THE LEGACY

IGERET HAMASSORET

A RESPONSA TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Avi Elan Anouchi

Ariella Chana Anouchi

Eitan Aharon Anouchi and

Elihu David Anouchi

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Preface

This book is dedicated to the memory of my deceased wife, Iris Elaine Anouchi, Z"L, who died in 1983 at the age of 47 after an eighteen-month struggle with cancer. She is buried in the Kfar Samir Cemetery in Haifa, Israel.

The writing of this book was inspired by my conviction that it is important to convey to my grandchildren the love for Israel and the Jewish tradition of our family. The essence of this book can be summed up in two words - PASSION and TRADITION. The former is the passion that I have for the State of Israel; and the latter is the desire to pass the Jewish tradition, the Massoret that I have received from my parents, to the generation of my grandchildren. This book is about my experiences.

I wish to thank all the individuals who helped me in compiling the information for this book and who have given me their support during its writing. My niece, Sima Faraggi, deserves special thanks for encouraging me to document our family traditions. I also owe a great deal of gratitude to Mrs. Catherine Brady for editing the final draft and for her comments and suggestions. Most of all I, want to thank my dear wife, Patricia, who assisted me in editing the final draft several times. She stood by me throughout the writing of this document and accepted my spending days, weeks and months of concentration on this project.

Pittsburgh, July 1999



Iris Elaine Anouchi, Z"L

Introduction

This book is written for you, my grandchildren, Avi Elan, Ariella Chana, Eitan Aharon and Elihu David Anouchi. Its intent is to provide you with some insight into my life and to the ideals and issues that have always been important to me and that have motivated me in the major decisions that I have made in my life. I started writing the book while you were still very young children. Years have passed since then, and years may pass before all of you will be ready to read this manuscript and to understand its meaning and its purpose. The book is dedicated to the memory of your deceased grandmother and my beloved wife and companion, Iris Elaine, whose Hebrew name was Irit Esther Anouchi, of blessed memory.

Ever since I reached the maturity needed to perform original research and innovative thinking, I searched to obtain information on my family's ancestors in general and on the lives of my parents and my grandparents in particular. I found the sources of documented information on the family very limited, but I managed to gather a wealth of verbal information that was transmitted to me by my father, Shlomo Meir Anouchi, of blessed memory, and my mother, Simcha Anouchi (born Attia), of blessed memory. Other relatives have also proven to be important sources of considerable information. I have managed to construct an image of the family, its roots, its customs, and the important events that they experienced in their lives in Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv/Yaffo upon their arrival in the land of Israel at the end of the eighteenth century.

In 1978, following my father's partial recovery from a stroke, and during one of my visit to my parents home, my father asked me to give him a pen and a sheet of

paper; because he wanted to write something for me. Not finding a clean sheet of paper, he reached for a newspaper that was on the table and wrote a message for me on a printed photograph in one of the articles. He naturally wrote the message in Hebrew. I cherish that page, and it is included in my private memorabilia collection. A copy of the message is included in this book. The English translation of the message written on the printed photograph is:

> ***"When I will be called to return the loan, you, Avraham, will take my place to unify the family and to maintain the tradition.***
>
> ***S. M. Anouchi***
>
> ***12. 5. 1978"***

This book includes information that you, your children, and hopefully, their children and grandchildren, may find interesting reading of my search for the Anouchi family roots and of my life experiences. This objective inspired me to write this book at a time when it was not completely clear in my mind how the contents of this book would develop.

The first introduction to the book was drafted in 1989, but due to other priorities and events in my life, additional writing was delayed for several years. This introduction has undergone many transfigurations before its final form, but it is written for the purpose of providing some understanding of my thought process before the book was started.

I hold several mottos very dear to my heart. They include the need to pass the Jewish tradition to the next generation, to excel in learning and to establish basic

concepts in my ideological thinking. I developed my convictions in life during my formative years, the years in the Betar youth movement in Haifa, as a member of the Etzel underground, and as a young officer in the Israeli army during the Israel War of Independence. Many of these convictions and ideologies were instrumental in the guidelines that I established for myself in later years. These and other ideals were used as sources of intellectual passions in my thinking and aspirations. However, the one that I cherish most is a simple set of three objectives that every Jew must accomplish in his lifetime as an absolute minimum. The first objective is to acquire knowledge and to allocate time for studying the Torah. The second objective is to establish a family with Jewish and Zionist ideals, and bearing at least one child, and the third one is to teach one's children the love of Israel. All these are required so that the Jewish legacy inherited from one's parents can be transmitted to future generations. The chain must not be broken. You, my grandchildren, must play a part in carrying on the legacy and pass the torch to your children when the time comes.

By the time that I reached the age of sixty, I felt that I had partly accomplished each of these three objectives to a relatively reasonable degree, and I have passed on the legacy to your father. I regret, however, that I was unable to accomplish two important objectives at this stage of my life. I have not studied the Torah to a sufficient degree, and I have not been successful in building my life in the State of Israel, the land of my dreams. I am very satisfied when I look at your father, my son, Yoel Shlomo Anouchi. He has already accomplished the first two objectives, and he is well on his way to accomplishing the third. He has completed his studies at the Maimonides High School, his medical training at the Boston University and his professional

training as an orthopedic surgeon. He has established a Jewish home together with your mother, Marcia, and with you, his children. He has succeeded in teaching you the Jewish legacy so that it can be passed on to the coming generations.

It is my hope that you will find many hours, and hopefully, many days of joy in reading this book. I also hope that this book will be a source of inspiration and ideas for establishing your goals in life. May you find the inspiration and the wisdom to learn and succeed in your chosen professions. May you find the time and the desire to dedicate a certain amount of time each week to serving the Jewish people and helping the State of Israel. May you be a source of pride and joy to your parents. Above all, may you learn to cherish the value of personal responsibility for all your deeds and dedicate yourselves to be proud members of the Jewish people.

It is my hope that the book will also serve as a valuable addition to the libraries of all members of the Anouchi and Attia families. May it be a source of inspiration for them as well as for you, my grandchildren.



English Translation of my father's Message

(Shomo Meir Anouchi)

"When I will be called to return the loan, you, Avraham, will take my place to unite the family and maintain the tradition.

S.M. Anouchi

12.5.78"

Chapter 1 - My Childhood

Tel-Aviv must have been an interesting but desolate suburb of Yaffo in 1930. I was born in Tel-Aviv on October 3, 1930, a day after YOM KIPPUR, the Jewish high holiday, the Day of Atonement. I am told that when my father decided to build a house on the dunes north of Yaffo, people thought that he was taking his family to a desert; because the Jewish community in the area was mostly in the city of Yaffo. My father's new house had two floors,. and it was on a street that was later named Levonteen Street. The building still exists today on the same street. It is only several blocks from the well known Allenby Street in the center of Tel-Aviv.

My three elder sisters were all born in my parents' home. My eldest sister, Rivka, who was born in the Yaffo home, was named after my paternal grandmother Rivka Anouchi. My second sister, Itta, was born in the Tel-Aviv home. She is named after my maternal grandmother, Itta Attia. However, she was registered as Yehudit Balfouria because she was born on the second day of November, in honor of Lord Balfour of the British Parliament, who issued the famous Balfour Declaration on that date. My third sister was named Sarah-Ahouva, Ahouva being the Hebrew word for "loved", to emphasize that she was loved even though my father was hoping that the third child would be a boy. She was named after our matriarch Sara, who was a very pretty woman. I was the fourth child, a son following three daughters. I was given the name of Avraham Yehoshua to carry the name of my paternal grandfather, Avraham Faraj Anouchi. My brother, Daniel Menachem, who was born a year and a half after me, is named after my maternal grandfather, Daniel Attia.

The first episode related to my arrival in this world took place sometime prior to my birth. My father told me this story many years later. It deals with the reasons for selecting my name, Avraham Yehoshua. It seems that several weeks before I was born, my father had a dream in which his deceased father, Avraham Farraj Anouchi, appeared with great anxiety and fear in his eyes to convey a message to my father, Shlomo Meir Anouchi.

"Shlomo", my grandfather had said in the dream, "I come to tell you that, after your three daughters, this time a son will be born to you. I know that you intend to call him Avraham to carry my name. I am here to inform you about a decision that was made in heaven that, if you will name your son after me, you will not live more than two weeks after his Brit-Mila circumcision ceremony. I am cautioning you and pleading with you to select another name."

My father woke up very disturbed. It has always been a tradition in our family, and in most Spharady families in Eretz Israel, to name the first son after the paternal grandfather and the first daughter after the paternal grandmother, whether they were alive or deceased. How could he break the tradition? How could he face his relatives and friends by not naming me, his newborn son, after his father. Matters got even more disturbing when, the following night, my grandfather appeared in a second dream to warn my father again and to try to persuade him to choose another name. A third dream with the same warning placed my father in a very confused state of mind, but he decided not to tell my mother about his dreams. He was afraid that he might upset her during the advanced state of her pregnancy.

Nothing happened until the eve of Yom Kippur. That night, my father had another dream in which his father appeared again. However, this time, an old man with a very distinguished white beard appeared with him.

"Shlomo", The old bearded man said, "I was sent to accompany your father and to inform you that your persistence in wanting to honor your father has been rewarded. Tomorrow, a son will be born to you and you will name him Avraham, to carry the name of your father and the tradition of your people. This will enable him to carry that same tradition for his children and teach them to carry on the tradition to future generations of your family. Because you were not willing to compromise your convictions regarding this tradition, the heavenly "Beit Din" tribunal has reversed its decision. You will live a long and fruitful life."

When the old man concluded his message, he left. My father, relieved but puzzled, still did not know who the old man was until his father revealed his identity. "Yehoshua Bin Noon" said my grandfather, "Joshua - who was appointed by Moshe Rabeinu to be his successor, Joshua - who conquered Jericho, Joshua - who led the Jewish people into the new land they were about to inherit, Joshua - who entered our history as a great leader and distinguished general."

The day after Yom Kippur, I was born, and my father decided to give me the name of Avraham Yehoshua. The first name in honor of his father as the tradition dictated, and the middle name in honor of Yehoshua Bin Noon, who interceded in his behalf at the heavenly court of justice.

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The second episode of my early childhood occurred when I was less than one year old. My mother told me the story in later years, and it deals with my kidnaping. Like every family in Tel-Aviv, my parents took my sisters and me to the beach on a hot summer day. The beach north of Yaffo, which later became the bathing beach of Tel-Aviv, was crowded with people who were seeking relief from the heat of a city that had not yet experienced air conditioning.

The family found a place near the water. While some Arab women were engaging my mother in a conversation, and while other family members were in the water, I was kidnaped. I can imagine the shock and the fear that engulfed the family. After three daughters, a baby boy was born to the family, and he had disappeared. The search was very intensive. Friends were asked to search the area and to determine that I had not drowned in the Mediterranean Sea. It apparently took several hours before the police found a poor Arab woman hiding in a deserted shack where she was holding me. She claimed that she could not have any sons, and she was afraid that her husband would kill her because she had brought him only girls. When I was returned to my mother, the story became the talk of the town.

Many years later, whenever my mother scolded me for any mischievous behavior, I would answer that maybe I was another baby that the Arab woman had left behind and that the real Avraham was living somewhere else as an Arab. I was always certain that she knew that I was only kidding her.

It is always fascinating to determine how much an adult remembers from his or her early childhood. Most psychologists hypothesize that, up to the age of four,

children experience extremely important events that have overwhelming importance in their development and the formation of their character. However, all these experiences somehow fade into the shadow of a vague background as the child grows and is exposed to new adventures and experiences.

This theory is hard to prove, for it is not clear how much of the memory of very dramatic events of early childhood is due to actually experiencing the events or due to the repetitious recitation of these events by the parents as the child grows. I, however, do remember that when I was three or four years old growing up in Tel-Aviv, I was very sick, and that every day, after the visit of the physician, I was given a new "Half a Groosh" coin. Some of the coins issued by the British government in the country were circular with circular holes in them. I was given these coins to add to my "necklace". I still have some of them in my coin collection. I remember how happy I was as new coins were added to my necklace. I was later told that I had Typhoid.

Another event that I remember vividly was the relocation of our family from Tel-Aviv to Haifa, where my father received a new position in Barclays Bank. I was four years old at the time, and I was playing on the roof of our Tel-Aviv house. Apparently, with all the excitement of the moving, I was not missed until my sister Sarah came looking for me, telling me that everyone was already out of the house and that we were ready to start our trip to Haifa. The only other memories that I have from the Tel-Aviv house are related to our garden. I know that we had a couple of orange trees, a couple of grapefruit trees and a single tree of sweet lemons. To this day, I dream of finding a sweet lemon tree.

Because this book is dedicated to the memory of your deceased grandmother, I would have liked to include in this chapter details on her childhood. However, I have only limited information on the subject. The little details that I have is that she was born on February 7, 1936 in Lynn, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. She was given the name of Iris Elaine Lederman. Her parents were Jules and Rose Lederman, both born in the greater Boston area. She grew up in Everett, another suburb of Boston, with her sister Marilyn, in a house that was owned by her maternal grandparents Jacob and Tzippi Horenstein. It is my hope that I will be able to document the life of Iris in a separate manuscript.



My father and me - 1936

Chapter 2 - The Early Years

My first few years in elementary school in Haifa, at the Alliance School, carry some memories that are not extraordinary, and some that are very outstanding. Hebrew was the only language I knew when I started, but in the second grade I started to learn French. English was started in the fifth grade and Arabic in the sixth.

Every Saturday morning my father took my brother Danny and me to services in the Spharady synagogue, which was located in the Alliance elementary school building. I loved the voice of the cantor and the singing of the praying public. The quality of my voice was sufficient to qualify me for the synagogue boys choir. Our choir teacher and conductor was Mr. Tayar. On Shabat, we sang specific prayer portions that were reserved only for the boys choir. I loved singing, and I learned many liturgical melodies that are unique to the Spharady tradition. I was heartbroken when I was told eventually that with my changed voice I could no longer sing with the synagogue boys choir. This choir experience was extremely important to me. Until today, I remember most of the melodies that the choir sang in the synagogue on Shabat mornings and on holidays.

I never became fluent in Ladino, the language that my paternal grandmother used in Jerusalem, but I learned from my mother several Ladino Romanceros, medieval Spanish ballads. My uncle Yeruham, who was a lover of Spharady music, used to teach us Ladino songs with great inspiration while he was accompanying us with his mandolin. My mother taught us Hebrew love songs from her youth and even Arabic love songs from her refugee days in Alexandria, Egypt, during the first world

war. I learned many songs in English from my three sisters who sang them continuously after listening to the Hit Parade radio program on the Voice of America. I could sing most of the songs in perfect English without understanding half of what I was singing. I learned several French songs from school and from my sisters. I especially remember my sister Sarah singing endlessly. She always had a beautiful voice. But above all, I loved the Hebrew songs that I learned in the synagogue boys choir.

The years before, and during the Second World War were difficult. At that time, none of my school friends lived in a home that had a refrigerator or a telephone, not to mention a car. I grew up before the era of television, central heating and air conditioning. The summers were hot, but we went to the beach often. The winters were cold because the apartment was heated sparingly by a portable kerosene heater that was turned on only during the day. We went to sleep with very heavy blankets in the winter and woke up in the mornings shaking from temperatures that were only ten to fifteen degrees above freezing. But we survived. Toys were something that other children had. The only toys that I had were toys that I made for myself from plywood. The age of plastic toys had not arrived yet. I recall that many times I used to stop near a toy store, observing the display of lead soldiers in the window, knowing full well that I could never afford to have even a single lead soldier for myself. During the Second World War, food was rationed and money for food was the only priority that my mother had. Once a year, just prior to the High Holidays, we did get a new pair of shoes and sometimes a new pair of slacks or a jacket, which we wore only on Shabat and holidays.

My hunger for books was endless. I preferred reading a book to playing with the neighborhood children in the street. I was especially interested in books on Jewish heroes and in books of adventures. I imagined meeting Joshua who led the Israelites when they crossed the river Jordan. I dreamed of meeting Samson, Yehuda Hamakabi and Bar-Kochva. I read several foreign books that were translated to Hebrew. I loved to imagine myself joining the travels of famous people to far-away places. I joined the adventurers of Captain Hatteras, David Copperfield, the last of the Mohicans, Montezuma and Yehuda Hamakabi. I was a quiet boy, very reserved and very bashful. I recall writing an essay as a class assignment in which I was interviewing Yehuda Hamakabi, and another essay entitled "A Dialogue between a Jewish Soldier and a Roman Soldier". My mother always scolded me for not going outside to play with other children, but I preferred my books.

The most memorable experiences of that period were at the start of World War II in 1939, when I was nine years old. My elementary school classmates and I were engaged in trying to analyze the military situation of the German and Italian forces in comparison to the rest of Europe. We were hearing stories about how the Jewish community, the Yishuv, in Palestine would stand up and fight if the German army would reach us. When the war started, the port of Haifa was humming with British Naval ships that were either waiting to be refueled from the large refineries in the Haifa bay, or waiting to take on or deliver Allied sailors and soldiers.

The Haifa bay petroleum refineries were constant targets of the German and the Italian Air Forces. Almost every night, the air raid sirens were sounded,

warning us to go to the shelters. Everyone was instructed to go to the basement shelters, but I was more interested in staying on the balcony or even on the roof to better observe the enemy planes, the anti-aircraft pom-poms, and the dozens of air-raid inflatable blimps. The blimps were raised around the Haifa air space and on Mount Carmel to interfere with the flight of enemy planes. They were there to protect the oil refineries in the Haifa bay and the harbor, which was always full of Allied ships. Several times, the German planes managed to hit one of the numerous petroleum reservoirs near the refineries, which are located just north of the city. The red flames lit the sky and all of Haifa for several weeks. Since our apartment building was facing north, we had a clear view of the burning oil reservoirs. My father, fearing for the life of the family, decided in 1940 to move the family back to Tel-Aviv, where no enemy aircraft was ever seen. He stayed in Haifa at his job as a department manager in Barclays Bank.

I spent my fifth grade in the Tel-Aviv Alliance elementary school where my French improved dramatically. Everyone knew that the Tel-Aviv Alliance school was more advanced in French than the Alliance school in Haifa. The following year, the German and Italian airplanes stopped their bombardments of the Haifa refineries, and the family returned to Haifa. When I rejoined my class in Haifa as a sixth grader, I found that my French was better than that of any other student in class.

After the fierce tank battles of El Alamein in North Africa, between the Allied forces and those of the Germans, the threat of an invasion by the German forces from the south diminished; and normal life

returned to Haifa. We all speculated at the outcome of the war and how we would help all the Jewish refugees who would manage to escape the Nazi Holocaust. However, the end of the war came and went in 1945, and Jewish refugees did not arrive.

From my father and from my youth activities in Betar, I learned the concepts that molded my soul: the love of the country of my birth, the admiration of the beautiful panorama of the Haifa bay as seen from Mount Carmel, the trips to the Galilee hills, the glory of Jerusalem, the historical sites of the country, the music of the land, the hobbies of stamp collecting, and above all, the love of books.

My father, who was fifth generation in the country, inspired me in many ways. In his youth, he used to love horseback riding, and being fluent in several languages including Arabic, he saw the land on horseback from the far north to the deep south. Once he rode on horseback to Amman in Trans-Jordan. He always talked about his wish to send me to Saint Cyr, the Officer's Academy of the French Army. He wanted me to learn horseback riding and fencing. But above all, he preached the virtue of living in the land of Israel to guard it. This is a poor translation of the Hebrew words "LA-GUR BA-ARETZ LE-OV-DAH U-LE-SHOM-RAH".

In Betar, I learned about Zionism, about the centrality of Eretz Israel to the Jewish people, and about the sacrifices that every Jew must make to save the Jewish people from extermination. All these issues instilled in me great excitement and implanted in me a feeling of belonging to an entity that is all encompassing.

Every Saturday night, I used to go to the Betar youth center in Haifa, where I joined my friends in singing Betar songs and in dancing the Hora and other group dances with the young boys and girls of my age. I loved the songs, and for many years I sang them with great nostalgia for the "good old days" of my youth.

At the age of fifteen, I suffered from a serious case of mastoid, an inflamation that caused great pain in my left ear. It caused a very large swelling the size of a lemon on the left side of my head. Dr. Tzeliuk, a known surgeon in Haifa, performed the six-hour surgery to remove the swelling. I am told that my life was in great danger because the swelling was very close to invading my brain. During the recovery from surgery, I missed the Bar-Mitzvah of my brother Danny. I also recall that I was very worried that the surgery would classify me as physically unfit to be invited as a member of the Irgun. However, my fears were forgotten when I recovered. I returned to my activity in Betar; and subsequently, I was invited to join the Irgun.

My visits to Jerusalem were especially memorable and instrumental in the development of my dedication to the love of the land of Israel. My paternal grandfather, Avraham Faraj Anouchi, who died before I was born, built one of the first homes in the Machane Yehuda quarter of the city. My paternal grandmother, Rivka Bulissa Anouchi, was born in Sarajevo, Bosnia, and immigrated to Jerusalem at a very early age. She was the matron of the Anouchi family and always had an easy-going attitude toward anyone who visited her home. She used to talk to me in Ladino (Spaniolit), and I talked to her in Hebrew. We understood each other very well. Through her and others in the family, I absorbed some basic knowledge of Ladino.

I remember my visits to my grandmother's home in the Mahane-Yehuda neighborhood; the constant recitations of the Spharady melodies sung at the synagogue, which was located next door; the flurry of Ladino melodies that were sung by my aunt Tamar and the Ladino romanceros that were played on the Mandolin by my uncle Yerucham. It was a joyous childhood.

My grandfather's house was built with very thick brick walls to provide good insulation from the cold Jerusalem winter. The walls were so thick that a mattress was placed on the window sill on which I slept as a child. The house had a courtyard, very similar to the courtyards that are found today in Cordoba, Spain. It also had a private water cistern which contained water that was collected during the rainy season. It was generally sufficient to supply all the needs of the family during the long and dry Jerusalem summer.

As a teenager, I roamed the city of Jerusalem seeking Jewish history there. I remember -

MIGDAL DAVID - known as The Fortress of Zion - is among the oldest fortresses in the country. King David was the first to build it, but Herod built three towers on it. A newer round tower built by the Turks, is now a tourist attraction.

YAD AVSHALOM - a memorial to King David's son who rebelled against his father. The facade of the memorial has been removed by one of the Judean kings declaring that "The hand of he who rebels against his father will be removed".

YEHOSHAFAT CAVE - It includes many ancient grave sites dug into the rocky walls of the cave.

HAR HATZOFIM - (Mount Scopus) is where my grandfather, Avraham Farraj Anouchi, is buried.

SHA'AR HARACHAMIM - (The Golden Gate)- It was sealed by the Moslems who placed a cemetery at the gate to prevent the Jewish Messiah from entering the city through that gate, as was expected by Jewish tradition.

The CHURVAH SYNAGOGUE - The biggest Ashkenazi synagogue built before 1948. It was demolished by the Jordanians after 1948.

The YOCHANAN BEN ZAKAI SYNAGOGUE - The oldest Synagogue in Jerusalem, where the RISHON LETZION - (the chief Spharady Rabbi) was anointed. It was desecrated by the Jordanians and used as a shelter for sheep. **NOTE**: The reconstruction of the Yochanan Ben Zakai Synagogue after 1967 was partly financed by a generous donation from a Pittsburgher, Mr. Katz from the Papercraft Company.

The LIONS' GATE - One of the seven gates of Jerusalem. In 1967, the Israeli paratroopers entered the old city through the Lions' gate on their way to the Western Wall.

THE KOTEL - The Western Wall that needs no words to describe its significance to the Jewish people.

These historical sites in Jerusalem, and my love and passion for the country, have motivated me to visit Israel almost every year since my destiny brought me to reside in the United States.

My father's sister, Tamar and her husband, Yerucham Tagger, were always ready to be our guides in visiting historical sites in Jerusalem. Their daughter, Carmela, and I became very close friends as we grew up together in the same family circles.

Another close friendship had developed with one of my four "Daniel" cousins in our family. All four were named after my maternal grandfather Daniel Attia, who also died before I was born. My cousin, Daniel Attia, the son of my mother's brother Ya'akov Attia, was the same age as I. We spent considerable time together during family visits in Tel-Aviv, where all the Attia cousins lived. We were close friends up until I joined the Irgun. I was very disappointed when he left the country in 1948 instead of joining the Israeli Army like I did. He moved to Cuba and later to Columbia, and I never saw him again.

When the Second World War ended, I was already fifteen. The refusal of the British to allow Jewish refugees to enter Eretz-Israel had a very disturbing effect on me. I had joined the Betar youth organization, where I learned about the efforts of Ze'ev Jabotinsky to convince the Jewish world before the war that Jews from Europe must leave and come to Palestine. He called on Jews everywhere to join in an effort to bring European Jews to Palestine. He believed that the Jews could not rely on anyone except themselves and that a free Jewish state in Palestine must be established as the only solution to save the European Jews from an upcoming holocaust. He did not believe that the British would ever be willing to leave the country and to establish an independent Jewish state. Jabotinsky, therefore, determined that the goal could only be achieved by preparing a new generation of dedicated fighters who would revolt against the British. Waiting

for the British to give the Jews such a free state would result in becoming subordinate to a foreign power that might not open the gates for the masses of Jewish refugees from the European holocaust and from any other lands where they were oppressed.

