes," the woman replied. "I worked in this house until the time of the deportations. Then my employer told me that I was to go to work for the girl. She had a beautiful home near the sea. It was a Jewish house that had been taken over by the Germans. It was the most beautiful home that I had ever seen. They told me to bring my sister; there was too much work in this house for just one person.

They gave us the gardener's cottage. They gave me an identity card, but not with real name. That's when I realized that these people had found me - I hadn't found them. The girl must have changed her name way before the war, because she was a member of the Fifth Column."

The man said "I knew her with this name long before the war."

The woman said "Everything was arranged a long time ago, because they were from the

Fifth Column."

The man said "Oh, God. She must have sent Keety to jail."

I said "I knew this from the time you started your story."

The man asked the woman "Where is this girl now?"

She answered "Let me finish my story. Then you will know. We lived in the cottage, went to the house every day to cook and clean, and then went back to the cottage. One day we saw cases being removed from the house. The girl told us not to clean that day; we were only to pack. We packed the best jewellery, the finest treasures, like those of Monte Christo. We put everything in cases. I don't know where the cases were sent.

Four weeks before the German retreat, a man came to the house, with a huge valise. They put two beds in a room near the kitchen, and we were told to stay between the kitchen and that room. We were not to go anywhere else. There must have been many people upstairs.

This man, in my opinion, was a doctor. He would come wearing a white smock and a stethoscope in his pocket. One day, we saw two people with two valises leaving the house. Their faces were bandaged. We heard the footsteps of many people coming down the stairs and leaving the house. As the last person was leaving, we heard some shooting, and someone falling down. When we were sure that everyone had left, my sister and I went upstairs. We saw the doctor lying in a pool of blood, dead.

We ran out into the street. We couldn't take a streetcar because we had no money. We had left everything in the house. We walked to the bus depot. The driver knew us and let us on for free. And here I am.

All the years we were in the house, those people knew the German's couldn't win the war. They were taking Spanish lessons. Spanish was familiar to them and easy to learn; they had many Jewish friends before the war, and they spoke Ladino."

We soon left the two women and returned to Salonica. The man talked only of his mother, and of how much he had made her suffer. "Oh, mother, I desire you now." And I was taking pills to kill the pain of my earache. The man begged me to go with him to meet Keety. We arrived; the husband and the children were sitting at the table, waiting to have supper. I stayed only five minutes, but I sensed the sweetness of this family.

Keety asked us if we had found the girl.

"She's somewhere in South America, or in Spain," I said.

I arrived at the hotel, and saw the doctor from my group. The doctor asked me where I had been; he was looking for me. I said "I went to stop a nice Jewish man from becoming a criminal. He wanted to kill a girl. But everything is all right now." The doctor said he had a job for me, and we made an appointment to meet the next day in his hotel. I went to the dining room, but I couldn't eat. I got up and went to my house.

The next day, I went to see the doctor. He was staying in a ~~x~~ second-class hotel. My work was to be the taking of statistics. I hated desk work. But I had to do it. In the doctor's room there was no desk. I worked sitting on his bed. It was winter and there was no heat. The room was very cold. I worked with my coat on. Thank God for that coat!

I worked there a few days a week. During the rest of the week, the doctor, the nurse, the driver and I would go to different villages to see patients. My ear was still hurting me very much. One day, there was no ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ work to do. The doctor said "Tomorrow you will go on an excursion with the Jews who have tuberculosis. The Joint Distribution Committee has an excursion for them every day."

The next day, the truck with the tuberculosis patients came to pick me up. There was a British official from the Joint Distribution Committee, the driver, the patients and myself. We arrived at a stream in the mountains and got out to have lunch. The TB patients asked me why the Joint Committee didn't do for them what Mr. Arouk did for one of the girls who had been in the lager and contracted TB. ~~Xxx~~

I knew the girl they were talking about. This girl had been operated on by the Germans. One day, Greek Jews came to work at this lager. Among the workers was Mr. Arouk. This girl was in one of the windows, and she screamed "Mr. Arouk!" She threw a loaf of bread into his arms. Mr. Arouk, before the war, had been a member of the board of Matanot Laevionim, and this girl knew him. When Mr. Arouk left the lager, he passed through Siderokastro. The first thing he asked me ~~x~~ was if this girl was alive. I told him that she was, but she was sick. As soon as Mr. Arouk returned to Salonica, and recovered his property, he rented a bungalow for this girl in Asvestokori, in the mountains a very good place for victims of TB. He hired a very good housekeeper, and got the best

doctor for this girl. She is very healthy now, and lives in Athens. Mr. Arouk used to say "If I'm alive today, it's because this girl risked her life to throw me some bread from the window."

One of the TB patients said that we should sing the song of Shabbat, as we used to do with our families on ~~Ex~~ every Shabbat, before the war. The song went like this:

La Cantigua del Shabat

Dia de Alkad
Asta dia de viernes
Lazdro mi alma
Vino dia de Ghabat
Non aye como el
So benduho el dio
I lo santefico
Por el Ghabat
Non como el
Lo benduho el dio
I lo santefico

When we finished this song, someone else said, "Now let's sing a song of Leon Botton. Let's sing the song called 'Sex Appeal'". It goes like this:

Yo quiero moujer
Que sea de famia
Que tinga sex apil
I que sea bien vistida
Que sea de salon
I bouena education
I djouga violon

El piano que sea bien sonar
Como flama a la cama
I que sepa bien djousgar
I arangear
I bien peynar

Tou idea pepo non la
Topo fina
Quieres tener ouna coucla
De vetrina
Para tomar anci a la legere
Es mifor de se saver meter

The echo of our singing drew the attention of some people who were selling eggs.

A girl and a man came up to us to sell us some eggs. I saw that the girl was wearing a very well made jacket. I asked "Who made this jacket for you?" The girl wrapped the jacket around her body protectively and said "My aunt gave it to me."

In Ladino, I said to a TB patient standing near me "This jacket is mine. Look inside

There's a label of Katina Paximada (one of the best dressmakers in Salonica). I never

had a chance to wear this jacket."

The TB patient said to the girl, "If you want us to buy your eggs, you must show us the lining of your jacket." She showed us the lining, and we saw the label.

"Who gave you this jacket? What is your aunt's name?" I asked. The girl started to run away. One of the TB patients told the driver "Go and see where she goes. Take the address and bring it to us."

We returned to Salonica with the understanding that I would go with the TB patient again the next day. They were very pleased with the way they had spent this day. I was just in time for an appointment with Mr. Silby, the director of UNNRA. I told him that my contract would soon finish. I wanted to go to Athens to have a conference with the head of the Palestinian Jews. Mr. Silby immediately arranged for my transportation to Athens. I was to leave three days later.

I went home, but I couldn't sleep all night. My ear hurt more than ever. I had a very high fever, and I told myself how stupid I had been not to have it treated. I had become sick in the line of duty. The next morning, the truck with the TB patients came for me. I told them that I was sick and couldn't go.

I went to the Hirsch Hospital, a Jewish hospital, the best in Salonica. It had been founded by Dr. Misrachi. As all other institutions, it had been run by the Jewish community before the war. But in 1940 it had been taken over by the Greek army for the soldiers. In 1941, the Germans took it over. In 1945, the English army used it. But because I was working with UNNRA, I had the right to go to this beautiful hospital.

I called to cancel my reservation to Athens. An interpreter answered the phone. When I said I was Miss Sarfatty, he said, "Oh, my God, my mother wants to see you!"

"Who is your mother?" I asked.

"You stayed at my house for one night," he answered. "A phony German officer brought you."

I said "I'm in the hospital now. When I get well, I will call you, and we'll go to see your mother. I'd like very much to see her." In his excitement, the interpreter forgot to cancel my trip. I learned that Mr. Sibyl was very mad that I didn't go to Athens. But he never said anything to me. And I never said anything, because the in-

At the hospital, the doctor examined me. He asked me how long I had had the pain. I'd three months.

"How long?? Three days?"

"No. Three months," I said.

"And you waited three months with this pain in your ear?" he asked.

"I was waiting to finish my contract," I said.

He said "You can have a contract for life with this ear. You could become deaf."

I spent two weeks in the hospital. By some miracle, I am not deaf. There were two beds in my hospital room. The other bed was occupied by a lady working for UNNRA, whom I knew. But I was too sick to make conversation. In two weeks, however, I had recovered.

The first person I saw after I left the hospital was the nurse from my group. She said "I've seen many things in my life, but you take the cake. I know the Sepharadim don't like to work. But I never thought they would go to the hospital to avoid it."

A few days later, I called the interpreter to tell him I was ready to go see his mother. I went to see her, but I didn't remember her or her house. Oh, God, I had gone from house to house, always at night, so that I didn't remember where I was. But at every house, Daniel and Mr. Neri, the Italian consul's brother-in-law, would come to see me. Naturally I brought a present for the interpreter's mother. I brought her some nylon stockings that I had bought at the PX in Cairo.

A few days later, I went to see my superior, Mr. Schaynay, in Athens. Of course, he was angry because I had missed my appointment with him when I went to the hospital. But he said nothing. He was a very sweet man. He didn't even ask why I had missed my appointment twenty days before. The aim of my meeting him was to ask if I could stay longer in Greece, because while I was working I had not looked after my personal interests. I wanted to stay awhile and arrange my estate, and then return to Palestine.

When I arrived at Mr. & Schahnay's office, he paced back and forth for two hours between his desk and his secretary's desk, as if I wasn't there. Suddenly he said to me "you refused to work in the hospital. And you refused to work in the disinfection room."

I said "I" couldn't work at two jobs at the same time. I had to feed the refugees."

ΕΘΝΙΚΟΝ ΕΒΡΑΪΚΟΝ ΣΥΜΒΟΥΛΙΟΝ
ΔΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΠΑΛΛΑΙΣΤΙΝΗΝ

הסוכנות היהודית בארץ-ישראל

JEWISH AGENCY FOR PALESTINE

ΠΑΛΛΑΙΣΤΙΝΙΑΚΟΝ ΓΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ ΔΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΣ
ΠΕΡΙΑΝΔΡΟΥ 3 - ΤΗΛ. 28.556

PALESTINE OFFICE FOR GREECE
PERIANDROU 3 - PHONE 28.556

Athens, March 26, 1946.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The bearer of the present is Miss Buena Mois Sarfatti, member of the P.J.C.R.A. (Palestinian Jewish Council Relief Abroad) per who volunteered for the relief work in Greece since April 13th, 1945. She left with above team Palestine for Greece via Egypt.

Miss Sarfatti is terminating her contract with the P.J.C.R. Agency on the 15th of May. According to agreements between her and the agency she gets a months leave, which starts at April 15th.

JEWISH AGENCY FOR PALESTINE
HEAD OFFICE ATHENS
John H. Fletcher

BRITISH ECONOMIC MISSION TO GREECE.

N.Greece Office.
SALONICA.
19 Aug 46.

To whom it may concern,

The bearer Mr Max Garfinkle and his wife, formerly Miss Buenna Sarfatty, worked with me for seven months as members of a Voluntary Society, in the Displaced Persons Camp at Sidhirokastron.

During this time they gave unsparingly of their energy and ability and the success of the camp was due to no little degree to Mr Garfinkle's work as Quartermaster, and Miss Sarfatty's as Officer-in-Charge kitchens and feeding programmes.

These two people demonstrated that their human qualities overcame all questions of race or colour and helped all displaced persons whom they met with equal care and solicitude.

All their work in this camp was voluntary and I know that they worked also in a voluntary capacity in other relief work for a further period of seven months.

A.H.Sheppard c/o.

BRITISH ECONOMIC MISSION

Schahnay. I was born a Greek, and I could stay in Greece without his permission. I said to him instead "I would like to be released. I have finished my year." I said goodbye and I left.

I returned to Salonica. The driver of the excursion bus for the TB patients gave me the address of the girl who had had my jacket, and the name of the people living there. The owner was a rich farmer. Instead of going straight to the farm, I went to the Agricultural Bank; all the farmers had to deal with this organization. I went to see an official who had been friends with Eliaou. I asked if he knew the farmer. The official answered "Eliaou used to work with him." I told him the story of my jacket. He advised me to go and see the farmer, who was a very nice person. "If you have any difficulty, I will go with you myself. Give him my regards, and he will give you everything that belongs to you."

The next day, the driver and Max Garfinkle and I went to see this family. They lived in a house that had originally been built for rich Turkish farmers. When the Turks left Salonica, there was an exchange of Greeks from Turkey and Turks from Greece. Greeks returning from Turkey had taken over this house. The gates of the estate were open. We entered, onto a very huge lawn. The house itself was built at the end of the lawn, on a mountainside. It was a traditional Musulman house. The people in the house could see out, but the people outside couldn't see in. Max Garfinkle and the driver stayed outside. I entered alone. The dogs began to bark and growl at me.

A lady came out. She said "We don't know any Jewish people, and we don't want to know them. If you don't leave immediately, I will untie the dogs." She approached the dogs. I was getting scared, but I didn't budge. She said "Get out!" again. I started to move forward. She became very angry. She said "If the Germans didn't make you into soap like they did with the rest of your family, I will do it with these dogs."

I said "I am Jewish, and very proud of it. I'm going to marry a Jew; I'll have children who will marry Jews, and they will have Jewish children. And I'm not frightened of you, or of your dogs, or of your actions, or of your threat to make me into soap. We Jewish people have very tough skin; we don't get frightened of people like you. You thought Hitler would kill all the Jews. But look! Here I am! And the Jewish soul will

live. You thought the walls fell down, but we Jewish people know how to build." She was untying the dogs as I was talking. As she was about to release them, her husband ~~arrive~~ arrived. I recognized him immediately; he had been a good friend of Eliaou. He ran over to stop his wife from releasing the dogs.

"Are you crazy?" he asked her. "There's a truck outside full of soldiers." He turned to me. "Do me the honour of ~~me~~ coming into my house." In the entranceway, near the window, there was a cushion on the floor, as one finds in many Greek ~~home~~ homes. The cushion was made in metrito. In Greek, metrito means 'count', or 'measure'. I was ten years old when I had made that design. When I finished the cushion, I had to line it. My mother looked for material, and she found some left over from the lining of drapes. I put the finished pillow on the floor in my room. My mother said to me "Now you can marry an intellectual man." I asked "What does my cushion have to do with an intellectual man?" She told me the legend of Socrates. When Socrates was young, he wanted to marry, but he wanted to marry an intellectual woman. At that time, a woman who knew how to count, and who had enough patience to make a cushion of this design, was already considered an intellectual.

The husband invited me into the living room, and said to his wife "Serve the guest!" I said "Whoever made this cushion, health in her hands (a Greek expression)?" The wife said "My mother." She went to bring something to drink, and her mother came into the room. I said "Health in your hands, you made this cushion." She said "Oh, no. I haven't got the patience, or the eyes, and I can't count that well. A Jewish family gave it to my daughter as a gift."

There were two ashtrays, a small table, and a kamp, all beautifully hand-carved wood, in the living room. Regina and I had made these works of art. There were two bonbonnières filled with candies on the table, one made of silver and the other of early china. Sara Trabou had given me the silver one as an engagement present. There was a dragon on top of the china bonbonnière. Chaim's aunt had given me this piece as an engagement present. I got up, I removed the candies and put them on another table, and I took the two bonbonnières. Suddenly the wife came back, and grabbed me by the hair when she saw what

I was doing. Her husband tried to remove her hands from my hair, but he wound up pulling

it some more. He finally bit her hands.

I said to him "An official from the Agricultural Bank sent me here. If you don't give me all that belongs to me, he will come here himself." Just then I noticed a sofa with two seats and four chairs, from my own living room. The husband said to me "you can tell your friend that we will give you everything that is yours today. Call the two men that you have outside to help me bring all of your things downstairs. When you moved to Mitropoleos St. from the big house without a shelter, your brother put the things that wouldn't fit in the smaller house in storage here with me. I will give you everything."

I called the driver and Mr. Garfinkle. The husband gave me all the carved wood, all the cushion, and the four chairs, two armchairs and sofa. He went upstairs, but he refused to let me go. Every Jewish family had a forcel, a large container for the daughter's trousseau. This container was made of special wood, it was lined on the inside, and covered on the outside with camelskin. The two forcels that the men brought down were filled with my trousseau. They brought down the buffet. They also brought down a very large bundle; this was my wool.

There was enough wool to make four mattresses. These were to be part of the bride's trousseau. The wool was already bought by the time a girl was fifteen years old. Since Eliaou worked with farmers, he was able to buy the best fleece for me. I started to remember the traditional washing of the wool. It was washed in the girl's back yard. Friends and relatives arrived at four or five o'clock in the morning. Water was boiled in a large container on an open fire. Everyone washed and boiled and changed water. They sang traditional songs of the bride.

The Groom's invitation to the Bride

Ventanas altas
Tienes tou con vellas amarias
Esta nothe rago al dio
Que me souvas ariva
Tirilaila op Tirilaila opa
Tirilaila op Tirilaila opa

En mi sala te combedi
Non te baganeates
Tiego sala i camareta
I ventanas para la vouerta
Tirilaila op Tirilaila opa
Tirilaila op Tirilaila opa

El anio que yevas tou
El diamante ese mio
El amigo que te lo dio
Es primo ermano mio
Tirilaila op Tirilaila opa
Tirilaila op Tirilaila opa

The Bride's Acceptance

A tanto fouetes i venites
I en mis tierras me trouchites
Non me emporta por padre i madre
I oun castio de donzeas

Tivila (Mikava)

Ime alevanti oun lounes
I oun lounes por la magnana
Tomi mi arco i mi flettha
I con la mi mano derecha
Ande que la fouera a tagnera
En pouertas de mi namorado

Coming Out of the Mikva

Y'a salio de la mar la galana
Y'a salio de la mar la galana

Con oun vistido bien blanco
Y'a salio de la mar

Antre la mar i el rio
Mos Krissio oun arvole
De bembrio
Y'a salio de la mar

Antre la mar i larena
Mos Krissios oun arvole
De almendra
Y'a salio de la mar

By noon, the washing was finished, and the wool was put to dry in the sun. The sun of Salonica dried very well, but it still took until the end of the summer to dry the wool completely. AT noon, big tables were set up, and everyone would eat and sing. This beautiful tradition was remembered by all who attended for the rest of their lives.

I brought everything that the farmer had given me back to my house. I put ~~it~~ it all in one room and closed the door, thinking of waiting for a few days until I was less depressed to open the forced. I was very depressed and I said to myself "I have to change. I have no-one to cheer me up, and this room is full of the souvenirs of my life." Wherever I turned in the house that day, I remembered the English soldier, Tia Donr Chaim, Eliaou, Regina, Reyna the housekeeper. And there I was, all alone.

I went out for a walk. I said "I have to cheer myself up. The only way is to go to the beauty parlor and get my hair done." I went to the beauty parlor that I used to go to before the war. It was full of strangers. I asked to see the boss. A stranger came to see me. I asked him for the man who usually did my hair. He said "I'm the boss now." I said "I want to have my nails done." The manicurist had no customer at the moment. He replied "Go across the street. We don't give manicures to Jewish people here."

I left immediately and went across the street. As soon as I entered I saw one of the workers from the other salon. When he saw me, he opened his arms: "Miss Sarfatty! Come here!" I told him what had happened in the other salon.

"This man killed ~~xxx~~ my boss," he said. "The janitor saw this

man come in with two Germans, and they took my boss away. No one heard of him after that. The janitor told some people what he had seen, and he was found dead the next day. After the Germans' defeat, my boss' mother went to reclaim the store. But this man showed her legal papers to the effect that he had bought the shop."

Not only did this man do my nails and hair, he even took me out for a beer. He saw that I was very depressed, and he cheered me up a bit. I went home and I said to myself "I must unpack my things. It's no use to leave them any longer." I opened the first forced and I started to cry. I took courage and started to sing the traditional song of our land, 'Mouestra Tierra':

Mouestra tierra non ese venssude
I demoyevo renassera
Nouestra nation non es piedrida
I sou brio renassetra

Pouerpo i alma ofriremos
A este combate
Libertad mos ganaremos
Al paez esgate
Oh venito lavorozo
Lavorar con fousssa i roso
Biva la ora esperada
De Israel nouestra tierra amada

But I was still depressed. I started to sing "Sion"

Sion Tierra amada
Mouy triste i dessolada
Couanto tou yoras i esclamas
Yoras i esclamas

I este enemigo emplacavle di Israel
Destrouyo mouestro paez eternel
Estonsses relouembrera
Al monte Maria
La menora emflamada
Sembol de libertad

I found two rolls of material in the first forced. It was made of bilidi. This was for the covers of the mattresses. There were many pieces of material of natural silk, for dresses for my trousseau. There was an eiderdown. There was material for coats. As soon as I saw the material for the lining, I started to cry again. It was a natural silk print. Chaim had said "We will buy some other material for the lining.

the force. Even the buttons, and all different colours of thread, even the trimmings for the dresses were there. I remembered how Chaim and I had looked through the catalogues to decide on the styles of the dresses.

I started to figure out what to sell and what to keep. I sold the wool, the bilidi, and a few pieces of silk. I sent the money to my sister who was in France with her two children. Her husband had not come back from the concentration camp.

The other force was full of linen, twenty-four pieces of everything. I sent all this, and everything else I got from the farmer, to my sister in Palestine. I asked her to keep everything for me. But my sister is very generous. By the time I went back to Palestine, there were very few things left for me. She had given everything away to relatives. When I asked for the two bombonieres to keep as souvenirs, she said that she had given the silver one to my sister in France. She said nothing about the other one. I said to her "If my mother were alive, she would say 'lo que dedo del ladron se lo yivo el endevino.'" This means 'What we saved from the crooks, we gave to the fortune teller.' My ~~xxx~~ niece had made herself a housecoat from the lining of my coat, the material that Chaim wanted me to make a housecoat of.

In 1937, my sister Daisy from Palestine and my sister Marie from Marseilles and their children came to visit us in Salonica. When they were about to leave, Eliaou wanted to buy them a going-away present. Marie asked for a carpet. Daisy wanted to show off. She asked for a large toy automobile that her daughter, aged four or five, could sit in and drive. Eliaou took them to Athens. When he came back, he said "I gave the two of them presents, and I have presents for you and Regina." He would never give a present to one of us without giving something to the others. He said to me "Mama has your present." It was a beautiful bracelet. He asked Regina what she wanted. She said "At Mallak (a jeweller) I saw a very nice watch. I would like that watch."

I started to think now "Where did that bracelet go? To whom did we

give it to hide for us?" I couldn't stay with the forces and their contents any longer. I went out. As I was walking, I saw the director of the bank with which Eliaou had dealt. He said to me "Did you know that the Germans didn't open the safety deposit boxes? You have one at my bank. If you want, I'll arrange to have a key given to you." I said "We have the box, but it's empty. We removed everything from it the day the war started. Eliaou gave me a bracelet in 1937," I continued, "He gave it to someone later for safekeeping, but I can't remember whom."

The director said "Have you gone to see Mr. So-and-so? Eliaou's friend? He's looking for you. Go now, go!" He took me right to this man's door.

When I entered, the secretary was very excited to see me. He rang his boss and said "You have a very important visitor." The boss came out right away, and he started to kiss me. "Come into my office! Come in, come in! We have to have a drink." He opened a bottle of ouzo, and he wrote a few words on a piece of paper. He said "There is a bank across the street. You know the director." I said "I was speaking to him just now." "You will go there and give him this note, and he will give you a bracelet. I gave it to him to keep for you."

As soon as I went in to the director's office, he said "I don't need the note. I know you came for your bracelet. Here it is." I was very impressed with the behaviour of these two people, especially with the experiences that I had had with my other possessions.

At about this time, I started to visit orphanages for infants. I knew that there were Jewish children there. The mothers had told me where they had left their children. But I had no success. I went to private homes where I knew there were Jewish adopted children, but the people denied it. There was nothing I could do.

One day I went to an orphanage. As soon as I entered, I saw an old classmate of mine, from my dance class. She was very glad to see me. She said "I work three times a week here as a volunteer." I said "There

are Jewish children here, and I would like to take them." She said that she knew only of a four year old boy. I begged her to show me the boy. When I saw him, I was frightened. All I could see was a very large head. The rest of him was skin and bone. I begged her to help me take him.

I went to the Joint Distribution Committee. I told them the story of this boy. They said "If they give him to you, take him." I went to the orphanage every day for a few days to get to know the child. He was afraid of people; he had known no one but the nurse for a long time. Finally I took him home to my house. I had him for three weeks. I fed him every two hours, little by little. I toilet trained him. He started to call me Mama. It was the first time the child had been kissed, and I taught him to kiss me back, too.

After three weeks, The Joint Distribution Committee asked me for the child. I said again "I want to take the child to the orphanage in Athens myself." Again the nurse said "They have ~~people~~ their own people for this job." I was told to bring the child to the boat the next morning. Two ladies, whom I knew, were going to take him from Saloniwa to Athens. I brought the child to the boat and took him to the ladies' cabin. The child was scared. I was the first person that he knew, except for the nurse at the orphanage. He started to cry. The two ladies tried to make friends with him. They didn't understand that they couldn't become friends in five minutes with a child who had never seen people. The boat's whistle sounded. The two ladies said "Let him cry, and go." The child was screaming and crying "Mama! Mama!" Even today, I can hear the screams in my ears. When I left the boat, not only the child was crying in the cabin. I was crying in the street as well, and saying to myself "Everything in life is politics, even if the child cries so."

A few days later, I was ~~walking~~ walking in the street and I met Mr. Rousso. When I saw new faces, new friends in the street, I felt like I was walking on the moon and met my parents. Mr. Rousso's brother ~~Pepo~~ was married to Marie Basso. Marie and Pepo were old friends of mine.

When we were small, we played hopskotch together. When we were older, we went dancing together, with other friends, and Chaim. Sometimes Eliaou came with us.

"Give me news of the Bassos!" I said.

"Everyone was taken by the Germans. Marie, also. But my brother and the baby are alive.X Talking about babies, I want to discuss something very important with you. Let's sit down in the cafe."

We sat down in the cafe, he ordered something for me, and he started to talk. "I had a cousin who was pregnant. When the Germans took the Jews from her ghetto, she was just starting labour. HER husband took her to the hospital in the ghetto zone. He left his wife and started back to the house. There were two Jewish Police near the entrance of the hospital. They arrested him, and we never saw him again. Two minutes after my cousin gave birth, the Germans took her. We never heard of her again. Her baby was a little girl. A nurse from the hospital hid her, and told the German that she had died at birth. The nurse smuggled the baby out of the hospital and took her home. The nurse's mother looked after this baby like she was a piece of gold. The only person who knows the address of these people is Mrs. Riades."

Mrs. Riades was a volunteer nurse for the Greek Red Cross. She was a very good friend of Georgette Modiano, Daniel's wife. Her husband was the one who checked the milk that I distributed for the Red Cross. He would check the temperature and the quantity. Mr. and Mrs. Riades were both very humanitarian and philanthropic.

"I want this child, and I want you to help me take her from these people," Mr. Rousso said to me.

I went to see Mrs. Riades. She was very glad to see me. I asked about her husband. She told me that he had died. I spoke to her about the case of the little girl, and told her that I wanted to see the child. The next day, Mrs. Riades took me to see her.

The house was in the district of Tomba. This district was built when the exchange of Greeks and Turks took place. We went in, and found the mother with her two daughters. Their home was very modest. The little girl was there; she was very sweet, and obviously well looked after. I think that these people didn't eat enough so that they would be able to feed her. I told them I was a relative of the child. During the time I was there, the child was in the mother's lap. She didn't move from there. When I had come in, the child had said 'Yassou' ('Health').

When I left, she said 'Yassou' again. In the doorway, I asked the nurse if I could come again the next day to see the child. These wonderful people didn't say no, even if they didn't want me to come back.

I returned to Salonica and I reported what I had seen to Mr. Rousso. I said "I don't think these people will give the child up. They risked their lives to save her. They don't eat enough so that she can eat well. And the child is very happy with them. But I'll go there again tomorrow and we'll see what happens."

The next day, before my visit, I went to the Joint Distribution Committee. I asked them for some toys. In Salonica at that time, toys were very expensive, but the Joint had plenty, and no children to give them to. They gave me a teddy bear, and a dress for the child as well. I brought my gifts to the child, and she became a little friendlier towards me.

