

"Guess what I have discovered!" he once said joyfully, returning from one of his tours; "it seems that Dickens also used to go from town to town, reading his works!" . . .

They are taking away the grand piano.

FATHER writes voluminously, days on end. He answers every letter that he gets. His handwriting is microscopic—"Papa—papoola," I ask him, "copy for me the programme for my final exams!" He copies . . .

Returning from St. Petersburg, father tells us his impressions of the Russians with whom he became acquainted there:

"Kuprin—a charming fellow" . . . Leonid Andeyev he did not like — A cold face . . . Maxim Gorki — an enormous man with enormous hands and feet. A dear "goy," a remarkable "goy." . . .

He always hoped that one of his children would write. He tells me: "I read your letter walking along Nevski Prospect and laughed so loud that a policeman almost arrested me" . . . And then he said what he kept repeating to me many times:

"If you only wanted to, Lalka, you'd write!"

But I refuse to listen. I jump out of the room on one foot. I am light-headed and foolish.

The glass icicles on the lamp . . . I quite forgot about them—the glass icicles . . .

Another son is born—Numa. Now we are six.

THE year 1905. Crowds of people on the Kiev streets. The Czar has granted a constitution. Father is tremendously moved. He is more excited than any one else. Since early morn-

ing he has been running from friend to friend, waking them: "Congratulations! — Constitution!" And we, red ribbons in our hair, run with him . . .

And that night—a Jewish pogrom. The Czar lied.

The famous Hotel Imperial, where Jews come for refuge from all parts of the city. We, too, are at the hotel. Father, pale as a ghost, is glued to the window. He stands and looks, and sees . . . that evening decides our fate. We leave Kiev and Russia; and we emigrate. From now on—we will be emigrants.

Without money, without definite plans, with a big family, with our large feather beds, we ride, we ride . . . Where?—Anywhere! Anywhere, far away from the land where father, standing at the window, saw what he saw . . .

The day we leave Kiev is the wedding day of our elder sister—Tisya. In our family appears a new face—Berkowitz. Meeting him for the first time, we do not suspect the role this man will play in our family; how close he will come to father, how near he will be—and that we, children, will have to give him the place of honour near father, and that we will do so without murmur and without envy, because we will understand that his great love for father gives him the right to this.

THE first halt in our wanderings is Brodi — Galicia. "Thank God—we've passed the border!" father says nervously. We are overwhelmed; noise, hubbub—coaches are pulling us in different directions . . . in the confusion, we lose our baggage. And what to do with our feather beds?

We take refuge in Lemberg, where we stop for several months. There is given the first big evening for father, and for the first time we see him before a large audience, we hear applause. They honour him; they carry him shoulder-high, and little Numa gets frightened and cries: "Where are they taking my papa?" . . .

Michael Kaufman comes to visit us — my future husband; and father takes him, Berkowitz, Tisya, and me on a tour of Galician towns, where he has been invited to read his works. After each reading—a provincial banquet—an unending source of amusement and witticism for us! Papa is a wonderful reader! He reads his things unsurpassedly.

We cannot stay still—we go on. Now we are in Switzerland, in Geneva. And here at last it becomes clear that we have dragged our feather beds along in vain. We come to Root — Karolin, where once all the Russian revolutionaries stayed. They still live here, and meeting them, we do not dream of the role these people will play several years later, in the history of the great Russian Revolution . . .

WE run to various meetings, where the Bolsheviks playfully throw beer bottles at the Mensheviks. We listen with equal interest to Lunacharsky and Plehanov. Vera Finger gives us her photographs, autographed. We push violently to get a place for a lecture by Lenin. Papa is still with us.

"Wait till you see," he tells us, "there will be a Revolution in Russia, and they will be fighting there, as here. But how can one live to see it?"

But neither father nor mother can remain in Geneva. No! Father cannot permit himself to stroll along the shore of the beautiful Lake Geneva . . . We need money . . . We must go to America . . . Mama does not want to go, and we see how she cries in secret.

The three of them go—papa, mama, and little Numchik, Numa.

Papa writes to us from New York—to all together, and to each one separately. He writes long, interesting, humorous, gay letters. Mama, as always, adds a few lines. The letters from New York become our one link; they gather us together, and reading them, we feel that he is among us . . .

They return at the end of a year. Now papa is walking on the Plenipoli with Mendele, the grandfather of Yiddish literature; and both grandfather and grandson are deep in conversa-

tion. The young S. Niger arrives from Berne. But it seems here, in Geneva, papa lacks his old eagerness. Maybe he is sorry that he left Russia? He talks of it; he says he will go there on a tour.