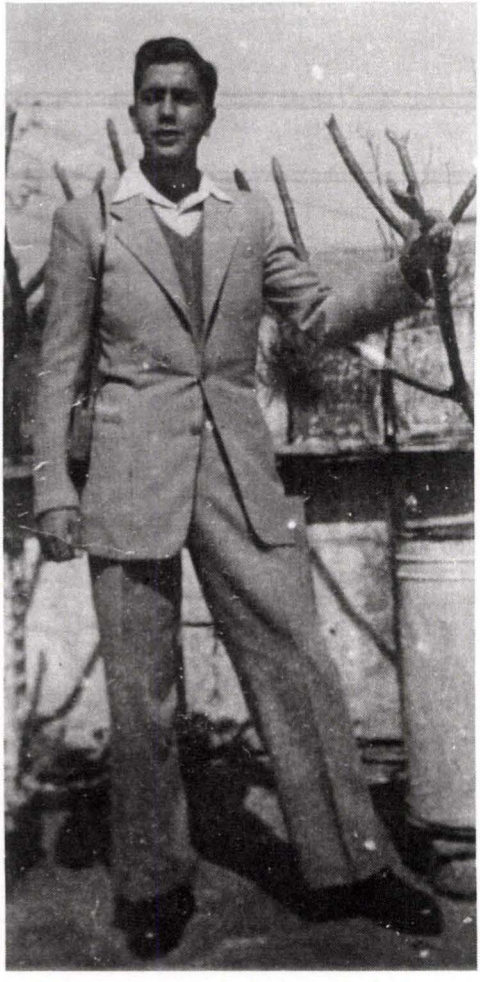
I decided to join Jabotinsky's struggle. I considered myself fortunate to be born exactly at that time of Jewish history and to participate in such a struggle. The Jewish people had waited two thousand years for this struggle to reestablish a free Jewish state. We had been waiting since the destruction of our second Temple in Jerusalem. I was going to be one of the fighters of the revolt against the British.

Immediately after the Second World War, the Jewish community in Palestine organized many massive demonstrations against the British government, demanding that Jewish refugees from the European concentration camps be allowed to enter the country. Such demonstrations were held in most cities of the country with all youth organizations participating in the marches and carrying large banners. The British refused to heed the call to allow the Jewish survivors from Europe to enter the country. Many ships were organized to bring the refugees from Europe, but when these ships arrived, the British declared their passengers as illegal immigrants and exiled them to Europe or to Cypress, where they were kept in British concentration camps. The demonstrations of the Yishuv - the Jewish community of Palestine - became larger and larger. I remember the marches of thousands of Jews in Herzl Street in Haifa, with many marchers carrying banners against the British policy of deporting the refugees who arrived from Europe. No country in the world was willing to give the Jewish refugees from

Europe a safe haven. I remember the arrival in Haifa of the Exodus refugee ship, an episode about which a book was written and a movie was made. The ship was sent back to Germany, where all the refugees were placed in a concentration camp until 1948.

It became clear in my mind that I had to join the underground and train to fight against the British. As a member of the Zionist youth organization Betar, it was only natural that my training prepared me for joining the Irgun - the National Military Organization, known as "ETZEL", under the command of Menachem Begin.

The events of the Second World War, my activities in the Irgun and my service in the Israeli army during Israel's War of Independence were the most instrumental factors in forming my outlook on life. They converted me from a shy individual to an outgoing person with a high level of confidence in myself.



Avraham Yehoshua Anouchi

Haifa - 1947

Chapter 3 – Our Family Origin

For many years I have been gathering information about our family's background. I managed to obtain considerable information on the Anouchi family after its arrival in Jerusalem and Hevron in the late eighteenth century from Algeria, and some information about my mother's ATTIA family after its arrival from Morocco. But my unfulfilled passion is to obtain information about our family before its arrival to the land of Israel, and hopefully as far back as the Spanish expulsion in 1492. I do not know if I shall ever reach my goal, but my dream has been to prepare a document that will become a basis for your own research. This document is a responsa for you, my grandchildren, and for your children and grandchildren, to pass on to the following generations as a legacy of carrying on the torch of NETZACH ISRAEL, the Eternity of the Jewish people. This is a responsa to tell you about the history of the family, its trials and tribulations, and its eventual arrival to Israel after years of exile.

I, Avraham Yehoshua Anouchi, was born as a sixth generation Israeli. The Anouchi family immigrated to Israel between 1800 and 1810 from Oran in Algeria at the time when Algeria became part of France. I inherited several family "KETUBOT", or marriage contracts, one of which was written in Jerusalem for my great-great-great-grandfather who was married in Jerusalem in 1848. I have interviewed my parents, my aunts and uncles, my paternal grandmother and other relatives who could shed some light on previous generations. I have constructed an Anouchi family tree that dates back to 1805. Unfortunately, that is less than two hundred years ago, and I have not managed to obtain any information beyond that date.

I traveled several times to France to research the Jewish archives since all the records of the Jewish community in Algeria were transferred to France when Algeria obtained its independence from France in 1965. The Jewish community center in Paris directed me to the archives of the French colonies at the University of Aix-Au-Provence in southern France. In 1992, I visited the French archives at the University of Aix-Au-Provence, where I found that the French government had awarded French citizenship to the Jews of Algeria at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Only the Jewish inhabitants of Algeria were awarded the right to participate in the French elections. I spent hours reviewing lists of voters from Oran, Algeria, and I found several people whose family names were "ENOUCHI", "NOUCHI" and "MOUCHI". The names that I found are listed below in the hope that they will be of some value to future researchers of the Anouchi and Attia families.

It is interesting to note that several individuals on the list are recorded as having lived on a street named "Rue de la Revolution", in a suburb of Oran called Mostaganem.

The list is as follows:

Acki Enouchi. Born in Oran in 1835. Residing in the town of Mostaganem, Algeria.

Had four children, only three of which were listed. (Rebecca, Salomon and Mass'oud).

Eliahu Nouchi and Yousouf Mouchi, living also in Mostaganem, Algeria, petitioned in 1837 to establish a new synagogue.

Nouchi Aaron, Born in Oran, Algeria, on 29 January, 1866.

Nouchi Isaac. Born in Oran on 26 February, 1869.

Nouchi Salomon. Born in Oran on 11 July, 1867

Nouchi Yahia. Born in Oran in 1894

Ennouchi Maimum, 25 Rue de la Revolution, Mostaganem, Oran
Merchant and journalist. Born on 7 July, 1866.

El Muchnino, Jacob, 49 Rue de la Revolution, Oran
Born on 30 June, 1883

El Mouchi, Moise, 11 Rue de la Revolution, Oran
Born on 19 January, 1893.

Enoushi Emile, 4 Rue Magenta, Mostaganem, Oran.
Born 29 March, 1899

Ennouchy Ellie Georges, 3 Rue Viktor Vassal, Oran,
Accountant. Born on 13 July 1900

Ennouchi, Henri Aaron, 9 Boulevard Sebastopol, Oran
Born on 6 December, 1902

Mouchi, Abraham and Eliezer Nouchi are listed in the voter registration of 1897.

I also looked for the ATTIA family, but the ATTIA name was very common and widespread. It was impossible to establish specific family ties with the names I found without interviewing someone who could identify his or her relatives with that name. In Oran, the 1922 list includes 15 Attia names. There is no reason to believe that any of the Oran ATTIA names are related to my mother's family because her ancestry dates back to Morocco and not to Algeria.

I am challenging all members of the family to continue my search for the roots of our family, as I plan to do in coming years. I had hoped that, in my lifetime, I would be able to establish a link to the family members who left Spain during the expulsion of Jews from that country. I always wanted to confirm my father's claim that we were all descendants of Jews who lived in Toledo, Spain, prior to the expulsion in 1492.

As told to me by my father, the name of our family, ANOUCHI, is derived from the word ANUSSIM, which means "FORCED" in Hebrew; because the family was forced to change its real name. The family apparently escaped from Spain during the 1492 expulsion of Jews by the Spanish Inquisition. When members of the family reached the city of Oran in Algeria, they were afraid to reveal their true identity because they left relatives back in Spain who could be tortured or killed by the Spanish Inquisition. This fear stemmed from the presence of spies who were sent to North Africa by the Spanish Inquisition to murder any Jews who could demonstrate that they were descendants of the house of King David. Under these circumstances, they chose

a different name such as ENOSH or human, which later became the name of the family as ENOCHI, or NOUCHI, or MOUCHI, or ENOUCHI and later ANUSHI in the English spelling and ANOUCHI in the French spelling. My father quoted his father as saying that the real name of the family is "Abarvanel", a family that can trace its roots directly to King David. However, we should view this claim as a possibility, or maybe a probability, rather than fact, unless and until someone in the family can pursue this research to find an actual documented link to the Abarvanel family. The matter can be pursued by visiting the Archives of the Jewish Community in Nantes France, by researching archives in Spain, or by seeking assistance from several genealogy centers, such as the Mormon Center in Salt Lake City, the Hebrew University or the Diaspora Museum in Tel-Aviv. My father had always indicated that the term "SPHARADI TAHOR" was used by my grandfather to indicate that the family had elected to go into exile with Don Yitzchak Abarvanel rather then accept Christianity to save itself from the torture of the Spanish Inquisition.

The Anouchi family resided in Algeria for over two hundred years. One of my ancestors immigrated to the Holy Land in 1805, where he settled in Hevron. Later, the family moved to Jerusalem and became active members of the Jerusalem Spharady community. My father, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all born in Jerusalem. The immigration, or ALIYAH, of the 18th century is not very well known, but the Anouchi family was only one of many who came. We know of **RABBI GEDALIAH CHAYON,** who came with a large number of Jews from Turkey to establish a Yeshivah in Jerusalem.

IN 1741, **RABBI MOSHE ATTAR** came with Italian and Moroccan Jews and established a Yeshivah in Jerusalem. We know that **the BA'AL SHEM TOV** started to go to Jerusalem to study in the Rabbi Moshe Attar Yeshivah. He did not complete his journey, but his brother-in-law, **RABBI AVRAHAM GERSHON of KUTOV** did settle in Jerusalem. In 1777, 300 CHASSIDIM arrived from Lithuania. There was a constant influx of Spharady Jews from Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century. It seems that our family was among these immigrants.

My family memorabilia collection includes a marriage contact (known as **KETUBA**) of one of my ancestors, **RAV MASS'UD BEN SA'UD ANOUCHI and RIVKA Bat FARAG' IZRAWI**. They were married in Jerusalem on 29 TEVET, 5608, which corresponds to 1848. The Ketuba is written in a very interesting script that is known as **Arabic-Hebrew**. A close inspection of the document reveals many words and letters that are written in a Rashi script and others that are actually a combination of Hebrew and Arabic letters.

Until the turn of the twentieth century, all Jerusalemites lived within the walled city, and the gates of the city were closed at nightfall for fear of outside robbers, thieves and murderers. However, when a group of Jews started to build their homes outside the wall, my grandfather followed to establish the Mahane-Yehuda neighborhood outside the walls. The first synagogue of the neighborhood, which was built with the participation of his grandfather, is still functioning.

My father was born in my grandfather's house, which was located in what is known today as the Arab sector

of the old city in Jerusalem. That street was inhabited by a vibrant Jewish community side by side with the Arabs who lived there.

THE ANUSSIM

Because a search of our family roots must lead us back to the time when the family's ancestors lived in Spain, I am including excerpts from several lectures that I have given on the subject of the Jews in Spain.

Who were the ANUSSIM? The first known mass forced conversion of Jews to another religion took place in **MINORCA** in the year 418 under Bishop Severus. Other famous early mass conversions took place in Auvergne France, in 576, followed by King DAGOBERT EDICT in 629 ordering Jews to accept baptism or be expelled from the country. One of the essential elements of **MARRANISM** is the practicing of Judaism in secrecy and passing the practice from generation to generation. The victims continued to practice Judaism in secret and took the first opportunity to revert back to their faith. The church did all it could to prevent any association between the converts and the professing Jews. During the **FIRST CRUSADE of 1096**, many Jews saved their lives in Germany by accepting forced baptism and later were encouraged by RASHI to return to Judaism. In the Moslem world, we find many cases of forced conversion of Jews like the **DAGGATUN** in the SAHARA, or the **DOMNEH** of SALONICA, or the **JEDDIDIM** who are descendants of forced converts in Persia during the 17th century.

Traditional Jewish law made special provisions for cases when observance of ceremonial practices became impossible because of forced compulsion

known as "**ONESS**", or in time of persecution known as **"SHE'AT HASHEMAD".** This ruling was put to the test in PERSIA in the Fifth Century during the persecutions of **ZOROASTER**. Jews were forced to stop religious services but were not forced to adopt another religion. But the classical land of **SECRET-JUDAISM is SPAIN** - or as it is called in Hebrew - **SFARAD**. As far back as the Roman period, the Jews in Spain were numerous and influential. Many claimed to trace their descent to the Aristocracy of Jerusalem who were exiled by **TITUS**. There were speculations about families in Spain who were direct descendants of the **HOUSE of King David**. These were claimants to the throne of **JUDEA** after the return from exile to Jerusalem.

When Spain adopted Catholicism in the **SIXTH** Century, the Jews were the first to suffer. In the year 616, the church ordered the baptism of all the Jews under the threat of banishment and loss of property. Nineteen thousand Jews were baptized against their will. This practice continued until the Arab invasion in 711 when the converts returned to their faith. Under the Arab rule, the **GOLDEN AGE** of the SPANISH JEWS was initiated, first in the **CALIPHATE of CORDOVA**, and later in other regions. The Jewish communities increased in numbers, in culture, in religious and secular literature and in wealth. This era included Jewish Giants such as **HASSDAI-IBN-SHAPRUT** (915-970) the famous Vizier of Cordova. Under his leadership the world center of Jewish culture was transferred from **SURA and PUMPEDITA** in Babylon, to **SPAIN**. Under the encouragement of **SHLOMO-IBN-GVIROL**, another Jewish Vizier, a renewed surge of Jewish culture took place in **GRANADA**. The writings of **SHLOMO-IBN-GVIROL**, **YEHUDA HALEVY**, and **MOSHE-IBN-EZRA** are with

us today. The highest level of scholastic interpretations of the TORAH was achieved by **AVRAHAM-IBN-EZRA**, and by the **RAMBAM** in his **"MISHNE TORAH"** and **"THE GUIDE TO THE PERPLEXED"**.

The tolerance of the Jewish flourishing in Spain continued until the twelfth century, when the **ALMOHADES** Moorish sect took control. Both Judaism and Christianity were banned, and most Jews fled to the Christian North. However, many were put to the sword or sold as slaves. After the **RECONQUISTA of SPAIN** by the Christians, the Jewish scholarship continued to flourish under the Church until the 14th century. On Ash Wednesday, 1391, a crowd broke into the Jewish quarter of **SEVILLE**; and 4000 Jews were massacred under the leadership of clergy. Similar massacres followed in **CORDOVA, TOLEDO, BARCELONA**, and other cities. Fifty thousand Jews were massacred in one month. Large bodies of Jews accepted Baptism "en mass" in order to escape death. Of these converts, many returned to Judaism either when the danger passed or when they could flee to North Africa. Many remained in Spain as Pseudo-Christians, who were referred to as **CONVERSOS.** Outwardly, the conversos lived like Christians. They baptized their children but immediately washed off the ceremonial water when they returned home. They married in Church and immediately followed up with a Jewish ceremony at home. They were Jews in all but name, and Christians in nothing but form. They observed **SHABAT** as far as they could, and it was possible to see smokeless chimneys once a week. Many conversos circumcised their sons, and the majority married among themselves. On occasions, they visited synagogues, and their gifts were generous. Many were successful in passing the Jewish laws to

their children for transmission to their children. Some were not successful and were eventually assimilated to become Catholic whose descendants are found today throughout Spanish society.

A new situation developed: the diminished and impoverished Jewish community was living with a new community of **CONVERSOS**. As conversos, they climbed up the ladder of society. The legal profession, the administration, the army, the universities and the church itself, were filled with conversos and their descendants. They dominated Spanish life, and some even married the Spanish nobility. A "LIBRO VERDE DE ARAGON", the green book of Aragon, contained the genealogical lists of notables who were descendants of conversos.

The Christian community called the conversos "NUEVO CHRISTIANOS", but the masses called them MARANOS. There are many theories about the source of that nickname.

a. From the Hebrew name MAR´AT AYIN - Christians in appearance only.
b. From the Hebrew word MUMAR, (convert) with a Spanish ending MUMARANO.
c. From the Hebrew MUHRAM ATA - you are excommunicated.
d. From the Spanish word MARANO (Swine), a very derogatory expression.

INQUISITION

It became obvious to the church that the mass conversions did not make Spain free of Jews. Baptism converted Jewish infidels outside the Church into

heretics inside it. It was evident that most CONVERSOS were Christians in name only. The **CONVERSOS** were declared **INCAPABLE** of holding public office or **BEARING TESTIMONY** against Christians.

In 1480, the church established the Inquisition to inflict punishment for heresy. The Inquisition launched its career of blood. In February, 1481, six MARANOS were burned alive in public in SEVILLE in the first "AUTO DA FE" (Act of Faith); and a sermon was preached at the site. Many MARANOS fled to surrounding territories, but they were captured by the nobility and returned to the Inquisition. The Marquis of Cadiz alone sent back 8,000 Marano refugees, and the dungeons of Seville became overcrowded. In November 1481, 298 persons were burned publicly; and their possessions were confiscated by the church. Many conversos, who confessed on the understanding that they would be spared, were paraded in the streets as penitents. In one march, 15,000 conversos were paraded.

In 1482, the Queen's confessor, Thomas the **TORQUEMADA**, was appointed as Chief Inquisitor. He immediately set up tribunals outside Seville. The **AUTO DA FE** practice spread to most cities and towns in Spain. **LUIS DE SANTANGEL**, who was knighted by King Juan II, was beheaded in public. Famous family names appeared in the list of AUTO DE FE records: **SANTANGEL, SANCHEZ, CABALLERIA** and others. Professing Jews now lived in Spain without serious problems. The situation became illogical: A MARANO would be burned alive for performing in secret what his unconverted relative was performing in public without punishment.

In 1492, after GRANADA was captured from the MOORS, the religious zeal in Spain was at its peak. There was no political need to seek the support of the Jewish minority against the Moors. In addition, the Jews became impoverished; and they could be dispensed with. So in the winter of the Year 5272 of the Jewish calendar, the Spanish Sovereigns decreed the expulsion of all non-converted Jews from the country.

Spain has paid dearly for the expulsion of Jews. It is no surprise that it is now the poorest nation in Western Europe. But the Jews who were expelled found haven in North Africa, in the Balkans, in Turkey, in Holland and in the New World. In 1992, which noted the 500th year anniversary of the discovery of America, we all remembered the shame that Spain had brought upon itself and the suffering of the Jewish exiles.

Every member of the Anouchi family should read the actual edict of the expulsion of Jews from Spain verbatum, LEST WE FORGET THE JEWS AND THE MARANOS WHO WERE BURNED AT THE STAKE.

King Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabel of Castile issued the expulsion edict in 1492. It was not made public until March 31 so that the final date would occur just before the Ninth of AV, the date of the destruction of both Temples of Jerusalem. I located a Hebrew version of the edict, which was published by Professor Reinhart of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, a scholar on the Spanish Inquisition. My translation from Hebrew to English is not professional, but it represents my understanding of this important and historical document.

THE EDICT OF EXPULSION

Don Fernando and Donia Isabel..... to the Prince DON JUAN, our dear and most beloved son, the Infantis, to the Priests.. and to the Jewish communities in this city of AXILLA, and to all the cities, the villages and the places in this region, and to all the other cities, villages and places in our kingdoms and our possessions, peace and greetings.

Know yea, and you must know, that, because we were informed that in our kingdoms there were bad Christians who converted to Judaism and betrayed our Catholic faith, and the main reason was the close connection between Jews and Christians.

In the CORTEZ (royal court) that we had in the year 1480, we ordered the separation of Jews in all the cities, villages and places of settlements in our kingdoms and in our possessions, and we ordered to give them the Jewish neighborhoods and places for them to live in, with the hope that in separation, the matter would be corrected. And we also gave an order that an Inquisition be set up in our Kingdoms and possessions. And this, as you know, was done more than twelve years ago, and with which many sinners were discovered by the Inquisitors and by the men of the Church and by laymen as well.

And now is revealed in public the great damage that was done to Christians from their associations, their contacts and their conversations that they had, and that they have, with Jews. And, because it is proven that the Jews always try, in every ways and means in their possession, to destroy and pull away from our ... Catholic faith, the believing Christians, to attract them to their faith and their damaging views, in teaching the Christians their ceremonies and religious customs, in gathering them in meetings, where they teach them and their children, by giving them books with which they pray their prayers, and declare their fasts, in gathering them to read to them and to learn the stories of their TORAH, and in declaring their Holidays on time, and in informing them what religious laws they must observe, in giving them and in taking out of their home all the Matzo and the meat that was slaughtered according to their ritual, and in convincing them that there is no other faith outside their faith. And this was proven by their declarations and confessions, those of the Jews themselves and of those who were misled by the Jews. And all this brought upon us great damage and harmed our ... Catholic faith.

And although all these things were known to us before, and we knew that the true remedy to all these damages and all this evil thing is to terminate the contact between the Jews and the Christians and to expel them from our kingdoms, we were lenient by ordering

the Jews to leave the cities, the villages and all the settlements in ANDALUSIA, where, as was said, they caused very heavy damage, because we believed that such an order would be sufficient, so that those who live in these cities and villages will stop sinning as mentioned above.

And because we knew that this thing, and all the punishments that were given to some of these Jews, who were discovered as great sinners in these crimes against our .... Catholic faith; after we heard that this step is not sufficient as a complete remedy - for the purpose of stopping these crimes against our Christian faith, that every day it is found that the Jews continue and increase their bad intentions which cause damage where they are, and in order that there will be no more crimes against our faith, both at those who were not affected and those who failed, repented and returned to the mother church - what would happen due to our human weakness and to the actions of the Satan who constantly struggles against us, something that easily could happen - if the main reason for it is not removed, and it is: the expulsion of the Jews from our kingdoms, for when a crime is performed in any society, there is sense that those lower ones be removed, scattered, and suffer for the sake of the important ones, the fewer for the many. And those that destroy the good and decent life in the cities, in the villages with the means of contamination that will hurt others, that they be expelled from the

settlements, and even for very unimportant cases that could cause damage to society it is customary to act that way, so much more for a large crime like this one.

That is why, at the advice of several members of the church, the higher and the lower priests in our kingdoms, and people of science and consciousness from our advisory council, after having thought about this matter seriously, we agreed to expel all the Jews and Jewesses from our kingdoms. And never shall any of them return. And we, therefore, issued this edict; and we so order all the Jews and Jewesses of all ages, those that were born in our kingdoms and those that were not born here, that until the end of July of this year, will depart from our kingdoms and our possessions, with their children, servants and maids, all the members of their families, old and young, and they should not dare to return and live in the places where they used to live, for if they will not obey this order, and if they will be found living in our kingdoms, they will be sentenced to death and to the confiscation of their possessions in favor of our court and the treasury of the kingdom: and these punishments will be given to them based on their action without a trial, without a court hearing and without a declaration.

And we decree and say, that no one in our kingdoms, of any standing or rank, will dare to receive, to give shelter, to house and defend, not in public and nor in secrecy, any

Jew or Jewess after the end of next July, and forever, not in their lands and not in their homes and not in any part of our kingdoms and our possessions, under the penalty of punishment of losing all their property, the servants in their possession and the fortresses and all other things that pass in inheritance, and they will also lose anything that we have given them, all in favor of the court and the royal treasury.

And, in order that these Jews and the Jewesses will be able in this period, until the end of July, to sell in good manner their possessions, for this period we take and receive under our royal protection, them and their possessions, so that, in the designated period until the end of July, they will be able to walk and to stand securely and will be able to come and sell, exchange and transfer from their ownership and their possessions and their lands, to decide on them freely and under their free will. And during this period, no damage will be done, and no evil will be performed or any injustice to these men and to their property against the law, under the penalty of punishment, in which are judged those who act against the kingdom security.

And thus we give permission and authority to these Jews and the Jewesses to take their possessions outside our kingdoms by sea or by land, as long that they will not take any gold, silver and metal coins, or any other items that are forbidden by the royal laws,

except for trade items that are not forbidden, and paper contracts. And we also ordered that all the councils, courts, leaders of the kingdoms, the Caballeros and the Escodrerros, the clerks and the good people in this city of Axilla and in the cities, villages and other places in our kingdoms and our possessions, and to all the vassals under our control, and to the natives, to keep and perform this order and everything that is written in it, and that they should give all the assistance to anyone who requires it, under the penalty of punishment of losing our protection and the confiscation of their property in favor of the court and the Royal treasury.