I visited the child every day for fifteen days. One day, I brought some lollipops, and I gave them to the nurse's mother to give to the child. The mother refused the lollipops. The child wasn't there. She said "All of us risked our lives to save this little girl. If the Germans had known what we did, they would have killed us one by one. If you have some ideas about taking this child away from us, it won't be very easy."

I said "I come often because I want the little girl to know me. I want to take her."

"Don't come again unless you have a court order," she said.

"I would like to see her one more time," I said. Five minutes later the child was back at the house. She was crying "Don't take me away!"

I went back and explained the situation to Mr. Rousso. He wanted to know what to do. "The only thing to do is to go to the Joint Distribution Committee," I said. "The director, Mr. Cohen, is a very well known lawyer. Ask him to give you a court order. If you get this, it will be a pleasure for me to go and get this little girl." Mr. Rousso asked

if I would talk to the Joint Committee. I refused. I said "You must go see Mr. Cohen yourself." Mr. Rousso was very disappointed, and I was as well.

I left him and went to have lunch. In the entrance of the hotel, I saw Tia Donna's son Samuel, who had been a prisoner of war in Italy. I told him that I had his mother's jewellery, but it was in Palestine. "Your mother wanted me to give you this jewellery after you were married and had your first child." I didn't give the jewellery to Samuel until he came to North America to settle. He came with his wife and little girl; I followed Tia Donna's instructions exactly.

Hasson was to be tried in Salonica. I attended his trial, but I got dizzy and fainted, and therefore could not testify against him. There were too many people, and it was too hot. Seeing Hasson, I remembered my whole past: the milk, the beating, Chaim, the officer, the train, the houses that I hid in, too many to remember, in unfamiliar districts. But Daniel Modiano, who never tired of me, and Mr. Neri, the brother-in-law of the Italian consul, would visit me wherever I was, and give me courage. I was dizzy, but Mr. Neri was near me.

As I was thinking of all these events, I turned my head and saw the two Amario brothers, the Jewish Police of the train, among the spectators. I was getting dizzier and dizzier. I ~~xx~~ tried to go out into the hall to get some fresh air, but on the way I fainted. All I remember is cold water being thrown on me by two men.

The grand rabbi Koretz was lucky. He had been sent to the privileged camp in Germany, in recognition of what he had done for the Nazis. His wife and children returned to Salonica, but rabbi Koretz had died of typhoid, and therefore was not humiliated by a trial.

Hasson had attempted to escape to Albania with other people in his entourage. The Italian consul in Salonica gave him a car to help him escape, in exchange for a group of Jews in Baron de Hirsch who were a-

bout to be deported. The Italian consul said that this group were relatives of Italian people. You can see that the Italians did their utmost to rescue Jews from the claws of the Nazis.

Hasson went to Albania to seek refuge. When the so-called Italians left Baron de Hirsch, the Italians sent them to Athens. They were on the same train that Daniel had put me on.

Hasson's escort was made up of his wife, his mistress, and his son. When they arrived at Coritza, on the border of Albania, the Italians immediately arrested them and placed them in a concentration camp in Albania. They were liberated on the eighth of September, 1943. With their jewellery and money, they went to the port of Bari. From there, they went to Egypt on a fishing boat. They circulated very openly in Alexandria. One day, a Jewish refugee from Salonica recognized Hasson. The English police arrested him. When Greece was liberated, he was sent to Athens, to Haidari. But no-one pursued him to court, and he was liberated. He never imagined that there would be Jews in Salonica, liberated from the concentration camps. He returned to Salonica in November of 1945. A group of survivors of Auschwitz recognized him. He was immediately sent to prison at Pavlo Mella by the Greek authorities.

Albala and Tapouz were also arrested. The denunciation was made by the Jewish community. The two had come to Greek territory from the Yugoslavian frontier.

The trial of the collaborators who had committed treason toward their brothers in Salonica opened on July 2, 1946, at ten o'clock in the morning. They were first accused of helping the Germans deport the Jews of Salonica to Poland. They were accused also of acts of violence, complicity, carrying weapons, collaboration with the Germans against the Hellenic Jews so as to rob them of their fortunes, bad treatment of many non-Jewish Greeks who helped Jews, the brutalization of men and women; in short, they were accused of the same barbarism as the Germans. Hasson had the most serious charges brought against him. He was like a lion out of his cage. His power had been equal to that of the chief of

the camp of Baron de Hirsch, Amster. Hasson was the iron arm of Gerbin the S.S. director of Baron de Hirsch. They shared everything that they took from the Jews.

Tapouz had Herculean strength. He just had to tap a person's jaw with his hand to break it. He was always near Hasson. Hasson would give the signal, and Tapouz would do the work. There were many non-Jewish witnesses and all the horrible details were accumulated. Hasson, Tapouz and company had beautiful limouzines, and would go to all the suburbs of Salonica to find Jews in hiding. They would beat them to death and take all their jewellery and wealth. These are the atrocities that this monster of the century and his accomplices committed.

Peppo Carasso provoked a big sensation when he was on the witness stand. He told of how seven members of his family were in hiding in a suburb of Salonica. Hasson eliminated all of them in a particularly savage manner, and then took all their possessions.

Hasson tried to maintain his innocence by blaming others. After five days of hearings, his sentence was announced at three o'clock in the morning in front of a large audience. Hasson was condemned to die. Amster and Boudrian received the same sentence. Leon Sion, or Tapouz, was sentenced to life imprisonment. Albala was sentenced to 15 years, Counio to eight years in prison. Boudrian was a non-Jew. He disappeared during the German retreat. Papanaoum, loaded down with treasures, also disappeared at this time. Amster was killed by the Germans by mistake. He was escorting hostages to Haidari, and when they arrived, the Germans killed all of them, including Amster.

Hasson was transferred to the prison of Corfu. On Thursday, March 4, 1948, he had confession with a rabbi of Corfu in the morning. He maintained his innocence. He had been the chief of Baron de Hirsch and he had done only what the Germans had told him to do. He told his wife that he felt guilty, because he had had a mistress, and a child by this mistress. He asked that this child, a little girl, not be persecuted,

because she was innocent. He asked to be buried in a Jewish cemetery. Then the traitor paid his debt to society.

I started to try to trace Daniel. But no-one knew what had become of him. One day I decided to go to see Alphonse Levy. He would know about Daniel for sure. I finished my work, went out to have dinner, and then started off to Alphonse. As I was walking, I remembered that it was siesta, and in Salonica one did not go visiting at this time. I came to Tsimiski and St. Sofie Streets. On the corner there was a pastry shop called Diefnes. I grew up in this pastry shop; it was just opposite my family home. I sat down and stared at my old balcony. Mr. Garfinkle passed by. I asked him where he was going.

"To the Joint Distribution Committee. And you, what are you doing here?"

"Killing time," I answered.

"If you want to kill time, come with me," he said. I went along.

The doctor, the nurse, and an American soldier were there when we arrived. The American soldier congratulated Mr. Garfinkle. "You are going to work for the Joint Distribution Committee. You will reorganize the Soupe Populaire." He turned to me with a dirty look, and he said "But not you!"

I answered "I don't know who or what you are, and I don't care. I didn't ask the Joint Distribution Committee for work. Unlike the doctor and the nurse, I don't need the camouflage that the Joint would give me to stay in Greece. I can stay as long as I want, all my life if I want." I left them and went back to the Diefnes, and sat down to kill time again.

I was sitting opposite my old balcony. I began to remember how I grew up on that balcony, where I passed the best years of my life. I used to sit out on the balcony with my embroidery. Eliaou would come to sing for me!:

En tou balcon kreseran las rosas
Descoje kouala ese
La mas ermoza

(In your balcony flowers will grow.
Pick the very best)

If Regina was out on the balcony, he would sing for her:

Regina mou Regina moe
Mazi sou fa pefano
Ola tou kosmos ta kala
Brostamou de ta vazo

(My Regina, my Regina
With you I will die
The best things in the world
Are nothing compared to you)

I had just finished thinking about this when the nurse appeared.

(The Joint was just two doors away from the pastry shop.)

"Oh, hello," she said to me. "How did you like the treatment we gave you today?" *GIVE up THE COAT and EVERYTHING will be fine*

"Do you see this balcony?" I asked. "It's the biggest balcony on St. Sofie Street. Just opposite to us is the biggest balcony in Salini-ca. There was a family living in the house behind that balcony. In this family there was a law of humanitarianism. This family could sing and dance, and they had the most beautiful library that an intellectual person can dream of. They were philanthropes, zionists, religious. They were respected by all the people who knew them. This was my family. I lost all of this. But be sure that I am not going to lose my nice winter coat. Now go for a walk, because you are polluting my favourite corner in Salonica." I turned away from her, and she left.

I saw the owner of the pastry shop coming toward my table. He was holding an ice cream cone. He said "Do you remember the ice cream cones?"

"Of course," I said. "You sold ice cream cones to no-one else but Regina and me."

"Of course," he said, "because Eliaou used to bring the cones for me to give to you. This ice cream cone I give to you now was brought to me by Eliaou years ago. I kept it in the hope that you would come back."

We both cried a little. We couldn't say anything to each other.

The siesta was finally over. The owner of Diefnes asked me where I was going. I explained that I was going to see Alfonse to get news of a friend who had helped me greatly in a time of need.

"I'll walk with you," he said.

Alfonse, his wife, and his daughter were very happy to see me. Alfonse said "I saw your courage when you buried the English soldier in this community."

I asked him if he had news of Daniel Modiano. He said "Don't get excited. We Jews from Salonica must be prepared for everything. In September, 1943, the Mosseris, the Fernandes and the Torres families, and Daniel Modiano were in Italy. They were assassinated by the Gestapo in a hotel on Lake Majeur. Their bodies were thrown into the lake."

These had been the most distinguished families of Salonica. I felt that I was choking. I went outside for some fresh air. I started to walk very slowly, and I realized that I was talking to myself. At the corner of the Church of St. Sofie there was a man selling chestnuts from a cart. I bought some to chew, so that I wouldn't talk to myself. The man gave me the chestnuts in a wad of paper because they were hot. The papers came from my mother's hagada of Pesach. I asked him to sell me all his papers. He refused. Without papers, je couldn't sell chestnuts. This was what they did with all the precious books that belonged to Jewish families.

I started to walk, without knowing where I was going. I grew up in that neighbourhood, but I knew no-one who walked by me. I saw the building where Alegra Saltiel used to live. I remembered being at the circumcision of Alegra's son. For the Sepharadim, the birth of a boy was occasion for great happiness. They were fanatics for boy children. If a girl was born, the father was very angry at his wife. It took him a long time to get used to having a daughter. Take the case of my father's father. The midwife said 'Mazel tov' to my Nono (grandfather).

They used to say 'mazel tov' for a girl, and 'be siman tov' for a boy. When my grandfather heard 'mazel tov', he went to work without congratulating his wife. Five minutes after he arrived at work, someone came to see him and said "Sarfatty, you have two mazel tovs!" Five minutes later, someone else came and said "Hey, Sarfatty, you have three mazel tovs!" He said to the man "My God! I should go home before I have four mazel tovs!" By the time he got home, the fourth mazel tov had arrived. Only one of the four babies survived. Her name was Miriam, and she became the favourite of my Nono. I remembered when Miriam married. The Nono loved her very much. She had one daughter, Gilda. When Gilda was taken to Auschwitz, she was called by name to be operated on in a Nazi experiment. But she survived, and is now living in Israel.

I remembered the circumcision of Alegra's son. The rabbi was also a surgeon. Everything was prepared. The godfather sat down in a chair with two cushions, called coultoukes, in his lap. The godmother came with the baby. This was a great honour. There was an empty chair in the room. This chair was for Eliaou Anavi (the saint of circumcision). The rabbi took the baby, and he said "This is the chair of Eliaou Anavi". He put the baby on the two cushions. When the circumcision was finished, the rabbi said 'be siman tov!' Automatically the music started and the people began to sing the traditional song of circumcision:

Tio Ovadia Seror
Vino de Estambol
Ande Han Ichoua
Ayi apozo

(Uncle Ovadia Seror
He came from Istanbul
To the house of Han Ichoua
And there he stayed)

I remembered what was done if the baby was a girl. The rabbi came after one week. He was called the fadar, and he would give the girl her name, and bless her. It was a beautiful ceremony. Even if the father was disappointed to have a daughter, the people would dance and sing and have a good time just the same.

At the circumcision of Alegra's son, there was a bandleader named Tsadik. He was blind, but he was the best composer that Salonica knew. Of course, Leon Botton, one of the best comic entertainers, was there. The band was composed of violins, a hout, a tambourine, and a dulcimer. Tsadik was the best dulcimer player in Salonica. This combination of instruments was called tsalguin. Leon Botton sang a humorous song:

Por non mancar vo explicar
Lo que el hombre por bevir deve Bouchear
Por non sofri
deve offrir
Siempre devertimientos
Para non soffris

Couando oun dia de ventura
Se presenta
Cale dar bouelta
I non penssar
Couando la pounta tsica
O algouna vouerta
Por devertirsse el tiempo deve passar

Bayla canta i reyr
De alegría non soffrir
Vino likor i reyr
De alegría non mouerir

Gozar siempre la mansseves
I el dia boueno que vech
Sin hezitar i profitar
La saloud bien mirar

Escarssedad ese bovedad
El que las vouadra
Es solo i sin penssar
Se va mouerir i sin bevir
Siempre devertimientos para bien bevir

Dechan los bienes tambien los coniques altos
Calle yir fartos sin dezear
El que hereda se bourla i etha salto
Se imajina que aqui va aquedar

He then sang another song, 'The Very Modern Salonica':

Oh Moderno Salonique
Deantes vistian djoubas
i se rancavan al peynar
Los hombres soultoueas con djoubas
I se vistian sin penar

~~Non aye mas kalvassara
Kazas con mossandara~~

Salonique ya se troco
Dé couando se tsamoucho
Ma de lodo el non manco

Anssi vemos todo trocado
Oh moderno Salonique

Vemos los autos corres
Mos salpican senquierer
Polvorina en el barer
De couando se tsamoucheo
Ma de loussso
El non manco

Anssi vemos todo trocado
Oh moderno Salonique

Mos quijemos sivilidar
En tomando todo areves
El loussso i la moda bezer
Es el progresso de la mansseves
Tenemos cazas ethas con biton
Mi con gantes fiongos i baston
Las nignas con sous veloutes
Exssitan con sous decoltes

Anssi vemos todo trocado
Oh moderno Salonique

I walked on. Suddenly, I heard someone calling me 'Bouenical'. "Oh," I thought, "my mother used to call me that!" I turned around, and I saw one of our good neighbours who lived near us on ST. Sofie Street before the war. She was the wife of Dr. Pouliades. She made the sign of the cross and said "Oh, Bouenica, you were walking like a ghost!" She took me up to her house and made me some coffee. Believe me, I needed it.

"We have things for you here," she said. "I want to give them to you. Eliaou gave them to us to keep." She gave me many more things from my trousseau. She gave me a few pieces of silver and a ring. I recognized the ring right away; Chaim's Nona had given it to me. Mrs. Pouliades gave me a ceramic plate with Hebrew letters on it, and I remembered where this plate came from.

My mother used to tell us the legend of this plate. My maternal grandmother's ~~name~~ family name was Seror. One Yom Kippour, one of her ancestors, Ovadia Seror, was helping the hazan to sing. This was a big

honour, to know Hebrew and to have a good voice, to be able to help the hazan. Everyone was praying and he was singing, when the Turkish police entered the synagogue. The police took Ovadia Seror away. Everyone was very frightened. The police gave no explanation. There is a beautiful bay in Salonica. Near La Tour Blanche on this bay, there was a huge warship. They took Ovadia Seror onto this ship, and sent him to Istanbul, to the King's palace. They told him that he must sing for the King. He sang the religious songs of Yom Kippour, and when he was finished, the King gave him the plate. He was brought back to Salonica, to the house of Han Ichoua. Han Ichoua was the big rabbi of the Kiynla (congregation) of the Serors. All the people of Salonica looked to Ovadia like a saint. They thought that the King had wanted to kill him. Everyone would say "Oh, God! He is newly born!" This is why they sing the song of Seror at circumcisions.

With the plate in my hand, I thought "I, too, feel newly born, after all I went through. Now I need courage to start a new life." I thanked them very much for returning my things. I hadn't even known that they had them. I took a handmade tablecloth from my trousseau and offered it to Mrs. Pouliades, but she refused to accept it. They saw that I was confused and depressed, and the husband took me home.

I started to visit Greek friends of my family. Wherever I went, people gave me things that belonged to me. One day, I went to see a friend of mine. Her father used to be in the same business as Eliaoué. She told me that she had gone to see Eliaou, Regina, Tia Donna, and X Reyna the housekeeper. Eliaou had wanted to give her something, but she was afraid of walking out of the ghetto with parcels, with the Jewish Police or the corner. One risked one's life taking Jewish belongings.

"But when I was ready to leave," she said, "I saw the beautiful collection of vases in your house. I took one small vase. When Eliaou gave it to me, he said that it had come from Germany, from the Kaiser's collection. 'Take this, and if you see Bouena give it to her, so that she will have a souvenir of the house.'"

I took the vase and I left. I walked in the streets, going nowhere. As I was walking, I saw Max Garfinkle.

"Today I start my new job," he said, "of reorganizing the Soupe Populaire. Come with me. I want you to help me, because you have more experience than I. It will be in the Orphelinat Alaatin."

The Orphelinat Alaatin was an achievement of which all the Jews were proud. It was founded in 1910, by the initiative of Mr. E. M. Salem. The Alaatin family donated a beautiful villa in the best district of Salonica. In collaboration with the Matanot Laevionim and former students of the Alliance Israelite Universelle, the orphanage was founded. From 1910 to 1930, more than 300 boys were very well educated there. They held competitions, and the winners were sent to Paris to study at the Ecole Normal Israelite Oriental. They now held the prize jobs at the Ecole Israelite Universel of Morocco, and in other parts of the world.

The Rothschilds and Alaatinis helped them while they were in Paris. Many of them were artisans, or held positions in commerce, in Greece and in Palestine. Moise Jacob Abravanel died in Morocco in August, 1944. He had been the guardian angel of this orphanage. Moise Morpurgo, a big, honest, very wealthy man, was devoted to the orphanage until his death in 1939. Mr. Isaac Covo was with the orphanage until the very last moment, when the children were deported. Isaac Covo was the husband of Ida Simantov, whom I met on the train, fleeing from Salonica to Athens.

The orphanage had one of the largest pedagogical libraries, and the most

modern sports facilities. Every boy had a godfather. Eliaou was the godfather of one of these boys, and he treated him like his own son. He was waiting for him to finish his courses in commerce; he was planning to take him on as a junior partner.

After the liberation, many deportees lived at the orphanage. They didn't want to ~~xx~~ return to their homes that they had before the war. These homes were in a low rental district, and this district was now non-Jewish. The Joint Distribution Committee established a Soupe Populaire at the Orphelinat, and Mr. Garfinkle was the organizer. I helped also.

The Alaatin family had been the wealthiest Jews in Salonica. They had the largest mill in all of Greece. It was a very old family, philanthropic and humanitarian. They were very interested in the welfare of these children. Many years before the war, they sold the mill to a wealthy non-Jewish family, called Panoutso, but with a condition. The mill would never be called anything but Alaatin. Even today, it bears the name of Alaatin.

The Jews contributed greatly to the development of Salonica. The Alaatinis had the biggest mill. The gas and lighting company was owned by Jews. The electricity company was Jewish. The Bank of Salonica was founded by Jews. Sais Threads, and many other large factories and workshops were founded by Jews.

One Sunday, Mr. Garfinkle invited me to go to see the Pinkas Dispensary; Mr. Silby, the director of UNRRA, was going to be honoured by ~~akkxthexGrekxex~~ the Jewish community. He was a man who deserved to be honoured by all the Greek communities; he had helped Greece tremendously after the war.

A large part of the staff of UNRRA was there. The doctor and the nurse were there, of course, as well as Mr. Cohen of the Joint Distribution Committee. But I was very surprised to see that only one Jew from Salonica was present.

"Oh, God," I thought, "the people who returned from the lager should be here. For example, Dr. Alalouf has just come back. He was the chief surgeon of the Hirsch Hospital. Dr. Couenca, the otolaryngologist, from the same hospital, should also have been invited. They didn't even invite Rabbi Molko, the author of many books and a wonderful man! They didn't invite the revahs, the founders of Matanot Laevionim."

I ~~had~~ asked the doctor and the nurse why the Jewish community had not been invited. The nurse pointed at the one Jew who was there from Salonica, and she said "It is enough for us to see only one Sepharady at a time."

I said "The Jews of Salonica need this dispensary in the middle of nowhere like a hole in the head!" I was thinking of a Ladino proverb: 'Quien de afuera vernerá al de adentro kitara'. It means 'He who comes from the outside gets rid of the people inside.' Thank God, a lady who worked for UNRRA came to my rescue.

"Of," she said, "I'm so glad to see you! How do you feel? The last time I saw you, you were very sick, in the hospital."

Mr. Sibly was near us, and he asked me when I had been in the hospital.

I said "When I was supposed to go to Athens but missed my plane."

"Oh, no!" he said, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I wasn't dying, and I was supposed to call to cancel my reservation," I answered.

"Does your superior know that you were in the hospital?" he asked.

"You have to ask him," I answered.

The next day, I was called in to the UNRRA office. UNRRA gave me a large number of layettes to distribute to pregnant women. The officer who gave me the layettes repeated three or four times, "Mr. Sibly recommended you highly."

There were many women ready to have their babies who had no layettes. I formed a committee and we distributed the layettes in one of the centers of the only zionist organization left in Salonica after the war. I blessed UNRRA, who gave me the pleasure of giving the layettes to those who needed them. I remembered that I had needed diapers to change the baby, and how we both had suffered. I blessed the people who grew the cotton from which the layettes were made. I blessed the people who sewed the layettes. I blessed the people who had the idea to send the layettes. I blessed the boat that brought these layettes to Greece. I blessed Mr. Sibly for recommending me to do the distribution, and I did my work with great pleasure.

A few days later, I was called to the Joint Distribution Committee. Miss Cohen, a representative of the Joint Distribution Committee of London, England, approached me.

She said "There are only thirteen or fourteen teenagers left in Salonica after the liberation. This is what is left of the jewels of Salonica, of the next generation. These children have been hiding in cellars, or in the back rooms of private homes. They grew up with fear. You should see them. Their faces are green. We would like to take them for two weeks of good times and childhood to the mountains for a vacation. We would like you to be a chaperone. The other chaperone will be a man, Mr. Garfinkle."

"Have you spoken to Mr. Garfinkle about me?" I asked.

"It was his idea," she answered.

I married the quartermaster, Max Garfinkle, on the fourteenth of July, 1946, in the Monasterlis Synagogue. I thought my wedding would be the saddest wedding in the history of the Jews, but the Union of Deportees organized a choir for my wedding. Coming to the synagogue, the choir was singing Moche Rabenou and Likra Dodim, Likra Cala:

Moché Rabenou

Ayi en el midbar vidé reloumbrar
Las tavlas de la ley vidé abaihar
~~X~~

I mirar i mirar mis signores
Moché Rabenou

Que survio i abouho
De los altos cielos

Ven aqui tou moche
Detenté de mi sia
~~Xam~~ Y'o te tomaré
Que té de ouna tavla
Que lese agrada

I mirar i mirar mis signores
Moché Rabenou
Que souvio i abacho de los aktos cielos

Rabbi Molko performed the ceremony, and the choir sang Sason be Simka. It was really like a ceremony before the war.

On July 15, 1946, instead of a honeymoon, we took the teenager on their vacation. Some Jewish people from Salonica had a house in the country. The Joint Distribution Committee gave us everything that we needed: tents, food, and cooking utensils. The place had a huge lawn, but bandits had destroyed most of the house, as they did to many Jewish houses. One room and the kitchen were still intact.

We put the girls in the room, and the boys in the tents outside. Mr. Garfinkle and I stayed in a tent. The children were wonderful; they obeyed us to the letter. When we were settled, we held a meeting to decide on the schedule. First the children worked out the outside cooking arrangements. Then they discussed sports. The Joint Distribution Committee had provided us with sports equipment. The children also wanted to go on excursions, and to have Hebrew lessons.

The wonderful Mr. Cohen of the Joint Distribution Committee sent a truck every day to see what we needed for the next day. He wanted to make sure that the children gained some weight. Every night we had a meeting, where there was complete freedom of speech.

After the meetings we would dance and sing. We spent fifteen days like this. We were thankful to Mr. Cohen for making this possible. The children said "It's been many years since we had steak and french fries!" But they were happiest singing songs loudly in Hebrew.

On the last evening of our vacation, we held a banquet. The children thanked Max and me for giving up our honeymoon to be with them. I said "We have many people to thank, a whole regiment of dedicated men and women, who went to all the Jews to collect money. Freddy Cohen did all that he could to provide us with good food and a good environment."

Most of the children had mothers. But one girl, who had nobody, said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Don't go away! Stay in Salonica and take me with you." My heart was bleeding, but I was now married, and I had to go with my husband. I said to her "There is a Ladino proverb: deque sivdad sos? De la de tou marido." (From what city do you come? From the city of my husband.)

We returned to Salonica. The Joint Distribution Committee sent me presents of a fur cape and a teddy bear. I didn't want to accept them, but a lady friend, Alegra Cohen, gave me a very good idea. "We'll hold a lottery with the cape as a prize. We'll give the money we make to KKL (Jewish National Fund)." We sold many tickets for the lottery, to Jews as well as to non-Jews. One night, I invited everyone who had helped me stay alive, and we held the drawing. Charles Beraha won the cape. But Charles was in Athens. Later, when I went to Athens, ~~Elie~~ Charles' brother Elico came to get the cape, and I gave it to him.

When everyone had left the party, Alegra Cohen stayed to read me a letter that she had received from her ten-year-old son in Palestine. She had sent him there a few months before. "I'm worried," she said. "Chernovitch assured us when he wanted to take our children that they would be sent to school. Here is a letter, talking only about chickens and eggs."

I said "Your son never saw chickens before, and he's fascinated by them, so he writes to you about chickens. He was hiding from the Germans for many years, and he didn't go to school. He doesn't have a large enough vocabulary to write in more de-

She answered "Oh, no. My son never missed a day of school. He was three classes ahead of the other children his age. In that dark room where we hid, I gave him lessons in French and Greek and other subjects. The man who brought us food would also bring me the schedule of classes at school, and I followed it."

I said "I will go myself to see your son. Give me the name of his kibbutz."

Max and I left Salonica by boat. We went to Pirewus, and then to Athens. I had a good rest on the boat. Our group from UNRRA was in Athens. They lived in a beautiful villa, and we went to see them. I was introduced to a Jew from Turkey there. The other nurse had returned from her visit with her relatives ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ Switzerland, and was now at the house. We said goodbye to everyone, and a few days later, we left Greece from Pirewus to go to Palestine, on a Turkish boat.

When we arrived at Pirewus to get our boat, I was surprised to see the Turkish man I had met in Athens. He was leaving the boat. He tried to tell me something, but he changed his mind. I asked him if he wanted to send a message to Palestine, but he said no.

The boat departed, and we soon arrived in Alexandria. The boat was to stay there for six hours, loading and unloading cargo. We had some Egyptian money, and I said to Max "The last time I was here, I saw a beautiful vase. I would like to buy it."

"Let's go. What are we waiting for," Max said.

As soon as we put our feet on the shore, a lady came up to me. She was originally from Turkey and was now going to Palestine. She spoke to me in Ladino. The Turkish man must have told her that I spoke that language.

She said "I can talk to you, because you have a magen david on your uniform. There is a young man from Turkey on the boat. He wants to go to Palestine, but he doesn't have a certificate to enter the country. And he doesn't have a return visa for Turkey."

"Look," I said, "he should take a taxi and go to the Turkish consul in Alexandria to get a return visa. If he can't enter Palestine, he will have to spend the rest of his life on that boat!"

The lady wasn't very happy with my answer. Seeing her reaction, I asked "Does he have any money?" She said no. I said "Look. Here is some money. He must go to get a return visa. It is very important." She left with the young man to get the visa.