WE are sick of "pensions." We take our own apartment. Of old, we are sometimes very noisy, and our neighbour, Swiss, who lives below us, us in court. According to Swiss laws, we can be evicted from the apartment. The affair takes such a serious turn, that we engage a lawyer. His name Dreyfus; we call it the second Dreyfus case. One day, when come home, I see the following picture:

Father is crouching on a fours in the middle of the room and is jumping on his hands and feet. Behind him, in the same position, are the younger children. He is teaching them to walk on their hands, so as not to make a noise. On another occasion, he covered the legs of our chairs with rubber.

And we won the case; Monsieur Kalliger lost.

Oh, joy! The poet Bialik comes to visit us, and he and papa both behave like two live schoolboys. Laughter rings through the house. And here occurs the famous story about the bedroom slippers, which, on leaving, Bialik forgot behind him. Papa photographed them and sent them to him, enclosed in a letter:

"Bialik, Bialik! I have regards to you—guess from whom?—From your slippers! From your bedroom slippers! The morning after you left Switzerland I arose, as always, very early, and, as usual, bent down under my bed for my slippers. I look—pair of bedroom slippers, utterly strange slippers, with checkers and leather trimmings. I examine the slippers—pretty good slippers, new slippers! Whose slippers are they? And only then does it become apparent that they are Bialik's slippers. How should Bialik's slippers get there? Probably he left his slippers here. Or perhaps he left his slippers for me as a gift?—In short, bedlam arose in the house: slippers, slippers, slippers. . . . Suddenly Tisya appears protesting that the slippers must be hers. Her Berkowitz is so friendly with Bialik that the slippers are by rights hers! Then my second one, Lyala, the one who is studying medicine, shows up. The slippers, she says, must be all justice given to her. Why? Because she has no slippers. For a long time, she says, she has been wanting to buy slippers. Says Emma, the third one, that the slippers must be hers too because she, too, has had no slippers for a long time. The youngest, Maroussia, insists that she is the step-child, that the slippers fit her feet also. Little Numchik, on hearing something about slippers, suddenly bursts into loud wails: "Mamma! Give me slippers!" — From his screams, Misha awoke, and caused a veritable pogrom. The slippers, he declared, are his slippers, because Bialik slept only with him . . . Where then, is justice?

(To be continued).



*Sandwiches go like magic*

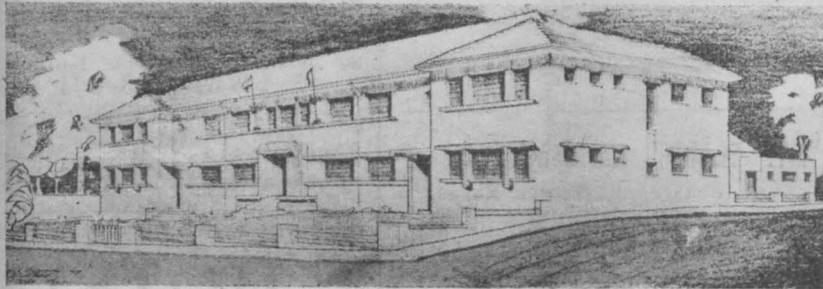
WHEN MADE WITH  
**HEINZ**  
*Sandwich*  
**SPREAD**

CUTHBERTS FOR LADIES' AFTERNOON DRESS SHOES



## NEW HEBREW SCHOOL OPENED IN CAPE TOWN

### AN UP-TO-DATE MODERN BUILDING



**A**n important event in Jewish life in the Mother City took place on the 5th inst., when the new Hebrew School in Hope Street was officially opened, in the presence of many distinguished representatives of the community. Mr. I. Mauerberger, chairman of the school, presided.

**T**HOROUGHLY up-to-date in its equipment, and built on modern lines, the new building is a notable asset to the community. A striking feature of it is the Rose and Woolf Harris Hall, which is capable of seating nearly 500 persons, and has been designed to allow for the presentation of films. This hall will be used for the Friday night and Sabbath morning services, which, conducted by the pupils themselves, are an institution of the Talmud Torah. The Harris Harris Library is capable of holding three thousand books, and accommodation has also been specially built for the Kindergarten run by the South Zion Association.

An innovation in the running of the new school, will be the teaching of the morning session in both Hebrew and English. At present, there are nearly four hundred children attending the institution, which will be ready for occupation at the beginning next year. The Capetown branch of the Union of Jewish Women has made itself responsible for the furnishing of the school.