And, in order that this order reaches the knowledge of everyone, and that not a single person could claim that he did not know, we order that this decree will be declared in the usual places and city squares in this city and in the major cities, villages and all the places of the church, by a town crier and in front of a notary public. And not these or other things will be done against the law.

Given in our city Granada, 31 March in the year 1492, I the King, I the Queen, I, Juan de Coloma, Secretary of the King and Queen our masters, wrote as he was instructed.

******* This is the end of the Edict *******

MY VISIT TO SPAIN in 1997

I had always hoped to visit the Iberian peninsula, where the Golden Age of the Jewish people flourished, and where the Anussim lived. I knew that I would not find any links to the family, because the Jewish cemeteries of that era were destroyed by the Catholic Church in Spain and Portugal, with the intent of erasing any remnants of the Jewish people who lived there. However, I wanted to stand at the site where the Anussim had given their lives "AL KIDUSH HASHEM". Following years of planning, my wife Patricia and I spent eighteen days in Spain and Portugal.

Madrid is a bustling modern city as we approach the end of the twentieth century. It has world class museums, theaters, operas and universities, but my interest was primarily in search of the Spharady history. The most emotionally moving experience was when we walked to the "PLAZA MAYOR" in Madrid. It is a very large square located at the center of the old city. On each of the four sides of the square stands a long building with four floors of windows and balconies facing the square. These are the balconies where the hierarchy of the church and the royal nobility were seated to watch the procession of the Jewish "Anussim" who were led by priests to the center of the square. Those who did not repent for practicing Jewish customs and did not accept conversion were burned alive at the center of the square, to the great applause of the crowd. Prior to the burning ceremony, the Anussim were coaxed to repent and to accept Christianity by offering them instant death and saving them from the torture of being burned alive.

I stood at the center of the square with great awe, and recited the Kadish for the thousands of Anussim who were burned there. It was emotionally very disturbing to see that the large square, known as the Plaza Real, is now filled with shops that cater to the tourists. How could the world forget the Jewish holocaust of the 15th century? Will it also forget the 20th century holocaust?

We visited the "PLAZA DE COLON", which is a square named after Columbus, who discovered America. That square was also used by the Inquisition to perform "Auto-da-Fe" ceremonies of burning Maranos.

I did locate the Arias Montano Institute of Jewish Studies at 6 Calle del Duque Medinacelli, across the street from the Palace Hotel. I spent several hours on their computer to locate books and sources on the Inquisition. The library has a monumental list of documents on the Inquisition and on research related to the history of Jews in Spain. I tried to perform computer searches for the names Anouchi, Enoushi, Enoshi, Enosh and many other variations, but I always was directed to the Anussim. Following four hours of searching, I concluded that I would not have time to further research the family before the completion of this book. I will continue my research, and I hope that the search for the Anouchi and Attia family roots will be undertaken in the future by another family member.

One memorable episode impressed me about the inhabitants of Madrid. We were walking along a small street toward the subway on the way to a bullfight. The street was deserted except for two couples who were walking in the same direction as us. In my broken Ladino, I asked them if that was the way to the subway station. One of the men looked at me with amazement,

asking where I learned my Spanish, because it was the old Castilian Spanish that was used in the 15th and 16th centuries in Spain. It is like speaking Shakespearian English in the 20th century. I told him that I learned my Spanish from my grandmother in Jerusalem. With excitement, he asked me if I was a Spharady Jew. When I answered in the affirmative, he invited me to move to Spain, because it was my country, and should be my country again. He added that he is a practicing Catholic who is a descendent of the Maranos, but that he is proud to have Jewish blood in him.

We took a day trip to **Toledo** by bus. This historical city is located about an hour's drive south of Madrid. Toledo was a great Jewish center, and it is one of the few towns in Spain where remnants of Jewish buildings have been preserved. Jews came to Toledo in the fourth and fifth centuries. By the seventh century, Toledo possessed a large Jewish population that helped the Moors capture the city from the Visigoths. By the eleventh century, 40,000 Jews resided in Toledo. One third of the city inhabitants were Jews, and they lived in peace with the Moors and the Christians. Legend has it that the first Jewish exiles who arrived to Toledo from Jerusalem, and who were members of the tribe of Benjamin, gave the city its name Toledo from the Hebrew word "TOLEDOT", which means "history".

Because of its outstanding Jewish scholarship during the middle ages, Toledo was known as "Yerushalayim Shebisfarad" or "Jerusalem, which is in Spain". Located on a hill and surrounded by walls, it still resembles the Jerusalem in Israel. As a center of Spanish Jewry, Toledo attracted scholars, poets, writers and translators. The great Hebrew poet, YEHUDA HALEVI, lived in Toledo.

Of the many synagogues that were in Toledo, only two remain, and they are used as museums. The oldest Jewish Monument in Toledo is the building that is now known as **Santa Maria La Blanca**. It was built in 1203 as a Synagogue in the time of King Alphonso VIII. It has 32 pillars supporting the long vista of Moorish-type arches surrounded by limestone block walls. The columns are decorated with Jewish designs having Moorish motifs. In the fifteenth century, this Toledo synagogue was converted into a church by a priest named Vincente Ferrer, who stirred up many riots against Jews and was credited by the church for many conversions. Now it is a national museum.

The **El Transito Synagogue** obtained its name from the church that the building housed after the Inquisition. Samuel Halevi Abulafia built the synagogue in 1360. He was the finance minister to King Pedro the Cruel of Castille. Abulafia was very rich. He was permitted by the king to import cedars from Lebanon, just like King Solomon did when he built the Temple of Jerusalem. Hebrew quotations from the Torah line the entire length of the synagogue walls at ceiling level, bringing to life the Golden Age. The El Transito Synagogue houses the Spharady Museum and Library, and it is located on the Calle de Samuel Levi in the old ghetto. After the 1391 massacres, it was converted into a church, then to a monastery, a hospital, a military warehouse and an army barracks. In 1877, it was dedicated as a Spanish national monument; and in 1964, it became a museum for the history of Jews in Spain.

If you have only one day to visit Spain, spend it touring and exploring the city of Toledo.

The visit to the city of **Cordoba** evoked memories of a brilliant Jewish intellectual center in the Golden Age of Spain. This was the home of Chasdai Ibn Shaprut, the birthplace of the Rambam, the temporary home of Yehuda Halevi and the center for a galaxy of Hebrew scholars, philosophers and poets who attended the court of Abd-el-Rahman III, who ruled Andaluzia from 912 to 961.

We visited an ancient synagogue in the Calle de los Judios (Street of the Jews). It is a small room with a great cavity on the eastern wall where the scrolls of the TORAH were placed. On the opposite wall, there is still a dark mark left from a large cross that was placed there by the Inquisition after the expulsion of the Jews. The synagogue has an original inscription on a wall indicating that it was constructed in 1315 under the direction of the Jewish Italian architect Isaac Moheb.

Nearby, we visited the "Tiberias Square" where a sitting sculpture of the RAMBAM was erected in 1964. We walked through the "Barrio de la Juderia", (The Jewish Quarter) and even found a "Maimonides Hotel".

We were especially impressed by the Light-and-Sound show in the Cordoba Calahora Tower. The tower was built by the Moores to protect the southern flank of the city. Now it is a museum, which is dedicated to the life in Cordoba between the 9th and the 13th centuries when a million people lived in this largest city in Europe. Portable earphones are available with an audio description of the site in several languages. Each visitor can select the desired language. Each room has a special display with an audio explanation of the exhibits in the room. In the philosophers' room, we saw a display of four life-size individuals whose philosophy

was explained as though they were speaking to the visitor. These men were Maimonides, who represented the Jewish philosophers; Averroes and Ibn Arabi, who represented the Moslem philosophers; and King Alfonso X the Wise, who represented the Christian philosophers. All four lived between the 12th and 13th centuries. Selected quotes from the words spoken by each are listed below:

Maimonides words:

> In my "My Guide to the Perplexed" book, I have given the rules for an allegorical reading of the Torah which takes history into account. Our problem must be solved as from eternal principles: there is no opposition between the absolute and history. Man's reason is just a participation in the divine reason and only realizes itself within the biblical prophecy. A new cycle of history begins only when a Prophet, like Moses, descends towards the people to propose a new law for them.

Averroes said:

> Our philosophy would serve for nothing if it were not able to link Science, Wisdom and Revelation.

Ibn Arabi said:

> God is unity: the unity of love, the lover and the beloved. Every love is a wish for union. Every love, consciously or unconsciously, is a love of God. Learn to discover in each man the seed of a desire for God, even if his belief is dim and

> sometimes idolatrous. Help to lead him towards the fullest light.

King Alfonso X said:

> Here was the most glorious accomplishment of my reign. I have created at Murcia, with a Moslem philosopher, Muhama Al Riquti, the first school in the world where Christians, Jews and Moslems taught together. Under my reign, thanks to the efforts of wise men of the three religions, thirteenth century Spain could awaken in all of Europe a true Renaissance: that which would take place not against God, but with God.

In **Seville**, we stayed in the old Jewish quarter in a hotel called "LAS CASAS DE LA JUDERIA" (the houses of the Jewish Quarter). It is made up of 57 individual apartments and is located near the Plaza Santa Maria la Blanca. We walked to see the Calle Susona, named after the daughter of a Marano, Don Diego Susona. After being converted by force in 1391, Don Diego Suson organized a group of Anussim to halt the activities of the Inquisition against the Anussim. Don Diego's daughter, known as "beautiful Susanna", betrayed the secret meeting to her Christian lover, who in turn informed the Inquisition. Don Diego and his associates were arrested and burned to death. Susanna placed herself in a convent, but before she died, she repented and asked that her skull be hanged in front of the house that she betrayed.

We went to the great cathedral of Seville, where Jews of Seville presented a symbolic key to King Fernando III when he conquered the city from the moors. The key had a Hebrew inscription saying "The King of Kings will

open, and the King of the Lord shall enter". The silver tomb of Fernando III rests in the cathedral, with an inscription written in Latin, Arabic and Hebrew.

PORTUGAL

From Seville, we drove to Portugal through several mountain villages and vacationed for two days in Caiscais, a sea coast resort west of Lisbon. However, we took time to visit Lisbon itself before departing to the United States.

Until 1497, Portuguese Jews were active in government, philosophy, botany, finance, medicine and astronomy. No profession was forbidden to Jews by the authorities. A Hebrew printing press was established in Lisbon in the fifteenth century. Vasco de Gama, who discovered the sea route to India, was financed by Jewish merchants. He used instruments and maps made by Jewish manufacturers. During the 13th and the 14th centuries, the kings of Portugal allowed the construction of a synagogue in Lisbon. At the end of the 15th century, 200,000 Jews lived in Portugal. The Jewish community in Portugal constituted twenty percent of the population after absorbing the tens of thousands of refugees from the Spanish expulsion in 1492. King Emanuel I of Portugal wanted to rule all the Iberian Peninsula by marrying Princess Isabella, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. As a condition for the marriage, the Spanish Monarchs demanded that all the Jews of Portugal must be expelled. In 1497, the king decreed that all Jews must be "baptized or die". On March 19, 1497, all Jewish children between the ages of 4 and 14 were forcibly baptized in a single day to induce their parents to convert. That same year, 20,000 Jews were forced to

gather in a square in Lisbon, where they were baptized against their will and declared to be Christians. Like their brothers in Spain, they became Anussim until they could flee Portugal. During the following three hundred years, 40,000 Anussim were sentenced in public Auto-da-Fe ceremonies of the Inquisition, where thousands were burned alive.

Between 1497 and 1800, many Portuguese Anussim managed to flee Portugal and join Spharady communities in Turkey, Greece, North Africa, Venice, Hamburg, Amsterdam, London, Bordeaux, Brazil, Curacao, Jamaica, Barbados and many other communities.

THE FAMILY RETURNS TO THE LAND OF ISRAEL

Information concerning the trials and tribulations of the Anouchi family prior to its flight from Spain, during its travel to North Africa and after its arrival in Oran, is not available to us. It is hoped that someone in the family will be interested in exploring this subject in the future. It is also hoped that the family history of our ATTIA branch will be researched as well. I do, however, have some limited information, which I gathered on the Anouchi family at the beginning of the 18th century at the time of its emigration from North Africa to Palestine.

The **Appendix** of this book includes several documents:

1. The Anouchi family tree starting from our ancestor, MACHLUF ANOUCHI, who was born in Oran in 1774 and immigrated from Oran prior to the birth of his son SAUD ANOUCHI on or about 1802. The tree includes more extensive

details on the members of the family through eight generations. It also includes my grandchildren and most of the grandchildren of my three sisters and my brother.

2. The Attia family tree. It is very limited in the information that I have managed to gather. It is included in this document in order to encourage family readers to undertake the search for additional detail. This is particularly important because we know that there were many Rabbinical scholars in the Attia family, both in North Africa and after they emigrated to Eretz Yisrael.

3. Miscellaneous family photographs and interesting documents.

MY GENERATION

My father, Shlomo Meir Anouchi - alav hashalom, was born in Jerusalem in 1894 at the time of the Turkish Ottoman rule. He was self taught in an extraordinary manner. For reasons not known to me, he never finished elementary school. However, he taught himself seven languages and was very fluent in all of them. He was able to translate almost fifty books from French, Arabic and Spanish into Hebrew. These books were never edited professionally nor were they ever published. However, the original hand-written manuscripts are in the hands of several members of the family. I have a few that I cherish, and I hope that they will stay in the hands of the family so that they will be passed on to the next generations.

During his youth, my father was a great advocate for the renewal of the Hebrew language at the time when the only languages spoken by the Jewish community in Jerusalem were French, Arabic and Ladino. He gave me an original manuscript in his handwriting of a speech that he delivered in 1915 in which he calls on all his friends to adopt the Hebrew language for everyday use. The original manuscript, which was written in RASHI script, is in the SHLOMO MEIR ANOUCHI archive file located in my home for anyone who wishes to see it. I have rewritten the speech in Hebrew script with a few words omitted due to the poor quality of the original manuscript. A copy of the Hebrew script version is included in this book's appendix.

During the First World War, my father joined the many refugees from Palestine who went to Egypt to avoid being drafted as slaves into the Turkish army. While in Alexandria, he met my mother, whose family was also among the refugees from Palestine. After the war, my father and mother both returned to Palestine, where they were married in 1921. When my father returned to Jerusalem, he had found that his father, my grandfather, Avraham Faraj Anouchi, had died during the great famine of Jerusalem in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

My mother, Simcha Attia - aleyha hashalom, was born in Jaffa, which is now a part of the city of Tel-Aviv. Her father, my grandfather Daniel Attia, was a merchant of cloth used in making women's dresses and men's suits. Apparently, he had a relatively high standard of living before the First World War until the Turkish soldiers raided his store to confiscate merchandise for themselves and their families. My grandfather closed his business and took his family to Egypt, joining the flood of Jewish refugees who ran away from the harsh

Turkish rule. After the war, the whole family left Egypt and returned to Jaffa, where my grandfather re-established his store.

Following their wedding, my parents originally lived in Yaffo, where my sister Rivka was born, and where my father secured a position as a clerk in Barclays Bank. Sometime in 1926 or 1927, my father built a house in the "sand dunes" north of Yaffo, which later became Tel-Aviv. My mother always told us stories of how she had to walk several kilometers every day in the sand dunes to Yaffo to buy food for the family.

Although both my father and mother came from very traditional Spharady families, strictly observing Jewish laws, our home was conducted in a modern but traditional manner. Preparations for Shabat were evident every week starting on Thursday, when all five siblings knew exactly what tasks we had to perform before Friday night, such as helping my mother with her shopping for Shabat, cooking, washing the floors and preparing the clothes for Shabat. The Kidush on Friday nights was a weekly event that has always been very memorable, with my father singing songs in Hebrew and Aramaic from the Sidur and the Zohar, welcoming Shabat to our home. Both our parents conveyed to us the tradition that was taught to them by their parents. They instilled in us the love of Jewish tradition and the passionate love for the land of Israel so that we could pass it on to the next generation. My father's motto had always been linked to the phrase that he repeated many times to us: "Love the land of Israel, work it and guard it from its enemies" (Le-ovdah ule'shomrah").

Every Shabat morning, my father, my brother and I went to the Synagogue. I always looked forward to

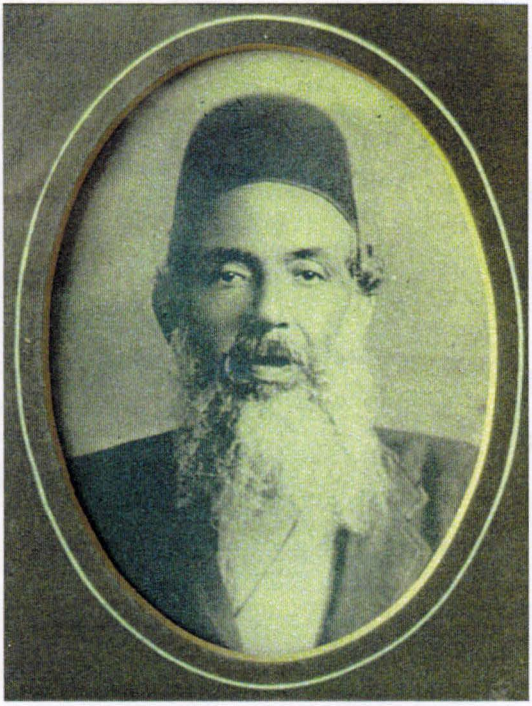
Synagogue services because I was a member of the boys choir in my early years. I loved all the Shabat and holiday songs. When we returned home, the atmosphere was always easy and pleasant without strict rules on matters such as turning the lights on and off or tearing papers. We were not allowed to kindle fire or write on Shabat, but we were allowed to listen to the radio.

My father was a great believer in the messages that are available to us in the Tanach and in the importance of exposing us to as many traditional customs as possible by reading the Torah and the prayer books. Although he read many books in other languages, he always returned to read the Tanach in Hebrew, to admire the heroes that have made an important mark in our history. He especially was interested in those who left other countries and came to settle in Israel - from Abraham who left Ur-Kasdim, to the Hebrews who came from Egypt, from Joshua who conquered the land and to Ezra and Nechemia who returned from the Babylon. This was the important message that he found in the Tanach. It excited him and inspired him.

My mother's wisdom of life was extraordinary. Her house was always open to friends and relatives who were encouraged to drop in without notice. Since we did not have a telephone in the house, and very few other families had telephones, no advance notice of a visit was possible nor was it expected. Relatives from Tel-Aviv or Jerusalem would show up on a Friday afternoon and stay with us through Shabat. It was accepted as normal, and we did the same by visiting other members of the family in their homes in Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv.

My mother was the most unselfish person that I have ever met in my life. During the Second World War, when the food was very scarce in Palestine, she always made sure that all the children had enough food to eat. I remember many times when a single chicken was available for a Friday night Shabat meal. She managed to divide a single chicken so that every child received a portion, while she ate only the neck and the feet. In later years, whenever we gave her presents, she complained that she did not need anything; and before we knew it, she gave the present to someone else in the family. She had survived seven wars and always remembered the starvation during the First World War and the great hunger of the depression years. It taught her to conserve for rainy days and to store away non-perishable food for times of war, food staples such as flour, cooking oil, sugar and the like. She even pickled her own olives, eggplants and other vegetables and sealed them in large tin cans for future needy times. She was a most perceptive individual. She did not talk much, but she was a very good listener. She could size up the characters of our friends rapidly, always advising us who would be a trustworthy friend and who would not. She spent her life for one and only one purpose, and that was to educate us to be responsible for our deeds and to build unusually strong ties of love and dedication to each other.

The dedication that was taught to us by both my father and my mother has made us what we are today, a closely knit family that will go a long way to help each other under any circumstances. This is the legacy of which the Anouchi family is proud. It is the legacy that we want to pass on to the next generation of our family. I challenge the next generation to do no less and to pass it on to the next generations.



My
Grandfather
Daniel Attia



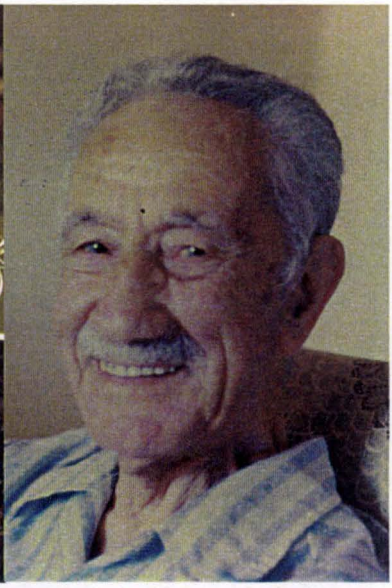
My Parents
Shlomo and
Simcha
Anouchi
1972



Simcha and Shlomo Anouchi - 1977



My Mother - 1984



My Father - 1980

Chapter 4 - Tradition

One of the important missions that I have placed upon myself is to provide a record of my perceptions as I have experienced them in my parents' home during my formative years. I am, therefore, including a chapter, which is dedicated to this task. It is the Jewish tradition that I remember from childhood.

PESSACH

The Jewish festival that has always played a most important part in my life is Pessach. The preparation for Pessach, the excitement on the night of the Seder, and the knowledge that Pessach is the festival of freedom from slavery, left a very impressionable impact on my life.

Pessach is one of the three festivals, or REGALIM, in which we are commanded to celebrate the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The other two being Shavuot and Sukot. On each of these three festivals, we read a specific book of the Tanach. On Pessach we read the book of Song of Songs, on Sukot we read the book of Kohelet and on Shavuot we read the Book of Ruth.

On the first twelve days of the Hebrew month of Nissan, during the time of the Temple in Jerusalem, it was customary to read the portion of the NASSI sacrifices for that day from Parashat Nasso in the Chumash. On Rosh Chodesh, the beginning of a new month, they read the sacrifice of Nachshon-ben-Aminadav from the tribe of Yehudah. On the second day, they read the sacrifice of Netanel-ben-Tzoar from the tribe of Issaschar, and so on for twelve days. This custom is still being kept in some communities, including

Jerusalem. Some communities read it from the Chumash; others use the Sefer Torah, but without saying a blessing in spite of the ruling in the Yerushalmi Talmud that it is forbidden to read from the Sefer Torah without a blessing.

During the time of the Temple, runners were sent from Jerusalem on the first of Nissan to the surrounding hills of Judea to gather donations of lambs and sheep to be used as sacrifices and for feeding the pilgrims that would come to Jerusalem on Pessach.

Even today, many people do not eat any matzot from the first of Nissan so that on Pessach they would eat the MATZAH SHEL MITZVAH with appetite.

The issue of Ma'ot Chittim was of prime importance. Money was collected from all those who could afford it for the purpose of distributing food and Pessach supplies to the needy. The collection was not for performing the Mitzvah of Tzdaka, which is commanded all year long. It was done for freedom. Even if a man has given Tzdaka, he does not feel free if he knows that someone cannot fulfill the Pessach Seder due to poverty.

People were obligated to give Ma'ot Chittim in their city. The community imposed an amount and forced everyone to give. An individual could not claim that he belonged to another city and, therefore, was not obligated to give. According to Talmud Yerushalmi, for both receiving and giving the Ma'ot Chittim, twelve months count. He who lives in a city or town or village for twelve months qualifies. This ruling was later abandoned, and a period of 30 days was adopted. On the first day of Nissan, it was customary to establish a

list of individuals who must give. On the next day, messengers went to collect the Ma-ot, and no one could refuse. If a man said that he could not afford to give, they told him that he would be listed among those who would receive until he was ashamed and gave. Those who were ashamed to receive were tricked. They were given a loan, or money was sent to them from an anonymous donor. All this process was completed before the Shabat Hagadol, the Saturday prior to Pessach.

The Torah says: KOL MACH-ME-TZET LO TO-CHE-LU. (You will not eat any food that ferments). However, Halacha is that there is no restriction except on five specific grains, but the Tzdokim did not accept the oral law and interpreted the Torah verbatim. They placed an ISSUR on anything that ferments. It was considered that the Tzdokim ruling was sacrilegious; and in order to establish a custom contrary to the Tzdokim ruling, it was decided to pickle many vegetables for use on Pessach. That is why we can now buy pickled cucumbers and tomatoes that are Kasher LePessach. We can even use Kasher LePessach vinegar, which in Hebrew is called CHO-METZ. In his Mishneh Torah, Rambam says, and I quote:

> Chametz that is forbidden is only on five grains. Khi-tah (Wheat), Ku-sse-met (Buckwheat), Se-0-rah (Barley), Shi-bo-let Shu-al (Oats) and Shi-pon (Rye).

And Rambam continues:

> But kitniyot (legumes) such as rice, millet, beans, lentils and the like which do not sour are allowed in Pessach.