Max and I stayed in the café. We had no more Egyptian money. I said to him "Since

I have known myself, whenever I want to buy something for myself, something else happens to prevent it." We started to talk about how this boy could possibly enter Palestine. "It's impossible," I said, and my husband agreed. At that time, there were many Aliyah B. people who entered Palestine illegally, but never on a such a big boat at Haifa. A few hours later, a taxi came to the pier, and the young man got out with his return visa to ~~Egypt~~. TURKEY

We arrived at Haifa, and we had to pass through immigration. The three immigration officers were English, Jewish, and Arab. The Englishman was blond, so I didn't go talk to him. I went to one of the dark ones, and I asked him if he was a Jew.

"No, I'm an Arab," he answered. "But this man across from me is Jewish."

I went up to the Jew and told him that I wanted to talk to him. I explained the situation of the young man without a certificate.

"Give me his passport," he said. He sent someone to Haifa with it. A half an hour later, he returned and said "Call the young man." The immigration man gave me the passport and I returned it to the boy. I don't know what was marked on the passport, but the boy came off the boat like someone who had a certificate.

We arrived in ~~the~~ the city of Haifa. A car was waiting for us from En Hachofet kibbutz, ~~where Max~~. We went to the kibbutz, and took the boy with us. I had married Max with a condition, that I would try very hard to learn to live on the kibbutz. ~~I tried and tried, but I couldn't live there, and I left.~~

A beautiful room was ready for us at the kibbutz. The people there received us very well. There was barbed wire all around the kibbutz. This was my first disappointment. I asked what it was for, and I was told it was for security reasons.

In my room, I placed my valises one on top of the other and covered them with a nice tablecloth to make it look like a dresser. I looked at the windows, and I said to Max, "I have some nice material. Tomorrow I'll make some curtains." Max said "Oh, no. This room is not yours. We will stay here only for a few days, and then they will give us another one. What are you worried about? We are going to go to America for six months so that you can meet my family. By the time we come back, a house will be built for us." In the evening of the first day, the people at the kibbutz had a beautiful party for us.

I stayed at the kibbutz for one month. During that time, I changed rooms six times. This didn't help me get used to kibbutz life. But I don't think I have ever tried harder to do anything than to get used to kibbutz life.

The first day that I came to the kibbutz, I ~~fix~~ didn't work. I went exploring. I came to the swimming pool, and I saw the children. My soul was filled with joy to see them. They were swimming naked, and they were splashing water at each other. Suddenly I saw a little boy, about three years old, approaching. He came up to me and he whispered in my ear: "Tova, Tova. Wait for me tonight in your room. I will go to see you." I whispered back "What is your name?" In Hebrew, every word is either masculine or feminine. In my surprise at what he had said to me, I had asked the question in the feminine. He answered "I'm a boy! I'm a boy!" I thought that this must be the most beautiful scene in my life.

In the evening, I waited for him. He came and introduced himself. "I am Uri, the brother of Efraim." Efraim was the son of a friend of Max. This friend had died years before in an accident. The mother re-

married, and Uri was born later. Max had been like a father to Efraim. Now Uri wanted to compete; he wanted me to be his friend. Uri and I became the best of friends. Every evening, after supper, Uri waited for me outside the dining room. I used to take him for walks and go to see his mother, and I used to put him to bed.

The second day at the kibbutz, I worked in the ~~KK~~ kitchen, making salad. I cut so many tomatoes that in the evening I couldn't move my hand. I didn't even go to supper; I went straight to my room. I had Uri to thank for cheering me up. My husband said "Don't worry. You won't cut tomatoes here any more. I will ask the dressmaker to take you in as a seamstress."

The next day, I was working with the dressmaker. There were two women in the workshop. One of them was a typical kibbutznik. The other was a lady. The kibbutznik was the dressmaker, and she gave me work to do. I finished my work, but she ripped out everything that I had done. I asked her if she looked at what I had done before she ripped it. She said "Anyone who works as fast as you do can't be doing good work." For fifteen days, she never looked at my work. I sewed and she ripped. I never said anything, but I was starting to get very nervous and angry inside. I wanted badly to try kibbutz life, but ~~this~~ ~~the~~ ^{this} woman ^{wasn't} ~~wasn't~~ helping me at all.

One night, I came to my room and I said to Max, "I promised Alegra Cohen that I would go to see her son at the children's kibbutz near Haifa." These children ~~were~~ were sent to Palestine from Salonica under the auspices of the delegates, and through the propaganda of Chernovitch. The mothers and guardians of these children had been terrified of the Germans even after the liberation. The children were sent away with the idea that the families would be reunited once the parents could liquidate their belongings and go to Palestine. Chernovich had assured them that the children would go to school, and that they would be very well looked after.

I went to Haifa with a big bag of candies for all the children in Alegra's son's group. I took the bus and went to the kibbutz. Before I arrived there, I saw a man and I asked him where the Greek children were staying. He showed me a warehouse. I went in. It was very big. There were rags hung up to form partitions between the children's beds. It looked like a gypsy camp. It was dark inside, and the walls were of grey cement. The floors were cement, too. It was very humid, and it smelled like a stable. At first I thought I was having a hallucination. I thought I was sick. Suddenly, a little girl pulled her partition aside, and came out. I recognized her right away. She was twelve or thirteen years old.

"Hey, gang! We have a visitor," she said. She turned to me and said "You've come to see Cohen for sure. It's the third visit that he's had, and no-one else has had any visitors."

"No," I said, "I came to see everyone." She didn't let me finish.

"In what elegant outside cafe did his mother give you his address? Never mind, since you came to see everyone, we will make an exception for you. We will show you our palace." She was hysterical.

She started to show me the rags. "This one was painted by Michaelangelo. This one is petit point. And this one is metrito. Chernovitch brainwashed our mothers and our guardians, and they sent us to this palace. You know, we were supposed to go to school. It was to be like a boarding school. But instead we have become experts at cleaning the lul (chicken coop). This is the school that we attend."

I started to go near her. "My little girl," I said.

"Don't baby me! Do something for us instead! Take us with you!"

I said "I don't even have a room for myself. I can't take you with me." Everyone started to cry. The girl came into my arms. I said "I want to see the supervisor." The girl answered "We are alone here. There is a supervisor in the lul only, making sure that we don't break one egg and that we clean the place well. These people look after their animals

better than they look after us!"

I left, promising that I would do something to help them. The only thing Alegra's son said to me was "Write to my mother. Tell her where she has sent me."

Alegra's son took me to the bus station a few yards from the kibbutz. Instead of going to Haifa and then on to my kibbutz, I waited for the bus to Tel Aviv. I sat down on the bench in the station. I saw the man from whom I had asked directions earlier, coming near me. He asked me if I was a social worker. I said "Why do you ask?"

He answered "Because you are dressed like one, and you didn't go to the office of the kibbutz. I'm sure everything is all right, then, because you didn't go to the office."

I asked him who he was. He said "I am a chaver of the kibbutz."

"when you have the next meeting of the kibbutz," I said, "you can spit in the face of your chaverim, for allowing the children to live in this way!"

"Lady, these children don't know any better. They are Sepharady! We work very hard for our own children, but not for the Sephardim. The Sohonouth pays us five liras a month per child. You know, the bread isn't rationed here! We put it on the table, and they can eat as much as they want, not like on other kibbutzim."

I said, "Mister, you should tell your chaverim that these children know better. Oh, never mind! Why am I discussing this with you?" I sat down on the bench again to wait for the bus to Tel Aviv.

On the bus, I sat in the long seat at the back. I saw a middle aged woman sitting near me, but I didn't pay much attention to her. I sat down and I covered my face with my hands, and I said to myself, "oh God! El dia que nasi yo que Planeta reynaria? (What kind of planet was reigning on the day that I was born?" To my surprise, the woman sitting near me completed the song: "Estrea de plata la que te areloumbra. (The silver star illuminated you.)" I opened my eyes and looked at her. She said "Yes, I am Sepharady. I was born in Jerusalem. My dear child, when you are new in Palestine, you must learn one thing. Savlanut (patience). Everything will be all right."

I took the woman's hands and I cried. She said to me "You think

you are Sepharady? The Sepharadim don't cry! No one told you that? We have so many songs, and we must preserve them." She started to sing. Immediately I remembered that My nona used to sing these kinds of songs. She sang "La Reyna Brodava," and "Kien me va Kierer Ami":

La Reyna Brodava

La reyna estava lavrando
Lavrando ho ho ho ho ho
Cavesas de sirma
I al beni
De sou sirma le mancava
Ho la li he he he he he
De sous caveyos
Le adjoustava

Kien me va Kierer Ami

Kien me va Kierer ami
Kien me va Kierer ami
Salliendo que yo te amo
I me mouero de amor por li

By the time we arrived in Tel Aviv, the woman had cheered me up wonderfully. The first thing I did was go to see the people oh Hithachduth Oley Yavan. I went to see Mr. Albert Alchech. He was the god-father of the Sepharadim, a wonderful person. He was an educator who had come to Palestine a few years before the war. I found a telephone and called my husband to tell him that I wasn't coming home right away, and then I went to find Mr. Alchech at his library-bookstore. There was a note on the door: "Back in an hour". At that time, Mr. Alchech was sending reports to all the Sepharady organizations overseas.

I didn't waste my time waiting for Mr. Alchech. I went to see Mr. Beja instead. Before the war., Mr. Beja had been a member of the Board of the Zionist organizations in Salonica. Before the war, he sold everything that he had and established himself in Palestine. His store wasn't very far from Mr. Alchech's library. Of course, he was a member of the Board of the Hithachduth Oley Yavan.

I told him that I had just come from the kibbutz where Alegra's son was living. He said "I went there before you did, and I saw exact-

ly what you have seen today."

"But the children didn't react to you the way they reacted to me. They knew me."

"Never mind. I saw everything," he said.

"What did you do?" I asked. "Did you write to Alegra?"

He said "Oh, no! If I did, there would be a revolution in Salonica."

"What about all the children there? Especially when Alegra is like a sister to you! I want you to know one thing," I said. "Alegra is not poor. Other children there aren't poor either. Their parents can afford to send them to the best schools, but on that kibbutz they are treated like charity cases."

D He said "I know Alegra is not poor. She has land here in Tel Aviv. But it is not easy to remove the children from there."

I said "These children are our next generation. You people want to have kibbutniks, but you will have nervous wrecks instead!"

He begged me not to write to Alegra. "We will do everything we can for these children."

D I couldn't stop crying, even while I was talking to him. I went out of there after shaking hands with Mr. Beja on the promise that he would do something. Outside, I saw a bunch of boys who had arrived in Palestine illegally, again through Chernovich. They were happy to see me. I asked them where they were staying. "Nowhere. We are going to ask the Oley Yavan for a place to sleep. We were sent to the Misery Kibbutz. Everything they told us turned out to be a lie."

One of the boys said "My mother used to say 'Whoever talks to you more than your mother, lies to you with words.' Chernovich talked to us more than our mothers, and with words he lied to us."

I said "This is the second time in the last few months that I have heard this proverb."

I went to see Mr. Alchech. He said to me "I know. I saw them." "Did you write to Salonica?"

He said "No. We can't do that."

"And what do ~~you~~ you intend to do? You must tell someone who can correct the situation! These children don't have to be public wards, maybe a few of them, but not all!"

"We can't do anything about this. They don't listen to Sephardim."

"You must bring all those people there and show them how these children live. You must show them the open racism that exists in Palestine. If they like the place, they should send their own children there. Propaganda brought these children here. If these people want alia (immigration), they must prepare a place first. Where were all these people when the Jews in Europe were being deported to Poland and dying like flies? There were many ways to save them, through Turkey. Many non-Jewish people were saved, and they are now in the camp at Gaza. These people had organized outside help. These children were brought here after the liberation, and where were they put? In a gypsy camp! I want you to tell these people one thing. Hitler put the Jews in the gas chamber without making distinctions between Ashkenazy and Sepharady."

Mr. Alchech promised me that he would do everything in his power to help. And he, too, made me promise not to write to Alegra. I left Mr. Alchech's library, and I went to see Janie.

Janie was a survivor of Hitler, from Salonica. She had hidden somewhere with her parents during the occupation. She got married a week before I did, ~~to~~ to a soldier of the Jewish Brigade. She came to live in Palestine with her husband. I told her that I had just come from the children's kibbutz, where Alegra's son was living.

"Oh," she said, "you're too late. I went there yesterday, and I couldn't sleep all night. This morning, while I was still in my night-gown, I wrote to Alegra. I told her exactly what I had seen. 'Come here', I wrote, 'and take your son away!'"

She told me that Jamie's letter had shocked her and paralysed her. She then went to call her son, who was also living in Tel Aviv. A few minutes later, he arrived. He was a wonderful boy. He was now married and he had a wonderful business. I asked him if he remembered me.

He said "I don't remember you, and I don't want to remember my childhood. My mother forgot what my Nona used to say; 'Whoever talks to you more than your mother, lies to you with words.' Chernovitch talked to my mother more than Mamma, and with words he lied to her."

I think that I spoke to all the officers of Oley Yavan; I asked them all to help these children. Afterwards, I went to my sister's house to spend the night. My niece told me that she was getting married in two months. She said that she was very sorry that I wouldn't be at her wedding, since I would be in America at that time. But she begged me to sew her wedding gown.

The next morning, I called Max again, and told him that I would be staying in Tel Aviv for another two days. I finished the wedding gown in one day. My niece was very happy; she would be the most elegant bride in Tel Aviv.

I prepared to go to the kibbutz. My sister and her family begged me to stay longer, but I refused. Before I left, I asked where I could buy some lollipops. My niece said "We have plenty in the house. I'll give you some." They were for Efraim and Uri.

When I arrived at the kibbutz, Max and Uri were waiting for me at the bus station. In the meantime, of course, Max had changed rooms again. After supper, Uri came, and I gave him a lollipop. Suddenly, a lady who was a member of the kibbutz stopped us. She said "We don't give lollipops to individuals. Either take your lollipops to the communa and the counselor will give them to those who deserve them, or make the boy eat his lollipop in your room."

I took the lollipop from Uri's hand and apologised to the lady.

We went to Uri's mother's room, so that Uri could eat his lollipop. Uri's mother found it only natural that the mothers who wished to give their children lollipops must do so only in their rooms. I didn't say anything, but she started to talk to me.

"I know that ~~s~~ it is very difficult for you to adapt to this kind of life."

I said "I would like to look after my child myself. I would like to see when my child laughs and cries, when he is sick, and when he is happy."

"You are talking about sacrifice. Do you think your children will appreciate you when they grow up?"

I answered "That is a question of luck."

The next day I went back to work in the dressmaker's workshop. The dressmaker told me to finish some skirts and to put zippers in them. When I finished one, I asked her if I could iron ~~the~~ the skirt. She grabbed the skirt from my hand and picked up a pair of scissors, to rip the zipper out.

I said "Stop! Don't rip it out! I don't know why you are doing this. For your information, I am expert at everything that is done with a needle."

The other woman said to me "I don't know how you managed to wait so long to speak to her."

I said "I think I'm still terrified of my past. I don't know why I didn't say something right away. I try my best not to fight, because I want to make my home here. I promised my husband I would try. Do you know why she does this to me?"

She said "Look. These people used to marry within the kibbutz. My husband went into the army, and married me, and I came here. Your husband went into the army, and married you, and brought you here. Others have done the same thing. She doesn't have a chance to marry anyone now. All the bachelors ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ have married."

"She's very sweet to you," I said.

"Yes," she answered, "because she is teaching me. But you came, and you know everything. You don't need her. You know how to sew better than she does. And you must know that the most decent job in the kibbutz is this one. You just arrived, and they gave you this job. You worked in the kitchen before, and you were very good there."

I said "You still haven't answered my question. Why does she not do the same to you? Maybe Max promised to marry her before he met me."

"Oh, no," she said, "it's only that she can't do it to me."

"Why?"

"She is very prejudiced, and I am not a Sephardy."

I left the workshop and I went to my room. Max was waiting for me. He said "The ticket agent called. It will take a long time to get reservations to go to America."

I said "There won't be any America!"

"Why?"

"I can't go to meet your people because I can't stay on the kibbutz. Our agreement was that I would try very hard to live here, but if I couldn't, we would both leave. I don't want you to leave. I can't let you leave a place you like just because of me."

He wanted to know what it was I didn't like. If it was the room, we would have a house by the time we returned from America.

"It has nothing to do with the room," I said. "First, with all this barbed wire around us, I feel like I'm in prison. Second, I have to run to the dining room to eat in the first shift, because by the second shift the tables are so dirty that you can't even sit down. I can't eat with all the noise in the dining room. I want my own table, my own bread, and my own cooking. I don't mind working, but in a place where the boss can fire me if he isn't satisfied with my work, and praise me if he is."

"We will go to America, and you will decide after," said Max,

I said "No. If you ~~think~~ think I will spend the rest of my life on the kibbutz, you are mistaken. I'm going to leave Palestine and go back to Greece."

"What are you talking about? I love you and you love me. We belong together. And what are you going to do in Greece? You gave up your house."

"There is always a place in the Alaatini Orphanage with a bed and a blanket. I prefer that to living here."

"I've had enough here myself," Max said. "Don't worry, we'll leave the kibbutz. But after we've gone to America."

Fifteen days after this conversation, we had a phone call from the ticket agent. They told us that some Arabs were about to go to New York on a special plane. There were three empty places on this plane, two for us, and one for another Jewish person. We accepted the tickets and went to Tel Aviv. At 3 o'clock in the morning, we took a plane to Paris. From Paris we were to fly to New York. The plane that left Tel Aviv had no seats. They gave us blankets to sit on. The Arabs on the plane were students and businessmen. There were also three ladies on the plane. Two of them spent the whole trip looking at themselves in their mirrors, making sure their lipstick was all right. The third lady was very young, about 18 years old, and she had two babies with her.

The next morning, the airplane landed. In Casablanca. Everyone got off the plane without helping the woman with the babies. I went up to her and I saw that she was crying. I asked her if she needed help. I took a baby from her, she took the other, and Max took two shopping bags filled with diapers. The woman couldn't stop crying. She said she didn't know how to change the babies.

"I thought that we were in Paris," she said. "My family arranged for a nanny to meet me in Paris to take care of the children."

I showed her how to change the babies. She was going to throw the dirty diapers away. I said "Don't! Don't throw them out. Tomorrow

"how will I put the children to sleep on a big bed?" she asked.

"They can fall down."

I said "Don't worry. We'll put the mattresses on the floor for them. If they roll off, they won't hurt themselves." We washed the diapers and hung them to dry on chairs. With the climate in Casablanca, they dried very quickly.

The next day we took the airplane again. There were a pile of blankets on the plane. I said "We'll put some blankets on the floor for the children. You can't hold them in your lap all the way to New York!"

The airplane took off. The next day we arrived in Rio de Janeiro. Max walked with the two shopping bags, and the Arab woman and I each carried a child. The pilot took us to a beautiful restaurant. The Arab woman said "I am ashamed. My countrywomen keep looking at themselves in their mirrors, and I'm such a mess."

She asked Max where we were. He said "Rio de Janeiro." The lady looked at me. She said "Who are you? How did you know we would come here? You are sent from Mohamet! Oh, I will serve him, and pray for him!"

I said "Do it, if it makes you feel better. But I am just a plain Jewish woman."

A few hours later, we took the airplane again. They told us that this time we were going straight to New York. After many hours of flying, we found ourselves in Dakar, at a beautiful military base.

After many hours of flying, we found ourselves on a banana plantation on a tropical island. It was very hot. The two ladies who had been looking in their mirrors were so hot that the curls they had so carefully put in their hair came out. It was like a hell of heat. A man came to talk to us.

"We can give you a beautiful room, with a comfortable bed and air-conditioning, but we have no food for you. We can only give you bananas." I've never again seen bananas as big as the ones that grew on that plantation.

The Arab lady asked me "What am I going to feed the children?"

"Bananas," I said.

"How will I mash them?"

"With your fingers."

After we ate the bananas, we went to our room. It was beautiful. We put the mattresses on the floor again, changed the babies, and washed the diapers. I said to the lady "Did you notice your friends with their curls hanging down?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, you are the same: I'll watch the children. You go and have a shower and wash your hair."

"But what will I do with my hair after? It is very long."

"Don't worry. I'll give you a ribbon for it."

I picked up a diaper. At the edges of it there was seam binding. I cut off a piece of the binding, and gave it to her for her hair. I took a piece of ribbon for myself, because I also had to wash my hair. The two other Arab women wanted ribbons, but we didn't give them any.

We spent the night in that beautiful cool room. In the morning, we took the plane again, to go to New York. The plane took off; sometime later, it landed, and we found ourselves in Dakkar, at a bautiful military base in the middle of nowhere. The officers on the base gave us a beautiful bungalow to stay in. We went into our routine, removing the mattresses, washing and drying diapers.

I've met many people in my life whom I had never known before, but the champions of kindness, sweetness and honesty were the people of Dakkar. I don't remember exactly how many days we spent there. I was at home with my Ladino. I could talk to everyone. The people of Dakkar had exactly the same accent as those of Salonica. One day, they told us that our airplane was fixed. Apparently, it was a forced landing that had brought us to Dakkar, but now we were going to New York!

The airplane took off. Suddenly, it landed again. From the window,

we could see ambulances and fire engines hurrying after our plane. I said to Max, "Oh, they've arranged for a big reception for us here in New York!"

Max said, "Never mind New York! Who knows where we are? It's another forced landing!" That God, the airplane came to a stop with no casualties. We found ourselves on an American military base, in the middle of nowhere, on an island in the ocean. They gave us bungalows. We moved mattresses, changed babies, washed diapers. Good thing the Arab woman hadn't thrown out the dirty diapers! We were invited to eat in the officers' mess. By this time, my nice white blouse had turned black. There was nothing to do on the base. The only things we could see were palm trees with coconuts. Every night we were told that a plane would come from Miami in the middle of the night to pick us up. One night, at one o'clock, we were woken up. The airplane from Miami was waiting for us. I woke the Arab lady, and we dressed the children. Again, Max walked with the shopping bags, I took one child, and the lady took the other. We went to the airplane.

This airplane had seats! We sat down like human beings, and the plane took off. It landed in Miami! As soon as we got off, Max went to telephone his brother, who had been expecting us in New York 15 days before.

I asked the Arab lady, "Do you have your husband's telephone number?" "Yes."

"Leave me with the children, and go and call your husband."

When she came back, she said, "I spoke to my husband, and we decide to give you this ring." She took a ring from her finger. The stone was aquamarine, with diamonds all around it.

She said "My father chartered the airplane we took from Tel Aviv for me, because he believes that a wife must not be separated from her husband for too long. I was supposed to come with a nanny and a maid, but at the last minute they were refused visas. You take this ring and give it to Mohamet. My father gave it to me as a going away present."

I answered, "If you believe in Mohamet, you must know that he does not get paid for his services. If you want me to take this ring, you don't know me well enough. I don't ask to be paid for my services. I told you before that I'm just a plain Jewish woman."

It was very hot in Miami, and it took a long time to pass through immigration. All our papers were examined. We then took a plane and landed in New York! Max's brother Jack was waiting for us. He apologized for not bringing his wife. She was at his store now, so that he could meet us at the airport.

"As soon as we get to the store, Zina will take you home, but Max will stay there with me."

Max said, "I have to stay downtown, because tonight I have a meeting with Yad ve Chem."

"O.K.," said Jack, "we'll go together, but Tova and Zina will go home."

"We came to the store. It was a tobacco store, and it was full of telephone booths. Jack's son was in the store, so Jack, Zina, Max and I went to eat at a cafeteria. When we came back from the cafeteria, Jack asked Zina to take me to their home. But Zina didn't want to listen to Jack. There was no place to sit in the store, so I sat on one of our valises. Sometimes there was no-one in the store, but every once in a while there would be a rush of people buying cigarettes and bubble gum, and using the phones. At these times, Zina took me out of the store.

The first time she did this, I thought that we were going home. But instead, we went around the block. She did this six or seven times, whenever people came into the store. As we walked around the block, she talked to me in beautiful Hebrew. After a few walks, my sweet started to ~~walk~~, swell; and I couldn't walk any more. I could hardly put my feet down on the ground. Again, people came into the store, and Zina said to me "Let's go."

She took me out. At the door, I asked her where we were going. "Around the block," she said.

And I answered "If I have to walk one more yard, you will have big troubles with me."

"Why?"

"Because," I said, "I am very tired and ready to collapse, here, in the middle of the street. And you will have to call an ambulance to take me to the hospital."

She understood. She took me to the subway. It was rush hour. I had never seen so many people before in my life. There was no seat on the subway. In Salonica, some man would have given me his seat, but here, no-one offered. We finally go off the subway and took a bus to Zina's house.

Jack and Zina lived in the penthouse of an apartment building without an elevator. I met their other two sons, as nice and as good-looking as the one I

had met in the store. I hardly had the strength to say hello to them. I took my shoes off in the living room and lay down on the couch. I didn't wake up until midnight.

I saw Max and Jack, and the living room was full of ~~people~~.neighbours coming to see me. Everyone asked me "You say you are Jewish, but how come you don't speak Yiddish?" The table was set. They were waiting for me to have supper. I didn't want to eat. I just wanted to go to bed, but I had to sit down at the table with my dirty blouse. When we finished eating, Max and I were shown to our room, and we went to bed. Max asked, "How do you like my sister-in-law?"

I said, "This woman never laughs and never cries. She never dances, never sings. And ~~&~~ she is a very bad hostess. On top of all this, she thinks she is the Queen of Sheba."

"I agree with everything you say," said Max, "but why the Queen of Sheba?"

"When I find out, ~~&~~ I'll let you know. I don't know why yet."

The youngest son was six or seven years old. He reminded me of Miki. He used to sit in my lap and kiss my neck, just like Miki had. Of course, he only did this when his mother wasn't around. When she came, the boys would run away. The other two boys were just finishing high school. They were very intelligent and very nice looking.

It didn't take me too long to find out why Zina thought she was the Queen of Sheba. One day, when I was talking to her, she said "I went to school in America!"

I said "Do you think there are no schools in Europe?"

I had two cousins in the United States. I knew one of them, Dora, very well from Salonica. She ~~ever~~ came to New York a few months before the war. She was Suzanne's sister, and she had married my uncle. My mother's cousin had left for ~~Sakawica~~ America before I was born. I only knew her name, Alegra Gategno. I didn't know how to find either of my cousins.

One day, one of the Sepharady organizations invited me to a meeting. Max and I used to go every day to see Max's cousins Charlotte and Izi, who had a factory that manufactured flocking. Charlotte and Izi were wonderful people. Max and I wanted to learn the business, so that if we wanted to stay in America, we could go to Montreal and start our own business. It was very nice of Charlotte and Izi to

teach us.

Charlotte looked at the address of the meeting of the Sepharady organization, and she said that I needed at least two hours to get there. The designer said "No. It will take three hours." I said "Look. I'll give myself three hours. If I'm early, I'll wait, but I don't want to be late." They drew me a map of how to get there. Izi took me to the subway and put me on the right train. Two hours later, I was at the place of the meeting. I went in, and of course the place was empty. I asked the janitor where everyone was.

He looked at his watch and he said "You're an hour early for the meeting. Sit down, I'll give you something to drink." As I sat down, I saw a wall-to-wall plaque with Sepharady names on it that were very familiar to me. There were stars next to some of the names. The janitor returned with my drink, and I asked him what the stars meant.

He said "These are the names of the people who went overseas during the war. The people with stars next to their names died on the battlefield. The rest came back."

Just then, a man arrived. He said "Oh, you came to the meeting? Too early!"

For some reason, I asked him "Do you know Alegra Gategno?"

"Of course! She's my wife!"

We started to talk and I explained who I was. He said "Look. My car is downstairs and we live just five minutes from here. I'll take you home to my wife, and I'll bring you back in time for the meeting."

We went to his house, and I met Alegra. We both cried. She wanted to hear about her two brothers, to whom I had been very close. The time of the meeting approached, and Alegra's husband drove me back. Before I got out of the car, Alegra said "My children are married. You can see what a big house we live in. Come to live with us with your husband for a little while." She gave me Dora's telephone number and told me to call her either at night or on the week-end, because she worked.

I came home and told Max that I had found my cousin and that she had invited us to stay with her. He said "I came to America to see my brother. He works all day and I work all day, and when I come home, I want to be with him." And so we refused

Soon after I called Dora, and I went to see her, too. Dora lived in a three room apartment in New York with her husband, and their teen-age daughter. She was very sorry that she didn't have room for Max and me. But I went to see Dora often.