#### A Tribute to Hyman Liberman.

**M**R. WOOLF HARRIS, chairman of the United Hebrew Schools, who formally declared the building open, after he had received a golden key from Mr. B. Chideckel, paid tribute to the late Hyman Liberman and his executors, who had made it possible for the committee to commence building, and thanked the community for their generous support.

Rabbi Israel Abrahams said that Jewish education was the key opening the door to the solution of every Jewish problem. "The significance of the opening of the Talmud Torah lies in the fact that it is a safeguarding of our Judaism, our Torah and our people," he declared.

Among the speakers were Rabbi M. Ch. Mirvish, Dr. C. Resnekov, chairman of the Board of Jewish Education; Dr. B. Rabinowitz, Inspector of Hebrew Schools, and Mr. A. Levine, the Principal of the school.

The official opening of the Rose and Woolf Harris Hall was performed by Rabbi M. Ch. Mirvish, to whom the key was presented by Mr. Rabie.

## A New South African Weekly

**N**EW national journalistic enterprise is disclosed by announcement of the registration of a new publishing company. The purpose of the company is to publish a national weekly under the title of "The Forum."

In a statement to Reuters, Mr. Kingston Russel, editor-in-chief and former editor of the Natal Mercury, said that the enterprise, formed by himself

Professors Frankel and Harhoff, of the Witwatersrand University, could be accepted as representative of the three main cultural, racial and economic factors in South African life. Professor Harhoff's association is in itself an assurance of the Afrikaans language and Kaner culture will always receive the most sympathy and encouragement. Professor Frankel is

worthily representative of the cultural and economic contributions of Jewish South African nationals to our national development."

The outlook, continued Mr. Kingston Russel, will be courageously liberal-minded towards all things and all people. "It accepts as a basic belief the historical superiority of spiritual values, democratic freedom and civil liberties over the specious virtues of regimented thought and dictatorial government. It will uphold these values and liberties against all forms of intolerance and reaction, whether racial, religious, economic or social. Politically, its objective is national unity on a basis of broad, tolerant South Africanism, excluding only every form of racialism." "The Forum" will appear in the first quarter of 1938.

## JEWISH HOSTEL FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

### A Capetown Project

(From A Correspondent).

**F**OR some time past the need of a Hostel for school children has been engaging the attention of the Cape Committee of the Board of Jewish Education. Hundreds of Jewish boys and girls are being brought up in non-Jewish surroundings in the boarding houses attached to the secular schools.

Parents from up-country, who are forced to send their children to schools in larger centres, are unable to obtain facilities for their children in Jewish homes. In surveying the position the Cape Committee has resolved that something concrete should be done to inculcate in boys and girls of tender age, the spirit of Jewishness which can only be achieved when they are placed under Jewish supervision.

It is manifestly absurd to expect children to carry on our traditions, if at the most impressionable age they are brought up in a non-Jewish atmosphere. The only solution which holds any measure of success will be the establishment of a Hostel where Jewish boys and girls will be accepted from town and country. Parents will thus know that their children will not sever their connection with Jewish life when they leave their homes to attend school in the larger centres.

The Board of Jewish Education in Capetown intends to foster and encourage the establishment of such a Hostel in the Mother City. The Hostel will be a Home, and will be supervised by the Board and conducted on the most approved modern lines. Parents can be assured that children will have the best physical and spiritual up-bringing.

The Cape Committee will be pleased to hear from parents desirous of boarding their children in a Jewish Hostel. They should write to the Secretary, P.O. Box 2578, Capetown.

#### "SHALL WE DANCE" AT THE COLOSSEUM.

R.K.O.-Radio's newest musical hit, "Shall We Dance," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, is the fare offered to all cinema goers at the Colosseum Theatre this week. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers again score a success. The supporting programme is entertaining and Charles Manning and his Orchestra play with their usual forcefulness.

**SUPPORT "ZIONIST RECORD" ADVERTISERS**

## South African Zionist Federation

### A PUBLIC MEETING

will be held in

### CORONATION HALL

Cor. Claim & Plein Streets,

on

**SUNDAY DECEMBER 12th,**

at

**8-15 p.m.**

when addresses will be delivered on

### "ZIONIST PROBLEMS OF THE DAY"

by

**DR. BERNARD FRIEDMAN**

and

**MR. DAVE COHEN, B.A., LL.B.,**

of Kimberley.

In the Chair:

**MR. BERNARD GERING**

(Vice-Chairman of the Zionist Federation).

Doors open 7.45 p.m.  
ADMISSION FREE.