Rice and peas are not CHAMETZ according to the Spharady tradition and the Halacha, as long as it is certain that no wheat or rye grains are mixed with them. That is why it is customary to check the rice three times. The Ashkenazim have decided to forbid the eating of rice and peas and similar legumes in Pessach. Some Spharadim do not eat rice on Pessach, because they fear that they may not be able to inspect it thoroughly. If my memory serves me right, rice, peas and these kitniyot were not eaten during Pessach in my parents' home. A Sphfarady who marries an Ashkenazia woman is allowed to adopt his wife's customs. On the other hand, an Ashkenazia woman who marries a Spharady man and wants to change the custom of her parents and adopt her husband's customs, requires special permission from a Rabbi. An Ashkenazi, who is invited to a Spharady house for a meal, is not allowed to eat rice and peas but is allowed to eat anything else that is cooked in the Spharady pots and pans. Basically, whoever comes from a stricter home is forbidden to adopt less strict customs without Rabbinical HA-TA-RAH (special dispensation).

Pessach was always the most memorable holiday in the Anouchi home. The preparations for the holiday and the Seder night in our house generally started immediately after Purim. My mother had a well structured method for the preparations. We all knew which task we had to perform in assisting my parents to prepare for the Pessach week.

"To make Pessach in the house" was an expression that we all understood very well. The major undertaking was a project that I can only refer to as "mattress refreshing". We all slept on mattresses that were stuffed with fluffy Egyptian cotton. After a year's usage,

the cotton in the mattresses was crushed and packed so tightly that we almost felt the bed springs. The beds were made of a metal frame with thin spiral springs that were stretched across the frame. The mattresses were no more than four inches thick when new, and probably less than two inches thick when packed down. An Arab mattress specialist, (called "ME-NA-DJED" in Arabic), who learned his profession from childhood, was retained by my mother every year before Pessach. He used to come to our house with a special contraption that is rather hard to describe. It was like a large bow that had a single springy string stretched across it. The "cotton professional" emptied the cotton from all the mattresses and the pillows in our house into a large flat container. He then placed his stringed mechanism in the container and pulled on the string while it was in the cotton. The packed cotton gathered around the string, and the Menajded would break it up by plucking the swinging cord. This process resulted in a finer and fluffier cotton. After several hours of "fluffing" the cotton, he used to stuff it back into new mattress covers and sew each mattress both at the edge and at several locations at the center of the mattress. I must admit that I always admired the great improvement in the comfort of my mattress after that annual "refreshing".

Preparing for Pessach was a thorough and laborious process. We all had to thoroughly inspect our clothes to remove any remnants of chametz. Pockets were turned inside out to remove cookie crumbs; shoes were turned upside down to insure that no bread crumbs had gathered in them. Our school briefcases were emptied to search for any chametz food that we might have taken to school and not eaten. Blankets, bed sheets and bedspreads were removed from the beds to inspect the beds for chametz food.

The kitchen was the last part of the house that received my mother's thorough attention. Every cupboard and every drawer in the kitchen were completely emptied, washed and recovered with a wax paper or wax-cloth sheet. All the aluminum or copper pots and pans were placed in a giant tank which was filled with water. The tank was located on a metal stand and a primus-type kerosene heater was placed under it. The primus fire placed under the tank heated the water until it was boiling. The pots, pans and other metal utensils were left in the boiling water for at least an hour before they were removed and declared by my mother as being "Kasher LePessach". From that day on, they were not touched until the cooking for the Seder meal was started. My mother used to tell us that in her childhood, all the forks, knives and spoons were placed in a deep hole of earth clay in the backyard for a whole week prior to the boiling process. That was the method of making one set of kitchen tools usable both during the year and during the Pessach week. As we grew older, my father could afford to purchase special pots and pans for Pessach that were not used during any other time of the year. After Pessach, this set was stored in a small attic located in the kitchen. It was not touched until the next Pessach.

It is known that glass dishes do not absorb food and therefore, in Spharady homes, they do not require "HACH-SHA-RAH", which is a strict cleansing requirement for clay dishes that were used for chametz food. If glass dishes were used with chametz food, they could be washed in hot water and be ready for use during Pessach. Pyrex dishes are classified the same as glass dishes. Some Ashkenazim treat glass dishes the same as clay dishes, but they allow the Hachsharah of Pyrex dishes. As the month of Nissan progressed,

the kitchen was gradually transfigured from Chametz to Kasher LePessach. The area where we were allowed to eat Chametz became smaller and smaller.

On the evening before the Seder night, it was customary to perform the process of gathering the Chametz that remained in the house. My mother used to prepare between twenty and fifty pieces of newspaper sheets. In each sheet she wrapped a piece of bread and she used to hide them in every imaginable corner in our apartment. After dark, each child was given a candle to aid in looking for all the bread pieces in the apartment. After they were all gathered, the papers containing the bread pieces were placed in a bucket. On the next morning, we performed the task of "Bi-ur Cha-metz" . We took the bucket to a yard near our apartment house and burned the bread. From that moment on, always prior to mid-morning on the Seder day, we were not allowed to eat bread. It is customary also not to eat Matzah between the burning of the bread and the Seder ceremony in the evening.

My father always assumed that we must have missed some Chametz food in the cracks. Being an employee of a bank where some of his colleagues were not Jewish, he used to sell all the Chametz that the family owned to one of his Arab friends. At the end of Pessach, he used to purchase back whatever was sold prior to Passover. In modern times, a Chief Rabbinate Committee in Israel sells all the Chametz of the country to a gentile.

The preparation of the special food for the Seder was unique. I always took part in helping my mother prepare the Charosset. This mixture of dates, raisins, nuts, and wine is a traditional dish that is prepared to

commemorate the mortar and bricks that were made by our ancestors while they were slaves in Egypt. In modern times, we refer to the Charosset as the symbolic food which reminds us to continue building our country Israel.

At the Seder night, my parents always invited outside guests. I do not remember a single Seder night in which my parents did not invite relatives or another family or individuals to join us.

During the Seder ceremony, my father elaborated extensively on the story of slavery in Egypt, the ten plagues and the crossing of the sea by the slaves who were melded into a nation by Moses. When everyone was seated at the Seder table, he used to lift the Pessach plate, forming an imaginary circle above the heads of everyone at the table, singing :

"BIV-HEE-LOO YA-TZA-NU MI-MITZ-RA-YIM"

("With Great Haste We Left Egypt")

In many Spharady homes, it is customary to wrap the Afikoman in a sack and pass it to each participant around the table to sling it over his or her shoulder. This is symbolic of the Israelites carrying their possessions on their shoulders as they left Egypt. This custom draws its origin from the book of Shmot (Exodus 12:34) which states:

> "The people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders"

Some have the custom of actually standing up and walking around the table with the sack on their shoulder. Those present ask: "Where are you coming from?" The answer is, "From Egypt". Then they ask: "Where are you going to?" The answer is, "To Jerusalem". Others have the custom of walking with the sack on their shoulder declaring: "This is how we walked out of Egypt."

My father always prepared a long wooden stick to which he tied a small cloth sack in which was placed the AFIKOMAN. He then placed the stick on his shoulder to demonstrate how the Jews left Egypt. As the ceremony progressed, the stick was passed on to other participants, who also held the stick on their shoulder. Finally, the Afikoman disappeared when one of us stole it and hid it.

As children, we learned many Pessach songs in school. When we sat at the Seder table, all five of us would sing enthusiastically the songs that we learned from school, from our parents, from our uncles and aunts and cousins. The climax of the whole evening was at the end of the ceremony when we all sang the "ECHAD MI YO-DE-AH" both in Hebrew and in Ladino. The Ladino version was handed down to us by my beloved paternal grandmother RIVKA BOULISSA ANOUCHI, Nishmata Eden. Her mother was born in Sarajevo, and she grew up in a home where Ladino was the only spoken language, while Hebrew was reserved for the synagogue. At the completion of the Seder, the men stayed at the table and recited the complete Song of Songs in a beautiful chanting melody that I always loved. That is why I have always felt that a Seder ceremony without the singing of the Song of Songs is incomplete.

I had never missed a single Seder in my parents' home until my activities in the Irgun forced me to leave town at the age of sixteen and go underground for fear of being arrested by the British police. By being present during the performance of the Seder ceremony in my father's home, I have learned the importance of carrying the tradition from my generation to the next.

In Israel, the Seder ceremony is performed only once. The tradition of having two Seder nights is limited to the diaspora. The last day of Pessach has always been celebrated in a special way which was not known to our Ashkenazy neighbors. We always had a host of friends who asked to be invited to my father's home to hear him perform the traditional ceremony of "SANTAK CHADRA", the ceremony in which we first eat bread after the festival of Pessach ends.

SANTAK-CHADRA is a two-word phrase in Arabic which means "MAY YOUR YEAR BE GREEN". The Santak-Chadra ceremony was a custom for generations among Spharady Jews who came to Palestine from Arab countries. My father used to invite many friends and relatives to join our family in the ceremony. The apartment was decorated by us, the children, with many green branches of rye stalks that grow wild all over Israel during Pessach. Every individual was asked to approach my father who held in one hand a pita bread with a piece of lettuce dipped in honey, and in the other hand a few green rye or wheat stalks (Shibolim). My father used to recite a special blessing that he composed specifically for the individual being blessed. When the blessing was completed, my father used to gently hit the individual with the stalks of rye and wish him a green year by reciting loudly "SANTAK CHADRA" (May your year be green). As the individual was

returning to his seat, everyone in the room used to follow suit by hitting him with a bunch of Shibolim. We, children, had a great time watching the adults being hit. This process was repeated for everyone present. At the end, one of the guests used to perform the same procedure and blessing on my father.

The Moroccan Community in Israel brought with them a custom that has become a big event throughout the country. The day after the end of Pessach is a day of great celebration called the MI-MU-NAH. Thousands of families gather in the hills outside Jerusalem, Tiberias, Safad and other locations, where the greatest picnics are organized. They slaughter lambs and have hundreds of cook-out fires to roast the lambs and eat them with friends, relatives, and with anyone else who is attracted to their group. They sing songs from the old country and dance dances that they learned as children in Morocco. They say that, just like SIM-CHAT BEIT HA-SHO-E-VA, anyone who has never seen the joy of a MI-MU-NAH has not experienced real joy in his life.

The most memorable Pessach in my life was the Pessach of 1948, just before the State of Israel was established on May 15 of that year. As a member of the Irgun, we had worked feverishly days and nights prior to Pessach in preparation for the attack on Jaffa. Arab snipers used to fire their guns at Allenby Street in downtown Tel-Aviv. The snipers were on the top of the high Manshiah Mosque in Yaffo. They managed to kill or injure many civilians in Tel-Aviv every day. We were working continuously, filling sand bags that were needed during the assault of the IRGUN on the Manshiah quarter of Yaffo. The attack started on CHOL-HAMOED Pessach, and it was a fierce house-to-house advance by the IRGUN forces. During the Yaffo

battle, I lost two friends who were killed only two feet from where I stood. I was seriously injured in my head and foot. Luckily, I was retrieved from the front line by an ambulance and was taken to the IRGUN hospital, which was actually a school that was converted to handle the injured from the battle.

LAG BA-OMER

Lag Ba-Omer, the thirty-third day of the counting of the Omer, was always a very significant day during my childhood. The lighting of bonfires everywhere was an event to which all the children looked forward. It signifies the remembering of the revolt of the Jews against the Romans. But on a personal level, it was very significant because of my father's childhood. And this is the story:

Prior to my father's birth, my grandmother had three children, all of whom died before they reached the age of three. When my father was born, it was discovered that he was born circumcised, which occurs very rarely. A symbolic circumcision was performed when he was eight days old with special prayers to save the life of this fourth child. My grandparents made a NEDER, (a vow) not to cut his hair until he was old enough to ask for it to be cut. It was a custom in the Spharady community in Jerusalem to protect a baby by taking such a vow. Until my father was three years old, no new clothes were purchased for him. He was given only old clothes that were donated by friends. When he reached the age of three, he asked why all the other children had short hair and he had long hair. That day was a day of great joy in the Anouchi home, because it was evident that this fourth child would survive. To celebrate the occasion, they took my father to the grave

of Rabi Me'ir Ba'al Ha-Ness in Meron, near Safad, where special prayers were said and a special ceremony was held in which my father received his first haircut. I do not know the origin of this custom, but it is still practiced today by many Orthodox Jews.

SHAVUOT

Shavuot is celebrated on the 6th day of the month of Sivan. Sivan is the Aramaic name given to this month during the Babylonian exile. In the Chumash it is called the Third month, because it is the third month after the exodus from Egypt. Shavuot derives its name from the Seven weeks (SHIV'A SHAVUOT) of the counting of the Omer. We start counting the Omer from the second day of Pessach until the 6th of Sivan, which is the 50th day, when we celebrate the offering of the first harvest.

We call Shavuot by several names:

CHAG HAKATZIR - The Harvest Festival, which is named after the harvest of the wheat. The wheat is the last crop to ripen, thus ending the harvest season.

It is also known as **CHAG HABIKURIM** - The First Harvest Offering. It is named after the first Minchah bread that was brought to the Temple. On that day, the offering season was started. Every family brought from the first fruits of the Shiv'a Minim (the seven crops and fruits of the land), placed them in a basket and brought them to the Temple where the Kohanim took them and placed them at the altar.

Shavuot is also known as **ATZERET** - The ending of the Omer counting. (Just like we celebrate Shmini Atzeret after the ending of the Sukot festival. The word

ATZERET is derived from the root LA'ATZOR - to stop or to end).

Shavuot is also the **MATAN TORAH FESTIVAL** - (Festival of Receiving the Torah at Mount Sinai). However, the Chumash does not tell us that the Torah was given on Shavuot. And it is necessary to ask **Why not?**

The exact dates of PESSACH, SUKOT, ROSH HASHANA and YOM KIPPUR are stated very clearly in the Chumash. Even the exact dates of the mabool, the flood in the time of Noach, are mentioned. Is Shavuot less important that these other events? Yet Shavuot is mentioned in Parashat Mishpatim, in Parashat Ki-Tissa, in Parashat Pinchas and in Parashat Re'e. It is referred to as the harvest festival, but there is no mention of Matan Torah.

Our sages explain that the Torah was given for eternity and not for a specific day. The Torah is to be observed and practiced all the days of the year, while all other festivals are linked to a specific time of the year. After all, at the time of Matan Torah, we still did not know what was in the Torah. Bnei Yisrael declared "Na'asseh Venishma", we shall do what the Torah demands and then we shall hear what it is all about. In fact, while Moses was at Mount Sinai, the people did not know what the laws were; and his disappearance for 40 days resulted in the creation of the golden calf.

On Rosh Chodesh Sivan, Bnei Yisrael arrived at Mount Sinai to prepare for receiving the Torah. Why was Matan Torah delayed so long after the exodus?

The Chumash, the Nevi-im, the Ktuvim, the Mishnah,

the Gmara, the Kabala and other writings occupy such a central and special place in Judaism, that the Hebrew name of this sacred literature, TORAH, defies adequate translation into any other language. Other religions have a concept of scriptures as derived from Heaven. However, only Judaism seems to be based on the idea that the Torah Scripture is in itself the essence of divine revelation; it is not only a basis for social, political, and religious life but is in itself something of supreme value.

The Torah, in all its different forms, is a collection of concentrated emanations of divine wisdom. One who is immersed in Torah studying becomes a partner with the Creator and his wisdom. He begins to understand the need to follow the Torah laws that compel men to be accountable for their deeds.

The Torah is a plan for human action and relationship, providing guidance for the proper way to behave, to think and to dream. It is a way of life showing how to relate inwardly and how to conduct oneself outwardly. Perhaps that is why the word "TORAH" is of the same root as the word "HORA'AH" ("instruction" or "teaching").

Most of the laws in the Torah deal with fairly practical matters: what to do and what not to do. The Torah can be explained in a number of ways. However, it concentrates primarily in practical issues, because that is the language that humans beings understand. Had the Torah been primarily a spiritual scripture, it would be cut off from contact with human existence. For generations, Jewish scholars have studied the Torah extensively and delved into it to find its hidden meanings. These scholars have established four levels of interpretations to the secrets of the Torah:

PSHAT — Simple literary way of reading the words, sentences and stories in the TORAH.

REMEZ — Interpretations based on "hints" that relate specific statements to ideas or to other statements.

DRASH — Allegorical interpretations of words, sentences and events stated in the TORAH.

and

SOD — The secret meanings of whatever is included in the TORAH.

The acronym made of these words - P R D S - is the word PARDESS, which in Hebrew means ORCHARD.

Many Rabbis have tried to enter this orchard to better understand the Torah, the creation and the universe. Tradition tells us about four Rabbis, who were studying and debating the meanings of the laws of the Torah, decided to explore its inner secret meanings. All four entered this Pardess, and only Rabbi Akivah came out unscathed.

But, to return to Shavuot, let us look at some poems that were written by a few poets who put on paper some of what they found in the Torah:

The Kabala tells us that the G-D has ten most important attributes, which are called Sfirot. The first three attributes are Chochmah (Wisdom), Binah (Understanding) and Da-at (Knowledge) are the essence of creation. Without these three attributes, the

Creator could not have created the universe. The three books written by King Solomon, who was considered the wisest of mortals in his time, are considered to have parallel meanings to these three attributes.

Shir Hashirim, which we read on Pessach, is a book of great wisdom and deep meaning concerning the relationship between the Creator, (the bridegroom) and Knesset Yisrael his chosen bride. It stands for the attribute of Wisdom.

The book of Mishley (Proverbs) is a collection of proverbs that demonstrates how King Solomon understood the human life. It represents the attribute of Bi-nah (Understanding).

and

The book of Kohelet, which we read during Sukot, includes many observations that demonstrate great knowledge. It stands for the attribute of Da-at (Knowledge).

Of these three books, the Song-of-Songs has achieved the highest standing. It is a poem that describes all the love and the absolute loyalty that exists between the K.B.H. and Knesset Yisrael. SHIR HASHIRIM was written by Shlomo Hamelech when the construction of the First Temple was completed. On that day, the SHECHINAH descended to reside in the Temple.

On Shavuot we read the Book of Ruth for several reasons.

a. The events in the book of Ruth took place between the beginning of the barley harvest and

the ending of the wheat harvest, i.e. through the whole period of the Omer counting.

b. The book of Ruth is the first book of the KTUVIM section of the Bible. On Shavuot we read from the TORAH, from the NEVI'IM (in the Haftarah), and from the first book of KTUVIM. This constitutes the wrapping of all the TANACH as the basis of Jewish laws.

c. King David, who wrote the Book of TEHILIM (Psalms), was the grandson of Ruth. He was born on Shavuot and died on Shavuot. (Some congregations and individuals read all the Psalms in the book of TEHILIM on Shavuot).

In Ashkenazi synagogues, it is customary to read the Akdamot, which are praises of G-D written in a poetic form. They were written by Rabbi Meir Be-Rabbi Ytzchak who was a cantor in Worms when Rashi lived. It is said that Rashi learned Torah from Rabbi Meir. Rabbi Meir lost his son who was killed during the crusades by Catholic priests when they tried to convince him to renounce his religion. Rabbi Meir died shortly after his son's death, leaving behind a beautiful poem listing the praises of the Creator. The reciting of the Akdamot was adopted in most Ashkenazy communities except in Worms, where they had caused anguish to its inhabitants. The Akdamot reminded them of their beloved rabbi. The Jews of Worms also feared that the Christian neighbors would be angered by the arguments of the poem against their religion.

The poem of Akdamot includes seventy verses, the first 44 are in doublets following the Hebrew Alphabet. The first letters of the other verses, when placed together,

create the sentence: "MEIR BE-RABBI ITZHAK, YGDAL BEMA'ASSIM TOVIM, AMEN, VECHAZAK VE'EMATZ", which means, "MEIR THE SON OF RABBI YTZHAK, MAY HE GROW WITH GOOD DEEDS, AMEN, BE STRONG AND BRAVE".

The poem was written purposely in Aramaic but in the Hebrew alphabet, so that only Jews would understand it at the time that the Church was preaching the killing of Jews. The poem starts by praising the glory of G-D who created heaven and earth, and all the writers in the world cannot describe HIS greatness. The hosts in heaven praise HIM. The children of Israel are loved by HIM. They glorify HIM and crown HIM and say to HIM "KADOSH, KADOSH, KADOSH" (Holy, Holy, Holy) twice each day. His desire is that Bnei Yisrael will learn the Torah, and when they pray, HE receives their prayers.

And the nations of the world come and say to KNESSET YISRAEL:

> "Who is HE that you are willing to be killed and slaughtered for HIM. Come to us and we shall give you all you want, and your life will not be endangered."

And BNEI YISRAEL answer in wisdom. Receiving all the things that are offered to them is worthless compared to the reward that will arrive when the time comes. When the light will shine, and the evil nations will be destroyed, Jerusalem will be rebuilt, the Diaspora will be gathered back to Zion, the gates of heaven will open, and all their glory will shine. Fortunate is he who believes and waits and does not renounce his faith.

The poem ends with a declaration:

> "And you, who hear this poem, be strong in your faith. We are fortunate that He has chosen to give us the TORAH".

The Akdamot list of praises are intended to seed in the hearts of the suffering Jews the faith needed to survive without renouncing their convictions as practicing Jews.

In Spharady Synagogues, the Akdamot are not recited. Instead, after the Mussaf is repeated, or before the Minchah service, the AZHAROT are recited. It is a poetic listing of all the Mitzvot (commandements) of the Torah. The AZHAROT were written by Rabbi Shlomo Ibn Gevirol, who was one of the greatest religious poets ("PAYTANIM") of the Golden Era of the Jews in Spain. He was born in Malaga in the year 1022 C.E. and is considered not only a great poet, but also a great philosopher. He wrote the AZHAROT before he reached the age of sixteen. The poem includes all 613 Mitzvot. Outside Israel it is divided into two portions. The first half, which includes all the Mitzvot Asseh ("You Shall Do" commandments), is recited during the first day of Shavuot. The second half, which includes all the Mitzvot Lo Ta'asseh ("You Shall Not Do" commandments), is recited on the second day. The AZHAROT are warnings concerning the need to keep the Mitzvot as sited in the following examples:

EIGHT AND FORTY	AND
TWO HUNDRED PLANTS	
LIKE NAILS ARE IMBEDDED	AS
MANY AS HUMAN ORGANS	
IN SINAI THEY WERE REVEALED	AND

FROM ABOVE WERE HEARD
AND TOGETHER ENGRAVED IN
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

HIS WORD YOU WILL KEEP IN
YOUR HEART AND YOUR LIPS
WRITE THEM ON DOORPOSTS ON
MEZUZOT AND GATES

AND TEACH THEM ALWAYS TO
YOUR SON AND PUPIL
AND BRACHOT YOU WILL SAY ONE
HUNDRED EACH DAY

AND LEARN AND TEACH AND
HONOR YOUR PARENTS
AND RETURN LOST ASSETS AND
SANCTIFY FIRST FRUITS

AND MERCY THE POOR AND
ASSIST THE SICK
AND COMFORT THE MOURNERS AND
BURY THE DEAD

Some Spharady communities recite another poetic listing of the Mitzvot that were written by Rabbi Eliyahu, who wrote them from memory while in jail. Not having any books for references, he omitted several Mitzvot.

In many Spharady Synagogues, it is customary to recite the KETUBAH poem to symbolize the covenant between G-D and the people of Israel when the Torah was given to Moses on Mount Sinai.

A Ketubah is a traditional written contract between a bride and a groom. It is prepared prior to a wedding

and is signed and witnessed prior to the wedding ceremony. the KETUBAH poem, which was written by Rabbi Najara, is recited in Shavuot during the opening of the ARON when the Torah Scroll is taken out. The poem reminds us of the love affair between G-D and Knesset Yisrael, and the wedding vows taken by both G-D, the bridegroom, and by BNEI YISRAEL, the bride.

Whether we celebrate Shavuot as the Harvest festival (Chag Hakatzir), the First Harvest Offering festival (Chag Habikurim), Atzeret or Matan Torah festival, we should also remember to celebrate the Paytanut festival to honor the poets who wrote these beautiful poems. In Shavuot, we remember the great PAYTANIM:

King David, who wrote TEHILIM,
King Solomon, who wrote SHIR HASHIRIM, MISHLEY & KOHELET,
Rabbi Meir Ben Ytchak, who wrote the AKDAMOT
Rabbi Shlomo Ibm Gevirol, who wrote the AZHAROT
Rabbi Najarah, who wrote the KETUBAH.

HIGH HOLIDAYS

Preparations for the High Holidays always started at the beginning of the month of Elul. My father and mother both told me how my grandparents would go to the synagogue every night during the month of Elul to say the SLICHOT. The forty days of Slichot begin on the first day of Elul because on that date Moses went up to Mount Sinai to receive the second set of tablets after he broke the first tablets at the sight of the golden calf. He stayed on the mountain for forty days to plead

forgiveness for the people of Israel who built the golden calf. After forty days, this great sin was forgiven; and the second set of tablets was given to Moses on the tenth day of Tishri, which is Yom Kippur. These forty days are considered as the days to plead for mercy for our sins, as Moses did, with the hope that all the pleading will be accepted on Yom Kippur.