The day after Max said that he wanted to stay with his brother, my sister-in-law refused to speak to me in Hebrew any longer. She was Yiddishista, and I would have to speak to her in Yiddish, if I wanted to speak to her at all. Soon ~~and~~ after this day, I realized that I was pregnant, but I didn't tell anyone about it.

One morning I got up and I was bleeding. I didn't go to Charlotte's that day. After everyone had left the house and I was alone, I called Alegra. There was no answer. I called her every hour, but she still didn't answer. My other cousin Dora was working. After three hours, someone answered the phone at Alegra's house. It was her son. I asked for his mother, and he told me she was out of town. "My sister is pregnant and she went to help her." This was a great disappointment for me. In the afternoon, when my sister-in-law came home, I told her "I'm pregnant, and I saw a show of blood this morning."

"Tell me what you just said in Yiddish," she said.

"This is no game," I said to her. "Please. I need a doctor."

She didn't say yes or no. I heard her dialing the phone. An hour later, she said "I made an appointment for you at the doctor. It will be in 8 days."

During the week, I had a show of blood once a day. The night before my doctor's appointment, I heard an argument between Max, his brother, and his sister-in-law. But it was in Yiddish, and I didn't understand. My sister-in-law came into my room. She spoke to me in perfect Hebrew.

"I'm very sorry, but I can't take you to the doctor tomorrow," she said.

"Is this what all the excitement is about?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Don't worry," I said, "Just give me his name and address and the time of my appointment, and I can go by myself."

"But you don't understand," she said. "I never made an appointment for you."

I looked her in the eye, and I said to myself "This woman is a monster."

"Why didn't you?" I asked her. "I'm bleeding, and I need a doctor." At that moment, an old Ladino proverb came to my mind: 'El viejo non sé Kiere mourir por mas ver i mas sintir' ('The old man doesn't want to die, because he wants more time to hear and more time to see').

Two minutes later, my husband came to my room. He said "Let's get out of here." We went to see Charlotte and Izi. I was shivering with cold by the time we arrived. Charlotte, Izi, and Max undressed me and put me to bed. Very early in the morning,

hospital. Of course, I lost the baby.

I was in the hospital for 10 days, ~~and~~ after which I was to go to a convalescer hospital. Charlotte's sister Bella recommended one that she had been to 20 years ago. She said it ~~x~~ was a very beautiful place. One morning, my husband came to take me fr the hospital to the ~~x~~ convalescent home.

It was indeed a beautiful place. I was taken to my room. It had six beds in it but the curtains were drawn around each bed, and I could see no-one. It was rest pe-
riod, and I lay down and fell asleep.

The sound of my curtain being pulled aside woke me up, and I looked to see who i
was. All I could see at first was a little hand on the curtain. It pulled the cur-
tain back, and I saw a little, sweet old lady. She spoke to me in Yiddish. She saw
that I didn't understand so she pointed to herself and said "Mali". Then she pointed
to me. "Tova", I said. When she heard my name, she asked "Do you speak Hebrew?"
I said that I did.

She told me that she had been a teacher in Poland, and that she was 85 years old.
She spoke the most beautiful Hebrew that I have ever heard. She asked me what I was
doing in the convalescent home. I was surprised at the question.

"I came to convalesce for 2 or 3 weeks," I said.

"My dear child," she said. "This is an old people's home."

"It was very highly recommended to me by someone who had been here 20 years ago,"
I said.

"My dear girl, when the district changed, the hospital changed also, " she said.
"The youngest person here is 75. Surely you should call your husband to come pick you
up."

I said "I don't have anywhere to go. And I need rest."

The rest period was over. Mali was the most wonderful person that I have ever met
She asked me to call her Babie, because she had a grand-daughter my age. We got up, and
I went to the radio room with all the old women. There was a ~~yes~~ Yiddish programme
on the air. The nurse came in. Thank God, because the radio was getting on my nerves.

"It's time to play bingo," she said.

Mali took me by force to the bingo game. She sat near me. The game was ~~sandwiched~~
conducted in ~~visual~~

Suddenly she screamed "BINGO". "You see, you won," she said. I won some woolen

It was suppertime. Mali tried to force me to eat, but I couldn't. I'm thinking there was a talent show. 10 names were drawn, and these people were supposed to sing. The songs they sang reminded them of their youth. Mali said to everyone, "We have a young guest tonight. We've heard all your songs a hundred times before. Tonight, she must sing for us." At first I refused.

All the old ladies ~~six~~ stopped singing and talked about the memories that their songs brought back to them. It was boring, and noisy. But the old ladies enjoyed themselves. Mali and the nurse came up to me. "Please. Sing for us."

I went up on the stage, and I said "I'm going to sing you a song that we used to sing only to very special friends and very special people." It was a song that Chaim used to sing:

Mé yaman la frivil
Me plaze reyr
Bevo moutho alcol
I lo ago sofrir
Al mansevo habile
Lo etho al zembil

~~XXláxtemaxmunkaxdaxmík~~

I lé tomo moutho de mil

Lousos i cabare
Dansing i separe
I siempre visto yo carré

Me vo al buffet
Me yaman calorifer

Lo impresiono me empatrono
Lo se rovar i entero es koulkar
Fouyir de siempre embrolios
Para non abouzar

The women voted me the best singer of all. They gave me some curtain material as a prize. ~~XXwa~~

It was time to go to sleep, and everyone went to bed. I fell asleep and had a dream. Chaim came to see me, and he brought me a box of Floca chocolates. When he was ready to go, I said "No, you must take me with you!" He said no. I insisted. "I can't stay here. You must take me!" I was screaming so loud in my sleep that Mali rang for the nurse.

The nurse came and took me to have some hot chocolate. I was crying so much I couldn't talk. She said "Don't worry. You were just having a nightmare. Oh,

----- - every, someone came and left you some presents."

She went to her office and brought out a box of Floca chocolates. I started to get very excited again. "Who brought these?" I asked. I found out that my cousin I had come to visit me after work, but they had not let her in to see me, so she left the box of chocolates.

The next morning, at 11 o'clock, I was waiting by the pay phone for Max's call. When he phoned, instead of speaking to him, I just cried and cried. In the afternoon Max came to pick me up. He said "Dora went to buy a folding bed this morning for you. You will stay with her."

So I went to stay with Dora. The bed had been put in the middle of the house; there was no room anywhere else for it. Dora was very good to me, and treated me like a queen. She even missed work for a week to take care of me. Every day we sat down together, to make me a new dress, or a new suit. When I was a bit stronger, Max and I took the train to Montreal. Here I found many narrow-minded people who had "gone to school in Canada". Some said that I couldn't be Jewish, and wondered how I had learned so quickly to seem Jewish. Others said "Oh, she must come from a Negro family. But I will never forget the kindness of my husband's cousins, Clara and Rose Cohen, two wonderful ladies.

Clara gave me a room in her house. Her two daughters were married. Clara, her husband, and their son Perry who had just finished High School, were staying in the house. I became very fond of Perry. To this day, Max and I are very close to him. Rose would send her son Morrie to pick me up and take her to their house. To this day, we often telephone Morrie. Rose would take me downtown and buy me boots and expensive presents. God bless Clara and Rose, wherever they are!

At that time, it was very hard to find an apartment. We finally found one, a semi-basement, but to me it was my home, my own Buckingham Palace. Clara gave me some pots and pans, and Rose gave me a crystal plate. They came to see me very often, and often invited me to their homes.

In the Hebrew circle, there was a lot of talk about Keren Hatarbut. This organization was going to open a summer camp where children would speak only Hebrew. They brought a pedagogue from Calgary to be the director of the office of Keren Hatar-

bout and the director of the camp. His name was Rabbi Horowitz. Rabbi Horowitz asked Max and I to work at the camp, which was called Camp Massad. Max was to be quartermaster, and I was to be nurse and camp-mother. We decided to accept.

They asked me to go and help open the camp, and blindly I accepted. There was no plumbing yet, and it was wintertime and very cold. The workers were building new bungalows, and I had to supervise the work. The day finally arrived when the camp was ready. The children arrived, and every one of them spoke beautiful Hebrew.

At the end of the first day, everyone was very tired, and we all went to sleep. The next morning, at 5 o'clock, I was in the kitchen, making sure that the cook was preparing the breakfast. At 8 o'clock everyone came to the dining room to eat. There was an empty chair at one of the tables. I asked the counselor where the boy was.

"He doesn't feel well," he said.

"Did you report it to the doctor?" I asked.

"No."

The doctor's name was Dr. Mendes. He was a very nice middle-aged person with a lot of experience. I left everyone in the dining room, and I went first to see the boy.

"Where does it hurt?" I asked him.

"I don't know!" he answered.

I tried to touch his belly, but he didn't let me. When he moved, I saw that his sheet was wet. He was 10 years old, and he had wet his bed.

"Look," I said, "you and I are going to have secrets. You change quickly and go have breakfast. I'll change your bed before anyone else comes to see." I picked up his sheet, and I saw that there was a rubber sheet underneath it. The boy had brought it from home. I knew now that his wetting the bed wasn't just an accident; it was a habit. The boy confessed that his mother woke him up two or three times at night at home. If she didn't, he wet the bed. The boy went to the dining room, but not before he made me promise not to tell anyone. I agreed, but I said that I would have to tell the doctor.

I spoke with Dr. Mendes, and he said "This boy needs help, from you and from me. We have to wake him up three times each night. We'll take turns." Three times a night we woke the boy. But on the fifth night Rabbi Horowitz became aware of what

we were doing. He called me to his office and asked if it was true. I said yes. He said that I was supposed to tell him about these things first, and not the doctor. I was to take orders from him, and not from Dr. Mendes.

"I am the nurse here," I said. "The doctor gave me orders to help this boy, and I did so."

Rabbi Horowitz called Dr. Mendes in. You could hear them screaming from outside the building.

"You can't teach me how to be a doctor!" said Dr. Mendes.

And Rabbi Morowitz replied "You can't teach me how to be a pedagogue! I will call the parents and tell them to take the boy away from here."

There was a big commotion about this. The boy was very embarrassed, but I assured him that no-one knew whom Dr. Mendes and ^{Rabbi} Horowitz were talking about.

After this argument, Dr. Mendes packed his suitcase and left the camp. It was up to me alone to get up three times during the night to wake the boy.

Kideuchim lavado

Apio partido

Descouvrir a bikar

Mazon

Motzi matha

Lethouga en boultero

Meza ordénada

Descouvrir a bikar

Mazon

Motzi matha

EN LA PATESSERA DE JOSEPH COUENCA

...e..

A LA OCASIÓN DE PESSAH

Mesemos en vendida conaonke tollsour
Pasqual CHAROPE, de ALMENDRA,
TROUSSTOUK, 1 de PERTOUCAI
Lezconlinos comisounke litoro de
tollous, amoncounds.

IMPIEZA REPOUCHAVLE

CON PRESSIONS REDUIZIDOS

ADRESSE:

CAE VASSILEOS CONSTANTINOS II

TEL A CAT VENZE OS

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CAE VASSILEOS CONSTANTINOS II

TEL A CAT VENZE OS

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CAE VASSILEOS CONSTANTINOS II

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CAE VASSILEOS CONSTANTINOS II

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SEDER LAIL PESSAH

Cadech Ourhas. Carpas. Maghid. Rohas
Mots. Matsa. Maròr. Oreh. Sefouin
Baréh. Alé. Nirtsá.

Cadech iq[shirau los vazos de vino y dirán Kidoúch.

Si acayso/Mord en Chabot. Impesárón con : *lom Achéchí*

Iom achéchéi vayholou achamaïm véaarets vohol
tsévaam. vahib. Elym bayom achievei micòl melahtó
acher asa. vaychobt baion achievei micòl melahtó
achéassa, vayvareh Elym et yom achievei vayca-
dech otó ki bo chabat micòl melahtó achér bara
Elym ihassot.

Si accayso mod en semana, empesaron de *aki* :
Savri maranai barouh atá adonay Eloeno meleh
acolum bore peri aghifen.

Barouh gata adonay Eloenou meleh aolam acher
bahar banou micòl am veromenanu micòl lachòn
vekidechanu bemisotav varitén lanou adonay Elo
enou beavaà [Chabat] jinnouha ve] moadim lessimha
haghim ouzmanim lesassou, et yom [Adhabat azé veet rom]
hagh amatsò azé. vét yom pôv mica codech azé ze-
man hirouteou hedava mica codech. zeder. Itsiat
misrayim. ki bano baharta ve otanou [Kidacha micòl
aaanim [Chabat ve] moadé codechena (beava ouvraton)
besimha ouvassòn synhalanou barouh atá adonay
mécadéch (Adhabat ve) Israel veazemanim.

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou meleh aolam cheé-
hiyanou veikiemanou veéghyanou lazemán azé.

Sí al sýno med, en noche de alhaad dirán antes de Cheihyanou

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou meleh aolam boré
meore aech.

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou meleh aolam amav-
dil ben codech lehor ouvén or lehocheh oubén Is-
rael leamm offen iom achévéi lechechet yémé am-
assé ben kedouchat yom tov yvdalta veéit yom ace-
lichechet yémé amasse ykdachta cheivdalta ve-
ykdachta et anehá Israél bikdouchatáh Barouh atá
adonay amavdil ben codech lecodech.

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou meleh aolam cheeluyinou
veéghyanou lazemán azé :

I beverán enaa onon so vazo arecovado.

Ourlas : se lavaran las manos y non dirán berahá.

Oarpas lomarán la oja del apio y la remojarán en el
vinagre y dirán esta berahá.

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou meleh aolam boré
perí adama.

/ se lo comérán sin arecovado

Lahás tomará las tres malsòt de chemourdt la de en-
medio partira media por medi, la media entre los dos la-
ora media ke la guadre para aficomin.

Maghid, entcharán los vazos de vino y dirán la
Aghada.

Despues tomara la media masón en la mano y empessará

E lahmd andá.

AGADAT LAIL PESSAH

E lahmd ania di ahalou avatana, bearà dimisra-
ym eal dehpín yehòl, cal destrih yeté veyvassah.
achaia ahà lechana abaa bearà d'Israél, achatà ahà
avdé, lechana abaa bearà d'Israél bené houriu.

Este pan de la alriyion ke comieron monesistros pad-
res en tierra de ayfto, todo el ke touviense ambre, entre y
coma, todo el ke touviense demenesster, entre y pasque.. es-
te anio aki, a el anio el vinién, en tierra d'Israél. este anio
aki siervos. a el anio el vinién, en tierra d'Israél yjos foros.

Y kitaran el plato de la meza y dirán :

Couanto fous demandada la notche la està mas ke to-
das las notches, ke en todas las notches, non nos entien-
tes astou vez ona, y la notche la està dos veces. ke en
todas las notches, nos comientes hamets o matza, y la no-
toche la està todo el maïse. ke en todas las notches, nos
comientes resto de vidrondas. y la notche la està litchou-
ga. ke en todas las notches nos comientes y bivientes,
kien asentados y kien arrescovidados, y la notche la està
todos nos arrescovidados.

Y tornaran el plato en la meza y dirán :

Siervos fouvernos a Parò en ayfto. y sagamos adonay
monesistro dió de ay. con poder souerto y con brasso toudi-
do, y si non sacava el santo bendicho el a monesistros
padres de ayfto aynda nós y monesistros yjos, y yjos de
monesistros yjos, sojertos fouvernmos a Parò en ayfto. y afi-
lou todos nos servios, todos nos entendidos, todos nos sa-
vientes a la ley. encomedunsssa sobre nos por regontar en
saledoun de ayfto. y todo ol ke molchigua por recontar en
salidours de ayfto, dossierto esto os uelavido.

aontissò maussé en rebí Eliezer, y rebí Ieohoah. Y rebí Elahzar yjo de Azaria y rebí Akiva. Y rebí Tarfon, ke eran aresscovados en almoada de sed. Y eran recontantes sous talmidim. Y dijhiron a elios monestros habamim, aigó tiempo de maledoura de keriat chemah de la mañana.

Dicho rebí Elahzar yjo de Azaria, desserto, yo cono de idat de setent' anus. Y non tonvi zehout ke se diche- ra, saledoura de ayfto en las notches, aseta ke darsó yo d' salir de tiera de ayfto, porké miembres a dia de touz vidas los dias, dias de tous vidas, dias de hamim diziennes, dias de tous vidas el mundo el este, todos dias de tous vidas por trayer a dias de el machiah.

Bendicho el criador, bendicho el, ke dio ley a sou puevlo Israel, bendicho el, como escouentra cuatro yjos uno la ley, uno sávio, y uno malo y uno preñizmo, y uno ke non save por demandar.

Sávio ke el dizien, ke el testamento y los louneros y los dijoussios, ke encromendo adonay monestros y tambien tou di a el, como ordene de la pasqua, non espartiran despoues de corban passah maneras de mandajes.

Malo ke el dizien, ke el servisio el essie a los, a vos y non a el. Y por ke se saco a si mismo de la conclusion orfro en la raiz, tambien lou az escocuchir a sous dientes. Y di a el, por esso yzo adonay ami en mi salir de ayfto, ami y non a el, y si souer ay, non souera rigmido.

Preñizmo ke el dizien, ke essio? y diras a el, con tortaleza de poder mos saco adonay de ayfto, de gaza de siervos.

Y el ke non save por demandar, tou empesta a el, ke asi dice el pasouk, Y denouisaras a tou yjo en el dia el essio por decir, por esso yzo adonay a mi en mi salir de ayfto, pouédia ser de pressio de mez, deprendimiento pa-

ra dezir, en el dia el este, si en el dia el este pouédia ser de temprano de dia, deprendimiento para dezir, por esto, por esto non dijhe, salvo en ora, ke mala y litchouga, compouessos delante de ti.

de pressipio, servientes avoda zara eran monestros padres, y agora mos aégo el criador a sou servisio, ke ansi dice el pasouk. Y dicho leóqohouah a todo el pouevio. ansi dijho adonay dio de Israel, en parte de el rio, estuvieron vuestros padres de siempre, Terah padre de Abram y padre de Nahor, y servieron dioses otros.

Y tomi a vuestro padre a Abram de parte de el rio, y yvi a el por toda tiera de Kenaan, y motohigu a sou semen, y di a el a Ishak, y di a Isack a Iaacov y a Esav. Y di a Esav a monte de Seyr, por eredad a el, y Iaacov y sous yjos, desindieron a ayfto.

Bendicho el gouardan, sou feouzia a israel, bendicho el, ke el santo bendicho el contan a la fin, por azer lo ke dicho a Abram monestro padre entre los espartimientos, ke ansi dice el pasouk, Y dicho a Abram saver sayras, ke peligrino sera lou semen en tiera ke non a elios, y servirian y afriéran a elios quatrocientos anios, y tambien, a la diente ke serviran djouzgan yo, y despoues ansi sarlan con ganancia grande.

Elia ke estouvo a monestros padres y a nos, ke non buno tan solamente estouvo sobre nos, salvo ke en cada arnasio y arnasio, estantes sobre nos por atemarmos. Y el santo bendicho el mos encapa de sous manos.

Sal y deprende ke boucheo Lavan el Arami por azér a Iacob monestro padre ke Paro, non retensio salvo sobre los ninios, y Lavan boucheo por aranciar a lo todo, ke ansi dice el pasouk. Arumi kijo, depedrer ami padre, y desindio a nyfto, y moro ay con varones pocos, y loué ay por diente grande foubére y moutcha.

Y descendio a ayfto forrado por dijho de el mandamiento.

y moro y nos enbez, ke non dessindio por nafin
chassu salvo por morur y, ke aussi dize el passouk y di
dheron a Piso por morir en la tierra vendimia ke non pas
to a las ovejas ke u tous siervos, ke hezgada la ambra en
tierra de Kenan, y agor essten agora tous siertos en tierra
de Gochen.

Con varones pocos como aussi dize el passouk, do
zelent almas dessindieron tous padres a su hijo, y agora ja
ponzo adonay ou dio como estraras de los sielos a mol
lo hidoumbe.

y soué ay por diente grande, mos embaza ke eran
israel assinalados ay, por diente grande y louere, como
aussi dize el Passouk, y yjos d Israél truchigouaron y sur
pieron, y notongouaronse y entorisseronse eu lo mou
cho moelho, y entonose la tierra de eos.

y moucho como aussi dize el passouk, miliaris como
ernoro de a campo le di y notonguite y engrandissim y
touchedes en afeites de afeites, pechos fureton compaus
tos y tou gavéo ermoyssio y, ton denondono y desonvierto

y enmallesion a los los ayssianos, y abrieron nos
y dieron sobre los iservisso dorro, y enteñisser n a nos
los ayssianos como aussi dize el passouk dad assaverie
mos nos ahi de quanto se mouchigobara y sera quando
nos acconcessera pelea y sera enaidido jurnion y sovra
mouestros aborescienles, y perieran con los, y souviran de
la tierra.

y abrieron nos como aussi dize el passouk y ponzer
ron sobre el mayorales de pelches por dury los en sous
lazerias y fragos siyndides encastadas a Pro, n Pilón y
n Raamssés.

y dieron sobre nos iservisso dorro, como aussi dize
el passouk, y yzieren savir los de myto a Vós d Israel
jor dureza.

y esclamimos a adonay dio de mouestros Endres J

oyo a mouestra boz y vido a mouestra afiyssion, y a
mouestra azero. Y a mouestra apreto.
Y esclamimos a adonay dio de mouestros padres. oo
no aussi dize el passouk y soué en los dias los mouctchos
los estos y enosfessiose rey de ayfto, sousspiraron yjos
de leraé de el servisso, y esclamaron, y souvio sous es
clamacion a el dia de el servisso.

Y yjo adonay a mouestra boz, como aussi dize el
costumbre de tierra, como aussi dize el passouk, y membro el dio a
dio a hijos de Israél y apadosse el dio.
Y a mouestra lazena, estos los yjos, como aussi dize
el passouk, todo el yjo el nassido a el rio lo etcharadech
Y toda la yja abidigouaredoch.

Y a mouestra apreto esse el apreto, como aussi dize
el passouk, y tambien vide a el apreto ke los de ayfto
apretans a eos.

Y sacomos adonay de ayfto, non por mano de angel
y non por mano de nadador. Y non por mano de message
ro, salto, e santo bendicho el con sou onza y con si miz
mo, como aussi dize el passouk y passare por tierra de
ayfto en la noche la esun y hira todo mayor en tierra de
ayfto die ombre y assa oualope. Y en todos dioses de
ayfto, no se dijonsissus yo adonay.

Y passare por tierra de ayfto yo y non anrex. Y finire
todo mayor yo y non adador. Y en todos dioses de ayfto,
are dijonsissus yo y non messenger. Yo adonay. Yo el y
non otro.

Con poder fouvere esta la mortalidad, como anssi dize el passouk, ek yega de adonay fouve siyda en tou ganudo ke en el campo, en los cavyos, en los aznos, en los ganeos, mortalidad pezgada mouicho.

Y con brasso tendido, esta la espada, como anssi dize el passouk, y son espada dezvynnada en sou mano tendida sobre Ieronchaisym.

Y con temoridad grande este descouvrimento de chehinà, como anssi dice el passouk, o si prevò el dio por venir por tomar a el, djente de entre djente, con prevas, con siniales y con maravias, y con pelea, y con poder fouverte y con brasso tendido, y con temoridades grandes, como todo lo ke izo a vos adonay vuesiro dio en ayfto, a tous ojos.

Y con siniales estaa la vara, como anssi dize el passouk, y a la vara la estaa tomara en tou mano ke aras con eya a las siniales.

Y con maravias estaa la sangre, como anssi dize el passouk, y daré maravias en los cielos y en la tierra, sangre y fuego y atamarales de oumo.

Pironch otro con poder fouverte dos, y con brasso tendido dos, y con timoridad grande dos, y con siniales dos, y con maravias dos.

Estas diés fridas ke troucho el santo bendicho el sobre los ayssianos en ayfto, y éstas éas: Sangre, Rana, Piojo, Mistura, Mortalidad, Sarna, Pedrisco, Laugosisa, Escurridad, Frida de mayores.

Rebi Inda era dan en éos siniales. Detsah Adach Benahav.

Rebi Iossé el Galeli dizién, de donde ion dizen, ke fouveron fridos los ayssianos en ayfto, diés fridas y sobre la mar fouveron fridos, siguiente fridas.

En ayfto ke el dizien, y dicherón los megos a Paro

maravilla de el dio éa, y sobre la mar, ke el dizen. Y viendo israel en la maravilla la grande, ke yzo adonay en ayfto, y timieron el pouevlo de adonay, y qrieron en adonay y en nevouù de Moché sou siervo.

Couantos fouveron fridos con el dedo, diés fridas, y sobre la mar de agora, en ayfto fouveron fridos, diez fridas, y sobre la mar loueron fridos siguiente fridas.

Rebi Elizer dizién, de donde tenemos ke en oada frida y frida ke troucho el santo bendicho el sobre los ayssianos en ayfto founé de quattro fridas, ke anssi dize el passouk, embiaré en éos eressimiento de sou dolor, sania y ira y angoustia, embiamiento de messageos malos, sania una, y ira dos, y angoustia tres, embiamiento de messageos malos cuatro, di de agora en ayfto fouveron fridos quattro fridas y sobre la mar fouveron fridos dozientas fridas.

Rebi Akiva dizién: de donde tenemos, ke en cada frida y frida ke troucho el santo bendicho el sobre los ayssianos en ayfto, era de cinco fridas, ke anssi dize el passouk, embiaré en éos eressimiento de sou dolor, sania y ira y angoustia, embiamiento de messageos malos, eressimiento de sou dolor una, sania dos, y ira tres, y angoustia quattro, embiamiento de messageos malos cinco, di de agora, en ayfto fouveron fridos siquen fridas y sobre la mar fouveron fridos dozientas y siquen fridas.

Concarts grados bouenos, a el criador sobre nos: si mos kinya de ayfto, y non azia en éos adjoustissias, abastava a nos:

Si azia en éos diouatissias y non azia en sous diozes abastava a nos:

Si azia en sous diozes y non matava a sous mayores, abastava a nos:

Si matava a sous mayores y non dava a nos a sous aziendas abastava a nos;

Si dava a nos a sous aziendas, y non razgava a nos
a la mar, abastava a nos :

Si razgava a nos a la mar y non mos azia passar
entre el por lo seco, abastava a nos :

Si mos azia passar entre el por lo seco y non asfava
va mousetros angoussiadores entre el, abastava a nos :

Si afincava mousetros angoussiadores entre el y non
abastessia moustero menester en el dizerio quarenta anios,
abastava a nos :

Si abastessia moustero menester en el dizerio quaren-
ta anios, y non mos azia comer a la mahna, abastava a nos :

Si mos azia comer a la mahna y non dava a nos a
el Chabat, abastava a nos :

Si dava a nos a el Chabat y non mos aygava delan-
tre monte de Sinay, abastava anios :

Si mos aygava delantre monte de Sinay y non dava
a nos a la ley, abastava a nos :

Si dava a nos a la ley, y non mos azia entrar a tierra
de Israél, abastava a nos :

Si mos azia entrar a tierra de Israél, y non fragouava
a nos a caza de el santouario, abastava a nos :

Sobre una couanta mas y couanta mas, bouéna doubl-
lada y redoublada, a el criador sobre nos, mos kito de
ayfllo, izo en éos djoussissias, izo en sous diozes, mas
sous mayores, diò a nos a sous aziendas razgò a nos a la
mar, mos izo passar entre el por lo beko, afino mousetros
angoussiadores entre el, izo abassesser moustero menester
en el dizerio quarenta anios, mos izo comer a la mahna.
diò a nos a el Chabat, mos izo aégar delantre monte de
Sinay, diò a nos a la ley, mos izo entrar a tierra de Israél
y fragoud a nos a caza de la escouida, por perdonar
sobre todos mousetros delitos.

Raban Gamliél éra dizien, todo kien ke non dice, tres
oazas esstas en Pessah non sale de avondo de sou ovligo,
y esstas éas : Pessah, Maisa, y Litchouga.

Y mirará el pedassico de carne assada y dirán

Corban pessah ke eran mousetros padres comientes en
tiempo ke el Beth Amiedach firme, por cavaza de ke ? por
cavaza ke saltó el santo bendicho el, sobre cazar de mous-
etros padres en ayfllo, ke arssi dice el passouk, y direch
sangrenissio de Pasqua el a adonsy, ke salió sobre oazas
de yjos de Israél en ayfto en sou firir a ayfllo, y a mous-
tras cazar escapó, y omisso el poueylo y engorvaronse.