The tradition was to recite the Slichot at midnight, but most people found it difficult to function in their profession the next day. Many individuals recited the Slichot early in the morning, generally before sunrise.

The Slichot in the Spharady tradition is a collection of beautiful Piyutim, or poems, that were written between the tenth and the fourteenth centuries by a long list of Paytanim, such as Ibn Gvirol, Yehudah Halevi, Rabbi Klonymos, and others. The great majority of the Slichot Piyutim in the Spharady prayer books were written by Paytanim who lived in Spain prior to the expulstion of Jews from Spain in 1492.

During my childhood, my mother used to buy new shoes for my three sisters, my brother and me for the High Holidays. Often, we also received new clothes. Because my parents could afford to buy shoes only once a year, they were for Rosh Hashanah. My mother held it as an important task to make sure that we went to the Synagogue on Rosh Hashana with new shoes.

One of the most memorable events was the singing of the beautiful High Holidays piyutim in the Synagogue. The piyut "Achot Ketanah", with its catchy melody, was sung in unison by everyone in the Synagogue during the Rosh Hashnah evening service. Each stanza includes the sentence of "Let the year end with its

curses", and the song ends with the sentence "Let the New Year begin with its blessings". Other songs that I loved include the song of the AKEDA, the pyutim before the blowing of the Shofar, and the NE-ILAH song prior to the Ne-ilah service at the end of Yom Kippur. Members of the Synagogue boys choir looked forward to the High Holidays when we could demonstrate our singing talents.

Returning from the Synagogue to our home on the eve of Rosh Hashanah was a unique pleasure. My father, my brother and I found a festive table covered with a white tablecloth. The ceremony prior to the meal was very elaborate. My father always performed the ceremony with great patience and dedication. He explained the importance of the High Holidays, concentrating on Rosh Hashana and explaining how the Jewish calendar is based on the lunar system, where each new moon designates a new month. Sometimes we read a portion of the Mishnah that deals with issues of the Jewish New Year. He also elaborated on the meaning and purpose of each step of the ceremony. Following the Kidush, each person at the table was given a small and symbolic piece of fruit or vegetable that had some association with a specific prayer that was said on the New Year.

These special Rosh Hashanah prayers are:

A date fruit, TAMAR in Hebrew, with a prayer requesting that all our enemies will be no more ("YITAMU").

Black-eyed peas, RUBIYAH in Aramaic, with a prayer requesting that our merits will be many (YIRBU ZACHUYOTEINU).

Leek, KARTEY in Aramaic, with a prayer that all our enemies will be eliminated (YIKARETU).

Parsley, SALKA in Aramaic, with a prayer that all our enemies will chased away (YISTALEKU).

Squash, KAR-AH in Aramaic, with a prayer that any harsh sentences decreed against us will be torn (YIKARE-U).

Pomegranate seeds, RIMON in Hebrew, with a prayer requesting that we shall be full of Mitzvot like a Pomegranate that has 613 seeds, the same number of Mitzvot in the Torah.

A slice of apple dipped in honey to correspond with the prayer requesting that the New Year will be as sweet as the honey.

Head of lamb, with the prayer requesting that we will be heads and not tails, and to remember the Ram of Isaac.

SHABAT

There are two great gifts the Jewish people gave to the nations of the world: Monotheism, the belief in one Creator and Shabat, a day of rest each week. The Talmud says that Moshe Rabenu went to Pharaoh, the King of Egypt and said: "I have seen the Israelite slaves working without any rest. If they will continue to work without rest, they will die and you will not have any slaves". Pharaoh accepted the argument and allowed Moses to institute the Shabat, the day of rest.

The Shabat has been the center of Jewish observance since the Jews left Egypt. Work on Shabat was not allowed in the desert during the journey to the Promised Land. Even the MANN and the SLAV did not appear on Shabat. When the Temple was built in Jerusalem, the Shabat services and ceremonies were central to the Jewish life in the entire country.

It is customary to celebrate Shabat by having three festive meals between sunset on Friday night and sunset on Saturday night. The first meal is after the reciting of the Kidush on Friday night, the second meal is after returning from the synagogue on Shabat morning, and the third meal is said after Mincha prior to the departure of Shabat. Of special memory is the outstanding "HAMIN" that my mother used to make for Shabat, especially in the winter. It was a meal that was prepared on Friday and left overnight on a very low fire so that the second meal on Shabat noon would be a hot meal. Almost all Jews have such a custom. The Spharadim call it "Hammin", the Ashkenazim call it "Cholent", the Iraqi Jews -"Tavita", the Moroccan Jews - "Schina", the Persian Jews - "Ashmash" and the Yemenite Jews - "Kubana".

Why do we eat "Hamin"? It is a custom that developed in the eighth century to contradict the Karaïtes, a Jewish group that was established at that time. The Karaïtes followed the written laws of the Torah but did not accept the oral law of the Talmud. They said that it was not allowed to heat food on Shabat. The Talmud interprets the Torah law on fire differently. It allows us to light a fire before Shabat and leave it burning for the purpose of warming food and providing light during Shabat.

The custom of reading a Parasha from the Torah and a Haftarah from the Prophets every Shabat during the Shacharit services has always been of special interest to me. It transformed me into a person who is intrigued by our history. It enabled me to relate to our ancestors during the formative years of our nation. I used to close my eyes in the Synagogue and imagine that I was among the people who experienced the events recited in the Parasha or in the Haftarah. I was with the Slaves in Egypt, I was with the people crossing the Red sea, I was at Ma'amad Sinai (the standing at Sinai during the receiving of the Torah), I journeyed across the desert, I fought against the Amalekim, I joined Joshua in the entry to the promised land, I fought with Barak Ben Avinoam and Devorah against Sisra at Nachal Kishon, I joined the Shimshon fighters against the Plishtim, I saw King David fight Goliat, I saw David establishing Jerusalem as the Capital of Israel, I saw the Temple that was built by Sholomo Hamelech. There is no end to the events that any Jew can experience in his imagination if he has the interest and the drive to learn more about our ancient history.

The Shabat experience that I was exposed to during my childhood was a very important part in my education as a Jew. I hope and pray that you, my grandchildren, will find such experiences in your Jewish education.

OTHER FAMILY CUSTOMS

My parents always insisted on following two rules when naming new babies in our family. The first rule was to use Biblical names; and the second was to honor a grandparent by giving his or her name to a grandchild, especially while the grandparent was alive. My eldest

sister Rivka was named after my paternal grandmother, which also the name of Isaac's wife. My second sister Itta is named after my maternal grandmother; but she is also named Yehudit Balfouria. Yehudit in honor of Yehudit who was an important heroine in Biblical times, and Balfouria in honor of the Balfour Declaration, which was on November 2, her birthday. My third Sister, Sara, carries the name of our matriarch Sara, Avraham's wife, who was a very beautiful women. Naturally, I was named Avraham after my paternal grandfather and in honor of our patriarch Avraham, the founder of monotheism. My brother Daniel was named after my maternal grandfather and after the prophet Daniel. I have carried that custom to the next generation by naming my first born son Yoel Shlomo, the first name after the prophet Yoel, and the second to honor my father who was still alive when Yoel was born.

My wish has always been that this custom would continue. Avi Elan, my grandson was given his first name, Avraham according to this custom. His middle name was given to him to honor his grandmother, Iris Elaine, Aleiha Hashalom. I challenge all members of the family to continue this custom in the next generations so that the link with our history will not be broken.

Chapter 5 – The Irgun

I was only 14 years old when the Second World War ended in 1945. At this most impressionable age of any teenager growing up in Haifa, I remember German airplanes dropping bombs on the Haifa refineries during the war. I also learned about the extermination of Jews in Europe. When the Second World War ended, I experienced the harsh day-to-day life imposed upon us by the British Government in Palestine. From the roof of our apartment building, which faced the Haifa harbor, I saw the arrival of refugee ships from Europe; and I saw their entry blocked by the British Navy. I saw public demonstrations in the streets of Haifa against this British policy of sending Jewish refugee ships, like the EXODUS, to Germany or other ships to a concentration camp in Cypress.

I learned the Hebrew words of "The Song of the Jewish Partisans".

> *Do not say that this is our last road*
> *That clouds have covered the light of the day*
> *The day we have been waiting for will come*
> *And our marching testifies that we are still here.*

These words of the Jewish partisans who fought the Germans were an important factor in my decision to fight the British. There were many other factors. One such episode is described in a report made by the Captain of the refugees' ship Chaim Arlozorov which approached the shores of Haifa with 1346 immigrants in February, 1947, as it was surrounded by four British Naval Destroyers. This is how the Arlosorov Captain reported a dialogue on a loudspeaker between the ship's Captain and the British Navy commander:

British Navy Destroyer:

> Jewish refugees, you are entering the territorial waters of Palestine illegally. His Majesty's destroyers will escort you to the island of Cypress, where you will be placed in a camp until your fate is determined.

Arlozorov Captain:

> British Sailors, we are Jewish refugees returning to our homeland after a long exile and the extermination of millions of Jews by the Nazis. It is not us but you who are breaking all human laws by preventing us from entering our homeland. This is our land. It will be ours. No one will stop us.

British Navy Destroyer:

> When you will cross the territorial line, we shall fire at you.

Arlozorov Captain: (To the refugees on his ship)

> Brothers and sisters, in a few minutes we shall enter the waters of our homeland. You all know your duties. If we are brave, this land will be ours. No one will be able to stop us. Let us sing HATIKVA.

British Navy Destroyer:

> Who is the captain of your ship? Who has placed your life in his hand?

(Arlozorov Captain Record:

> There was a young 10-year old boy, who was standing near me. I called him over, took him to my room, gave him my gold-decorated Captain's hat, gave him my binoculars and took him to the Captain's bridge. The boy stood there all alone facing the British ship)

Arlozorov Captain:

> British sailors, look at our young captain. Because of him, and in his name, we will fight you if you fire at us.

(Arlozorov Captain Record:

> The destroyer backed 100 meters and fired a warning shot. We ordered the women and the children to the bottom of the ship, and 700 men remained on the deck. The British sailors tried to board the ship under fire, but they encountered our fire back. There were many casualties on both sides, and our ship managed to pull away from the destroyers only to hit a rock and to be grounded outside the Bat-Galim shore of Haifa. All the immigrants were eventually taken to a concentration camp in Cypress.)

This episode, even though it ended with the expulsion of the refugees, generated a wave of pride among the youth of the country and inspired many to join the underground and to fight the British so that refugees would be allowed to enter the country. Some joined the Haganah, some joined the Lehi, and I joined the Irgun.

The IRGUN, as it was known in the United States, was actually called "IRGUN ZT'VA'EE LE-UMI", or ETZEL for short. It means "National Military Organization." It was established by Ze'ev Jabotinsky, the founder of the World Revisionist Zionist Organization. The "Etzel" was established for the purpose of training the Jewish youth in Palestine to be ready to defend the Jewish homeland from Arab attacks and to prepare it to revolt against the British Mandate.

After the First World War, the country was given to the British by the League of Nations with the mandate to prepare it as a homeland for the Jewish people. The Jewish community of Palestine was preparing itself in various ways for an eventual establishment of a Jewish independent state once as the British army would leave the country as stated in the "Balfour Declaration" of 1921. However, the British Government eventually renounced the Balfour declaration and gave the territory east of the Jordan river to the Hashemite King Abdullah who was expelled from Saudi Arabia by the Saudi family.

The leaders of the Jewish community decided to use political means to obtain independence. However, Jabotinsky did not believe that the British would leave the country willingly. He established a "Revisionist Movement" to prepare the youth of the Jewish community to become a new generation of soldiers that would be called upon to revolt against the British if the British would not be willing to leave peacefully. For that purpose, the Irgun was established as an underground fighting force, and the British Police in the country were constantly looking for its members. Many were arrested and even exiled to Africa.

As a youngster, I belonged to the Betar youth organization of the Revisionist movement. When I reached the age of fifteen, I was qualified to become a member of the Irgun, and I was invited to join. Nobody was allowed to apply for membership. One had to be invited after a careful investigation of the candidate's dedication to the cause, his or her ability to maintain the strict secrecy required and his or her willingness to sacrifice ones life, if necessary.

For obvious security reasons, the underground Irgun was a very secret organization. We were not given the names of any recruits or trainees outside our cell. We only knew the real names of the approximately twenty members of our cell. This was necessary to insure that we would not be able, even under torture by the British Police, to reveal the names of more than the few members that we knew. This precautionary measure was even more effective because every Irgun member was given the opportunity to select a pseudo-name, an underground code name. As recruits, we knew only the pseudo-names of our immediate cell commander without knowing his real name and identity. We only knew him as Avinoam. I only discovered his real name of Ytzchak Buzaglo after the British left the country in 1948. I was allowed to select the name of Elchanan upon my entry to the Irgun. Members never used the word "Irgun" or "Etzel". We always referred to the Irgun by the name "Ma'amad" which was used as a pseudonym for Etzel.

Haifa was primarily a Haganah stronghold. The Haganah was a paramilitary organization that was established by the socialist and labor organizations in the country. Many of the Haifa members of the Palmach, which was part of the Haganah, who

belonged to the Mapam socialist movement, were very active in physically obstructing the operations of the Irgun. They even provided names of Irgun members to the British police. This fact made it doubly dangerous to belong to the Irgun in Haifa, because we had to guard ourselves from the Haganah members as well as from the British Police.

The Haifa branch of the Irgun was a very closely knit group. We had undergone training in the use of small weapons, such as revolvers, rifles, sub-machine guns, light-machine guns and hand grenades. All the basic training was done in Haifa, where we met in small groups in secret places. The training was held either in the heavily wooded sections of Mount Carmel or in various buildings in town that were not used at night. I recall many outings to the uninhabited and thickly forested woods of Mount Carmel. We would arrive in small groups posing as youngsters who were nature lovers. We would go on hikes to a pre-assigned meeting place, where our commander had brought the weapons to teach us how to use, disassemble and reassemble them.

Many times we met in the basement of the Anglo-Palestine Bank on Herzel Street, which was the main street of Haifa's Jewish neighborhood. The night guard of the bank was a member of the Irgun, and he had managed to secure the basement during weekends when the bank was closed. It was an ironic situation, since the bank was located only three blocks from a British Police station of the Hadar-HaCarmel center of the city and only six blocks from the British Police local jail. The use of the bank basement was never discovered by the British police nor by the Haganah.

During my training period, I was active in pasting Irgun news posters and announcements on the walls of the main streets in Haifa late at night. For those tasks, we were organized into teams of six. Each team consisted of two forward scouting guards walking in front, normally a boy and a girl, two who pasted the posters on the walls, and two rear guards, often a boy and a girl as well. If these guards noticed any British policemen, Haganah members, suspicious plainclothes men, or a patrolling British Army unit, they would whistle a special tune to warn the two workers. This warning signal provided the workers sufficient time to hide the posters and the paste, and to disappear into the darkness of the night. Often, members of the Irgun were arrested and jailed for months after being caught with Irgun posters in their possession.

I recall one such evening. I was assigned the task of placing the posters on the walls of Herzel Street in Haifa. It was late at night when the streets were mostly deserted. Suddenly, I heard someone calling my name. It was my sister Itta, who was walking home from the theatre with her husband Eli. Fortunately, my brother-in-law realized that she was endangering me by attracting attention to my activity. He pulled her away to a corner where they disappeared.

We also had a special method of distributing Irgun pamphlets in large numbers to locations where high concentrations of Jewish residents in the city were expected. This was normally done on Saturday nights when Haifa inhabitants used to come in great masses to Herzel Street. People came to Herzel Street because that was where the action was. Most of the movie houses were in that area, as well as Falafel stands and ice cream parlors.

I was involved in many of these pamphlet distribution missions, which were planned and executed carefully. I was generally assigned to one of four or five teams who were given the task of the pamphlet distribution from the roofs of several assigned buildings on the street. Our team consisted normally of five members. Two couples, each usually being a boy and a girl, were assigned to provide warnings to the fifth member who was given a large pack of pamphlets. I often was the fifth person; and I took the package to the roof of the assigned building, removed the several hundred printed pamphlets and placed them on the railing of the roof facing the street. Tilting the pamphlets towards the street, I placed a BRASSO can, which was filled with a combustible compound and a long fuse, on the ledge of the roof. The fuse would burn for about 30 seconds before reaching the BRASSO can and causing a small but harmless explosion. The explosion pushed the pamphlets into the street. The 30-second delay allowed me to come down from the roof and mingle with the crowd before the shower of pamphlets came flying down onto the street. All the fuses at the different locations on the street were ignited simultaneously so that all the explosions occurred at the same time, never giving the British Police an advanced warning. By the time the police arrived, the public had the opportunity to read the pamphlets and the message that was delivered from the Irgun.

Basic training in weapons was accompanied with a very extensive series of ideological lectures on what became to be known as Torat Jabotinsky. It consisted of detailed discussions about the fate of the Jewish people, Jabitinsky's warnings about the coming Holocaust in Europe, and the need to fight against the British mandate in Palestine after World War II.

According to the Etzel ideology, fighting the British was the only way to achieve the Zionist goal of establishing a free Jewish State in Palestine. Most of this ideology was an extension of what I had been taught during my years in the Betar youth movement. Like all Betar members that were invited to join the Irgun, I had already acquired my ideological concepts on fighting the British before joining the Irgun.

After completing my basic training as a private soldier in the Irgun, I was trained as a section commander to be in charge of ten Irgun fighters. Being a student in high school, it was difficult to take time out from my studies in order to pass the section commander's course. The intensive training for the course was a series of weekends followed by two solid weeks in a secret training camp in Shuni. Shuni had a small deserted building in the groves of Binyamina, a small town located about fifteen kilometers south of Haifa.

For these weekends, I had told my parents that several friends were going on hiking tours to the countryside and sleeping in various Kibutzim. This was not an easy story to substantiate, because all the Kibutzim were controlled by the Haganah and most of their members would turn Irgun members to the British Police. But we managed to establish a cover on the basis that it was important for every Jewish youngster committed to Zionism to know the country. This was always a good alibi, because my father was a great Zionist and a believer in the outdoors. In his youth, he used to ride horses from Jerusalem to Amman across the Jordan River, sometimes disguised as an Arab for security reasons.

Before one could qualify to be invited for the two-week final course in Shuni, one had to demonstrate exceptional proficiency in handling every type of hand weapon that the Irgun possessed. We had to be able to disassemble and reassemble, in complete darkness, revolvers, sub-machine guns, light machine-guns, two-inch mortars and other weapons. We had to identify every part. Every bullet had to be identified by touch in complete darkness, and we had to name the weapons in which it could be used. There was a long list of weapons which included Smith-and-Wesson revolvers, Italian Pistolla Beretta hand guns, German Mousers and Parabelums, British Enfield rifles, American Tommy guns, British Sten sub-machine guns, Irgun made sub-machine guns, British Bren light-machine guns and many odd weapons made in various countries. The Irgun could not afford to be choosy. Any weapons that could be smuggled into the country, manufactured, acquired in battle with the British, purchased from Beduins or obtained in any other way, were added to the complex arsenal of our underground organization. These weapons were kept in special hiding sites, which we called "Sliks". The weapons that were not needed for intensive training or for immediate operation were covered with grease, wrapped in towels that were soaked in oil and inserted into large metal milk containers. The containers were then placed in deep holes in the ground for later retrieval before they were used in an operation against the British.

The training in Shuni, an old abandoned building complex in a suburb of Binyamina, was on a very high level. We had a most rigorous schedule. We woke up before sunrise, tracked a mile to the Taninim River in the cold morning to wash up and returned to quarters for an early breakfast. We hiked for several miles with

heavy loads on our backs, and listened to an hour lecture in the field while we were supposedly resting. We marched again for miles, reciting the details of the weapons and their use, and learning battle tactics and training methods. We discussed "Torat Jabotinsky", the importance of secrecy and the need to prepare for the final battle of a revolt against the British before establishing a Medina Ivrit, a Hebrew State that we all longed for. Every day we were exposed to new battle techniques which were taught by Irgun members who had served in the British, Polish or Russian Armies. Simulated ground assaults were exercised daily as soon as the evening darkness approached. All training had to be done under continuous heavy guard by other members of the Irgun, whose task was to warn us if any British soldiers, British police, or unidentified wanderers, who could be members of the Haganah, were approaching. The protection of the Shuni base was of great importance, because every two weeks a new group of cadets would be brought in for training. Maintaining a military training base at Shuni under the eyes of the British and Haganah intruders was not a minor task.

Several weeks after I completed my two-week training course, the British police did surprise a group of trainees of the Irgun at Shuni. They were all arrested and spent an extended stay in the Latrun jail. Some were even exiled to the British concentration camp in Asmara, Eritrea, where 251 members of the Irgun and Lechi underground organizations spent several years until the State of Israel was established in 1948.

In 1946, the Haganah organization decided that it should act to stop the Irgun fighting against the British, because the Irgun was operating without the control of

the Labor Party that was the dominant party at that time. The Haganah believed that fighting the British Government was not the way to achieve a Jewish statehood. Its leadership believed that peaceful negotiations would convince the British to honor the Balfour Declaration, which was dedicated to establishing a Jewish homeland in Palestine. This policy resulted in kidnaping of Irgun members, beating them and even giving their names to the British Police. This was especially true in Haifa where the Haganah was strong. In fact, the Haganah headquarters declared that it would act to eliminate the Irgun activities in Haifa.

I was one of the victims of this policy. As much as I regret to include the civil struggle between the Haganah and the Irgun in this document, I find it an important part of my history in the Irgun. In one case, at approximately two o'clock in the morning, eight members of the Palmach, the fighting arm of the Haganah, came to my parents apartment, knocked on the door and told my mother that they were friends of mine who needed my help. When she opened the door, they rushed in, pushed me into the kitchen, closed the door and started hitting me with clubs and brass knuckles until I was bleeding from my head, shoulders, hands and other parts of my body. They informed me that I was chosen, together with thirty other Irgun commanders, to demonstrate that the Palmach would break the Irgun. I was warned that if I did not leave the Irgun, harsher measures would be taken against me. It was the most painful injury that I have ever experienced. On the following day, I discovered that, indeed, the Palmach had beaten about thirty members of the Irgun in Haifa. In a show of fearlessness, many of these Irgun members, wearing bandages, gathered

on the following Saturday night and marched together back and forth on Herzel Street to demonstrate that the Irgun would not be broken. I was not allowed to march because my membership in the Irgun was still not known to the British police.

Another episode, a much more serious one, was my kidnaping by the Haganah in June, 1947. My parents' apartment was on the fourth floor of an apartment building on Salezian Street. As I came out of the building on my way to school, I saw a car parked in front of the building. Suddenly, two young men came out of the car, grabbed me and forced me into the car, where two others were waiting. I was immediately blindfolded, told to remain silent, and threatened with a club and brass knuckles. The car was driven away quickly before anyone in the street noticed what had happened. The four members of the Haganah did not speak to me during the ride and took me to an unknown location outside Haifa. On our arrival at the destination, I was taken out of the car, still blindfolded, and placed in a small room with a straw covered floor. I assumed that I was in a Kibbutz, but I never discovered which one. Many years later, I was told that it could have been Mishmar HaEmek, but I have no proof. It is possible that the Haganah Archives may have a report on this kidnaping case.

After waiting in the room alone for a couple of hours, a member of the Palmach came into the room and introduced himself as the interrogator of the Haganah Intelligence Service. Initially, the interrogator was relatively pleasant while he explained why I had been kidnaped. He was very logical, and we started debating the pros and cons of how the Jewish community in Israel could achieve statehood. I debated, presenting

my views that the Haganah was wrong in believing that the British would honor the Balfour Declaration and would leave the country as a result of peaceful negotiations. The interrogator worked hard to convince me that the Irgun policy was wrong and that it must give up its policy of fighting the British, and adopt the policy of Ben-Gurion.

Although the debate was on policies, and the interrogation was fairly civilized, I was alarmed at being held a prisoner against my will. I was afraid and wondered what the real purpose of kidnaping me was.

The interrogator left, and I was given something to eat. When he returned, his facial expression had changed. He then told me that he was inviting me to become a member of the Haganah with an important mission. He offered me a "unique" opportunity to join the Haganah, while continuing my activity in the Irgun. He would make arrangements to have a Haganah member work with me and meet with me once a week to obtain information on the Irgun. In other words, he offered me a job as a Haganah spy in the Irgun.

The interrogator reminded me of the beating that the Haganah had given to me in the past. He said that he was certain that I would not want to have it happen again. He indicated that the Haganah had some proven methods of obtaining information from its prisoners against their will and threatened me with torture. Under these threats, he told me that he would wait for two hours to give me a chance to think about his proposal and to reflect on what would happen to me personally if I refused. Having sworn allegiance to the Irgun, and being a true believer in its policy of fighting the British, I knew that I could not betray my friends.