Y tomara la media Matsa en la mano y dirá :

Sessenia ésta ke nos comientes, por cavaza de ke ?
por cavaza ke non abansissio sous massas de mousetros
padres por levdarse, asta ke se descovijó sobre éos, rey
de réyes de los réyes el santo bendicho el, y los rigmí
louégo, ke arssi dice el passouk, y conézieron a la massa
ke kilaron de ayfto torta sessenia ke non levdó, ke froueron
desterados de ayfto y non pouédieron por detadrarse y
tambien vianda non izieron para éos.

Y tomara la Litchouga en la mano y dirá :

Litchouga ésta ke nos comientes, por cavaza de ke ?
por cavaza ke amargaron los ayssianos a vidas de mousetros
padres en ayfto, ke arssi dice el passouk, Y amargaron a
sous vidas con servissio dorro, con barro y con adoves, y
con todo servissio ke en el campo, a todos sous servissios
ke serveson en éos don dourera.

En cada arnessio y arnasio, es ovligado el ombre.
por amstrar a si mismo, como si el salió de ayfto, ke aussi
dice el passouk : Y denounissières a tou yjo en el dia el
este por dizir, por esto, izo adonay a mi en mi salir
de ayfto ke non a mousetros padres tan solamente rigmí
el santo bendicho el, salvo tambien a nos rigmí con éos:

ke anssi dize el passouk. Y a nos kih de ay, por traer a nos, por dar a nos a la tierra ke djord a mouestros padres. Y tomara el vazo de vino en la mano y dirá : por esto nos ovijidos por loar, por alavar, por alavar, por affirmoziguar, no personallessér, por afromoziguar y por enobachar a kien. Etozò a mouestros padres y a nos, a todas las manvias las estas, mos kitò de servissio a alloria, y de sobjecto a regmision, y de aussia a alegría, y de limounio a dia bouéno, y de tinieva a louz grande, y diremos de laure de el, alavàd a adonay.

Alavàd a adonay. Alavàd siervos de adonay, alavàd a nombre de adonay, sea nombre de adonay bendicho, de agora y hasta siempre, de ande esclarecesse el sol, y hasta donde se pone alavado nombre de adonay, alto sobre todas las dientes adonay, sobre los cielos sou onra, kien como adonay mouestro dio el enalissien por estar, el abachian por ver en los cielos y en la tierra, alestante de polvo misskino, de moladades enaltesse dezeozo, por azér estàr con charifes, con charifes de sou pouevlo, azién essiar maniera de la oaza, madre con yjos alegre, alavàd a adonay.

En salin Israel de asysto caza de Jaacov de pouevlo zadiñan, bou leouda por sou santedad, israél sou podesia, la mar vivo y foyro, el Lardén se torno arás, los montes saltaron como barvezes, ouestas como ijos de ovejas, ke al la mar ke tenroués ? el Lardén ke te tornas atras ? los montes saltareoh como barvezes, ouestas como ijos de ovejas, delante sinior se adoloria tierra, delante dió de Isacob, el azién transiornar la penia pilugos de agousas, piedregal por fountanas de agousas.

Bendicho tou adonay, mouestro dio rey de el moun-
do, ke mos rigmid y rigmid a mouestros padres de asysto, y
mos aego a la noche la essa por comen en el matsa y
litchouga, anssi adonay Eloénou melech aolam achér
padres, mos aéghez a plazos y a pasquas otras los vinien-

les a mouestros encontro por paz, alegres en fragua de toun sividad y gozozen en tou servissio, y comeremos ay de los sacrificios y de los carneros, ke aeggar sous sangre sovre paréde tou ara por velountad, y loaremos al cantar n'oueo, sovre'mouestra regmision, y sovre regmision de mouestras almas, bendicho tou adonay regmidor de Israel.

V beverán cada ouuo son vazo arescovadado.

ROHTSA — Non se puede estajár a dizer Moisí Matsa entre beraha de Al Neillat laddim a la beraha de A-motsi, por esto es boueno dizer Moisí Matsa antes de lavir las manos.

ROHTSA se lavaran las manos y dirán beraha

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou melech aolam achér kidechanou benitsvotav vetsivranou al netillat yadaim.

MOTSI MATSA tomard las tres matsi y altra beraha de A-motsi de la de ariva y de la media matsi la beraha de Al Ahilat Matsa y tomard cantidad de moueve dramas de cada una y lo comern endjuntos arescovadados.

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou melech aolam anno-
tsi lehem min aarels,

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou melech aolam achér kidechanou benitsvotav vetsivranou al ahilat matsa.

MAROR tomard de la llitchouga cantidad de cazaï y la mirar
por gouzane y ountará en el Harosset y dirá:

Barouh atá adonay Eloénou meleh aolam achér
kidechanou hemitsvotav vetsivanou al ahlat maror.
(sin arresto gozado)

COREH tomard la matsé de abacto ke essa sana y partirà
cantidad de ouna zeyouna y de la llitchouga y atá oum bolero y
ountará en el Harosset y dirá:

Zeher lamikdach ke Iléi azakén cheaya corehan
veohélan bevat ehad lekayém ma chenémmar al matsót
oumrorim yeholouou:

CHOUHAN OREH ordenarán las medidas y comerán

TSAFOUN, tomard la medya matsé re essa guardada y par-
tirá chlour de cazaï y dirá:

Essto es zeher lecorban pessah aficomin ané-
hal lassovah.

Y lo comerán bresscov dados

BAREH yntchirán los vazos de vino y dirán Bircá Amazon
Y despues de acavar la beraha dirán el Alei:

ALEI. — yntchirán los vazos de vino y dirán
el Aléi.

Vierte tou sania sobre la djente ke non te conisieron,
y soyre los reynos ke en tou nombre non yamaron. ke afi-
nó a Iacòv y a sou morda dessolaron.

Non por nos adonay, non por nos, ke a tou nombre
da onra, por tou merséed por tou verdad. porké dirán las
djentes ade agora sous dio ! y monuestro dio ke en los sie-
los, todo lo ke enveloponto izo, sous doladizo, plata y oro.
écha de manos de ombre, boda a éos y non avian, ojos a
éos y non ven, orejas a éos y non oyen, nariz a éos y non
gouezman, sous manos y non apalpan, sous pies y non an-
den, non avlan con sous gergantas, como éos serán sous
azientes, todo el ke se enféouzia en éos, Israél enféouziad-
vos en adonay, sous ayouda y sous mamparo el. caza de
Aaron enféouziadvos en adonay. sous ayouda y sous mam-
paro el timientes adonay enféouziadvos en adonay. sous
ayouda y sous mamparo el.

Adonay ke mos membro, bendizira bendizirá a oaza
de Israél, bendizirá a caza de Aaron, bendizirá timientes
adonay los tchicos con los grandes, eniaderá adonay sov-
re vos, sobre vos y sobre vuestros yjos bendidhos vos a
adonay azién sielos y tierra, los sielos sielos a adonay. Y la
diaria dio a yjos de ombre, non los mouertos alavan a ado-
nay y non todos dissindientes a shénam, y nos bendizire-
mos a adonay de agora y asta siempre, alavida a adonay.

Ami ke oíra adonay a boz de mis rogativas, ke agostó
sou oreja ami, y en mis días yamaré, ardearonme dolores
de mouerte, y angoussias de afouéya, me alcansaron,
angoussia y ansia fai, y en nombre de adonay yamaré.
rogo adonay escapa mi alma, graxiozo adonay y djiousto

y mouessiro de apiaján. ghouardan torpes adonay apro-
vissime. Y a mi salva, lorni mirena a llou organissa. ke
adonay ghouardan olo bove li kee essooyles mima de
mouerie. u mi olo de lagrina llopi de emponohamienio.
andarme delante adonay en tierra de las y das oreo con-
ando avilo. yo me drevani mondho. Yo diche en mi apres-
souar, todo el onbre mintien.

Ke respondere a adonay. todos sous ghoualdrones
soye mi vazo de salvaciones desear. Y en nombre de
adonay y amare, mis prometas a adonay pagar, essouenra
agora a todo sou pouevos presiado en ojos de adonay. la
mouerie a son bouenos rogo adonay. ke voto mi servito,
yo tuu siervo je de tuu sierva, soltales a mis ataderos. a li
sacrificios saorifissio de manifission. Y en nombre de
adonay. tamare. mis prometas a adonay pagar, essouenra
agora a todo sou pouevos en oculos de onza de adonay.
entle li eroudhalim alava a adonay.

Alavad a adonay todas dientes abvaldo. todos los
djenios. ke mayorgo sovre nos sou mersed y verdad
adonay. Para siempre alavad a adonay.

Load a adonay. ke hoenno ke para siempre sou mersed.

Dira agora Isreal ke para siempre sou mersed

Diran agor onza de Aaron. ke para siempre sou

mersed.

Diran agor umienies adonay. ke para siempre sou

mersed.

De la anglosta jam a adonay respondione en la
altonoura adonay. adonay a vlon non temere. ke para a mi
onbre. ke adonay a mi en mis arroundantes. y yo vere en mis
aboresientes boneno por aviger en adonay mas ke en-
ouzar en el onbre. boueno por ayrigas en adonay mas ke
enfeouzhar en charfes todas dientes me rodeeron con
nombre de adonay. ke los hajre ardeniente tambien me
arodenron con nombre de adonay. ke los hajre ardearon.
me domo bezbas, oueron invitados domo rouego de espi-

hos con lombos de adonay. los ejare empouuchar me
em loba han por chet, y adonay me ayound. foulerte. y
salmer e temerozo adonay, r. loué a mi por salvasion,
boz de caner y salvacion, eu viendas de djoustos. dere-
cho de adonay. r. az en fonsado. dereloha de adonay fonsado. non morire
en alesedu. dereloha de adonay azien fonsado. non morire
ke bivre y recontar etchis de adonay. cassigas me
case ego adonay. j. la houete non me dió avild a mi
pouerts de djoustos. enirre en éas loare a adonay
essa la poneta a adonay. djoustos entraran en el.

Lorlee ke me respondites y foneées a mi pur salvati-
sion. piedra ke huosheton. los fangoutides, foué por
veseru de brincón de con adonay. toué essa. éa maruio-
za en molestros ojos. osste el dia ke izo adonay. agozar-
mozenos y alegramozenos en el.

Roso adonay satis agoa. ogo adonay aproveza ago-
ra. bendicho el vinien con nombre de adonay. bendicho
vos de onza de adonay. dio adonay. die lolumbo a nos
ath d' carnetos con ouedras asta correjales de la ara. mi
dio y loarte mi dio enalessée load a adonay. ke boueno
ke para sempre sou mersed.

Load a adonay. ke boueno ke para siempre sou mersed.

Load a dió de los dioses ke para siempre sou mersed.

Load a sior de li. sinied ke para siempre sou mersed.

Load a marat ze grandes osas ke kana siempre sou

mersed. azén [os sias] con entendimiento ke para siem-
pre sou mersed. ke expandish a tierra sobre las aguas.

ke para siempre sou mersed. a tierra sobre los joros grandes ke

para siempre sou mersed. a la lonna. y estreas

por possessana en la noche ke para siempre sou mersed.

a frien aylio con souc mayores, ke para siempre sou

mersed. y solo irá de entre los ke para siempre sou

mersed. cosa poder. ongle y con braso tenido,

ke para siempre sou mersed. tian mur rovo a jujos ke para siem-
pre sou mersed. y solo pasac irá de entre el ke para siempre

sou merséd, y sacoudió Pard y sou fonsado en mar rouvio, ke para siempre sou merséd, el lleván sou pouévo en el dizerio, ke para siempre sou merséd, a trien reyes grandes, ke para siempre sou merséd, Y malo reyes, louerles, ke para siempre sou merséd, a Shón rey de el Emori, ke para siempre sou merséd, y a Ogh rey de el Bachan, ke para siempre sou merséd, Y dió sou lieras por credad, ke para siempre sou merséd; eredad a Israel sou siervo, ke para siempre sou merséd, ke en, mouestra baheza membró a nos, ke para siempre sou merséd, Y mos riñmido de mouestros angoustidores, ke para siempre sou merséd, dan pan a toda criadoura, ke para siempre sou merséd, load a diò de los sielos ke para siempre sou merséd.

Alma de todo bivo bendizrá a tou nombre adonay mouestro diò y espirto de todo criadoura, affirmozigouara y enallessera tou membrassion mouestro rey de conino, de siempre y hasta siempre tou diò y de alouéra de l'non a nos rey, riñmien y salvirá y escapan. Y respondié y apadian en cada ore de angousshia y aprelo non a nos rey, ayoudan y assoufrién salvo tou diò de los primeros y de los prosteros, diò de jodas oridouras senior de todos nasiados el alayado en todas las alavassiones, el trien sou mundo con merséd, y sou criassas con piadas, y adonay despierdo, non dourme y non adormese, el azién, despearlar dormidos y el azién despearlar adornessidos, abidiguan monérlos y melizian hazzinos avrien ojos de siehos, y alevanian oprimidos, el azién aviat moudos y el descouertien encouiertas.

Y a ti a lous solas nos gloriamos.

Y si mouestra boca se intiere de cantar como la mar y mouestra elgouéngua cantah como oydo de sous olar. Y mouestros lavyos alavassion como antelouras del siejo, y mouestros ojos areloubrunes como al sol y comó la louna, y mouestras manos espandidas como agilas de los sielos, y mouestros ojeras likeos como las siervas, non nozotros ibassissientes por loar a li adonay mouestro

dio, y por bendizir a tou nombre mouestro rey, sobre ou-na de mil, de miles y moto lidoumbre de miliaras de vezes las bouénas siniales y maravias ke iziles con nos y con mouestros padres de antas de siervos mos rezhatates, en la am-bré mos mantouvites y en la ariora mos governates, de es-pada mos essepates y de mortalidà mos essepates, y de hazinuras malas y montchas mos kitates, assisti a ki mos ayou-daron tous piadades y non nos decharon tous mersedes, por tanto miembros ke esparties en nos, y ssprito y alma ke asspiates en mouestra nariz, y elgouéngua ke pozites en mouestra boca eg éos loarau, y bendiziran a tou nombre, mouessiro réy de contine, ke toda boca a ti loara, y toda elgouéngua a ti ala-vara, y todo ojo a ti ostrará y toda rodla a ti se enrodiara, y toda alloura delante de ti se encorvara, y los corassones temerán de ti y las entrainus y los rincones salmeárán a tou nombre como la goza ke dice el passouk, jots mis-goussos dijen adonay kién nomo ti.

Escapau miskino de fouére mas ke el y misskino y debozo de sou rovador, esciamission de misskino tou oyés, esciamission del prove escooutchias y salvias, y esstá essorilo caniad djoussios con adonay, a los deretocheros conviene joór.

Con boca de deretocheros serás enallessido y con la-vios de dioustlos oerós benditcho, y con elgouéngua de bou-enos serás santificado, y entre santos serás alavado.

En apauiamientos de miliaras de tou pouévo, oaza de Isrel ke anssi es ovigo de todos los oriados delante de li adonay, mouessiro diò de mouestros padres por loar, por alavar, por afirmozigouar, por enal-lässer, por afirmozigouar, y por salmeár sobre todas pa-lavas de canales y alavassiones de David ijo de Iohay tou siervo, tou ountado.

Y por esto será alavado tu nombre para siempre
monasterio rey, el dió el grande y el santo en los
diez y en la tierra keanu conviene adorar y modesto dió
y dio de monasterios padres para siempre obn
lar y alavassion alavar y salnear foralez y modestia
vensamiento grandeza y bartagauib loo
santidad y reyno bendiciones y lores tu nombre b
grande y el santo y de siempre y
te alavaran adorar y modesto dió todas las etones y tous
bonicos y dijousatos azientes tu veionad y ton polevo
cua de Israel todos eos oran con oadha y bendizan y
afanno gounauan a ionbre de tou ons ke en iboueno por
loar y a tou ionbre estmozo por el santo y id siempre y
asta siempre tuo dió benditho tu alavard
con alavassiones Amén

Y beverian cada uno sou vazo arresto daddo



Y vino el perro y modrio al gato ke se coumio
al cavrito ke lo merco mi padre por dos as.

Y vino la vaca y abarvo al perro, ke modrio
a gallo ke se coumio al cavrito ke lo merco mi

padre por dos as.

Y vino el leouego y keno a la vara ke ahario

a perro ke modrio al gato ke se coumio al cavrito

ke lo merco mi padre por dos as.

Y vino a agoua y amalo al fonego ke kemo a

la vara ke alarvo al perro ke modrio al gato ke se

coumio al cavrito ke lo merco mi padre por dos as.

Y vino el bouey y se bivo la agoua ke amato

al leouego ke kemo a la vara ke ahario al perro ke

modrio al gato ke se coumio al cavrito ke lo merco

mi padre por dos as.

Y vino el chouet y degoyo al bouey ke se
briò la agoua ke amato al fonego ke keno a la
vara ke ahario al perro ke modrio al gato ke se
coumio al cavrito ke lo merco mi padre por dos as.

HAD GADA HAD GADA DEZABIN ABA BETERE ZOUZE

Y vino el mallah amavet y degoyò al chohét ke founégo ke kemò a la vara ke aharvò al perro ke modriò al gato. ke se cunmiò al cavrito ke lo mercó mi padre por dos as.

Y vino el santo benditcho el y degoyó al mal-lah amavet ke degoyó al chohét ke degoyó al bouéy ke se bivió la agoua ke amató al founégo ke keno a la vara ke aharvò al perro ke modriò al gato ke se cunmiò al cavrito ke lo mercó mi padre por dos as.

Oun cavritico ke lo mercó mi padre por dos as.

CANTARES

Cantar de los cantares ke a Chéomó :

Cantares y lavassiones ke dicho Chelomo el profeta rey de Israel con esprito de profetezia delante simón de todo el mundo adonay.

Diez cantares, fouveron ditchos en el mundo este. cantar este alavado mas ke todos eos.

Cantar primero, dicho adam, en tiempo ke fouve perdonado a el sou pecado, vino dia de el chabat y mamparo sobre el, avrió sou boca y dicho, salmo cantar para dia de chabat.

Cantar segundo, dicho Moché con ijos de Israel en tiempo ke partió a eos sinón de el mundo a mar rouvio. empessaron todos eos como ouna y dieron cantar. ke aussi està escrito, esionsses cantó Moché y ijos de Israel.

Cantar tressero. dicherón ijos de Israel en tiempo ke fouve dado a eos pozo de agoua. ke aussi es-ta escrita, esionsses cantó Israél.

Cantar cuarteno, dicho Moché el profeta. cuando aego sou tiempo por esspartirse de el mundo, y castigò con ea a son ponévo oaza de Israél, ke aussi està escrito esscoutchad los sielos y avlare. Cantar cuarteno, dicho Leouchouah ijo de Noun, couarteno combatiò pelea en Ghivòn, y se le detuvieron a el el sol y la lonna, treinta y sech oras. y esstáaron de dezir cantar. avrió sou boca y dicho cantar ke aussi està escrito esionsses cantó Leouchouah delante adonay.

Cantar seteno. dichiron Barac y Devorà en dia ke entregò adonay a Sissera y a sou reál en podér de ijos de Israél. ke aussi està escrito. esionsses cantó Devorà y Barac ijo de A vinoam.

Cantar seteno dicho Hanna en tiempo ke fouve dado a ea ijo delante adonay ke aussi està escrito. y izo orassión Hanna con profetezia y dicho.

Cantar octavo. dicho David rey de Israél, sobre todas las maravias ke izo a el adonay. avrió sou boca y dicho cantar. ke aussi està escrito, y cantó David con profetezia delante adonay.

Cantar noveno. dicho Chelomò rey de Israél. con esprito de sautedad, delante sinón de todo el mundo adonay.

Y cantar dízeno. son aparejados para desir ijos

de el cativeio en ora ke sarán del cativeio. Ke
ansi està escrito y declarado. Yoluanó de Téodahá
el profeta ke enssia essa assentio canur este sera
a vos por alegría como notch e de sainfamiento de
Pasqua de Pessal. Y alegría e corason, como pou-
évo ke anda, por seir aparesido delante adonay
tres vezes en 36 año con maneras de cantar y voz
de adobe por souvir a monte de adonay y por ser-
vir delante adonay fouerte de Israel.

I. V. Oh. L. B. O.



EN LA GROUZA

DE JOSEPH COUENCA

CAE CONSTANTINOU
(EX VENIZELOS)

—

Servendo couadoune quando en droudo,
spanol LIVROS BELIDJOZOS TURRILIM
VIZOUZUT ITCHETRE

LOS SIVADINOS DEL ENTERIOR

Ponid en azér con quinque couanda de los
lincolas dichos mas arriba

CON PRESIOS

DESSEANDO TODA
CONKERENSSIA



On visiting day, all the parents came, including the parents of this boy. His parents asked Mr. Rabbi Horowitz how things were going with their son.

"No problem. Everything is going wonderfully," answered Rabbi Horowitz. I opened my eyes wide in surprise. But before I could say anything, Mrs. Horowitz took me aside, and she said just one word: "politics".

Despite this, I got a great deal of satisfaction from working in the camp, and especially from helping this boy. I enjoyed that summer very much.

Rabbi Horowitz was a very well-educated man. He knew how to impress others. He was like an actor who thrives on the applause that he receives. This man lived on compliments. We were all supposed to compliment him.

There was a very nice group of counselors from Calgary at the camp. I was ~~very~~ surprised to hear these intelligent people paying Rabbi Horowitz one compliment after another. But soon everyone learned that if they wanted to stay on at the camp and work in peace, they would have to praise Rabbi Horowitz. If not, they could pack their bags and leave like Dr. Mendes. And finding other jobs was difficult in the middle of the summer.

Mr. Gold, a member of the Board of Karen Hatarbut, came twice a week to make sure that everything was in order at the camp. I dreaded the fights between Mr. Gold and Rabbi Horowitz. This wealthy man Mr. Gold gave his time and money to ~~the camp~~ camp, and of course, he never paid Rabbi Horowitz any compliments. And because of ~~to~~ this, the two men would always be fighting.

Every Friday night we had a beautiful ceremony to greet the shabbat. I made a special dress for the Queen of the shabbat, from material that Mr. Gold brought, on a sewing machine that Mr. Gold brought. The children were gaining weight and getting stronger, and they enjoyed every min-

ute of the day. The only thing they didn't like was rest period.

A few weeks later, on a Sunday, a meeting was held in the camp's dining room. The members of the Board came, and each one decided to buy shares in the camp. Each Board member would give \$500. Everyone was wealthy except Mr. Pougath, but he was the first to give \$500. I was a witness to this act of generosity.

I worked at Camp Massad for two seasons. I enjoyed every moment of it. They asked me back for a third season, but by that time I had a son, Ely, who was born on April 13, 1949.

Ely was born during Pesach, and my dream was to hold Pesach in the traditional Sepharady way. On Ely's first birthday, I made my first seder. I invited many people, ~~main~~ students from the University of Montreal and McGill University, and other girls and boys who were away from home and had nowhere to go for Pesach. The Haggada was sung in Hebrew, in Ladino, and in French. We sang all the traditional pesach songs.

The next day I gave a birthday party for Ely, and I invited many children. In Salonica there was a tradition: every friend and relative would come to our house in the morning and after the synagogue, to visit my grandmother. My grandmother would give a boiled egg to each man that came. The recipe went like this: the eggs were cooked in their shells on a very low flame, with a little bit of olive oil and the skins of an onion added to the water. The onion skin gave the eggs a beautiful colour. After the eggs were boiled, they were polished with a rag. On Ely's first birthday, I made these eggs, and I gave one to each child, to take to his father.

On Ely's second birthday, I hired a magician, a student from McGill. As the magician was taking eggs out of the children's ears, the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there was a man standing there with a parcel. I asked "Do I have to sign anything?"

"No," he said, "you have to kiss me." I looked at his face for the first time. It was Nicola.

After that day, Nicola came to eat with us twice a week. He first took a job with ~~Max~~ JIAS, but he didn't make a good living there, so he found another job.

On Ely's third birthday, I was preparing for pesach and for his party. I didn't have much time to be with Ely. Ely was keeping himself busy walking all over the house in his father's slippers. On the day of the party, I dressed Ely in his new clothes and shoes. The children were starting to arrive when I noticed that Ely had put his father's slippers on again.

"Look," I said, "the children and their mothers are going to see you with your father's slippers on, and they'll think you are misken (miserable). They will say 'What kind of a mother do you have? She didn't buy you new shoes for your birthday!'" Ely took his father's slippers off and never wore them again.

I had just finished talking to Ely when the phone rang. It was a lady who introduced herself. "I am Mrs. Strean, the wife of Dr. Strean, the gynecologist. My husband and I received a letter from someone who is also a friend of yours. I would like to meet you." I invited her to my house, but she said that she would call me after pesach, and we would meet somewhere for lunch. We made a date to meet in the lobby of the Jewish General Hospital.

"How will I recognize you?" I asked.

"There is a switchboard in the lobby," she said. "You will go up to the receptionist and tell her that you have an appointment with Mrs. Strean."

The day of our appointment came. Ely and I, both dressed very nicely, went to the Jewish General, and went up to the switchboard in the lobby. As soon as I got to the desk, a very elegant looking lady came up to me and asked if I was Mrs. Garfinkle.

"I invited you to have lunch with me at a restaurant," she said.

"I know," I said.

"But with a child?" she asked.

I explained to her: "I take this child to the restaurant once a month, and he eats like an adult. This is our social afternoon. Don't worry. He will behave like a man. In every restaurant we go to, they give us a high chair."

As I was talking, a distinguished looking gentleman came up to us. He was wearing a white smock, green pants, and slippers. There was a stethoscope in the pocket of his smock, and I realized that he was a doctor.

I saw that Ely had become very sad. I asked him what was wrong in Hebrew, the only language that he knew.

He said "The doctor is miskin. His mother didn't buy him any shoes."

And I said "Don't worry. I'll tell his mother to buy him some shoes."

"Maybe his mother doesn't have any money," said Ely.

"Don't worry," I said. "If his mother can't afford them, I will buy him a pair." Ely was happy again. Mrs Streat asked me what had been the matter. "It's a long story!" I said.

We went to the restaurant on the ninth floor of W. Eaton's. Mrs. Streat couldn't get over the fact that Ely behaved like a little man. She asked me how I knew the distinguished gentleman who had written to her. "How did he come to be your friend?" she asked.

"For sure, you are curious because I didn't go to school in Canada!" I said.

"Correct," she answered.

So I told her the story. When my brother finished high school, Mr. Nahama was the speaker at the graduation ceremony. He was the foremost intellectual that the Jewish community of Salonica had produced. Mr. Nahama had the most famous library in Salonica, with parchments dating from the fifteenth century. When the Germans came, they dismantled the

library very carefully, and sent it in trucks to Germany.

The graduation was dedicated to the memory of the Russian pogroms. The choir sang songs about the events in Russia at that time:

Aye 2 Mille Agnos

Aye 2 mille agnos
Ke estamos penando
De la sangré que courio
De los djidio matados

Este ese Russia
I tambien malisia
I en todo en lougar
Ande bive Israel
I en todo el lougar
Andé soufre Israel

Los campos de engneve
Estan corelados
Della sangre que courio
De los djidios matados

Este ese Russia
etc...

For two thousand years
We suffered
The blood flowed from our veins
During the Jewish massacres

This is Russia
With malice in every place
Where Israel lives
In every place
Israel suffers

The fields wif of snow
They are red
With the blood from our bodies
From the assassinated Jews

This is Russia
etc...

The graduation ceremony was closed with a hora. It was fanced by the graduating class, and everyone was singing. This is the song, called "Long Live Liberty":

Biva la libertad

I de noueva la natura
Triomphante i glorieza
Aklareska nouestra
Vieja bandiera
Despoues que les corasones

Alegria esperada
Biva la nation
Biva sou libertad

And new nature
Triumphant and glorious
Will light up our old flag
And after, our hearts.
We hope for happiness
Long live our nation
And long live liberty.

Mr. Nahama said to the graduating class: "As Jews, we have to show the gentiles what we are. Many gentiles have never seen a Jew. For them, ~~are~~ all Jews are like the Merchant of Venice of Shakespeare, because they have never had any contact with Jews. It is you, our youth, who must show them who you are, and what you are. We hope, and I am sure, that one day we will have a state of Israel. And we will need friends, and these friends must be convinced that Shakespeare made a mistake. I brought with me a list of pen-pals, from French speaking countries. Each of you is to take a name."