At the end of the day, he came back. I told him that such a decision could not be made under duress of being a prisoner. He repeated his threats of very dire consequences if I refused to act as a spy in the Irgun. Finally, he offered me a forty-eight hour period to think about the matter. I would be contacted after two days to obtain my answer. He again emphasized that I would be punished severely if I refused and that he would see me again under conditions of torture.

I was blindfolded again, placed in a car and driven back to Haifa, where I was left in a deserted street. I did not go home, because the British Police may have been looking for me. I contacted my Irgun commander that same day. I told him that I must leave Haifa before the Haganah deadline. I requested to be assigned to another Irgun unit outside Haifa. I was given instructions to leave town immediately, because the British Police already knew about my kidnaping. I was given an Irgun contact in Tel-Aviv where the Irgun debriefed me for several hours.

The Irgun in Tel-Aviv arranged temporary sleeping quarters for me together with another Irgun refugee from Haifa, Shlomo Gorchover (now Shlomo Gonen), who was one of my closest friends in Haifa. I was assigned to the eleventh regiment of the Irgun and was given a job as an apprentice machinist in a factory.

My sudden departure from Haifa forced me to drop out of school. It prevented me from continuing my High School education. I never graduated from High School.

Many years later, I found that the Haganah Museum Archives had a copy of a Haganah intelligence report written in January, 1948, on the Haifa members of the

Irgun. It states that the Haganah had known me to be an officer in the Irgun Battle Corps, that I left Haifa to avoid arrest by the British Police and that the Haganah did not know where I was. A copy of this report is in my personal archive. Additional information on this subject can be found in the book entitled "The Season - Hunting of Brothers" by Yehuda Lapidot. It is written in Hebrew, and a copy is in my personal library.

Apparently, the Haganah informed the British Police that I was a member of the Irgun. I later discovered that the British Police came to my parents' house in Haifa looking for me. My sister, Sarah, who is three years older then me, was interrogated by the British Police and taken to jail with an attempt to force her to reveal my hideout. She knew that I was in Tel-Aviv, but she managed to keep it a secret. She suffered for a period of six months when the British Police placed her under house arrest. She had to report to a police station every day and could not leave the house from sunset to sunrise. Often, the British Police visited my parents' home after midnight to check on her. I shall never forget her suffering on my behalf and that she saved me from being arrested by the British authorities.

In Tel-Aviv, the Irgun gave me a forged identity card under the name of Yehoshua Chanoch. It included a new picture of me with a moustache and glasses, which made me look very different. From that day on, I hid the legal identity card that was issued to me in Haifa by the British authorities. I always carried with me the false identity card of Yehoshua Chanoch and presented it to a British policeman whenever I was stopped in the streets of Tel-Aviv. In every respect, it served as my legal identity card until the British left the country. Both of these identity cards are in my collection of Irgun

memorabilia. The Irgun also gave me a different pseudo name of Nachum so that the British or the Haganah could not identify me as Avraham Anouchi, as the Haganah already knew my pseudo name of "Elchanan" that was given to me in Haifa.

The Irgun in Tel-Aviv assigned me as a machinist trainee in the zipper factory "ZIK" owned by Moshe Rubin, where I learned to make zippers. Later, I was transferred to a secret machine shop in the factory where I was taught to manufacture parts for a sub-machine gun designed by the Irgun. We built 25 to 30 sub-machine guns every day. By the time the Irgun was dissolved in 1948, three thousand such guns were manufactured. I lived in a rented room together with my Irgun friend from Haifa, Shlomo Gorchover. Shlomo and I had been good friends in Haifa and we had strengthened our friendship during our stay in Tel-Aviv. We have maintained this true and close friendship for many years.

From Tel-Aviv, I often sent letters by Irgun mail carriers to my parents in Haifa, never revealing to them where I was. This was a precautionary measure to insure that nobody in my family would ever be tortured by the British to reveal my location.

I once received permission from the Irgun to visit my family in Haifa. I arrived wearing a moustache, dark glasses, a large hat and a heavy coat. I came to my sister Rivka's apartment unannounced. At first she did not recognize me, but later, she brought my mother to her apartment so we could spend half an hour together.

In addition to my work at the sub-machine gun factory, I was engaged in many other activities of the Irgun,

including intensive training and night maneuvers. However, I did not want to relinquish my studies. I was determined to finish the high school equivalency courses that were offered in an evening school known as "Einstein Institute". It would not have been of any value to me had I registered under the name of Yehoshua Chanoch, the name given to me by the Irgun and written on my false identity card. I, therefore, decided to take the great risk of registering in my real name, always worrying that either the British Police or the Haganah could discover my hideout. I was fortunate enough to survive the period without being found by the British Police or the Haganah. I earned a certificate of completion by the Institute and even passed the "Heat, Light and Sound" high school equivalency test given by the University of London throughout the British colonies. That certificate did not qualify me for acceptance to the Technion in Haifa, but it was eventually very instrumental in my being accepted by an engineering school in the United States.

As the Irgun and Lechi revolt against the British intensified, the British government had to give in to its public in Britain who complained about the continuous attacks of the Jewish underground against the 100,000 British soldiers in Palestine. The British decided to let the United Nations vote on the status of the mandate that it had received from the League of Nations after the First World War. The mandate was for the establishment of a home for the Jews in Palestine. In 1921, however, the British had given all the land of the country east of the Jordan River to the Hashemite family and called it TransJordan. The British could not administer the Western side of the river under the intense attacks of the Irgun and the Lehi. The British were convinced that the United Nations would extend

the mandate and ask the British government to remain in the country. On November 29, 1947, the United Nations General Assembly voted to divide the territory west of the Jordan River into an Arab state and a Jewish state. The majority of nations recognized that, following the Holocaust, the Jews must be given a home of their own so that their suffering and persecution of two thousand years would end. The Jews accepted the partition, but the Arabs rejected it. After the United Nations vote, the British decided to gradually leave Palestine and that their last soldier would be out by May 15, 1948. Initially they left the Tel-Aviv area; but in most parts of the country, including Yaffo, they allowed Arab military forces to enter from TransJordan before they left. In many rural areas, the British Army even handed to the Arabs military camps and fortresses that were previously occupied by the British Army.

At that time, Tel-Aviv became one of the central front lines between the Jewish and the Arab forces. The Arabs considered Tel-Aviv as the main reservoir of both fighting personnel and military supplies. They decided to isolate Tel-Aviv from the rest of the Yishuv and to force the Jews to maintain a high concentration of defenders there. In the beginning, the Arabs used knives, revolvers and stones to kill civilians in Tel-Aviv in schools, in shops and in the streets. Hand grenades were thrown at stores through windows. Later, new weapons started to appear in fortified bunkers in Jaffa, and snipers succeeded in terrorizing Jewish civilians in the main streets of Tel-Aviv. Between Tel-Aviv and Yaffo, a wall of fire was established; and the Arabs set the major objective of destroying Tel-Aviv, which would have spelled the collapse and destruction of the Jewish Yishuv in all of Palestine.

The front line between Tel-Aviv and Yaffo was very long and zig-zagged. On the waterfront, the Arab Manshiyah quarter extended northward from Jaffa like a finger into the heart of Tel-Aviv. It was built by the Turkish Governor Chassan Beck, whose name was assigned to the tall Mosque located at the center of the quarter. The Chassan Beck Mosque is very high. It is located on the southern part of Yarkon street. It served as a major military post from which many snipers' bullets reached Allenby street, the main street in Tel-Aviv at that time. On the southern edge of Tel-Aviv was the Arab neighborhood of Abu-Kebir, which was adjacent to the industrial and commercial center of the Jewish city. From Abu-Kebir, the Arabs controlled the main traffic artery between Tel-Aviv and the southern part of the country. From the high tower of the Russian monastery in Abu-Kebir, Arab snipers controlled several streets in Tel-Aviv. The Jewish neighborhoods on the southern part of Tel-Aviv were on the front line of the city, facing the onslaught of the Arab forces.

The Arab neighborhood of Jabaliya was located on the southern edge of Yaffo, where the tall buildings and Mosque minarets became snipers' nests that controlled the streets of Bat-Yam, the Jewish neighborhood south of Yaffo. Between Yaffo and the Jewish town of Chollon was the Arab neighborhood Tel-Aris. On the Southeast side of Tel-Aviv was the Arab village of Salame, whose residents terrorized many Tel-Aviv neighborhoods. The road from Tel-Aviv to Jerusalem and to the south was under constant sniping from Arab villages.

The military front lines between the Jewish population and the Arab population in the Tel-Aviv area was so complicated that it was impossible to determine if Yaffo was surrounded by many Jewish villages or if Tel-Aviv

was surrounded by many Arab villages. The military advantage was, therefore, on the side which could initiate the best offensive and not on the side of defenders. The Arabs established a major headquarters in the Chassan-Beck Mosque of Manshiyah. Around the Mosque, they built very strong fortifications on the roofs of the buildings. Manshiyah's snipers from the Chassan-Beck Mosque and from other tall buildings were very effective in causing many deaths among civilians in the Jewish neighborhoods. Thousands of Jewish refugees left their homes on the front-line and poured into the center of Tel-Aviv.

Tel-Aviv suffered heavy losses from the attacks of the Arab forces, which were gathered in Yaffo. Attacks that were aimed at the Jewish population on the southern and eastern neighborhoods of Tel-Aviv, with the open assistance from the British army, were carried on daily. Two major areas, Bat-Yam and Cholon, were located south of Yaffo and were completely surrounded by Arab villages and isolated from the rest of greater Tel-Aviv. We did not receive Yaffo from the United Nations. It is now a part of Tel-Aviv/Yaffo, only as a result of a war that the Irgun launched on Yaffo.

From December, 1947, my platoon in the Irgun had started a very intensive military training program for a possible war with the Arabs, who were not expected to sit idly during the departure of the British from Palestine. Having been previously trained in weapons and battle tactics for fighting the British, I was selected to become an instructor of topography for future junior officers in the Irgun. I had become a recognized authority on military topography, an expertise which later turned out to have saved many lives in battles during the War of Independence in 1948. Our training

was held on the front line between the Jewish Tel-Aviv and the Arab Yaffo in April, 1948.

Frontline bunkers of the Irgun were established in a long chain stretching from Manshiyah through Kerem Hatemanim, Schunat Shapira and Schunat Hatikvah. A central command post was set up in each sector of the front line. The post was also used as a training center for Irgun fighters in that sector. My platoon was assigned to the Schunat Shapira neighborhood, where the residents assisted us with food and emotional support. We were stationed at the front line, training by day and on watch and patrol duties by night.

For the three weeks that preceded the battle for Yaffo, the Irgun was engaged in gathering intelligence on the fortifications of the Arabs in the Manshiyeh quarter of Yaffo and in training the forces that were destined to participate in the attack on Yaffo. On the first day of Pessach, April 24, 1948, six hundred Irgun soldiers were gathered in Machane Dov, an Irgun base outside Tel-Aviv, which was named after the Irgun member Dov Gruner who was hanged by the British in Acre.

The immediate objectives of the planned attack were explained to the Irgun soldiers at Camp Dov before the battle. They were isolation of Manshiyah from the rest of Yaffo by reaching the sea, the clearing of the Manshiyah quarter from Arab military forces, and the preparation for the next phase of conquering the rest of Yaffo. The secondary objectives were to free Tel-Aviv from Arab snipers, to prevent the Egyptian forces from landing in Yaffo and establishing a base for attacking Tel-Aviv and to free Jewish forces from Tel-Aviv duties so that they could be assigned to the Jerusalem and the Egyptian fronts. The second objective was

important because the Manshiyah quarter was a long strip of several blocks of buildings located along the beachfront. It protruded northward from Yaffo into Tel-Aviv and was an ideal place for the Egyptian Navy to land its forces and to establish a military base for landing troops, ammunition and supplies. Such an Egyptian beachhead could have spelled the end of Tel-Aviv and probably the end of our hopes to survive the Arab onslaught.

On April 25, 1948, the Irgun launched the attack on the Manshyeh quarter of Yaffo under the command of Amichai Paglin, whose underground name was "Gideon" or "Guidi". Two three-inch mortars started to shell Yaffo from the Alliance School that was the front line Irgun headquarters. Immediately, two Irgun companies moved forward between the Manshiyah quarter and the Jewish quarter of Neve Shalom. One company was headed toward the railroad station with the objective of providing cover for the second company, which was headed west along Brant Street toward the beach.

At the start of the battle, there were several British Army units in Yaffo who were trying to prevent the Jewish forces from overtaking Arab positions. During the first day of the battle, the Arab forces put up very stiff resistance with heavy fire from all positions. They were backed up by several British field artillery anti-tank guns. On the second day, the battle intensified with no breakthrough. Begin called his staff and proposed a cessation for a few days to review the situation again. However, the Irgun officers and soldiers on the front line "refused to obey the order" (according to Menachem Begin in his book The Revolt). The staff pressed him to continue, after the field

commander, Guidi, proposed to send sappers to destroy several buildings and to block the access of the British tanks to critical streets. In addition, he planned to slowly build walls of sandbags across streets that were under heavy fire and to allow the fighters to cross these streets under the protection of the sandbags.

For more than twenty-four hours, Irgun fighters were engaged in fortifying the newly taken battle positions. Volunteers prepared thousands of sand bags that were required to enable the Irgun fighters to cross the streets under enemy fire. In the street-to-street fighting, sappers placed explosives in deserted buildings; and we moved through them one at a time to avoid moving forward along streets that were under heavy enemy machine-gun and tank fire.

During the first days of the battle, the British forces in Yaffo were convinced that the Arabs could withstand the attack and repel the Irgun forces. When they saw that the Arab forces were not able to defend Yaffo, they sent an ultimatum to the Mayor of Tel-Aviv, warning that the British navy would start shelling the Jewish city if the Irgun attack was not stopped. The Irgun responded with a third day of attack.

On April 29, 1948, after the Irgun forces reached the beach, and after the commander of the Arab forces declared that Yaffo had fallen, the British launched a counter attack on the Irgun using tanks and field artillery. When the tanks started their advance toward the Irgun forces, the Irgun front line commander, Eliyahu Templer, "Gunder Yehoshua", called on several commanders to take position in a building that was under heavy attack by the British tanks. He called Avraham Cna'ani, Dov Kremerman, Yechiel Handler,

Yish'ayahu Weisner and myself for a special mission to join him in moving to the key defensive position. To reach our objective, we had to cross a street that was under intense fire from a British tank. We were crawling along the line of sandbags when another British tank shell hit the sandbags several feet from me. Two of my friends, Avraham Cna'ani and Yehoshua Handler, were killed instantly; but the rest of us managed to reach the desired building on the other side of the street. Two of us took positions on the first floor, and I was assigned to a machine gun position on the roof of the building.

The shelling from the British tank continued; and within a short time, a shell hit the position on the first floor of the building. That shell killed my commander, Gunder Yehoshua. A second shell hit my position on the roof. Initially, I did not know that I was injured; and I did not feel any pain. I was too preoccupied with attempting to help another Irgun soldier who had been hit in the stomach so badly by a shell fragment that I could see his exposed intestines. However, when I tried to move toward him, I realized that I could not move my foot and I also felt blood running down my left cheek. I was hit by one shell fragment in my head and by another in my left foot. I called for a medic who arrived soon after, and we were both carried down the stairs and placed on the sidewalk waiting for the battlefront ambulance. The ambulance, with two Irgun nurses, took us to the Irgun field hospital, which had earlier been "The hospital of Dr. Froid" on Yehuda Halevi Street. Other Irgun fighters came to replace me and to hold the position. The next day, I heard that the Irgun had issued an ultimatum to the British Army. If the shelling on the Irgun forces would not stop by 12:00 Noon, the Irgun would start shelling the British headquarters in Yaffo, where 4500 British soldiers were preparing an attack on Tel-Aviv.

The ultimatum worked. The British stopped their attack, and the position where I was injured never fell. The Irgun won the battle. The majority of the Yaffo residents fled the city, and the mayor surrendered. The details of the remainder the Yaffo battle is available in several books in my personal archive, including The Revolt by Menachem Begin, The Conquest of Yaffo by Chaim Lazar and The Battles of the Irgun by David Niv.

The shrapnel that entered my scull was never removed, and the shrapnel that hit me in the foot had miraculously passed between two bones of my foot without any bone damage. After several days in the hospital, I was transferred to the private home of an Irgun member, the Lichter family on King George Street, where I stayed for about a week. I then stayed with my Aunt Tamar Tagger for an additional week of recuperation before returning to my Irgun unit to take part in other battles. These are the names of my friends who fell in the battle for Yaffo:

Avraham Cna'ani - Killed on April 29, 1948, on the same day that I was injured. He is buried at the Nachalat Ytzhak cemetery.

Zvi Munchess - Killed on April 29, 1948.

I will never forget the battle in Yahud and Wilhelma. Within a month of my injuries in the battle for Manshiya in Yaffo, I was given the command of a squad of Irgun soldiers. I was seventeen years old, and all Irgun fighters in my squad were the same age or younger. As soon as the Irgun captured the Arab village of Yahudiya, now renamed Yahud, our Regiment 11, under the command of Zvi Kenig ("Yishay"), was assigned to defend the village and to prepare for an

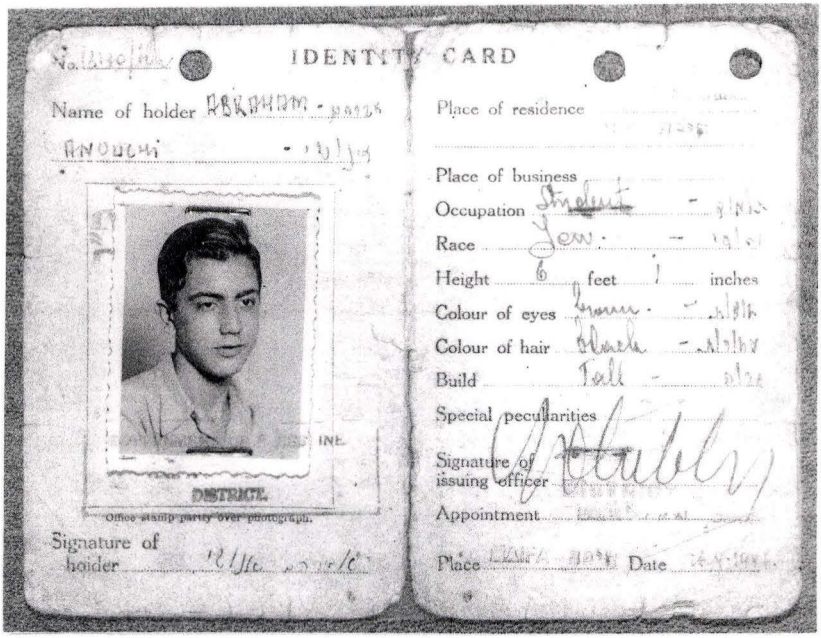
assault on the village of Wilhelma, which was in the hands of the Arabs.

On May 20, 1948, our platoon was assigned the task of advancing to attack the front positions on the perimeter of Wilhelma, a settlement established by German missionaries and occupied by the Jordanian "Arab Legion". The attack started at dawn with the objective of misleading the Arabs to believe that this was the main frontal attack and to draw their fire in our direction, while another force of Irgun fighters were to attack them from another direction. In addition, it was intended to attract Jordanian forces from defending Ramle, which was under attack by the Haganah forces.

The Jordanian fire from the Wilhelma positions was ferocious. We advanced like we were trained, running forward in teams of three or four at a time. Each group of three fighters ran ten to twenty feet, while the others were covering it with their weapons. At the end of each advance, the running group took positions to cover another group that ran forward. The enemy positions were approximately three hundred feet in front of us with no obstructions except tall stalks of wheat and several bushes. After having advanced more than half the distance to the enemy positions, we were given the order to stop the attack and to retreat, apparently because headquarters had just received information that a large Iraqi force was entering Wilhelma from the East. Three members of my platoon were killed that day. However, the mission was accomplished. From 10:00 AM until late afternoon, many enemy vehicles were seen arriving from Ramle, thus reducing the Jordanian forces that defended Ramle against the Haganah assault. In July, 1948, the cities of Ramle and Lud, as well as Wilhelma, were captured by Zahal.

In the following days, I was assigned by the Irgun to various training and defending tasks in the villages around Tel-Aviv until the Irgun was dissolved by its commander, Menahem Begin. All of its members joined the Army of the new State of Israel.

As soon as the British Army left Tel-Aviv, the Irgun issued its own military identity cards to its soldiers. I received a temporary card just before the battle for Yaffo. The final Irgun service card was issued to me after the Irgun was dissolved and I was already a Second Lieutenant in the Army. My Service Card Number 527 was signed by Menachem Begin, the supreme commander of the Irgun, who came out of hiding in March. The service card indicated that I joined the Irgun in 1945 and served continuously. It states that I served as a squad commander and a platoon commander at the rank of SGAN, with the last command as being Mefaked Gunda (Platoon Commander). Other citations include that I participated in the battles of Yaffo, Yahudiya and Ramle in 1948 and that I was injured in the head and in the leg during the battle for Yaffo. These Irgun documents are in my collection of Irgun memorabilia.


IDENTITY CARD

Name of holder ABRAHAM - MARCUS
ENOCH - [illegible]

DISTRICT.
Office stamp partly over photograph.

Signature of holder [illegible]

Place of residence [illegible]

Place of business [illegible]

Occupation Student - [illegible]

Race Jew. - [illegible]

Height 6 feet 1 inches

Colour of eyes brown. - [illegible]

Colour of hair Black - [illegible]

Build Tall - [illegible]

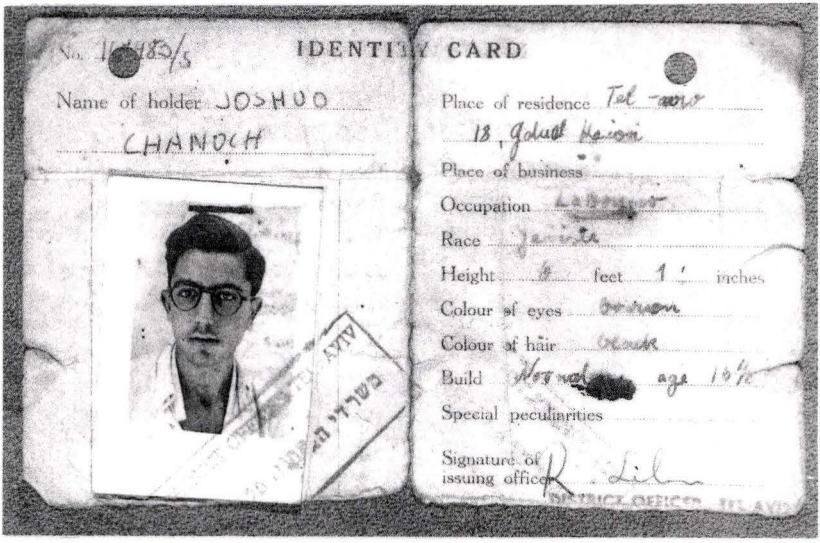
Special peculiarities [illegible]

Signature of issuing officer [illegible]

Appointment [illegible]

Place [illegible] Date [illegible]

Identity Card Issued by the British


IDENTITY CARD

Name of holder JOSHUA
CHANOCH

Place of residence Tel-Aviv
18, Yehuda Halevi

Place of business [illegible]

Occupation Labourer

Race Jewish

Height 5 feet 7 inches

Colour of eyes brown

Colour of hair Black

Build Normal age 19½

Special peculiarities [illegible]

Signature of issuing officer [illegible]

DISTRICT OFFICER TEL AVIV

Pseudo Identity Card issued by the IRGUN



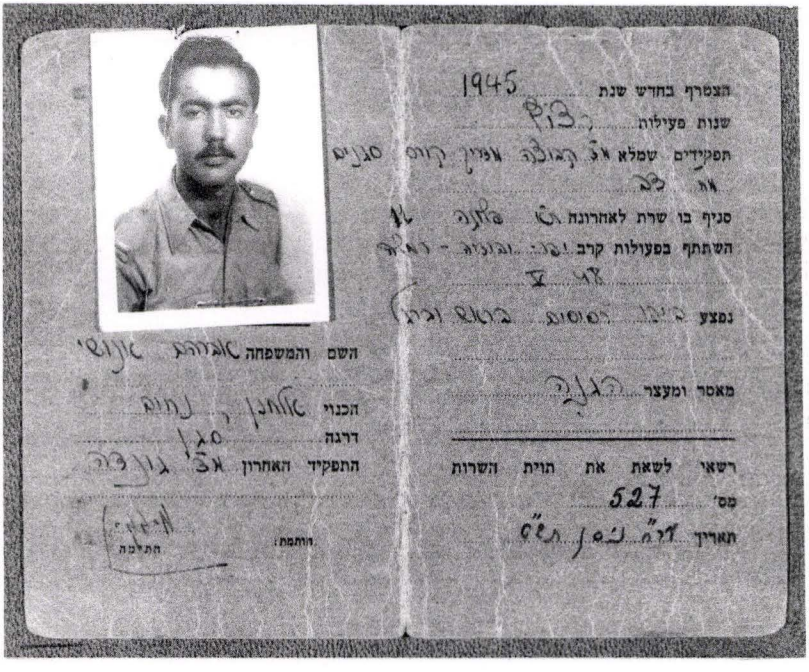
With Avraham Cna'ani Z'L

Yaffo - 1948





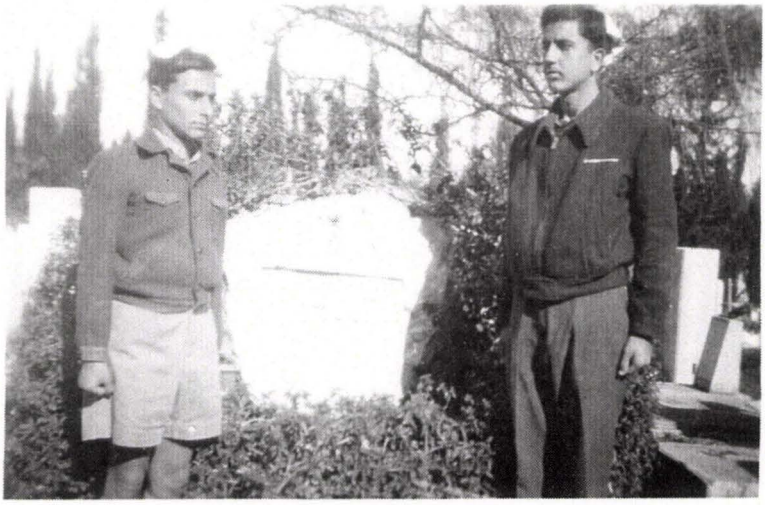
YAFFO - 1948



Irgun Identity Card issued in 1948

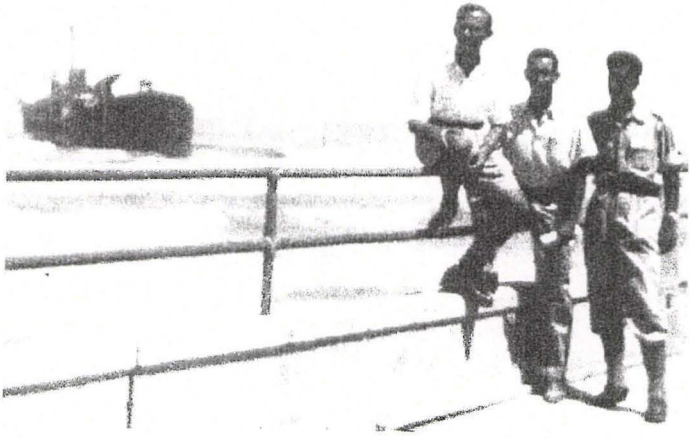
after the Irgun members joined the Army.

Signed by Menachem Begin



With Shlomo Gonen

At the Gravesite of Avraham Shtern



The "ALTALENA" ship

Tel-Aviv Beach - 1948"

Chapter 6 - The Army

On May 15, 1948, the last British soldier left Palestine, and the Jewish homeland was declared to be the State of Israel. Our dream of a homeland for the Jews of the world was finally realized. The declaration of independence was proclaimed, thus opening the doors of the country to all Jewish survivors of the holocaust. It was a day of joy and a day of fear. People were dancing in the streets with great joy while they were listening to the threats of seven Arab armies who declared war on the new state. On that day of happiness, the Jewish community in the country was under threat of another holocaust when seven neighboring Arab armies were moving on all fronts to destroy the newly established Jewish State.

Our revolt against the British occupiers was successful, but our struggle against the British was replaced with a battle of survival against impossible odds. The seven established Arab forces were armed with the most modern weapons of that time and with infinite quantities of ammunition. The leaders of these seven armies declared their intent to throw the Jews into the sea. A national catastrophe of total annihilation by the Arabs was threatening the Yishuv in its own land only three years after the European holocaust. The reason for which the Irgun had been created, the removal of the British occupation from the country, ceased to exist. Menachem Begin, the commander of the Irgun, declared that, with the establishment of a Jewish State, the Irgun had achieved its objectives and must be disbanded. All Irgun members were ordered to report to the newly established Israeli Defense Forces and to join hands with the Haganah and the Lechi in defending the country from the advancing Arab armies.

With the other 7,000 Irgun underground fighters, I also joined the army. I was assigned military identification number 94020. Because of my training and battle experience as a commander in the Irgun, I was appointed as a platoon commander with the rank of Segen, (Lieutenant). At the age of 17, I became the youngest officer in the Israeli army. My platoon consisted of 30 soldiers, who were all Irgun fighters and who had joined the army on the same day as I did.

My platoon consisted of three squads, each under the command of a Corporal. Two squads included local ex-Irgun fighters, and the third squad was staffed by ten immigrant Irgun soldiers who had battle experience as partisans against the Germans. My platoon was grouped with three other platoons from the Irgun to form an Infantry Company which was assigned to the Seventh Brigade, the only armored brigade in the army.

The Seventh Brigade had just been pulled back from the battle of Latrun, where it suffered very high casualties and lost more than 70% of its soldiers in battles against the Jordanian Arab Legion. The reorganization of the Seventh Brigade was to include two infantry regiments and one armored-vehicle regiment (no tanks were available yet). The newly appointed commander of the 72nd Regiment (Gdud 72), in which I served, was Major Ya'akov Lichtenstein, an American volunteer, who was given the task of rebuilding the infantry regiment using two companies of Irgun recruits and one company of American and South African volunteers, known as the Machal company.

My company Commander was SEREN (Captain) Baruch Luxemburg, and his deputy was SEGEN (Lieutenant) Aharon Globerman, an Irgun officer who

joined the army with me. The commander of the Support Company was an American officer who fought in the U. S. Army during the Second World War and who was among the many American and South African Jewish soldiers who volunteered to help us in defending the country from the invading Arab armies. We knew the American commander by the name of Captain Larry, but unfortunately, I do not remember his last name. As a Platoon Commander in the Army, and having been a Platoon Commander in the Irgun, the Army gave me the rank of second Segen Mishne (Lieutenant). A commander of another platoon was Emanuel Hillel, also an Irgun officer.

The 72nd regiment was being organized and trained in an army camp in Nesher, a suburb of Haifa. The training was very intensive. I used my Irgun training and battle expertise in teaching the use of weapons, including the British Enfield rifle, the Tommy gun, the British Sten gun, the British Bren light machine gun, the Czechoslovakian Spandau machine gun and an assortment of hand grenades and small arms. Topography was one of my specialties in the Irgun, where I taught an officer's course in military map reading. This became an important asset in our Gdud 72. In addition to my responsibility for training and commanding my platoon, I was also appointed as the advisor to the company commander in military maps and battle planning.

The first battle assignment given to my platoon was a night attack on the Tiggart fortress at Tarshicha in western Galilee, now known as Ma'alot. During the Second World War, the British Army built a network of fortresses throughout the country in preparation for a possible invasion by the German Army. The Tiggart

fortress in Tarshicha was located on the top of a steep hill, manned in 1948 by Arab soldiers of the liberation army of Ka-Woukji, the Arab force that occupied most of Western Galilee. We departed from Nesher at nightfall and reached the valley at the foothill of the fortress. All of the soldiers were briefed on the mission and on the importance of taking the fortress, since it was located on a strategic mountain top with complete control of the highway to Safad. The conquest of the fortress was vital, because Safad was under heavy Arab attack at that time. The plan was to climb the steep hill at midnight and surprise the defenders of the fortress at sunrise. After we had climbed half the way to the fortress, an order arrived to cancel the operation. We were never told why that attack was aborted. However, rumors surfaced that it was canceled because the Division Commander received information that a large enemy force arrived at the fortress on that day and that the price in casualties would have been prohibitive. A new plan was being considered for taking all of Western Galilee in a much larger operation later known as the Hiram Campaign. The campaign was named after King Hiram who provided lumber to King Solomon for the construction of the First Temple in Jerusalem.

The Seventh Brigade, which included our 72nd Regiment, was the main driving force in the Hiram Campaign. We liberated Western Galilee in a relatively short time. Our infantry company was assigned the task of following the armored company into the villages of Gush Chalav and Malkia. Operation Hiram lasted six days, during which I never slept. We kept moving from one battle to another, from one hilltop to another and from one Arab village to another. There was no time to rest until all of the Galillee was in our hands. After the

first day of no sleep, my body adjusted to being awake without any sleep for the following five days. My personal archive contains a series of photographs that were taken during Operation Hiram, showing several of my soldiers, showing me working on battle maps, and showing several officers during the battle in various locations, including Malkia.

Following the liberation of the Galilee, I was transferred to the Negev to face the Egyptian Army. The most memorable event during my assignment as a platoon commander on the southern front was when our unit was surrounded by an Egyptian force near Zte-elim facing the Gaza Strip. During that siege, a very limited amount of water was allocated to us. Water containers were dropped to our besieged area by a piper cub airplane every day, and we were not allowed to shave. Eventually, the siege was removed when the Egyptians were forced to withdraw. When I managed to obtain a short leave to visit my family, I appeared at my parents' home with a full, wild beard. Naturally, my parents did not recognize me.

The War of Independence was a war in which more than 6,000 fighters were killed in battle. Six thousand out of a total Jewish population of only 600,000, the best of the youth of the Jewish community in Israel, were sacrificed during the War of Independence. Not everyone fought on the front line, but those who were in battle units were the most dedicated and the most motivated to give their best for saving the new country. We had many casualties in many battles, but throughout the duration of the war, I never felt that we could not withstand the attack of the Arab armies. It was a typical feeling among all the soldiers of that generation, and I never encountered a single case of

despair. Those who gave their life in battle left us with the mission to live, fight and prevail - may their memory be blessed.

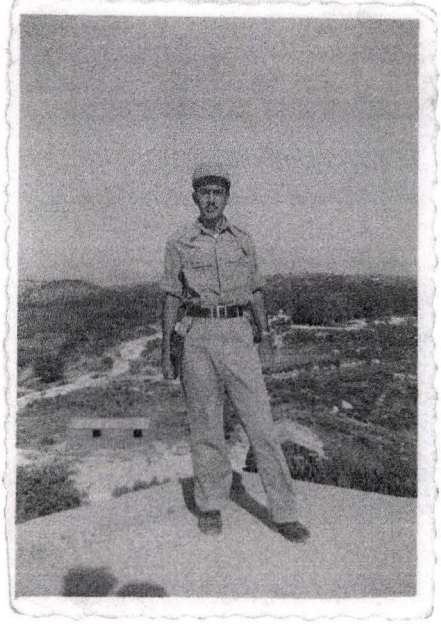
Finally, the War of Independence ended. The Israeli Army occupied a much larger area of Palestine than had been allocated to the Jews by the United Nations before the invasion of the seven Arab armies. After the war, the Israeli Army had the major task of reorganizing and rearming to replace the weapons, ammunition and supplies that were lost during the war. I was promoted to the rank of Seren (captain) and given the command of an infantry company under Brigadier Assaf Simchoni. I signed up for an additional year with the intent of becoming a career officer in the Israeli Army.

I fought in the Irgun, I joined the army at the age of seventeen, and I fought in the War of Independence. However, before the year was over I had concluded that my contribution to the army would be very limited without a college degree. I, therefore, requested a one-year leave-of-absence with the purpose of pursuing a technical career. Brigadier Simchoni tried to talk me out of it by offering to send me to an advanced course for artillery company commanders. However, I had already made up my mind to continue my studies.

The army was willing to gamble on me even though I did not have a High School diploma, but I wanted more than that. My thirst for learning and my special aptitudes in mathematics and the sciences were instrumental in my decision to pursue an engineering career. I never imagined that I would ever have the financial resources to pursue university level studies. But I always wanted to become a smart soldier rather than a brave soldier.



1948



1949

In the Israeli Army



Planning the attack on Gush-Chalav

Gdud 72 - 29 October, 1948



After the Battle for Malkia - the HIRAM Campaign

Gdud 72 - 1 November, 1948



Emblem of the 7nth Brigade

Chapter 7 - 1951 to 1959

August 24, 1951, was both a happy and a sad time for me. It was a pivotal date that started a new chapter in my life. I remember it with mixed emotions as I sailed from Haifa to the United States aboard the Greek ship Olympia. On one hand, it opened the world for me and led me to a career in electrical engineering. On the other hand, it represented the day that I departed from the land that I loved so much and for which I fought before its establishment and during its War of Independence. I was looking forward with excitement toward whatever was waiting for me in America. At the same time, I was saddened to see the Haifa coast line and Mount Carmel disappearing in the eastern horizon. I was thinking about the family and friends that I was leaving behind. Only the previous day, my sister Itta had given birth to a daughter, Sima; and I did not have a chance to see the new addition to our family. I was thinking about the beautifully illustrated "Shir Hashirim" (The Song of Songs) book that my Ex-Irgun friends gave me as a going away present. The book has been with me for years, providing special sentimental value. It is a part of my private library.

I did not have any funds to finance a college education. I was sure that I would be back in Israel within a year. The one-year leave-of-absence from the Israeli army was awarded to me with the understanding that I would return to full active duty in the artillery corps as a company commander with a rank of captain. I had planned to sign up for a five-year period immediately following my one-year leave-of-absence. This would have committed me to a career in the armed forces of

Israel. I left the army with mixed emotions. The army was the only profession that I knew and loved. However, I was also eager to pursue an engineering career. It had seemed a pipe dream at that time, because I did not have the funds needed to obtain a college degree. I departed to America knowing that the funds that I took with me were sufficient to last only six months. I had managed to save a total of $900 to take with me, knowing that it was nowhere near the funds that I would need for tuition and room and board in any university or college in America.

Because of my activities in the Irgun, I never acquired a high school diploma. Not having obtained a high school level certification, the Technion in Haifa would not accept me; neither would the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. While hiding from the British police in Tel-Aviv, I attended evening school, which was known as Einstein Institute. I completed my studies at the Institute and qualified to take the high school equivalency test given by the University of London in all the countries that were under British rule. I passed the test, which was designed to determine the minimum level of knowledge of physics required to take the acceptance tests at the University of London; it did not mean acceptance to the University. I used the results of the London University test in my applications to universities and colleges outside Israel. I was accepted by several universities including the University of New-Chatelle in Switzerland; Ecole Polytechnic in Lyons, France; Indiana Technical College in Fort Wayne, Indiana; the Tri-State college in Lafayette, Indiana; and a small college in San Luis Obispo, California. I chose the Indiana Technical College because it was the first American University that accepted me. I departed from

Haifa knowing full well that it was for only one or two trimesters and that I would never have the funds for completing my studies to become an electronic engineer.

After staying a few days in New York City to admire the city sights, I arrived in Fort Wayne, Indiana, rented a very small room in the YMCA building and registered as a foreign student at the Indiana Technical College. My life in college was very lonely; I did not know anyone in the United States, let alone Fort Wayne. I immersed myself in my studies, struggling to survive on minimal food with a budget of only $1.00 per day. I went hungry many days, but after I made some contacts in the Jewish community through a synagogue, I found a part-time job as a laborer in an automotive service business, which was owned by a Jewish businessman.

Indiana Technical College was a school that was not coeducational; all the students were men. The great majority of the students were American veterans who attended the college under the United States Veteran's Bill of Rights passed by the U.S. Congress to pay for the education of American veterans of the Korean war. There were foreign students from many countries, and I was assigned to a special English language course designed especially for foreign students.

Slowly, I adjusted to the new environment, always dreaming about the beauty of Israel. I wrote my parents a letter every week, informing them of my progress and that, having found a part-time job, I had a chance to continue my studies beyond the six months that I had planned. Still, I was very lonely, being away from family and friends and not knowing anyone.

As time passed, I made some new friends among the few Jewish students. I became active in the Menora Club, together with other Jewish students, especially during the annual International Festival when we worked on preparing an Israeli display. I was invited to the homes of several Jewish families that I met in the local synagogue, and I was asked to start teaching Hebrew in the synagogue Sunday school. However, between my very intensive studies and my twenty or thirty hours of work each week, I found very little time to socialize.

I concentrated on my studies, and I maintained a very good average. Eventually I was elected to become a member of the Honorary Scholastic Society, Iota-Tau-Kappa. It was a special honor society that was established by the school administration to admit only students that excelled in their studies and made the President's list in more than six trimesters. When I achieved this honor, there were only 14 members in the society. I cherish the certificate that was awarded to me at that time.

The miracle of April, 1953, changed my life. That was the time when I first met Iris, your grandmother. I had been requested to give a lecture to a group of teenagers of the Bnai-Brith organization in Fort Wayne. I spoke on the subject of Youth Aliya, the immigration and absorption in Israel of children who were holocaust survivors. Following the lecture, I was invited to join the teenagers at an ice cream parlor. I was 23 years old at the time, which was only five years older than most of the teenagers who attended the lecture. It was certainly love at first sight. I remember taking Iris home that day and the following week taking her to a three-dimension

movie, which was the newest craze in motion picture technology at the time.

I could not afford to take Iris out to dinners, nor could I pay for movies. I always took Iris on dates by riding a bus from her home to downtown Fort Wayne and back to her home on the last bus. Her parents did not like the idea of her dating a student who had no money, especially when I kept telling them that I was planning to return to Israel after the completion of my studies. But love conquers all obstacles.

As I approached the end of my studies in Fort Wayne and looked forward to receiving the Bachelor's degree in Electronic Engineering, my student advisor suggested that I should apply for a job in Fort Wayne at the Capehart-Farnsworth Company that manufactured television sets. However, because my plans included returning to Israel, I wanted to obtain a higher degree in my field. Indiana Institute of Technology was still known as Indiana Technical College, and it was not considered a high ranking engineering school. It was a relatively unknown regional engineering college, and as a result, I had planned to apply to graduate schools of lesser universities. However, Iris encouraged me to apply to Harvard University, MIT, Brown University and Stanford. To my great surprise, I was accepted to do graduate work in all four universities. Although I preferred MIT, I could not ignore the fact that Harvard offered me a Fellowship that included free tuition for one year and room and board in the Graduate School dormitories for one semester. It was a simple financial consideration that influenced me to accept the Harvard offer.

My graduation at the Indiana Institute of Technology was an important personal achievement for me. I was the first member of the Anouchi family that obtained a college degree, and I did it without a high school diploma. However, my happy day was marred by the absence of anyone from my family during the graduation. Although Iris's presence was important in lifting my morale, I was very unhappy. I would be leaving for Boston soon, while Iris, who had just graduated from high school, was going to attend Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana. Iris had wanted to go to Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts; but her parents insisted on Bloomington, with the hope that she would forget me and would marry someone else.

Arriving at Harvard in the fall of 1954, I found a different world. After spending three years in Indiana, Cambridge presented me with a major cultural shock. In Fort Wayne, I had actually been isolated from the culture that a city like Boston offers.

The lectures at Harvard were at a level that was above what I had been prepared for in my undergraduate studies. Initially, I had great difficulty in understanding the material that was presented by the Harvard professors in several areas. I had a hard time during the first few weeks, especially in the subject of advanced mathematics. However, with perseverance and many hours of studying, I learned the material that was covered in class at the same time that I taught myself the prerequisites for the course. Following several weeks, I reached the required level of knowledge to obtain good grades in all my subjects. My graduate thesis, which was on the theory of

semiconductors, was cited as excellent by my professor. I selected the subject of semiconductor theory of transistors because I was fascinated with the potential that, in the future, the transistors that were invented in 1951, might replace vacuum tubes, which were used extensively in radios and all electronic systems. The other graduate students in my class wrote their electrical engineering thesis on the theory of vacuum tubes. Fifty years later, I considered myself a pioneer in electronics at the time when everyone else was very conservative and said that transistors would never replace the power of vacuum tubes. Fifty years after my graduation from Harvard, the theory that I cited in my thesis has become so fundamental to electronics that it has become almost a prerequisite knowledge for electrical engineering freshmen.

During my studies at Harvard, Iris and I saw each other only three times. I came to Fort Wayne once and she came to Boston twice. At mid-year, I proposed to her by telephone; and we decided to announce the engagement that had been decided during that telephone conversation between Cambridge, Massachusetts and Bloomington, Indiana. The engagement took her family by surprise. Her parents were convinced that by sending her to Bloomington she would forget about her pennyless Avraham.

On June 19, 1955, Iris and I were married in Boston, just after I had completed the requirements for a Master's Degree at Harvard. I was still pennyless, but I had just been offered a job at a company in the greater Boston area. I had only ten dollars to my name, and I could not afford to pay the Rabbi or rent a formal

wedding suit. Iris's father paid for them. I did not own a car. After the wedding party, we called a taxi that took us to our apartment in Arlington, a suburb of Boston. Our honeymoon consisted of two days in our apartment before I started working at the Semiconductor Division of Sylvania in Woburn, Massachusetts. Iris immediately dropped out of college and started working at the Harvard COOP bookstore in Cambridge.

My work at Sylvania was very interesting professionally. I became a project engineer, and I presented several lectures in engineering societies. I even published a few technical articles in the field of semiconductors. Copies of my publications are available in my library. However, my life concentrated on my marriage. My life with Iris was full of bliss, joy and happiness. We had encountered very hard times financially, but our love sustained us and we never complained. For four years, I planned my return to Israel. Iris was very supportive and participated in all decisions concerning the move to Israel. We purchased several home appliances to take with us, always specifying that they had to have the capability of operating both on 110 and 220 Volts to accommodate the electric standards in Israel.

Our son Yoel, your father, was born in Boston on July 4, 1958. My father sent a Five-Shekel silver commemorative coin for use in the Pidyon-Haben ceremony. It has always been an important family tradition to follow the Torah Mitzvah of redeeming a first born son on the thirtieth day after he is born. The coin was issued in Israel to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Israel's Independence. I tried to redeem Yoel from the attending Kohen using this coin, but the Kohen did not appreciate the value of an Israeli silver

coin. He asked me to exchange the coin with ten dollars. I gladly agreed, and I kept the five shekel silver coin for many years. Years later, I looked for that coin but could not find it. It must have been lost.

At the end of 1958, I decided that the time had arrived for me to return home to Israel. I contacted the Ministry of Defense and secured a position as an electronic engineer in the Research Institute known as Machon-3 near Haifa. In March, 1959, when Yoel was eight months old, Iris and I sailed with all our belongings to Israel on a Greek ship, known as the Olympia, from Boston to Haifa.



Iris and
Avraham - 1954



Iris and
Avraham - 1970

Chapter 8 - Return to Haifa

It was a beautiful day as the Olympia approached the shores of Haifa. The joy of returning to Israel had overwhelmed me with emotion. Following my nine-year absence from Israel - five years of studies and four years of working - I returned to the land that I love, together with a wife and a son. I felt like Jacob who left his land of Cana'an alone and returned many years later with a large family of his own.

Iris and I, together with our nine-month old baby, Yoel, disembarked at the port and found that my parents, my sisters and my brother were all waiting to welcome us. The reunion was exciting for me. Everyone in the welcoming party greeted Iris with such warmth that she started crying at the great affection that was forthcoming from all members of the family. Following the reception at the Haifa harbor, we all went to my parents' apartment where the excitement continued. This was the first time that anyone in the Anouchi family had seen our son Yoel, and everyone wanted to hold him. He was the first grandchild carrying the family name, and he represented the next generation that would carry the Anouchi name and its tradition.

Naturally, we stayed in my parents' home for several weeks until we found an apartment that we rented on Mount Carmel. In addition to my parents, my three sisters welcomed Iris into the family with exceptional love. Each sister constantly offered to help Iris in her new country that was so different from America. Being fluent in English, Rivka, Itta and Sarah offered their assistance in everything imaginable, from bringing food to providing recipes, from taking her to the produce

market to providing advice on available grocery items, from teaching her about Israeli currency to solving daily problems, like boiling diapers. We had brought with us our Ford Anglia car from the United States, together with a full set of electrical appliances to set up an apartment in Haifa, including Iris's Baldwin spinet piano.

All family members were fluent in English except my mother, Z"L, who knew only Hebrew, Ladino and Arabic. Hebrew was, and still is, the language of the land. It was used exclusively by our family, and Ladino was the Judeo-Spanish language that was spoken by most Spharady Jews in the country at the beginning of the twentieth century. Arabic was the language that my mother used when she was a teenager, as did most of the Jewish refugees who went to Egypt during the First World War. It was always interesting to watch how my mother and Iris communicated. Iris's Hebrew was elementary, and she registered in an Ulpan to improve her vocabulary, but it was still very basic. Her conversations with my mother consisted of cooking and homemaker's topics. I recall that every Friday afternoon they used to watch a television movie in Arabic that was broadcast from Cairo. My mother loved those movies because they reminded her of the time when she was in Alexandria during the First World War. When watching the movies with Iris, my mother used to translate the Arabic words into Hebrew, and from the scenes on the television, Iris used to figure out the meaning of the words. It seemed like an almost incredible scenario in which one could learn Hebrew by watching a movie in Arabic without any subtitles. But Iris had told us about each episode the way she understood it by watching the programs and by hearing my mother translate the Arabic words to Hebrew.