My brother, Eliaou, picked the name of a French Canadian. They wrote to each other for many many years. They became like family. During the German occupation, a letter came from this man through the International Red Cross. It was like a questionnaire. We answered all the questions and signed it. This was the last time that we heard from him. After the war, I worked for UNRRA, distributing food to deportees. A driver from my group told me that an officer wished to speak to me. I told him to send him to the kitchen. He came and introduced himself, but I was so busy that I didn't pay attention to his name. I said "If you want to talk to me, help me, and I'll finish quicker." He helped. When we finished, I asked him if he wanted to eat.

"I'm starving," he said.

The cook prepared something for us, and we ate at my desk in the kitchen. I asked the officer what I could do for him.

"I came to ask you if you knew Eliaou Sarfatty," he said.

I looked at his face closely for the first time, and I said "Oh, God! We kept your picture at our house! You are Eliaou's pen-pal!"

"And in this way," I said to Mrs. Streat, "I met our ~~xxxxxxxx~~ mutual friend." Mrs. Streat was fascinated with my story. For many years, she would call me from time to time, and we would go to a restaurant. She never invited me to her home. She used to call our meetings "escapes"; I used to call them "Social afternoons".

Soon after Ely's third birthday, we moved to a new apartment. One day, as I was coming back from the park with Ely, I met Mr. Pougath on the stairs.

^I
"What are you doing here?" ~~he~~ asked.

"oh," he said, "I've lived here with my wife for 25 years." He saw Ely, and said "You have a prospect here for Camp Massad." He was very proud of the camp.

Ely and Mr. Pougath became very good friends. Mr. Pougath would practice his Hebrew with Ely. One day, Mrs. Pougath invited Ely and me to her house. Mr. Pougath showed us the certificate of shares that he received for his donation to Camp Massad. He was very proud of having helped children speak Hebrew. He said "When Ely will be the right age for camp, I will have someone to visit at Camp Massadé"

A while after Ely's third birthday, I got a call from a social worker at Red Feather. She asked me to help them out. I asked what kind of help they wanted. They wanted me to be a volunteer interpreter for pregnant girls.

"You have been very highly recommended for your discretion," said the social worker.

I said that I would like the work very much, but I had a child. "But if you want, you can bring the girls to my home. My son and I are the only ones there during the day."

The social worker thought that this was a very good idea. We made

an appointment, and the next day she arrived with a pregnant girl. I would invite the girls for lunch, and serve them their native foods. One day I asked the social worker "What will you do with these girls after they give birth to rehabilitate them?"

"They will give their children up for adoption, and they will go to work," she said.

"But these girls don't have a trade, and they don't want to be clearing women in private homes," I said. "I used to have a director when I worked at UNRRA, whose name was Mr. Sibly. He said "It is very good to give feed to hungry people. But we have to teach them how to help themselves."

"But what could we teach these girls?" asked the social worker.

"We can teach them to become sewing machine operators. They can then get jobs that require experience."

"And who will teach them?" asked the social worker.

And I said "I will."

My husband had a children's wear factory at the time. I borrowed an industrial sewing machine from him. My living room became a factory, and the girls learned their trade better than their teacher. After they gave birth, they found wonderful jobs. To this day, they call me, and they come to see me.

When Ely was old enough to go to school, I received a phone call from the Jewish General Hospital. It was one of the doctors, asking if I wanted to be an interpreter for the outpatients. I accepted.

"First you have to go see the director of volunteers," he said.

I went for an interview with the director. She said "You will be an interpreter, but we would also need you to work as a saleslady in the gift shop a few days a week." I agreed.

"Oh," she said, "in half an hour, you have your first session as an interpreter. You will need a smock." She opened a parcel and handed me a smock. I tried it on. "Ten dollars," she said. I paid her.

"Oh, by the way," she said, "to be an interpreter here, you have to be a member of the auxiliary. It's \$4.00é" I paid her.

I put my smock on. At that time, I had long hair. She pushed my hair away from my face to look at my ears. I said to myself "I know that when someone wants to buy a horse, he looks at its teeth. But why look at the ears of a potential interpreter?"

The director saw that I was astonished, and she explained. "No volunteer is allowed to wear earrings, except the doctors' wives and the wives of Board members." I thought this was the stupidest rule that I had ever heard. ~~XXXXXXXXX~~

I started to work as interpreter, and in the gift shop, and at lunchtime I would also feed patients who could not feed themselves. I was at the Jewish General Hospital every day from 9 to 3. I did everything I could to leave at 3 o'clock, because Ely came home from school at 3:30.

The gift shop was closed for renovations for a while, so I worked in the canteen. One day, as I was going to sign out at 3 o'clock, the director of volunteers was waiting for me in her office.

"Oh," she said, "you're leaving?"

"Yes."

I went to the parking lot to get my car. To my surprise, the director was in the parking lot. She said "I couldn't believe my ears when I heard, but now, I don't believe my eyes!"

"What is this about?" I asked her.

"You just came to Canada. You don't even know how to speak English well. And yet you have a beautiful car."

I said "I have a secret for you. Canada is bilingual. When I talk to my car, I speak in French, ~~which~~ which is my best language."

"Come to my office," she said. "I have a very important job for you."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I have to go home. It's Thursday, and my maid has the afternoon off."

"Oh, my God, you have a maid?"

"Yes, but I have another secret for you. I speak Greek to my maid, not Eng-

kish."

"Oh, I'm so sorry you can't come now. I have such a responsible job for you! Aren't you at all curious?" she asked.

I said "With my credentials, a car and a maid, I'm not curious. I'm sure you will give me a high position."

She never even said good morning to me before, but on that day, how wonderfully she treated me! I decided then and there in the parking lot that no matter what this responsible job was, I would refuse it.

But the next day, she started the conversation in a very nice way. "There's a little girl who goes to a school downtown near Mount Royal. Her mother works, and her father died a while ago. She needs treatments, and she has to be picked up from her school. The teacher will be notified, and after her treatment, she must be taken back to school. It's only a matter of a few days."

I said yes right away, despite my intention to refuse. I wanted to help this family. But I soon became a taxi driver, picking up many patients every day. It got to a point where I hated the car and hated to drive. But on account of the little girl, I ~~want~~ continued. After 2 or 3 months, her doctor told me that she needed only one more treatment. I went to talk to the director of volunteers, and I said "I'm very sorry. I will take the little girl for her last treatment, and then I will stop. I am getting very nervous, and I'm afraid that I will have an accident."

She said "You are going to ~~say~~ regret this!" She was very angry.

"I regret not being able to help all the people I have been bringing to hospital every day," I said.

"You are going to be even sorrier!"

I explained to her that I was ~~say~~ neglecting my group. A group of us brought food to old and sick people every day, and my turn came up twice a week. At that time, there was no convalescent hospital, or meals on wheels. There were only groups of dedicated women who performed this service. And Voula, my maid, used to prepare the meals in my kitchen.

The director of volunteers asked me again "You are sure that you won't regret refusing to drive these patients to the hospital? You will have to deal with me!"

"Well," I said, "I regret it, but I'm not going to do it any more."

Two days later, I was serving coffee in the canteen, when Mrs. Kershman came in. She invited me to have lunch with her at Miss Montreal. Mrs. Kershman was born in Montreal. She graduated from MacDonald Teacher's College, and the McGill University School of Social Work. She got her B.A. at Sir George Williams, and her M.A. at University of Montreal. She was a past president of the Jewish General Hospital auxiliary. Her late husband was the very well known neurologist, ~~XXXXXX~~ John Kershman. Mrs. Kershman was very active on the Board of Teknion, and at the Y.

We went to Miss Montreal. As we waited for our meal, we talked. I had the feeling that she was cross-examining me. I said "Are you cross-examining me? If yes, just ask me what you want to know. I'll answer you."

She asked me why I brought food to all those people.

"You are asking me why I am humanitarian. There are 15 ladies who do this. And Mrs. Streat gives us medicine for these people. These people can't afford to buy their medicine, but Mrs. Streat can get samples from her husband and the other doctors. Am I under investigation?"

"Yes," she answered.

"The director of volunteers told me that if I didn't chauffeur the patients any more, I would regret it. I beg you to tell her that I do not regret bringing food to old and sick people. I'm going to continue to do it, whether she likes it or not. These people wait for us like machia, especially when we go to cut their nails or wash their hair."

After this talk, Mrs. Kershman and I became very good friends. To this day, we call each other and see each other. The day after this incident, I went to my job at the hospital as interpreter for the outpatients. I wore a pair of earrings, because I was going to a bridal luncheon after work. As soon as she saw that I was wearing earrings, the director said "Take those off!" I put the earrings in the pocket of my smock. I finished my work and left, but I forgot the earrings in my pocket. In the middle of the luncheon, I remembered them."

"Oh, God," I said, "my earrings! Chaim's mother gave them to me as an engagement present!" I ran to the hospital and looked in the pocket of my smocké But the earrings were missing. The director seemed very happy that I had lost my earrings.

I didn't go to work the next day. The director of volunteers called me. She gave me an ultimatum: "If you don't come to work this very minute, you will not be able to work at the Jewish General Hospital any more. I will make sure of that."

I said "I'm not going to complain to the Board about what you are doing. You make the lives of the volunteers miserable. But I hope you make someone who speaks fancy English miserable, and I hope that this person will complain to the Board." And I refused to go to work.

I don't know what she did with one of the members of the Junior League fifteen days later. The girl cried, and the Junior League complained to the Board. The director of volunteers was fired immediately. I was very glad that I hadn't complained. I didn't want her to lose her job on account of me. I was just sorry for her stupidity.

Years later, I went to work at the hospital at the time of the strike. I worked in the labour room; I have never enjoyed any work more in my life than my work in the labour room. Every half an hour, there was another baby. My work consisted of cleaning the labour room and preparing the instruments for sterilization. The head nurse came to congratulate me on my work. And I enjoyed every moment of it, and remembered the circumstances of the lady who had given birth in the boat from Evia. Here, women gave birth with dignity. I was very happy. When the strike was over, I received a very lovely thank-you card, signed by Mr. Steinberg, the president of the hospital.

One day, I received a telephone call from the Royal Victoria Hospital. They wanted me to go to see a patient. I went, and discovered that the patient was Nicola^s; Maurice Saltiel, a friend of his, had found him unconscious in his room. Nicola^s had had a stroke. See Tristes

After Nicola was discharged from the hospital, Maurice and Jeanette, his wife, took him to stay in their home for ten days. Afterwards, we sent Nicola to Bermuda for fifteen days. I tried to find a solution for Nicola,

but he couldn't work, he had no money, and no-one to look after him. I tried to rent him a room near my house, but after a few months the landlord asked me to take him away. I had to find him another place to live.

I would pick him up every day and bring him to my house, or take him for a drive. I bought him a television set to help pass a few hours a day. He couldn't read, and he couldn't write. Many times I felt desperate. Nicola wanted to live in my house, but this was out of the question. I kept trying to find a solution, but I couldn't. On top of all this, Nicola tore a tendon in his ankle. He had to have an operation, and afterwards he had to wear a cast. I placed him in Julius Richardson Convalescent Home for 3 months. I had to take him to the Jewish General Hospital once a week.

At the end of these 3 months, I took a room for him in Cote des Neiges. I went every day to change his bed and to make him comfortable, to bring him food, to take him for a drive, or to bring him to my house. Suddenly, Nicola acquired a new habit: he would come to my house by himself, at three or four in the morning. My life became intolerable, and I didn't know what to do.

By now, Ely was old enough to go to camp, and I sent him to Camp Massad. On visiting day, I was thinking of Mr. Peugath, who had not lived long enough to visit Ely at the camp. Mrs. Peugath called me and said "Today they will honour the people who bought shares in the camp. They have erected a plaque with all of their names. But no-one invited me to the ceremony. Please, take my camera, and take a picture of my husband's name." I begged her to come with me to visit Ely. She said "Just take the photo with Mr. Peugath's camera."

When we arrived at the camp, they gave us a programme. There were two columns of names in the programme. One column was for those still

living, and the other, for those who had died. But Mr. Pougath's name was not in the programme.

The Chairman of Karen Hatarbouth was Mr. Gorden. He was the sweetest person I had ever met. By chance, he was sitting next to me. I said "Mr. Gorden, Why does Mr. Pougath's name not appear in the programme?" Immediately, he went over to Rabbi Horowitz. When he came back, he said that Rabbi Horowitz had assured him that Mr. Pougath never donated \$500. I said "He had better look in the books. He will find that Mr. Pougath did donate the money."

Mr. Gorden called Rabbi Horowitz over, and in front of me, he said "Mrs. Garfinkle says that Mr. Pougath did give \$500."

"No," said Rabbi Horowitz.

I said to him "You are making a mistake. Mr. Pougath gave \$500."

"Rabbi Horowitz never makes a mistake," he answered.

I came home. Mrs. Pougath came to pick up her camera. I told her that I hadn't taken any pictures. She wanted to know why. I gave her the programme, and I said "Look. Your husband is not listed among those who gave \$500."

"And you call yourself a friend of Mr. Pougath? You didn't say anything?"

I explained to her that Rabbi Horowitz claimed that her husband had never given \$500. She couldn't believe it. She called Rabbi Horowitz, and he repeated exactly what he had said to me.

"I am a bookkeeper," Mrs. Pougath said to him, "and I will obtain a court order to look at your books."

After she hung up the phone, I tried to calm her. I said "Look. You have the certificate. Go to Mr. Gorden and show him."

The next day, Mrs. Pougath went to Mr. Gorden's office. When he saw the certificate, he became very embarrassed, because he was a very fair, decent man. Two weeks later, the artist was called and taken

to camp Massad, and the name of Mr. Peugath was added to the plaque. The artist, Mr. Abraham Goldberg, was an expert in Gothic lettering. After the plaque was finished, there was a special party for all the people who had opened the camp, in honour of Mr. Peugath. Mrs. Pougath was invited, as were Max and I.

One day, a friend of mine came with me to take food to Nicola. That night, he hadn't come to my house. I told my friend I was scared to go in. She asked me why. X

"Because he has a habit of visiting me at 3 or 4 in the morning, and last night he didn't come. I'm very tired, because my nights are not peaceful, and my days aren't either."

We went in. Nicola was watching television. I changed his clothes and left him the feed, and my friend and I came back to my house. My friend said "You've looked after Nicola for many years. It is time that you found another solution. You have to report him to Baron de Hirsch. They will find a place for him."

When I heard her say Baron de Hirsch, I became very angry, and I said "Oh, no! I have had much experience with Baron de Hirsch. It is better to deal with City Hall than with Baron de Hirsch."

"What kind of experience have you had with Baron de Hirsch?" she asked. I proceeded to tell her the story.

I was pregnant, very heavy, and very swollen. One evening, while my husband was out of town and Ely was already asleep, Voula, my housekeeper and I were playing gin rummy. She loved to play. It was the only way I could keep her from going to sleep, and I wanted company. The phone rang. Voula answered it, and she said to me "It's in French". I took the phone, and the woman on the other end introduced herself. She was a nun from one of the French hospitals in Montreal. She said that there was a sick man in the hospital who wanted to see me. He had a Sephardy name, but with the nun's accent, I couldn't figure out who he was.

"It's one of the people who was at your house for the seder," she said. I assured her that I would go to see the man the next day.

"Tomorrow, it will be too late," she said.

One hour later, I was in the hospital. When I came in, it was very dark. There was one light bulb over a desk in a corner. Two nurses were at the desk. I asked for the mother superior. She came right away.

"Oh, madame!" she said. "I didn't know that you were in this condition!" I was wearing my husband's slippers, because they were the only shoes that fit me. The nun said "If I had known, I wouldn't have obliged you to come." She took me by the hand and led me to the man's bed. She said "Don't worry. I won't leave your side for a minute."

The man talked to me. "I'm separated from my wife, who is not Jewish. I want to be buried in a Jewish cemetery, and in thirty days I want to have the stone, in the traditional Sephardy way." I shivered as he talked. I was very scared. "I don't have any money," he said, "but promise me that you will do it anyway." The mother superior saw that I was shaking as I promised the man to do what he wanted. She took me downstairs, & gave me a glass of orange juice, and called a

taxi.

I got home, and Voula came down to help me up the stairs. The next day, the nun called me to tell me that the man had died.

I got in contact with Baron de Hirsch, and with this organization's help, I organized the funeral. It took place in a Jewish cemetery. People came, and each one gave me a few dollars for the stone. The next day, I went to a monument maker. I wanted to have the stone done before I gave birth. The man said "You are \$50 short."

"You make the stone in less than 30 days, and I will make up the difference," I said. He asked me the name of the cemetery, and I told him it was Baron de Hirsch.

"Oh," he said, "you have to get permission from Baron de Hirsch before I can make the stone."

The offices of Baron de Hirsch were on Sherbrooke Street, near the monument maker. I could hardly walk. I was too fat and too swollen. It was only a block away, so I couldn't even take a taxi. I hobbled over.

At the office, an employee of Baron de Hirsch asked me how I knew the man who had died.

"Oh," I said, "I usually make a big seder for those who have no place else to go, and one person brings another. He was at the seder this year."

He said "This man died only yesterday, and you have already gone to order the stone."

"I'm ready to give birth at any moment," I said, "and I want to make sure that the stone will be ready in time."

"Wait a year, like everyone else," he said.

I told him that the Sepharady place the gravestone 30 days after the funeral, and that I had promised this man that I would do it. He started to laugh.

He said "Do you expect us to believe that you only know this man from your Salvation Army supper? Why are you doing this in your condition?"

I was angry. I said "My seder is not a Salvation Army supper."

"You had better leave," he said, "because I won't give you our permission for the stone."

I left and got a taxi in the street. I was supposed to go home, but I told the driver to take me to JIAS. "What am I going to do at JIAS?" I thought. But I went there anyway.

There was a Sepharady working at JIAS and I told him what had happened at Baron de Hirsch. He said "You know, Mrs. Garfinkle, my director is a very nice man. I'll go talk to him. Maybe he can help you." He went to talk to Mr. Kage, the director. Ten minutes later, he came back and said "We have permission from Baron de Hirsch." God bless you, Mr. Kage.

The stone was finished before the thirty days had passed, and was laid according to Sepharady tradition. And this was my experience with Baron de Hirsch.

A few days after I had told this story to my friend, I took feed to Nicela again. This time I went with another friend. I was desperate. I didn't know what to do about Nicela's nightly visits. And if he didn't come at night, I was afraid that I would open his door and find him dead.

This friend ~~sister~~ had the same advice for me. "This is no life for you any more. You've looked after him for many years. If you are not going to call Baron de Hirsch, then I will!" And she did. I went home, and a half an hour later, the assistant director from Baron de Hirsch called me, and asked me to talk to a social worker. The social worker wanted me to bring Nicela to Baron de Hirsch for an appointment. I was very tired, and I said "I'll give you his address. You can go

there yourself, or you can send someone."

They went to see Mr Nicella. Weeks went by without any news of a nursing home for him. My social worker was a very sweet lady from France, Mrs. Bier. I phoned her one day, and she said "Mrs. Garfinkle, I can't do anything about Nicella. I received orders from the assistant director, and I have nothing for you."

I called the assistant director. He said "Mrs. Bier will give you a list of nursing homes for Nicella tomorrow." The next day, Mrs. Bier called me and gave me one name. I went to see the place. It was not even fit for animals. When I came home, I called Mrs. Bier and told her what I had seen. She gave me another name. And then another. They were all the same. As a matter of fact, a few weeks later all the nursing homes that I had seen were closed by the government.

I spoke again with the assistant director. He said only "I want to know why you are so interested in Nicella."

"He's my friend," I said.

"You know, Mrs. Garfinkle, we are doing an investigation of you. When it is complete, we will give Nicella a place."

"Make as many investigations as you like. As long as you take care of Nicella. You know how to discourage people, but this time you picked on the wrong person. I don't discourage easily."

One day, when I went to see Nicella, he wasn't in his room. The day before, there had been a big snowstorm, and he hadn't come to see me during the night. I was scared. Maybe he had disappeared in the storm. I started walking, but I didn't know where to look for him. Suddenly I saw him lying on the ground near a snowbank. A snowblower was coming towards him. I ran up and started to pull him away. Two nuns were passing by, and they screamed at the snowblower to stop. It stopped. The nuns helped me take Nicella home. I changed his soaked clothing. I was very tired, and I cursed my mazel to have seen what I did.

I came home and wrote a letter to George. I told him what had happened that day. Two weeks later, I got a reply: the only thing he could do for Nicola was to send the \$500 that Nicola had given to him for safekeeping. I wrote back that \$500 would not be a solution. A nursing home cost at least \$250 a month. George answered that he could do nothing else.

I got in touch with all the members of the Board of Baron de Hirsch, either by phone or in person. But I could get no help from any of them. They all told me that Nicola was too young for Maimon-eden. I spoke to the director of Baron de Hirsch, and he told me that he had finally found a solution to the problem of Nicola.

"You, Mrs. Garfinkle, will take Nicola into your home, and Baron de Hirsch will pay you."

I answered "You take him into your home, and I will pay you."

"But Nicola is not my friend," he said.

"If it weren't for people like Nicola who needed Baron de Hirsch, you would be out of work. You are here to accomodate people like him." The conversation ended on a very sour note.

I called Mrs. Fisher. I told her the whole story, and she was very sympathetic. She said "Go to see Mr. Winer. He is a very nice person, and he will pay attention to you. I'm sure that he will do something for Nicola. I knew, as everyone else does, of the bureaucracy that exists at Baron de Hirsch."

Mr. Winer was born in New Jersey, in the United States. He attended the City College of New York, and the school of social work at Columbia University. His first job was at Madison House. After he was released from the army, he went to Columbia University for his Masters degree. He was in Philadelphia for ten years. He then came to Montreal, and he worked at Neighbourhood House and at Wood Acre Camp for seven years. He now works for the AJCS as campaign director and director of community planning. He is associate executive direc-

ter of AJCS. Mr. Winer is very satisfied with his job. In my opinion, he is a born social worker. Mr. Winer is also an excellent speaker. I was very impressed with him when I was taking the Board Orientation Course of the Education Department of the Allied Jewish Community Services of Montreal.

I got an appointment with Mr. Winer to talk to him about Nicla. The office was on Sherbrooke Street. In the elevator, I thought "Another sophisticated bureaucrat that I have to go and see." To my great surprise, he was neither terribly sophisticated, nor a bureaucrat. He greeted me very nicely, and this gave me some confidence. I told him what was going on, and he listened to me attentively. As I talked to him, I thought "I'm speaking to Eliacu". The only difference between the two men was that Eliacu had been a redhead, and Mr. Winer had dark hair.

After he had listened to me carefully, he said "You will go and find Nicla a nursing home by yourself. Don't worry about the bill. If Baron de Hirsch doesn't want to pay, come see me again."

I went home, and as soon as I looked in the newspaper, I found a nursing home. I called the woman in charge, and I made an appointment to see her the next day. When I arrived, I saw that it was a very clean place. Some old people were watching TV, others were sitting in the sun and looking out the window. I asked if I could stay for lunch. I wanted to see what kind of food these people were given.

"Come into the kitchen," she said. "I'm in the middle of making up the lunch trays." The food looked good, and there were generous portions. I helped her carry the trays. When we finished serving, I said to her, "I like your place. But I have to call Baron de Hirsch to make arrangements."

She said, "I know Baron de Hirsch, and they know me. Look. Mr. Shapiro over there is from Baron de Hirsch. He came here three weeks

ago, and Baron de Hirsch knew then that I had vacancies. I will have more vacancies by May 1, because I'm moving to a bigger place."

I went out and got into my car. I thought "Why did Baron de Hirsch send me to all those cheap and dirty houses that were just closed by the government?" It didn't take me long to find out.

My friend who had first reported Nicola to Baron de Hirsch was Mr. Jacob Loewy, a wonderful philanthropic person and a leader in the community. At that time, Mr. Loewy's committee had suggested an investigation into the management of Baron de Hirsch. The anger of the Board at this suggestion was taken out on Nicola and myself.

I came home from the nursing home and called Baron de Hirsch immediately. The social worker said "Tomorrow morning we will go to see the place together." I didn't say anything about the way Baron de Hirsch had treated me before.

We went to the home, and the social worker said "I'll wait outside. You go and look." Again, I didn't say anything. I went in and I told the lady that I had come to see the new place. Five minutes later, we were shown a beautiful duplex.

I said "This is the social worker from Baron de Hirsch. She is going to help me with Nicola." The lady in charge acted like she had never seen the social worker before. She showed us a large room, with two nice comfortable beds, two dressers, and two very comfortable chairs. And there was a bathroom in the room. This was very important to Nicola, since he had to go to the bathroom quite often.

On the first of May, the social worker and I took Nicola to the nursing home. Mr. Shapiro was already there. I brought a TV so that they could watch it in their room. By the time I was ready to leave, Nicola and I were both crying.

I drove away, but I stopped the car soon after. The social worker wanted to know why I was stopping, and I said "I want to give you an

idea of who Nicela is. He was born into one of the most distinguished Jewish families in Greece. He was brought up in Switzerland at one of the ~~most distinguished~~ best boarding schools in the world."

"oh," she said, "you can see that even now, when he is sick, just from the way that he speaks."

I said "And despite this, you tried to send him to dirty houses not even fit for animals. Especially the last house you sent me to. You called me at six o'clock in the evening to go see the house, and if I liked it, we could have it by the next morning. I took a taxi to the place. I didn't like to drive the car in the evening in the snow. As soon as I arrived, I saw a woman on the floor, dead drunk, an empty bottle of whiskey in her hand. I was terrified. I thought she was dead. I heard people crying in a room off the hallway. I went into the room and I saw three old men crying. I asked them why they were crying. They answered me, half in Yiddish, half in English. They hadn't eaten all day. "cum aer, cum aer," they called to me. I went outside to look for a restaurant. I found a hot dog stand and ordered three hamburgers with french fries. While the man was preparing the order, I thought of the meetings of the Women's Federation. Everyone comes to these meetings very well dressed. When the meeting is over, the Board Room doors are opened and there is a big table with a snow-white tablecloth over it, laid with coffee, sandwiches, and delicious pastry. ~~the~~ The ladies come up to the table, select a sandwich, take one bite, and put the rest back. They don't want to have their mouths full when they compliment each other on how well they look. And to think of what is going on with our senior citizens, in our own back yards."

The social worker answered "But you found a clean house, and we put Nicela there."

"Are you sure that I found this house?" I asked.

"Don't you remember? You called me to tell me about it," she

said.

"Sure, I remember," I said. "But I knew that this house was well known to Baron de Hirsch before I found it. Mr. Shapiro is from Baron de Hirsch. I would like to know why you didn't tell me about this place."

She said "I want you to know that I'm only a messenger there. And thank God, in a few months I'm leaving this job and going back to France." She said again "I want you to know it is not my fault. I'm only a messenger at Baron de Hirsch."

Nicola was well looked after in the nursing home, and he was very happy there. Every day, they changed his shirt, and he always had a clean suit. I used to pay for cleaning and washing the shirts. Dave, the owner of the nursing home, brought Nicola to my house once a week. On another day, I sent a taxi to get him. And I took care of all his needs - toothbrushes, haircuts, and so on. Nicola became like a young boy after his first day of school, who can't wait to tell his mother about everything that happened. He wanted to tell me about everything that went on in the home.

One day, Nicola came to my place and announced that he wanted to go to Expo 67, to see the US pavillion.

"Who told you about the US pavillion?" I asked.

"Dave told me all about it, and I want to go see it for myself."

I called Dave, and I said "What kind of problems are you creating for me? Take him, and I'll pay the expenses."

Dave said that he didn't have the time, but if I wanted, his friend could take Nicola. The US pavillion wound up costing me \$25. When Nicola came back, he was very excited, and told me in detail about what he had seen. I thought it was a miracle. He was getting better every day.

Mrs. Bier left Baron de Hirsch and went back to France. I was assigned another social worker. The new social worker told me that

she wanted to take Nicela to his regular doctor's appointment by herself. I said "That's all right. Dave takes him. If you want, you can go and pretend that you came at the same time by accident, and you can speak to the doctor."

She ~~is~~ didn't listen to me. She told Dave That he didn't have to take Nicela to the doctor, ^{anymore} ~~all the time~~, that she would take him. She took Nicela to the doctor by bus, and Nicela^s had to go to the bathroom every two minutes. In the evening, she called me. She had wasted her whole day, and she had ~~it~~ trouble getting him on the bus. The next time I went to the home, I told Dave that in the future, he should take Nicela to the doctor. He refused.

"You said that you would take him every ~~it~~ time. So you take him," he said.

I ~~called~~ ^{called me.} the social worker, I said "What do you want from me? You wanted to take him to the doctor, so why complain to me?"

"Because I want you to take him from now on," she answered. This I refused to do.

"You brought this situation onto yourself," I said. "Now you take care of it." Nicela^smissed three doctor's appointments. I felt very badly, but Baron de Hirsch didn't care. Then I had an idea. I ~~w~~ bought Dave a beautiful present. After that, everything settled down. Dave resumed taking Nicela to his doctor's appointments.

One night, Nicola had a very bad toothache. The nursing home called me the next morning. They had phoned Baron de Hirsch, and had been told that Baron de Hirsch did not provide for dental care. I ~~had~~ called Baron de Hirsch myself, but the reply was the same. No dentist. I called the ~~nursing~~ home and I told them to take Nicola to Dr. Laurence Cohen on Decelles St. I would pay the bill. I called the dentist, and asked him to look after Nicola and to send the bill to me.

A month later, Nicola received \$474.24 from George. I asked Nicola what he wanted to do with the money. He said "You've looked after me better than a sister. But I don't want to die poor. Keep this money for me. When I die, you will make my stone with this money. I don't want either you or the community to have to pay for my stone. Buy it with this money."

Two or three days later, I saw the social worker, and I told her about the money and Nicola's request. She wanted me to give the money to her. I refused. Ten minutes later, the ~~assistant~~ director of Baron de Hirsch called me and asked me for the money. I told him about Nicola's request.

"I also paid the dentist \$175 from this money," I said. He was very angry when he heard about the ~~the~~ dentist's bill.

"Why didn't you take him to a clinic?" he asked.

"Why didn't you tell me or the nursing home when we called that there was a clinic?" I asked.

"You must be very stupid not to know that Herzl clinic provides dental services," he said.

"You can say that if you like," I answered, "but your job is to inform stupid ladies like me about the services available." The ~~assistant~~ director went too far with the language that he used. He told me he was ~~the~~ going to put me in jail. I was angry. I said to myself "Let them take the money. It's not worth having so much aggravation over a few dollars. I looked after Nicola for so many years, I can do it now

too. When Nicola will die, my husband will pay for the stone. And anyways, who knows who will die first?"

As I was thinking about this, my doorbell rang. It was Dave, holding a big parcel.

"What is this, Dave?" I asked.

"Nicola has diarrhoea, and no cleaner will take his pants. I brought them here for you to wash. If you won't do it, I will bring Nicola here tonight," he said.

"You didn't take him from here," I answered, "you took him from Baron de Hirsch. If you have complaints about his pants, go to them."

He wound up leaving me the parcel. When he left, we were on quite good terms. I was going to throw out the dirty pants and buy Nicola some new wash and wear pants. They could then wash them in the machine instead of bringing them to me. The next day, I would go to Eaton's and buy Nicola two pairs of pants.

As I was throwing the old pants out, the phone rang. It was Phyllis Waxman.

"You know," she said, "I am the Chairman of the campaign for 1969. And now I can talk."

"What do you want to say?" I asked.

"I want to know all about Nicola's past."

"I'm not going to sit down and discuss Nicola's private life with you."

"I want to know everything you said to Baron de Hirsch."

"First of all, if you're such a big shot, why don't you go to Baron de Hirsch and look up his file?"

"You're going to answer all my questions. I work for AJCS now. And I'm a member of ~~the~~ the Board of the Women's Federation."

"Phyllis," I said, "if the Women's Federation is not satisfied with what I told Baron de Hirsch, they must ask me to a meeting and ask me more questions there. And I will answer to the best of my abi-

lity."

"I am the Chairman, and you must tell me everything," she insisted.

"Oh, excuse me, Madame Chairman. Today, Nicola~~s~~ has diarrhea. The cleaners won't take his soiled pants. The nursing home sent them to my house to be washed. Come to my house and help me wash the pants. And please bring the ladies with whom ~~z~~ you gossip about Nicola and me."

"You talk to me like that now, but one day you will see my picture on the wall of the Board Room of the Woman's Federation."

"I don't doubt it for a moment. Maybe your statue will be in the Board Room, too. I know the way you push people around to make a place for yourself." After I hung up the phone, I said to myself, "Oh, no. I'm not going to give that money to Baron de Hirsch." Instead, I put it in trust for Nicola.

Sitting in the airplane, I covered my eyes with my hands, and I said "Oh, God, please put an end to this nightmare of a trip!" The captain told us to fasten our seat belts. We were landing at Orly airport, in Paris. He told us that all our hand baggage was to be ~~pk~~ placed outside the airplane after we landed, for security reasons. A bus came to take us to the terminal. As Max was going off to the bathroom, he said "Buy some perfume while we are here. Arpège de Lanvin." I was in no mood to buy perfume; I just wanted to be home.

I sat down on a bench. I saw a man standing near me. He wasn't old, but he had snow white hair. At first I thought it was a wig. The man came up to me and looked at my nametag. I looked at his hair. Suddenly, he said "Oh! Bouena Sarfatty!"

"And who are you?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I'm so glad to see you! I'm the man with the candlesticks, from the Matanot Laevionim. You must remember the day before the wedding of that one group of deportees." And he called out

"Cherie! Cherie!" He was calling his wife. He introduced me to her.

She said "We use the candlesticks now. And my husband really acts like Jean Valjean, as you suggested a long time ago. He performs many good deeds. Instead of two candlesticks, we have three. We bought another one. And we light a candle for you every Friday night."

We all started to cry in each other's arms. For me, it was like medicine. I had been wanting ~~xxxxxx~~ badly to cry in public for two weeks. The man told me that he now lived in France and had three children. He told me the story of how he came to France.

"After you left Salonica, The Jewish community received a letter from my mother's uncle in France. He was looking for his surviving relatives. The Jewish community forwarded the letter to me, and I answered it. A month later, I had a visa and a ticket to go to France. The day that I was supposed to leave, Ketty's husband, the officer, died. I felt I couldn't leave Ketty alone with the three children. But Ketty persuaded me to go; maybe I would be able to help her better financially from France.

I didn't forget ~~X~~ Ketty. I went to France, and went to work for my great-uncle. Three months later, I was a junior partner in ~~his~~ firm. I married my uncle's second wife's daughter. My uncle died soon ~~and~~ after, and left everything to my wife and me. First, I brought Ketty's oldest son to France to study commerce. He is now my business manager. A year later, I brought the second son, who is now interning in a hospital here. After that, I brought the youngest one, who is still in school. And finally, I brought Ketty to France. Ketty is everyone's mother. She's the boss. And we all speak Ladino in the house, even the children."

"And where is ~~X~~ Ketty now," I asked.

"She's with our three children. We have a bungalow near the sea. My wife and I are going on a trip."

His wife got up and walked away. She returned carrying a parcel. It was a big bottle of Arpège de Lanvin, a present for me. The bus came, and I went to look for Max. As we were being taken to the airplane, I started to sing "Ou mi anaknou". And every person on that bus answered: "Israel!" And I was waving my bottle of Arpège de Lanvin.

We got to the plane, and I said to myself, "Before I start to ~~remember~~ remember more miseries of my life, I will write a letter to Mrs. Gertzman." Mrs. Gertzman was the president of the Women's Federation. I wrote to her:

I was informed by Phyllis Waxman that the Women's Federation wants to know everything about my friend Nicola. I answered all the questions that the social worker from Baron de Hirsch asked me. But if the Women's Federation wants to ask me more questions, they should invite me to one of their meetings. I will answer all their questions to the best of my ability. I give you the name of Nicola's friend George in Greece. Nicola has another friend in Montreal. They went to school together in Switzerland. Maybe he can give you more information. About my stay in prison: it is only a topic of conversation among the ladies of the Women's Federation. My only crime was that I was a Jew.
^{reread}
I enclosed the addresses and ~~sealed~~ the letter.

We arrived in New York. I was still fixing up my letter, because my English is not so good. In New York, the first thing I did was to give my heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Esther Glazer of Boston for the courage that she gave me during the trip. Mrs. Glazer is Mr. Shofild's sister-in-law. Without her, I don't know if I could have gone on.

We came to Montreal on an Air Canada flight. I felt like I was pushing the airplane to make it get home quicker. On the airplane, a fellow traveller near me said "Mrs. Garfinkle, do you agree with the way I live?" I was very surprised.

"You are grown up enough to distinguish between good and bad," I said. "It is not in my character to judge anybody."

He looked at me and he said "But you yourself introduced me to my girlfriend."

I said "I introduced a housekeeper to your family. Your father requested me to do it. But I never knew that she became your girlfriend. There is a Ladino proverb, and you deserve to be told it: 'non agas al malo ni mersed ni grado'. It means 'never do favours for bad people.' And there is another proverb: 'kien non tiene akien yorar yora al rey que non tiené padré'. It means: 'if you have no-one to cry for, cry for the king, who is an orphan.' I don't want to cry for you, because you haven't got any brains." I turned away so that I wouldn't have to talk to him any more. I started to think of the time that I introduced the housekeeper to this man's father. I didn't even know his wife, who had just arrived from New York. I met her three weeks later, at a children's purim party. And years later, I went with Ely to the son's business, to buy something, and I met him for the first time.

Thank God, we finally arrived in Montreal. I was disgusted and exhausted. I was relieved that the trip was over. I felt like the time I arrived in Turkey with Miki. Oh, thank God, we were home!

I opened the door to my house. There was a pile of mail on the floor. I took all the letters and put them on the table unopened. Max and I had coffee, and went to visit Nicola. It was suppertime. All the pensioners had just a very little bit of salad. Nicola had just two tomatoes. Uncooked vegetables or fruit were like poison

Combined Jewish Appeal

ALLIED JEWISH COMMUNITY SERVICES
493 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST

• UNITED ISRAEL APPEAL
• 844-8621

25th July 1969.

Dear Friends,

In just a few days, you will be leaving on a most important and deeply gratifying Mission to Israel. Since you will be representing the entire Montreal Jewish Community, we will look forward to your return for a full report on your memorable visit.

The effect of your participation in the forthcoming campaign will be significantly strengthened as a result of the Mission. Be assured that you leave with our sincere good wishes for a most rewarding experience and successful journey.

Sincerely,

Morley M. Cohen

MORLEY M. COHEN
General Chairman.

BORIS G. LEVINE
President,
Allied Jewish Community
Services.

Thomas O. Hecht

THOMAS O. HECHT
Associate Chairman.

to Nicola. They gave him very bad diarrhea. I asked the nurse to give him something else to eat. She gave him some bread and butter, and I asked her where the owner's of the home were. She told me that they were away on a trip.

I came home. It was too late to bring Nicola some decent food, so I started to open the mail. Among the letters., there was one from the Combined Jewish Appeal. They wished us a good trip, and said that they expected a full report of our trip. The letter was signed by three wonderful people, Morley Cohen, Boris Levine, and Thomas Hecht. When I finished reading the letter, I said to myself "My dear, wonderful people, if I gave you a report of my trip, your hair would stand on end. If you had no hair, it would grow! But Thomas Hecht has a pretty good idea of what was going on, since he was with us."

Now, I'm writing something; call it a report, or call it a book. My dear three fellows, now that I am writing, I can confess to you that I have two things to ask of God. And God always answers my prayers. I want, first, to see Ely married and living in a traditional Jewish home. And I want you three wonderful people to read my report. And I would like Mr. Bronfman to read it, too.

The Bronfmans are the wealthiest Jews in Montreal. They participate seriously in the Jewish community. They are generous and philanthropic. They aid McGill, University of Montreal, and other organizations, both Jewish and non-Jewish. I met Mr. Bronfman in 1966, 1967, and 1968, during the campaigns of AJCS. He played an active part in the campaigns, and to this date continues to do so.

I started to bring food again and clean clothing to Nicola again, every day. Without the owners of the home present, Nicola was very neglected. And I was afraid to complain to Baron de Hirsch, to start another battle. One day, as I was leaving the home, a lady called

Campaign 69



Combined Jewish Appeal

493 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, MONTREAL, QUE. 844-8621

August 6, 1969

Mr. and Mrs. Max Garfinkle,
6612 Wilderton Avenue,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Max and Bouena:

When our people get to Israel, Israel gets to our people -- with the magnitude of her accomplishments, with the determination of her men and women and with her youth -- her handsome, vibrant, dedicated youth.

Our mission to Israel was an unforgettable experience. Never have I been so moved, never have I been so proud and gratified and never was a group more congenial, more spirited or more co-operative.

Each of us helped to add a link to the chain that ties diaspora Jewry to our brethren in Israel. Our task now is to strengthen that chain by relating our experiences in Israel to our friends, our neighbors and our families.

I thank you for participating in our mission. I thank you for your generosity, for your patience and for your understanding -- and I thank you for affording me the opportunity to share a memorable experience with you.

Most cordially,


THOMAS O. HECHT
Associate Chairman



my name.

"Are you Mrs. Garfinkle?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I have to thank you so much for what you did for my mother!"

"And who is your mother?"

"Oh, you must remember, you gave me the phone number of Nicola's nursing home. Everything you said was true. My mother is very well looked after."

"I just came from there, but I didn't see any new people."

"Oh," she said, "my mother is in the new nursing home that the owners of this home recently opened. I'm on my way to see her now."

I asked her if she wanted a ride.

"Oh, yes."

I took her to a place in Snowdon. I asked for the new home's phone number, and then I went home. I first called Nicola's nursing home, where they had been telling me that the owners were away on a trip. I told the lady that the nursing home in Cote St. Luc was very neglected. She promised me that in a few days a couple would come to take charge of the home, and everything would be all right. I didn't have any alternative; I had to wait and see.

Three weeks later, the couple finally arrived, and the nursing home returned to its former routine. But I kept an eye on things just the same.

The first visitor I had after my trip to Israel was Annette Wolff. Annette is Rosetta Elkin's sister. Annette has more protégés than hairs on her head, exactly like her father and mother, may they rest in peace. We talked a bit about my trip. I told Annette that I had a few documents describing the atrocities of Hitler. I wanted to donate them to an institution where people in North Amer-

ca could come and see them. She advised me to give them to Bronfman House, but I decided to give them to Yad Ve Chem. Annette arranged a meeting with the Israeli Consul, and we gave him the documents. A few weeks later, I received a letter of thanks from Yad Ve Chem.

I have to thank Annette for the encouragement that she gave me to write my memoirs. Even if it was painful for me to write about my past, I have her to thank for her support in this effort.

I soon got back into the old routine of sending a taxi for Nicola every Sunday and spending that day with him at my house. One Sunday, I called as usual to ask them to prepare Nicola. The lady ~~ex~~ in charge told me that he would not come that day because his leg was sore. She assured me it was nothing serious. I called the owners at the other home and asked them to send a doctor.

The next day, I went to see Nicola's leg for myself. ~~gxxfx~~ Oh, God: I saw that his feet were all burnt. It looked like someone had put his feet in boiling water. I went to the Jewish General Hospital and spoke to the doctor. I told the doctor to call Baron de Hirsch, because I had not been able to find out how Nicola's feet had been burnt.

Nicola was in the Jewish General for 10 days. From there, they sent him to the Jewish Convalescent Hospital. From there, he was sent to the Jewish Nursing Home. Here, under the direction of Mrs. Cabely, Nicola was very well looked after. I knew Mrs. Cabely when she was a nurse in the operating room at the Jewish General, and I knew how devoted she had been to her work. She had been a nurse in Israel, in Bet Haolim Rambam. Mrs. Cabely has an M.A. in administration from McGill University. She was the director of nursing at Maimonides Hospital and Home for the Aged. She is the administrator of the Jewish Nursing Home.

ירושלים, הר הזיכרון (מ"ד 84) — מבקרים: ירושם — טל. 31202 JERUSALEM, HAR HAZIKARON (P.O.B. 84) — CABLES: YADVASHEM — TEL. 31202

טן, בחשוון תש"ל
21 באוקטובר 1969

לכבוד
הגב' מ. גראפינקל
6612 Wilderton Ave.
Montreal, P.Q.,
Canada

גב' גראפינקל הנכבדה,

הריני מאשר קיבלת החומר שהעברת אלינו באמצעות מר פ. שאנן, מהקונסוליה הכללית של ישראל emontreal.

החוות כולם, בין השארו:

1. אלבום ובו צלומי בתייהם של היטלר, גריניג ובורמן;
2. סקירה על חפקידו של I.T.S. ועל מחנות ריבוז אוחדים בפולין, גרמניה ואוסטריה;
3. Monthly Report of the Director, Nr. 39, Feb. 1951; International Tracing Service of IRO, Arolsen, Germany;
4. Short Summary of German Concentration-Camps, 1933-1945;
5. פרוטוקולים ומחლות של הארגון ה賓גלאומי למען הפליטים-המוועזה הכללית, בישובותיה מיום 13.4.51 - 18.4.51 - ; 19.4.1951
6. מכתב מהתווודד העליון של בנות-הברית - מת-זעדה לענייני פליטים ואנשיים מפוניים - אל יוושב-ראש התווודד הפועל של I.T.S. ובוג הזדעה על החלטה על העברת האחריות לארגון I.T.S. אל התווודד העליון של בנות-הברית;
7. מפה: "Main Concentration-Camps and their Kommandos";
8. חוברת רפרודוקציית מאת H. Pieck נסח "בוכנוולד";
9. חוברת ביגוניה על מחנות ההשמדה;
10. אפלום של סגל עוזדי, ITS אROLSEN - יולי 1949;
11. טמל עשוי מבד של IRO.

אננו מודים לך על השגלה להפקיד בארכיון יד-ושם דוחך האסוב ורב-ערך זה.

בכבוד
תשריאל ב"ץ
יו"ר הנהלה

העתיקין:
מר פ. שאנן, קונסוליה כללית של ישראל
omontréal
מנהל הארכיון יד-ושם

Nicola died ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ some time later in the Jewish Nursing Home. Naturally, I had the gravestone made within 30 days of his death, in the Sepharady tradition. When I ordered the stone, my first condition with the monument makers was that they would obtain permission for the stone from Baron de Hirsch. And they did. My conscience was clear.

A few days after Nicola died, someone from the Jewish Convalescent Hospital called Max. They were going to start to treat him with L-dopa in pill form, to control his tremors. Max took the pills very well, and when I went to visit him, I could see that he was getting better day by day.

One day, as I arrived home from the hospital, my phone was ringing. It was the monument maker. He told me that he was going to remove the stone from Nicola's grave. I wanted to know why.

"The money is in trust, and I gave orders to the trust company to pay you," I said.

"Oh, no, it's not that. Baron de Hirsch gave me orders to remove the stone. They want you to go there and sign a paper stating that Nicola was your cousin."

I said, "Nicola was not my cousin."

* "Well," he said, "I must remove the stone."

I said "You go ahead and remove the stone. But I will go to the Vad Hair."

"The cemetery is not mine, and I have to do what Baron de Hirsch wants," he said.

"You do what you have to do, and remove the stone, but I will not sign a paper saying that Nicola was my cousin. He was not."

I hung up the phone, and I felt sick. It was a terrible feeling to hear that a stone I had laid in respect for a dead person was going to be removed.

When I ~~had~~ hung up the phone, I thought, "Oh, God, I've had enough. To be accused of someone I'm not! Oh, God, I've had enough! To be accused of something I didn't do! Removing the gravestone is like removing the epaulets of an innocent officer accused of treason. ~~Like Dreyfus, who was accused~~ of treason. But the only person who believed that Dreyfus was innocent was Theodore Herzl. Herzl followed the Dreyfus affair very closely." After the Dreyfus affair was ~~a~~ cleared up, Herzl gave new life to the Zionist organization. "Poor Dreyfus," I thought. "I understand what you went through, because I am now in your shoes. I was born on November 15, 1918, a few days after the signing of the Armistice during the first World War. Oh, God, which dying soldier's soul did You see fit to give me? The soldier who was wounded in the mountains of Serbia, or maybe in the valleys of Albania, or in the hills of Monestir, You gave ~~me~~ his soul. Oh, God, I can't be a soldier any more. I saved Nicola from the Germans. I looked after him for many years. And now, they are blackmailing me. But I will not forge any signatures. Nicola was not my relative, distant ~~or~~ or near. Oh, God, I need a Theodore Herzl. Send me one." And I remembered the song that we used to sing in the Zionist organization on the anniversary of Herzl's death:

Kon sou fegoura
Dalma poura
Soubito mourio
El grande ijo
El noblé padre
Del pouevlo djidio

Herzel ho nouévo profeta
Tou venites liberar
A Israel martiro
I trouchites libertad

Theodore Herzl's Song
With his face
And pure soul
He died suddenly
The great son
And the noble father
Of the Jewish people

,

Herzl, o new prophet
You came to liberate
The martyrs of Israel
And you brought liberty

I didn't know of anyone whose advice I could ask. I didn't know anyone in Vad Ayir. Ely was in Israel. Max was on L-Dopa treatment in the hospital. I didn't want to upset him. I went to see him twice a day. That day, I had a good cry first, and ~~said~~ thought to myself, "Oh, Chaim, I have to cry or I'll burst. I can't sing any more."

I freshened up, washed my face, and prepared to go to the hospital for the second time that day, to see how my husband was reacting to the ~~ExEpa~~ pills. As I was getting dressed, I said to myself "Oh, God, thank you for reminding me. Baruch Pollack will be my Herzl. He's the only one who will believe me." Full of confidence, full of courage, I called Baruch Pollack.

I met Baruch Pollack at Camp Massad. He was a young law student at the time. If there was an award given to camp counsellors, Barouch would take first prize. He took his work very seriously. He looked after the children who were assigned to him very well. The children adored him and listened to him. Baruch was like God to them. He worked at the camp for only one season. The two seasons following, he went to work at another camp in Val Morin. In 1954, Baruch passed his Bar examinations.

He was born in Montreal, and he studied at McGill University.

He speaks Hebrew, French, English and Yiddis very well. He is a religious man and chomer shabat. When Raphael Naphthali, his son, had his bar mitzvah, we received a very original invitation, and to my knowledge, the first invitation of its kind in Montreal. On it was marked that instead of giving Ralph a present, the guests should donate the money to a school in Israel.

Baruch is philanthropic and humanitarian.. I will give you an example. One day, we received a letter from him. A certain child in Israel had been brought to his attention. The child had been born without arms. He asked us to give a donation to help bring this child to North America and provide him with artificial arms. But he didn't just bring the child to North America. He took the child into his own home, to spend a few days with his three children. Ruth, his wife, is an angel. I asked ruth "Don't you think it will be depressing for your children to see this poor boy?" She looked me in the eye, and she said "It is a mitzvah." Baruch and Ruth have a pen pal in Russia. Both of them went to see first-hand the conditions in which their pen pal lived. Baruch is a member of the Board of the Hebrew Academy. This is the man whom Phyllis Waxman called a stinker because he had asked me to give a donation to the Academy. He is very active in the Young Israel Synagogue. He is the most honest lawyer that I know, and this is confirmed by other people. He is a very good friend of ~~to~~ my family, and we are proud to call him our friend.

I called him up and told him that Baron de Hirsch wanted to remove Nicola's gravestone. "If I don't sign a paper saying that Nicola ~~is~~ is my cousin, they will remove the stone."

"Is he your cousin?" he asked.

"No."

"Then don't sign!" said Barouch. "And don't worry. I will do

all I can to prevent them from removing the stone. I will call you this evening or tomorrow morning. Don't worry. Go visit Max, and don't be upset." He really gave me a boost.

I got dressed and left for the hospital. I had a new car. It had maybe two or three hundred miles on it. As I was driving to the Jewish Convalescent Home in Chomedey, I had a flat tire, in the middle of nowhere. I got out of the car to try to find someone to help me. But no-one would stop. I pulled the car over to the side of the road, and in my brand new white dress, I started to change the tire. When I finally managed to get the tire off, it started to rain cats and dogs. I couldn't get into my car to wait for the rain to stop. So I changed my tire. When I finished, I was soaking wet, and my white dress was covered with grease. My face looked like the face of a circus clown, because I had wiped it with my dirty ~~g~~ hands. Instead of continuing on to Chomedey, I made a U-torn and drove home. As soon as I arrived, I called Max and told him that I would not be going to see him that night, because of the weather.

As soon as I hung up, the phone rang. It was Baruch Pollack. "I'm calling you now because I know you are very upset. Don't worry. The stone will not be touched."

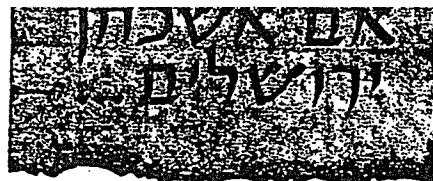
"Oh, Baruch," I said, "God bless you. I knew that God would send me a Theodore Herzl."

"He sent you two," he said. "Thomas Hecht helped me greatly in this matter."

"Oh, God bless Baruch Pollack and Thomas Hecht!"

Days went by, and Max was reacting very well to the pills that he was taking at the Jewish Convalescent Hospital. Thank God, he was not shaking any more, and he does not shake to this day. There is a God in heaven. I believe it.

Campaign 69



Combined Jewish Appeal

493 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, MONTREAL, QUE. 844-8621

November 7, 1969

Mrs. M. Garfinkle,
6612 Wilderton,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Mrs. Garfinkle:

Those of us who had the opportunity to participate in a Mission to Israel will treasure the memory of our experiences for a long time to come.

Long will I remember your dear husband, leading the way to the top of Massada -- and how proud you were of his determination and stamina.

The example of giving we set, in response to the tremendous costs of defence and immigrant absorption, has already had its effect on those whom we are now canvassing. The campaign total as of this morning is \$6,455,833, an increase of \$1,116,065 over last year for the same cards.

So that your personal contribution can be added to our total, would you be good enough to sign your pledge card and return it to me in the enclosed convenient envelope? Please include your cheque if it is convenient.

With appreciation and warmest regards to you and your husband,

Sincerely,

THOMAS O. HECHT
Associate Chairman

Enclosures



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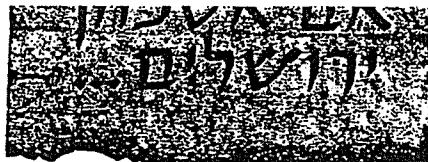
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campaign '69



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Associate Chairman

Enclosures



The Combined Jewish Appeal campaign started, and I was no exception; they called me for a donation, too. I told the lady who called me, "I will give them nothing!" She asked me why.

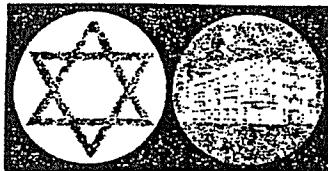
"I will send the money directly to Israel," I said. "And here, I will give to the organization of my choice."

A few days after this ~~organization~~ conversation, I received a letter from Thomas Hecht. He asked me for a donation. This is what I had been waiting for. Instead of sending the money, I made an appointment to see Thomas. I told him a few things about my beautiful trip with the Mission to Israel. And Thomas had a very good idea of ~~wj~~ what had gone on. I gave him an anonymous donation for the Men's Division. I told him, "As long as the Chairman is there, I will send my contributions directly to Israel."

When Thomas became the chairman of the Combined Jewish Appeal, I sent a donation in his honour, again anonymously. I had spoken to Thomas to arrange to pay my pledge little by little. But instead I decided not to pay it at all. As long as the Chairman was swelling with importance day by day, I would send money directly to Israel.

In 1970, I received another invitation from the community. This time, it was for a seminar in Israel. I like to attend seminars very much, but I refused the invitation. I had enough during the trip of 1969.

It took four years before I received another invitation from the community. In 1974, I was invited to attend the community convention in Montreal. I decided to go.



**ALLIED JEWISH
COMMUNITY SERVICES
OF MONTREAL**

L'ASSOCIATION DES OEVRES DE CHARITÉ DE LA COMMUNAUTÉ JUIVE DE MONTRÉAL

493 SHERBROOKE ST. W. MONTREAL, QUE. • TEL. 844-8621

*President
Boris G. Levine, C.A.*

*Executive Director
Manuel G. Batshaw*

January 13, 1970

Mrs. Max Garfinkle,
6612 Wilderton,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Mrs. Garfinkle:

As I begin my leadership of the 1970 Combined Jewish Appeal Campaign, I find a deep satisfaction in the knowledge that good people like yourself are behind me in this great humanitarian effort.

I am particularly pleased to acknowledge your contribution of \$95 which will be entered in our books as an anonymous gift according to your instructions. For the sake of the countless thousands who look to us for help, I hope that this first gift to our forthcoming campaign will be just the beginning of a most successful effort.

We both know, from personal experience, the great crisis in Israel and the responsibility of diaspora Jewry to assure the peaceful future of our Jewish brothers in that valiant State. Your support is invaluable.

With my deep gratitude and sincere appreciation,

Cordially,

THOMAS O. HECHT, Chairman
1970 Combined Jewish Appeal Campaign

CONSTITUENT MEMBERS: BARON DE HIRSCH INSTITUTE AND JEWISH CHILD WELFARE BUREAU • B'NAI B'RITH HILLEL FOUNDATION OF MONTREAL • CANADIAN JEWISH CONGRESS (Eastern Region) • GOLDEN AGE ASSOCIATION — Affiliate of the National Council of Jewish Women — Montreal Section • HERZL HEALTH CENTRE • JEWISH COMMUNITY CAMPS — CAMP B'NAI B'RITH, CAMP WOODEN ACRES, JEWISH LAL'RENTIAN FRESH AIR CAMP • JEWISH CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL • JEWISH GENERAL HOSPITAL • JEWISH HOSPITAL OF HOPE • JEWISH IMMIGRANT AID SERVICES (Montreal Area) • JEWISH PUBLIC LIBRARY • JEWISH VOCATIONAL SERVICE • MAIMONIDES HOSPITAL AND HOME FOR THE AGED • MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL • UNITED JEWISH RELIEF AGENCIES • YOUNG MEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION AND NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE SERVICES.



Allied Jewish Community Services

493 SHERBROOKE ST. W., MONTREAL, QUE. • TEL. 844-8621

L'ASSOCIATION DES OEUVRES DE CHARITÉ DE LA COMMUNAUTÉ JUIVE

Honorary President
Samuel Bronfman, C.C.

March 10, 1970

President
Boris G. Levine, C.A.

Executive Director
Manuel G. Batshaw

Mr. & Mrs. Max Garfinkel,
6612 Wilderton Ave.,
Montreal, Que.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Garfinkel;

For the first time in AJCS history, a special Leadership Symposium in Israel has been organized to leave Montreal Thursday, July 9th. This Symposium will be for young adults who are being invited especially because of their demonstrated interest and dedication to the Jewish community. We are most pleased to invite you to join this group.

The Symposium is very different from all other group programs to Israel because it will be the first time that an integrated Study-In-Depth and Tour of Israel will be arranged. Faculty members from Hebrew University will give several seminars which will be followed by selected visits corresponding to the content of the seminar. A short follow up seminar is planned so that study and observation is integrated.

Another important first is planned meetings with private Israeli citizens from the Kibbutz, from the development towns and from the cities -- an opportunity to meet and learn from the "average" family.

And there will be time for browsing, site tours, swimming and just plain free time.

Only 40 people will be registered for this special trip. It will be a low-cost, all-inclusive two-week program (approximately \$725), with an optional third week.

If you call Manny Weiner, you can get more details. We hope you will decide to join the Leadership Symposium in Israel.

Sincerely yours,

Boris G. Levine

Boris G. Levine,
President.

Saul "Sonny" Roseman

Saul Roseman,
Chairman,
Leadership Symposium In Israel.

CONSTITUENT MEMBERS: BARON DE HIRSCH INSTITUTE AND JEWISH CHILD WELFARE BUREAU • B'NAI B'RITH HILLEL FOUNDATION OF MONTREAL • CANADIAN JEWISH CONGRESS (Eastern Region) • GOLDEN AGE ASSOCIATION — Affiliate of the National Council of Jewish Women — Montreal Section • HERZL HEALTH CENTRE • JEWISH COMMUNITY CAMPS — CAMP B'NAI B'RITH, CAMP WOODEN ACRES, JEWISH LAURENTIAN FRESH AIR CAMP • JEWISH CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL • JEWISH GENERAL HOSPITAL • JEWISH HOSPITAL OF HOPE • JEWISH IMMIGRANT AID SERVICES (Montreal Area) • JEWISH PUBLIC LIBRARY • JEWISH VOCATIONAL SERVICE • MAIMONIDES HOSPITAL AND HOME FOR THE AGED • MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL • UNITED JEWISH RELIEF AGENCIES • YOUNG MEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION AND NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE SERVICES.

LEADERSHIP SYMPOSIUM IN ISRAEL

TENTATIVE AND PARTIAL ITINERARY

1. The first few days in Jerusalem will be spent in seeing the city, including the old city, the Wailing Wall at sundown Friday, Israeli Museum, etc.; Seminar with Hebrew University faculty, a side visit to Jericho, Dead Sea and the Qumran Caves -- a full 4 days.
2. Visit to Beersheba -- to visit some development towns, visit Massada, a Nachal. A Seminar to review our observations.
3. Spend some time at a Kibbutz with the members of that Kibbutz, learning about Kibbutz life, their concerns and problems.*
4. Using Tel Aviv as a base, we will tour many interesting places in and near the city; meet some Tel Aviv families for social contact.* Bet Shean Valley, Golan Heights are also on the itinerary.
5. Since another and larger AJCS group will also be in Israel at the same time, we may join them when they meet with some important and interesting personalities. This might not normally be possible with only a small group.

Of course, we plan to have the time for your own browsing, visiting relatives or just free time.

We hope to have a more complete and definite itinerary very soon.

* The highlight is that one or two members of the group will be invited by a family to spend one or more days with them in order to provide that personal and real contact.

The conference was held at Shaar Hoshamayim Synagogue. At the door, they gave us a blue plastic envelope with the words "Ninth Annual Meeting and Community Conference of Allied Jewish Community Services" written in gold. It contained the programme for the meeting as well as other kinds of literature. The theme of the conference was "The Jewish Family Under Attack". The keynote speaker was Dr. Lionel Tiger. At the information desk, I asked for the name of a person in the USSR who wanted a pen-pal. They gave me a name. I later wrote to this person, but I never got an answer.

The convention was dominated by the theme of Jewish education. The Master of Ceremonies began the proceedings. He told us that he called all the ladies on the Board of the Women's Federation by their first names. And he began reeling off names. When he mentioned "Phyllis", I said to myself, "Mr. Master of Ceremonies, you were supposed to be available at the time of the amalgamation of Adath Israel and Young Israel. If you had been present, you would realize that there are people in your community who are in fact destroying Hebrew education."

The Master of Ceremonies announced that there were microphones set up in the isles, and if people in the audience wished to speak, they could do so. In the meantime, I opened my blue envelope and I saw a pamphlet that listed all of the services available in the community. People started to go up to the microphones. I went, too, and waited for my turn. I had the pamphlet in my hand. Everyone was talking about Jewish education. It was my turn to speak.

I held the pamphlet in my hand, and I spoke. "I see in this pamphlet a list of all the wonderful things that the community is doing." After this, I started to change the subject, and the Master of Ceremonies interrupted me many times. But I persisted. I said "Young man, you are going to listen to me whether you like it or not."

And I started again.

"Jewish Convalescent Hospital and Maimonedes are the centers of research on & Parkinson's Disease. And they have done a wonderful job. But how is it that people who destroy the children and the wives of men who have Parkinson's disease? For example, take the Chairman of the 1969 Campaign. How do these people have the face to go to the public to ask for money in the name of Maimonedes or the Jewish Convalescent Hospital, both of which are so good to people?"

The Master of Ceremonies Shouted orders: "Close the microphone!" All I could think of at the time ~~was~~ was that in Russia, if you speak out against the Communist Party at a convention like this, ~~you~~ they send you to Siberia. But the Jewish community has an easier way "Close the microphone!" I sat down in my chair; I felt like I did the time I waited for the boat to pick up Tamo, Nicola's and George's cousin. I was paralysed. If I could have walked, I would have left immediately. A man came over to me. I asked him who he was.

"I am a person who is worried about you," he said.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Mr. Vineberg," he answered. He asked me how the Chairman of 1969 had mistreated me and caused others to fear my family.

* "You just have to ask Thomas Hecht," I replied. "He knows ~~is~~ everything, and I have officially complained to him. I want the community to understand that we, the survivors of Hitler, are not going to permit Jewish Police in our community. The community must understand that we, the survivors of Hitler, have very strong hides, because we emerged from the fire."

When the man left me, I thought, "Oh, God, this wonderful man, Mr. Vineberg, was like the owner of the café who brought me ouzo when I was waiting for the boat."

The next day, my phone didn't stop ringing. People I have never

even met were phoning to congratulate me on what I had done, and to give me the news. Phyllis had been replaced by the vice-president. Everyone said "It's time that the community ix understood that we do not want Jewish Police here."

The case seemed to be closed, but Phyllis' friend, the rabbi, had not said the last word yet. He formed a committee of big donors to put pressure on the community to give the post back to Phyllis, and to even promote her. Some weeks passed, and I received the community bulletin. The headline said: "Waxman Officer".

That same day, my doorbell rang. When I opened the door, I saw four ladies standing there. One of them held a piece of paper in her hand. I invited them in and asked what I could do for them. They showed me the bulletin and said that they wanted to draw up a petition.

"We will not allow people like this to be the leaders of our community. We are going to draw up a petition," they said again.

"If you circulate the petition now," I said, "you will ruin the campaign."

"You, too, are impressed by the big donors," one of them said.

"I've seen many miseries in my life," I said, "and believe me, some of the people involved were millionaires. As a matter of fact, take a look at my desk. I'm arranging all my notes. Believe me, I have enough notes to fill a book of 500 pages. But I'm not going to use all of them. I'll do like the composer Rubinstein. When he gave his first concert, everyone congratulated him. He said: 'I could give another concert with the notes I left out!' Ladies, I can write another book with the notes I'm leaving out. You know, ladies, do you remember Esther? May she rest in peace."

One of the ladies said "YES! How did you meet Esther?"

"In the train coming from New York to Montreal. I went to a wedding one weekend. Daisy, my cousin~~s~~ Dora's daughter, got married.

Ely was~~s~~ still a baby, and we didn't want to disturb him for such a short trip. I went alone, and Max stayed home with Ely. On Monday morning, I took the train back to Montreal. In the train, near me, sat a lady. She was knitting.

She introduced herself as Esther. I told her my name. I had a lot of food with me. Dora had packed the leftovers from the wedding in a shopping bag. I could have fed the whole train. Of course, I ~~eg~~ shared my food with Esther. ~~sh~~ She had been ready to go to the restaurant car. After we had lunch, Esther took off her jacket. I saw the concentration camp number tattooed on her arm. She told me that she was one of the women that the Germans had pperated on.

She had adopted a little boy, her brother-in-law's son. He had been put in an orphanage for the duration of the German ~~xx~~ occupation. After the war, she waited to be repatriated in her homeland, with this little boy. One day, an American lady came to her camp, to ask the people if they had relatives in North America, South America, or England. 'Even if you only have a name, and no address, we will find them for you,' she said. Esther told the lady that she had a relative in Montreal, but she didn't know the address. It was her grandmother's ~~a~~ sister. The American lady said to her, 'There is a man in another camp asking about this same person!' Two days later, Esther was reunited with her husband."

"Esther was knitting a baby jacket. I asked if ~~she~~ anyone in her family was expecting a baby. 'Oh, no,' she said. 'I'm knitting for money. My ~~husband~~ husband works, my ~~son~~ boy is in school all day, and I have nothing to do. So I knit. The money I make I put in the bank in a special account. I want to buy myself a mink coat.'

'Oh,' I said, 'It's going to take you ten years, at the rate you're going!'

'Even if it takes me twenty years,' she said, 'I'm going to buy that coat with my own money!' And she added 'If I knew how to make ~~a~~ booties and hat sets, I could make more money.'

I taught her how to make booties and hats on the train. After we got back to Montreal, Esther and I became very close friends. Esther was the most truthful friend I ever had. Every Tuesday, after her son went off to school, she came to spend the day with me. We would have a knitting party. She would knit, and I would do the finishing on what she had knit during the week.

In 1967, Esther ordered her mink coat. The day she put in the order, we went out to Moishe's Steak House to celebrate.

'The first person to wear the coat must be you,' she said.

The day that the 1967 Israeli war broke out, I was short of workers, and I asked Esther to come help me with the campaign. A few days into the campaign, I called her again to help me. There were a few cards of people who had lived in Outremont and then moved to Chomedey. I asked Esther to come with me to Chomedey. On the way, she said to me 'Don't be angry at what I did. I lost the down-payment on the coat.'

'How come!?' I asked.

She said 'I've seen many miseries in my life. I saw many Jewish people, millionaires, looking through the garbage for potato skins. Israel is in trouble. It needs money. How can I wear my mink coat, knowing that? I gave the money I saved for the coat to

—
Women's Federation of the Combined Jewish Appeal, and I don't regret it.'

'Esther! Welcome to the club, as they say in Canada. If you were in my home town, I would sing you a song. I'll sing it anyway, because I'm like you. I never wind up getting what I have planned for! It's called "Come, Come, We Must be United":

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Venir, venir mos adjountemos
A nombre de mouestros ideal
¶ I con coraje mos fravouemos
I el estado National

De sou pouevlo rebenido
Insi azer sou nido
Mozotros la djouventoud
Lavoraremos por Eretz Israel

Come, come, let's reuhite
In the name of our ideals
Amd with courage, let's build
The National State

The people will be reborn
And we will make a nest
We, the yputh, will work
For Eretz Israel.'

Esther loved the song. From that day, she was always proud of what she had done, and never regretted that she had no fur coat.

Years passed after this incident. Esther came to visit me less and less often. I knew she was sick; she had been in the hospital twice, but no-one said what was wrong with her. One morning, after I sent Ely to school, I was preparing to spend the day with Esther. The doorbell rang. I opened the door and saw Esther and her husband. Esther looked like a shadow. She had a copy of The Montreal Star in her hand. I invited them both in to have coffee, but her husband x said that he had to go to the bank. He would pick Esther up on his way back. I walked him to the door, and he whispered in my ear 'Please, cheer her up. She hasn't got long to live.'

I sat down at the table and had coffee with Esther. I said

'Esther, you have The Montreal Star in your hand. Do you have your jewellery wrapped in it?'

Instead of answering me, she said 'Did you know that Phyllis Waxman has become the president of the Women's Federation?'

'I don't care if she became the president of the community,' I answered.

She said 'I do! Look! She wrapped my mink coat in this newspaper!'

'What are you talking about?' I asked.

She unfolded the newspaper and showed me an advertisement. It said 'Adath Israel Sisterhood will hold a luncheon sponsored by the Women's Federation.'

'How is it permissible for the Women's Federation to sponsor a luncheon at a synagogue?' Esther asked. 'And we supported them! But who knows how many people like me pride themselves in the fact that they helped Israel? Look what they do! They sponsor luncheons! I don't need a coat. I'm dying of cancer. But before I die, I will go to all my friends and ask them to help me draw up a petition. I want the people who encouraged the Women's Federation to give this luncheon to be reprimanded.'

'Esther,' I said, 'if we do what you ask, we will ruin the campaign.'

She said 'You, too, are impressed by people who find it easy to reach into their pockets for their bank books and put many zeros after the numbers on their cheques! They can do it because their husbands have put enough money into their accounts.' She was very agitated. She started to vomit. I was praying for her husband to return. I gave her some towels, and I put a cold wet towel on her forehead. I tried to calm her down.

'We'll call a meeting and talk to our friends about this,' I said. ~~She started to feel better. Half an hour later, her husband came.~~

I was very glad to see him.

The next day, Esther's husband called me. He had to go out, but he couldn't leave Esther alone. I asked how she was. He said 'The doctor came and said it would be all right if I left her with you for an hour.' When I went over, her husband told me that he had prepared a deck of cards so that we could play gin rummy.

Esther was sitting in bed, propped up by two pillows. We played Esther won, and she was very happy. She felt much better, and she asked me to get her some ginger ale. I went to the fridge and got the bottle, but it was closed, and it took me some time to get it open. I put some in a glass and headed back to the bedroom.

'Oh,' I called out, 'I'm sorry I took so long, Esther, but I couldn't open the bottle.' Esther didn't answer. I heard a key turn in the front door, and I went to see who it was. It was Esther's husband. When we went to the bedroom, we realized that Esther was dead.

Now, my dear ladies, if I refused to draw up a petition for Esther, I will refuse to do it for you as well. Who is on this committee of big donors that the rabbi has formed?"

"The young Bronfman ladies," they answered.

"Oh," I said, "this rabbi, must be a very big shot! Who is He?" But the women didn't know.

One of the ladies asked me "What did you do to this rabbi, that he is so much against you?"

"First of all, I don't know who he is. But at the time of the amalgamation of Adath Israel and Young Israel schools, I spoke at one of the Board meetings. We had Moroccan children whose parents wanted them to learn Hebrew. But they couldn't afford the tuition. I urged the meeting to allow these children to study Hebrew. But instead of listening to me, they removed my words from the minutes.

And Phyllis Waxman is right," I continued, "when she told me that if I wanted to be somebody in life, I should listen to the rabbi, and not give a donation to the Hebrew Academy. But I gave, and I don't regret it."

I appeal to all those who will read my memoirs to give a donation to the Hebrew Academy.

"The big donors put pressure on the community to take Phyllis Waxman back," one of the ladies said.

I said, "First of all, ~~I~~ if I knew who this rabbi was, I would like to tell him that I believe in God. There is a Ladino proverb: 'Ni el rico con sou rikeza, ni el baragan con sou baragania.' It means 'I believe in neither the rich man with all his wealth, nor the superman with all his muscles.' And I would like to tell the ladies who find it easy to put a string of zeros on a cheque, that they give only ~~my~~ money, but I give the gift of life to people. I want to tell them that it is very good to fight, but only in a good cause, and not for people who destroy meetings so that they will be able to sit down with Mrs. Bronfman. Fight to enlarge the Jewish Nursing Home. Who knows how many senior citizens didn't have a meal today because the people in charge are perhaps drunk. Who knows how many Nicolas are cold in the middle of the night, and want to go to a friend to have some tea. But when you have no money and no health, you have no friends. Ladies, fight to make Maimonedes bigger. Ladies, fight to stop them from renting the upper floors of Maimonedes only to the wealthy. There are many hotels in this ~~xx~~ city for wealthy people, and they can have a nurse around the clock. And we have so many senior citizens who have nowhere to go. Don't fight for people who want to have their photographs in the Board room of the Women's Federation. Ladies, fight for our children's Hebrew education, and not for people who discriminate against children whose par-

ents are members of Young Israel Congregation. Ladies, fight so that the wives and children of sick men are not discriminated against."

One of the ladies said, "Ladies, let's fight to put an end to the luncheons sponsored by the Women's Federation in the synagogues. Who knows how many Esthers have sacrificed themselves to help Israel?"

Another said, "The committee ~~eg~~ of the Jewish Convalescent Hospital was against Phyllis Waxman's being restored ~~x~~ to her position. But this opposition broke down very quickly when the Women's ~~E~~ Federation gave them \$25,000.00 from the money they had collected."

"Oh," I said, "I'm very glad. They do good work. At least my speech was worthwhile, if it resulted in a grant to the Jewish Convalescent Hospital."

One of the ladies said, "I will ask you again. What did you do to this rabbi?"

"Do you remember the time of the German occupation in Europe?" I asked. "Every Jew asked what the Jews had done to Hitler to make him hate them so fanatically. Oh, each one had a little story. But one story was very popular among the Jews in Salonica. A bank wrote to a newspaper in Germany, that ~~x~~ it needed employees, both for high and low positions. The employees would be selected on the basis of a test. The test was given. Among the applicants, there was a friend of Hitler, and one Jew. The Jew came first in the test. When Hitler's friends met with Hitler, he said 'We are going to make a political party out of this incident, because the Jewish people have invaded Germany. We will terrorize everyone who has Jewish friends. And we will terrorize anyone who employs Jews. Our goal will be to destroy the Jews.'

This rabbi didn't win the battle during the amalgamation of Adath Israel and Young Israel. It was my idea, I gave a donation, and naturally he is against me now. But I would like to know who

he is, so that I could tell him that it is better if he occupies himself with religion and not with politics."

The ladies asked if I would allow these people to triumph.

"Yes," I said. "In Ladino, we have a proverb: 'moadim viene i z se va. Keda roch kodes i shabat.' It means that holidays come and they go, but the head of the month and the shabat remain. These people have a holiday now. They won this battle. But I will remain, along wth with the head of the month and the shabat."

"We admire you," said the ladies. They said goodbye and left.

Now, as I write, I appeal to the youth of Montreal to take part in the community, so that they can remedy this situation. The youth of today doesn't care if one gives a large donations or buys a dozen new dresses. They want action. I was very impressed when the youth of the Hebrew Academy honoured their principal, Mr. Alpert. Mr. Alpert didn't give a big donation. And he never pushed anyone around. And Mr. Alpert didn't buy a dozen new suits. He was honoured because he was very devoted to his pupils. He was a fair principal.

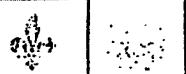
Come, youth! Take part in the community! We need you. Only in this way will we have a healthy community. Come, and let's sing together, like the Jewish youth of Salonica used to.

Mouestra tierra non ese piedrida
I de wth nuevo renasera
Mouestra nation non ese vensida
I sou brio renasera

Pouerpo i alma ofriremos
A este combaté
Libertad mos ganaremos
Al paez esgate

Oh venito lavorozo
Lavorar con fouersa i rozo
Biva la ora esperada
De Israel tierra amada

Mouetra tierra etc.



HÉBERGEMENT QUÉBEC-OLYMPIQUES 76

QUÉBEC LODGING BUREAU

Le présent certificat que nous vous envoyons signifie que Hébergement Québec-Olympiques 76 vous autorise officiellement à louer votre chambre.

Chacun des certificats doit être affiché sur la porte à l'intérieur de chaque chambre.

Ce certificat est très important: il indique entre autres, la catégorie, la classe, les commodités de ce logement de même que le prix maximum de location par jour que vous pouvez exiger. S'il y avait des erreurs d'inscription sur les commodités, vous êtes prié d'aviser notre bureau immédiatement (M. Denis Adams, 873-1376).

Je profite de l'occasion pour vous remercier de votre précieuse participation au succès de la XXIe Olympiade. En effet, un accueil chaleureux à tout visiteur olympique sera sûrement la meilleure image qu'il pourra retenir d'un Québec où il a été agréable de séjourner.

Le président-directeur général,

Gilles Bergeron

BONJOUR MR. AND MRS. GARFINKLE, 7/29.
WELL, LOVELY PEOPLE, HOW ARE YOU?
I AM JUST FINE AFTER RETURNING HOME.
MY MONTREAL EXPERIENCE WAS
A MARVELOUS ONE. NOT ONLY DID I SEE GREAT
SPORTS EVENTS, BUT I ALSO MET GREAT
PEOPLE OF WHICH YOU LEAD THE TOP OF THE
LIST. MANY OF OUR TRAVELING COMPANIONS
WERE NOT AS FORTUNATE IN RECEIVING
SUCH NICE LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS AS
JENNIFER, MALINDA AND I, BUT NONE
OF THEM RECEIVED SUCH WARMTH AND
GENEROSITY FROM THOSE THEY WERE
STAYING WITH. ALL MY THANKS AND
APPRECIATION.

THE PICTURES I TOOK IN
MONTREAL WERE JUST DEVELOPED. MOST
CAME OUT FINE, BUT A FEW WERE RATHER
POOR. THE ONES OF YOU THOUGH WERE
REALLY GOOD.

GO TO MONTREAL, IF I EVER
EXPECT TO, I WILL TAKE YOU UP ON YOUR
OFFER IN THAT YOURS WILL BE THE
FIRST HOUSE THAT I VISIT

JOY AND HAPPINESS,

Love, *Dana Navia*

WHITNEY LAKE
HAWLEY, PA.

A FAMILY VACATION COMMUNITY
IN THE HEART OF THE POCONOS

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gorfinkle,

Thank you very much for making my trip in Montreal all the more enjoyable! I shall always remember your pretty city and the friendly people in it. I watch the Olympics every night on television. By the way, my sister's friend, Ted Coffin, won the gold medal for the 3-day event in riding! On this postcard is the lake where my family has a summer cottage. I hope the people from Paris worked out okay. All my love, Jennifer

50 PM
29 JUL 76

Pub. by STANDARD PHOTO SERVICE, 2931 Chestnut St., Phila.
57930-B DEXTER



Post Card

Mr and Mrs M. Gorfinkle
5730, Wilderton
Montreal, Que.

H35-2K7

Our land is not lost
And it will live again
Our nation is not conquered
But is proud and will be reborn

Body and soul we will offer
In this battle
We will x win liberty
We will liberate this country

Og, come, and work
Work with muscles and with roses
Long live the hour of hope
For Israel, the land we love

Our land is not lost
etc.

In ~~19~~ 1976, during the twenty-first Olympics, people wanted to come to Canada to see the games, but the hotels were too expensive for some. Ely was in Vancouver, but he had been back in Montreal for Mr. Alpert's party. We were talking about how expensive the hotels would be for some people during the Games. Ely encouraged me to rent the basement to the Quebec Lodging Bureau.

The next day I called the Bureau. Two days later, they sent an inspector to my house. And two days after that, I received a letter authorizing me to rent the basement.

Three young girls, Sara, Jennifer, and Malinda, stayed with me for five days, and I had a ball with them. I felt like a teenager again. Before they left, they gave me a present. And just yesterday, I received letters from them. I must thank the Upper May Line YMCA for sending such lovely people to my house.

Afterwards, a young man from France, Jean Guy, stayed with us. I had the most lovely time, and it was a great pleasure to have this person stay at the house. When the French won a gold medal, Jean Guy was ecstatic to hear the Marseillaise. I was feeling young again. I remembered my first trip to France when I was a teenager. My great sports hero was Meunier, a cyclist. During a race, everyone in the streets would sing a song about him:

Jean-Luc MANSO
49, rue de Vesoul
25000 BESANCON
FRANCE

BESANCON (Doubs) le 6.08.76

Nous avons quitté Montréal à ... 1^{re} 20 au lieu de 18⁴00 ! le voyage s'est bien passé, et ma voiture m'attendait sagement à Paris. A présent, j'ai regagné la capitale de la Franche-Comté, et de... la montre ! J'ai passé un très agréable séjour à Montréal

en votre compagnie, et je tiens à vous exprimer ici toute ma satisfaction et mes remerciements.

Je n'oublierai pas le fameux Ay ! ou la bijouterie Birks !... Recevez mon meilleur souvenir et mes amitiés.

Jean-Luc

C 25056 005.4969

chromo



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Combier Imprimeur Macon

Meunier

Meunier, tu dors
Ton moulin, ton moulin
Marche trop vite

Meunier, tu dors
Ta voiture, ta voiture
Va trop fort

I told Jean Guy about the song.

"Oh," he said, "Madame Garfinkle, everyone still sings that song in France. It has become a folk song. When these people who won the gold medal arrive back in France, the band will be playing Meunier's song."

On Monday, August 2, Jean Guy left for France.

But before he left, he gave me an alarm clock with nice big numbers on the dial, that I can read without my glasses. I was very happy to get this present.

At eleven o'clock of the night that Jean Guy left, he called me. He was still at Mirabel airport, waiting for his plane. He wanted to say 'Hi' to me. Max and I had taught him how to say it. I thought it was very sweet of him to call. I told him that if he had to spend the night in Montreal, he should come back and sleep at our house. He said that he really had to wait for the airplane there. Four days later, we received a letter from Jean Guy, from France. As you can see, I had a lovely time during the Olympics, getting to know such beautiful people.

And now I will turn over another page of my life, and I will sing. And I will change the philosophy of Koele. I will use his melodies, but I will sing my own words to them.

Comer carné
I bever vino
Comer comerech
Que amagnana mouerirech

Eat meat
And drink wine
~~Eat~~
Eat, everyone
Because tomorrow you may die

Now, for sure, folks, you will ask yourselves how I am feeling, after my life of misery. My answer is that I feel that I am the richest woman on earth. With the help of God, I accomplished many things that not too many others could accomplish. And I have my roch hodesh and my shabat.