Our life in Haifa was two-faceted. My work at the Ministry of Defense was a fulfillment of my dream to contribute to the security of Israel. I had done my part as a fighter in the underground prior to the establishment of the State of Israel and I had fought in the War of Independence. My work as an engineer in the weapons development laboratories represented for me a continuation of my commitment to serve the nation with my newly acquired knowledge. At the same time, I had a different outlook on life. I had new responsibilities to a wife, who came with me to Israel, and to my son, Yoel, who was an infant. The Defense Ministry had several apartments that were reserved for use by scientists and ranking engineers. We rented such an apartment on 11 Smolenskin Street on Mount Carmel.

The four years that we spent in Haifa were very memorable as far as my family life was concerned. The trips that we had taken to historical sites in Israel afforded me the opportunity to show Iris the beauty of Israel. I especially valued the excitement in visiting ancient archeological sites, such as King David's tomb in Jerusalem, the fortress of Megido, the fortress of Acko where many Irgun members were hanged by the British in 1946 and 1947, and Safad where many Kabalist scholars are buried. We visited the sites of battles of the War of Independence in which I participated and the battle site in Jaffa where I was injured. I delighted at how Iris marveled at the wealth of history that was surrounding us in such a small country.

Several years earlier, when we lived in Boston, Iris had taken me to the famous Concord Bridge in Massachusetts where Paul Revere stood during the American War of Liberation and shouted, "The British are coming". She had not understood why I was not

impressed by a fifty-foot wooden bridge. After all, it was two hundred years old. When we moved to Israel, I took Iris to Jerusalem to show her the Jewish historical sites; she was especially moved when we visited King David's tomb, where he was buried three thousand years earlier. She reminded me of the visit to the Concord bridge, saying that she was standing at a real historical site of the Jewish people.

THE SHAFRIR

My work at the Ministry of Defense from 1959 until 1964 presented a very meaningful challenge to my technical skills. It was almost as exciting a period as the period of the Irgun underground and the War of Independence. I had secured a position at the weapons development laboratories known as Machon-3 of RAFAEL, the Weapons Development Institute. Coming to Israel with a Master degree in Electronic Engineering from Harvard University and the expertise of semiconductor circuit design technology placed me in a very needed position. I was assigned to a small group of engineers who were the nucleus of the team that was to explore the feasibility of designing an Israeli Air-to-Air missile.

When I first reported to work at Machon-3 in April, 1959, I was amazed at the advanced technology that was shown to me at the Institute. All projects underway were kept in strict secrecy for security reasons. It was crucial to prevent any leaks of our work to the Arab enemies of Israel. Having been an Irgun member, I knew the importance of secrecy. No one in my family knew the nature of my work, not even my dear wife.

Following the initial introduction to my engineering manager, I was informed that there was a proposal to develop an Air-to-Air missile, secretly known as the "Akrav" ("Scorpion"), because Israel could not purchase such a weapon from the United States due to the weapons embargo that was imposed on Israel. My immediate supervisor was Hillel Bar-Lev, a new immigrant from the United States who had worked previously for Hughes Aircraft Company. Although he had no experience in missile design, he presented a proposal for the development of a passive infra-red missile that would be capable of locking on an enemy jet at a maximum distance of five Kilometers, depending on the altitude.

Initially, the Akrav project was not considered feasible. The engineers in Israel knew how to design electronic control circuits using vacuum tubes. The operation of vacuum tubes in an electronic circuit requires a considerable amount of power and weight. Such circuit design would require very large and heavy batteries. Shimon Peres, the Deputy Minister of Defense at that time, decided that the Israel Air Force should purchase an inferior French air-to-air missile, the NORD 5103, which was guided by wires and incorporated vacuum tubes. However, when Munia Mardor, the director of the weapons development programs, heard of the Akrav proposal, he invited Hillel to make a presentation to Shimon Peres and to the Commander of the Air Force, Ezer Weizman. After hearing the presentation, Ezer Weizman said - "This is what I want, and not the inferior French missile that they are force-feeding me.....". During the proposal presentation, Shimon Peres asked Hillel how long would it take for Israel to launch an Israeli built satellite. Without any hesitation, Hillel said "Twenty one years". When Shimon Peres

inquired how he reached such a conclusion, Hillel responded, '"Twenty years for deciding and one year for the design". Shimon Peres immediately decided to postpone the purchase of the French missiles and to explore the feasibility of the Akrav proposal.

The feasibility study had to be extensive, which meant that it would take time; and no funds were allocated for it in the budget. Munia Mardor deserves the credit for saving the project. In June, 1958, he met with the Chief of Staff who indicated that the air-to-air missile must have the highest priority, therefore, it must be purchased unless feasibility could be quickly demonstrated on the proposed Akrav project. Munia immediately managed to obtain limited funds for initial evaluation of the resources of the Machon.

A conceptual system design was started. The missile had to include a guidance system, a propelling system and an explosive load. The planned missile was to have front rudders with an infra-red homing sensor mounted on a gyroscope. Prior to launching, the missile had to lock on to the heat generated by the engine plume of an enemy jet plane, stay locked after its launching and home in on the target. The guidance system had to have a sophisticated optical system, an advanced electronic amplifier and control system, and a servo-pneumatic control system. The missile was to be propelled by a solid propellant, a technology that was well developed at Machon-3. However, the use of transistors was unknown at the Institute in 1959. All previous missile technology was based on the use of vacuum tubes. To overcome this difficulty, I was recruited to join the project and to bring the transistor circuit design know-how to the Machon, a technology which I had acquired when writing my thesis at Harvard

University and when working at the Semiconductor Division of Sylvania in Woburn, Massachusetts. I was appointed as the Chief Electronic Engineer for the Air-to-Air Missile development project with full responsibility to design the electronic sensing circuits and the electronic control system for the Akrav.

The homing head of the Akrav was a gyroscope which was driven by a special motor. It was located behind a quartz window at the head of the missile. An Infra-red detecting cell was located at the center of the gyroscope. The semiconductor amplifier was located behind the gyroscope, and its control circuit sent commands to a set of solenoids that activated the pneumatic system. A pressurized tank supplied the air pressure required by the pneumatic system to control the angle of the rudders.

The laboratory testing of the first prototype of the Akrav electronic control system was unique and innovative. We started with a two-dimensional control system. The Akrav was placed on a four-wheel battery powered carriage, which had a steering mechanism that controlled the angle of the front wheels. The carriage was placed at one end of the 20-foot laboratory floor facing the other end of the room where a burning cigarette was placed on the floor. The missile head, dubbed "OKETZ" (sting), after the sting of a scorpion, detected the heat produced by the lit cigarette; and the electronic signal produced by the amplifier was monitored using a set of earphones. When the "sting" was locked to the cigarette, the carriage motor was started, and the missile started to move forward on the floor homing in on the cigarette. The first successful demonstration of the carriage homing in on the floor to the cigarette drew a tremendous cheer from all

engineers and technicians present in the laboratory. Initially, the sensitivity was poor, with the head locking on the cigarette only at a distance of 20 meters; but later it was improved to a range of over 300 meters. The success of this demonstration enabled us to continue the design and to implement a three-dimensional system.

An Air Force pilot with his French "Votour" jet fighter plane was assigned to our team. A special missile launcher was designed and was mounted under the wings of the Votour. The signal from the missile detector was fed to the earphones of the pilot, and the earphones provided the pilot with an audible signal when the missile homing sensor was locked on a target. The pilot would fire the missile only after he would hear the locking signal. To measure the potential range of the missile, it was necessary to determine the sensitivity of the heat seeking device. For these experiments, two planes were used. We mounted an unarmed Akrav on the plane of our pilot, who took off from the airfield following another plane. Once in the air, the pilot performed experiments of locking the missile heat-seeking sensor on the plume of the first plane at different distances, different heights and different angles. When the pneumatic and rudder systems were completed, these experiments were repeated at different speeds up to MACH-2, which is a speed that corresponds to twice the speed of sound, to determine if the missile could stay locked on the plume at different battle conditions.

At a more advanced phase of the project, when all other subsystems of the Akrav were ready, several prototype missiles were constructed. An extensive series of test firings were planned, most of which were carried out in

the Negev, away from inquisitive eyes. Initially, these missile firings were made at stationary ground targets. Later they were followed by a series of firings at flares and rockets. In January, 1960, it was decided to drop the name "Akrav" and to replace it with the name "Shafrir", which is the Hebrew name for a sidewinder snake.

There were many individuals in the scientific and military communities who doubted that our team was capable of designing the "Shafrir". They believed that such capability was limited to the superpowers. Only the Americans had the know-how to design the "Sidewinder" infra-red missile. Even the Russians were having difficulty trying to copy the American Sidewinder. The French did not have the technology, and they were considering the purchase of the American Sidewinder for their air force. Professor Bergman, the Chief Scientist of the Israel Ministry of Defense, together with Munia Mardor, recommended to Shimon Peres that the French might be interested in seeing the performance of our Shafrir and maybe purchasing it. When this information was conveyed to the French, they immediately expressed interest. A series of test firings of the Shafrir were eventually conducted in North Africa to demonstrate the Israeli technology to the French Air Force.

Additional details on the Shafrir program, with actual photographs, can be found in the book RAPHAEL, written in Hebrew by Munia Mardor, which is in my library. I am mentioned on Page 422, and a partial picture of my face and hand is shown on Page 449 when I was testing two missiles mounted on the wing of the Votour fighter jet. I also have a photograph of our team that developed the Shafrir.

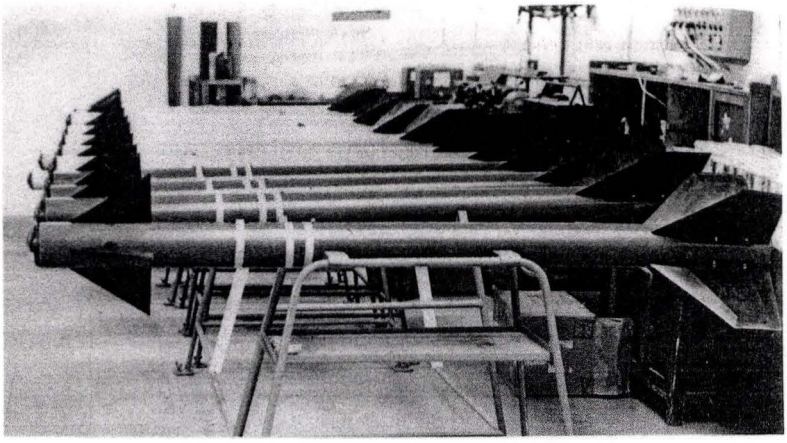


Mounting the SHAFRIR on a Votour

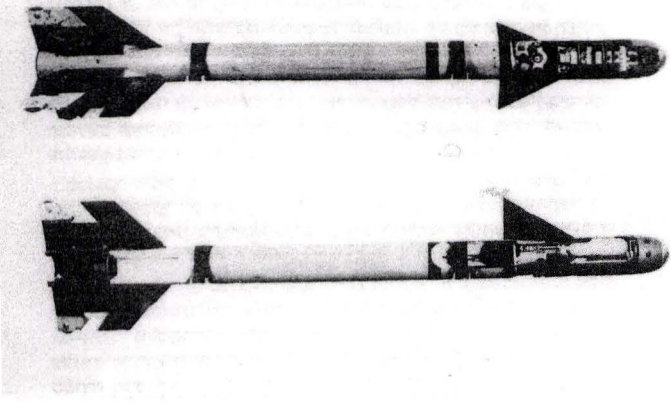


Hillel Bar-Lev with

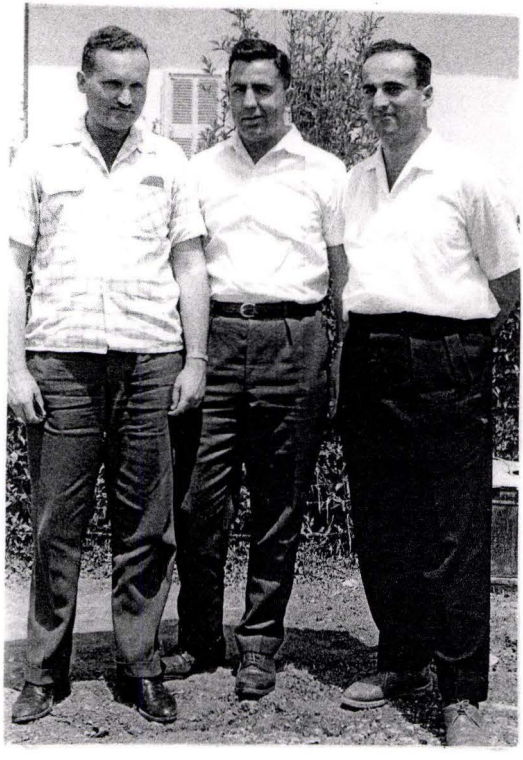
The SHAFRIR under the Votour wings



A production line of SHAFRIRS - II



Details of operational SHAFRIRS





The Shafrir Development Team - Machon-3 1961

Chapter 9 - The Second Departure

Financially, our four years in Israel were a disaster. Even though my work was very exciting and satisfying, it still left me with insufficient funds to make ends meet. The wages that I earned were meager compared to our needs. We had brought from the United States all of our belongings, including furniture, large appliances, Iris's piano, and a car. We never gave much thought to planning for the future. I concentrated on my work, Iris learned Hebrew, and we enjoyed ourselves with all members of the Anouchi family.

We took many trips on weekends and holidays to see the country and to visit many historical sites. Owning a car in Israel at that time was a great luxury; and all members of the family went with us, at some time or another, on sightseeing tours and picnics. We visited Tiberias, Safad, Acre, Upper Galilee, Western Galilee and Yizrael Valley.

In 1963, during the advanced stage of the Shafrir development, my supervisor at the Defense Ministry informed me that I was recommended to be appointed as the Israeli Military Attache in our Embassy in London. The appointment would become official in 1964, pending the approval of the Prime Minister, David Ben Gurion. It all sounded very exciting, since it meant that I would be launching another phase of my career. Iris and I were very pleased with the announcement of the pending appointment, and we looked forward to the new assignment. The appointment was never approved, and I later discovered that Shimon Peres rejected the appointment when he reviewed my file and read that I had been a member of the Irgun. I then concluded that my Irgu

membership would always stand in the way of my career as long as the Labor party was in power.

As time passed, Iris and I realized that our financial situation was deteriorating fast. The funds that we had brought from the United States were being depleted at an alarming rate. The future started to look bleak. Iris started to become depressed because she could not see how we would ever become owners of our own apartment. I discussed my difficulty with my supervisor at work, and a solution was proposed. The Defense Ministry would sell us the apartment on Smolenskin street at a purchase price of 20,000 Israeli Liras, which at that time was worth about $36,000. The Ministry was willing to provide us with a mortgage of 5,000 Liras. It all sounded very nice, except that our bank account was almost empty. We could not raise the minimal funds needed to purchase the apartment or to get a mortgage from a bank.

To make ends meet, we had decided to sell Iris's piano. Later we sold several appliances; it became clear that we were sinking financially. I decided to find a better paying position in the private industry. I contacted a private company who needed an electronic engineer. Within three days, I was called to the administration office of the Machon, and I was told in no uncertain terms that I should not apply for a job anywhere because I was needed in the Ministry. I was also told that no increase in my pay was being considered because the funds allocated to the weapons development program were very limited.

The situation became unbearable. Iris's somber mood and my inability to promise any improvement in our financial situation became the most important factors

that made us decide to move back to the United States for two or three years until we could raise sufficient funds to purchase an apartment in Israel. In 1964, we returned to Boston. I found a job in an electronics company within one week. My dream of returning to live in Israel with Iris and Yoel never materialized.

We rented an apartment in Stoneham, Massachusetts. A year later, we purchased our first private home in Wakefied, another suburb of Boston. I worked at several electronics companies in Boston, designing electronic instruments ranging from radiometers used in aerospace research, to artificial heart pumps, to wind velocity anemometers, to Electrocardiogram monitors, to Ectopic-beat detectors used in intensive care of heart patients, to side scan sonar used in mapping ocean bottoms. I wrote several technical papers that were accepted for publication in technical journals.

Yoel went to a public school in Wakefield in the first and second grades. As our financial situation improved, we transferred him to a Hebrew day school in Swamscott, Massachusetts, to insure his Hebrew education.

We always wanted more than one child, but Iris had undergone special treatment before we were blessed with Yoel. After Yoel was born, Iris received extensive medical treatment in Israel and in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in her effort to become pregnant again. In 1970, Iris was pregnant again and we were both very excited looking forward to a new addition to our family after a ten-year wait. In November, 1970, Iris gave birth to a baby boy, who was named David. To our great sorrow, the baby died at birth and was buried in Everett, Massachusetts, next to Iris's sister Barbara,

who died at the age of two. The loss of the baby was naturally a great shock to us. Iris entered into a period of despair, and I saw how fragile she was. I felt that I had reached a turning point in my life. I could not justify my desire to take her back to Israel and have her face the hardship of living there. It was at that time that I accepted my fate of living outside the country that I love so much. I had to built for her a life that would hold some promise for her future. I gave up my dream of returning to Israel.

When Yoel finished his sixth grade, we transferred him again to the Maimonides school in Brookline, Massachusetts. Because his commuting to school was very difficult for him, we sold the Wakefield house and moved to Newton, much closer to his school. In 1976, after Yoel graduated from high school , Iris and I moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The move to Pittsburgh was difficult for Iris because she left her family and friends behind. However, after several months, she became the best ambassador that Pittsburgh ever had, always praising it as a wonderful city. Life in Pittsburgh was very nice. We made many new friends after joining the Young Peoples Synagogue. Iris became very active in the Hadassah organization, and I was busy in my new job as Vice President of Research and Development in the Instrument Division of the United Technologies Corporation.

Iris was born with an artistic talent that is relatively rare. Her love for art was encompassing. While still in Boston, we purchased several paintings of unknown painters. Later we added art items slowly. We bought several serigraphs by the Israeli painter David Sharir,

and added paintings by Galanin, Bak and a magnificent set of the seven Jewish holiday serigraphs by Sharir. All these paintings are in my possession. In 1964, Iris started to paint in oil and all her beautiful paintings are in several homes of the Anouchi family. An example of Iris's painting talent is included in the appendix of this book.

When we moved to Pittsburgh, Iris wanted to purchase a Persian rug for our living room. However, when she discovered the exorbitant prices of what she wanted, and after learning that her sister Marilyn had already made such rugs, she decided to learn how to make Persian rugs herself. She had made six or seven rugs and started to organize evening classes in teaching Persian rug making.

Iris collected antique china. To her collection I added the individual china pieces that were given to my paternal grandmother, Rivka Anouchi, Z"L, on her wedding day in 1890. That collection is now displayed in a special glass etagere in Pittsburgh.

Our life took a horrible turn in early 1982, when Iris was diagnosed with a rare type of cancer that damaged one of her heart valves. In December, 1982, she had undergone open heart surgery at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. The operation was successful, but she continued suffering from the cancer that had spread to her liver. On October 3, 1983, she lost her battle and was called to return her soul to the Almighty at the age of forty-seven.

For twenty seven years I lived with Iris. During those years, I was blessed with the Jewel of my life who gave me love and compassion. I admired her outstanding

soul, her love and her compassion. But, above all, I valued her clear thinking and I relied heavily on her wisdom and advice. When I faced a serious problem in our life, I sought her advice to help me see what I could not see without her. When I lost her to cancer, I mourned deeply. I was so depressed that I saw no reason to continue living without her. For me - doomsday had arrived.

When Iris was diagnosed with terminal cancer, she insisted that we purchase a cemetery plot in Haifa. She wanted to be buried near my father's grave and near the Anouchi family who had embraced her with love when we lived in Haifa. We had purchased two plots in the Kfar Samir cemetery, and she is buried in one of them. May her memory be blessed. A photograph of her resting place is included in the Appendix of this book.

The following three years were devastating for me. I had lost the most precious person that I had in my life. I was all alone in Pittsburgh without any family. Yoel was already in Cleveland doing his surgery residency at Mount Sinai Hospital. However, I continued working, always contemplating that maybe the time had arrived for me to return to Israel.

New hope entered my life when I met Patricia Love. Common friends from my synagogue introduced us, and we immediately discovered the right chemistry. We had many common interests. We both subscribed to the Pittsburgh Symphony and the Pittsburgh Public Theater. We both loved classical music and operas. We were both active in the Jewish community. We both had surgeons as sons who lived in Ohio. It was really another match made in heaven.

Initially, I could not ask Patricia to marry me, because I was still thinking of returning to Israel; but again love conquered all. I took Patricia to Israel to introduce her to my mother and to obtain her blessing. My mother loved her immediately and the Anouchi family embraced her just like they did before with Iris. On June 24, 1990, Patricia and I were married in Pittsburgh.

Patricia became the center of my life. She was an exception to the rule which says that a love affair the second time around is never the same as the first one. She had proven that it is not so. She had been the best present that the Almighty has given me to regain my desire to live. I again experienced the bliss of a loving and caring wife, and a loving and dedicated grandmother to you, my grandchildren. Now, when we are celebrating our ninth anniversary, I keep telling all our friends that I was blessed twice in my life with two wonderful gems; Iris in 1955 and Patricia in 1990.

The last words of this book are written in June of 1999. As I write them, I think of the final message that I should deliver to you, my grandchildren. I reflect back on the emotional conflict that I struggled with over the years for having left the land that I love. They were years of agony and happiness, but it was my destiny to live outside Israel; and I learned to accept it. I decided to dedicate myself to supporting Israel in any way that I could, to provide your father with the best Jewish education that I could afford and to instill in him the feeling that the land of Israel is central to Jewish life. It is the cradle of the Jewish people. In many ways, I feel that I succeeded as I see how your parents are passing on the torch to the next generation. I pray that you too will have the wisdom and the motivation to carry the torch for transmitting it to the generations to come.

I had become more active in the Jewish community in Pittsburgh. I served as member of the board of directors of several organizations that included the Young Peoples Synagogue and the Zionist Organization of America. I gave lectures on Israel. I was among synagogue members who read the weekly parashot and gave Drashot, or Dvar Torah, on Saturday mornings. Occasionally, I gave Rashi lessons between Mincha and Ma-ariv on Saturday afternoons. Above all the activities, I cherish the role of serving for more than fifteen years as the President of the Chug Ivri, the Hebrew Club of Pittsburgh; and I hope to continue in this role as long as I physically can. I feel that the Hebrew language should become central to Jewish education in the United States. It is the language that unites all the Jews in the world, and it is imperative to increase the motivation among American Jews to learn Hebrew and to encourage their children to learn the language of King David. I will continue my dedication to the strengthening the Hebrew language among American Jews by serving as the President of the Chug Ivri in Pittsburgh, and by occasionally publishing articles in the Hebrew publication "Lamishpacha".

In closing this book, I wish to leave the following message and blessing:

Knowledge acquired by earning an advanced university degree in any field of your choice cannot be compared to any amount of gold. Education is the secret of success. Pursue it all your life and under any condition.

Accept the responsibility of being accountable for your deeds. Take any profession, job or task that you wish to accomplish with the greatest sincerity but with humbleness and faithfulness.

If your destiny is to live in the United States, support the State of Israel in any way that you can, and visit it often. If your destiny brings you to live in Israel, be prepared for harder life, but one that can be very rewarding. If you contemplate making Aliyah, do it only after you complete your University education in the United States.

Continue your learning of the Hebrew language until you become proficient enough to read Hebrew literature and understand the beautiful treasures hidden in Hebrew poetry. The poetry in King David's Psalms, poetry of the Paytanim such as Yehuda Halevy or Ibn Gvirol, and the modern poetry of Uri Zvi Greenberg.

Above all, be faithful to your tradition and carry it on to the next generation. Dedicate yourselves to the support of the Jewish people.

May the Almighty bless you with a life of success, love and happiness.

Since this book is dedicated to your grandmother, Iris Z"L, it is befitting that it has been completed just after I established a memorial fund in her name in 1998. The fund is perpetual foundation whose sole purpose is to provide assistance to educational and charitable causes in Israel. In 1998, the Iris E. Anouchi Memorial Fund awarded four tuition scholarships to needy medical students at the Technion Medical School in Haifa, Israel, very near where Iris is buried. Each student received $500 as tuition fee assistance.

Iris's memory will be with me all my life, but the perpetual memorial should provide you, my grandchildren, with a sense of pride and hopefully will be a source of inspiration in whatever you do in life.

June 24, 1999

FINAL NOTE:

The memorial days for my parents and Iris are listed below according to the Jewish calendar:

Shlomo Meir ben Avraham Faraj Anouchi:

22 Tamuz - 1981 (Parashat Pinchas)

Simcha bat Daniel Attia:

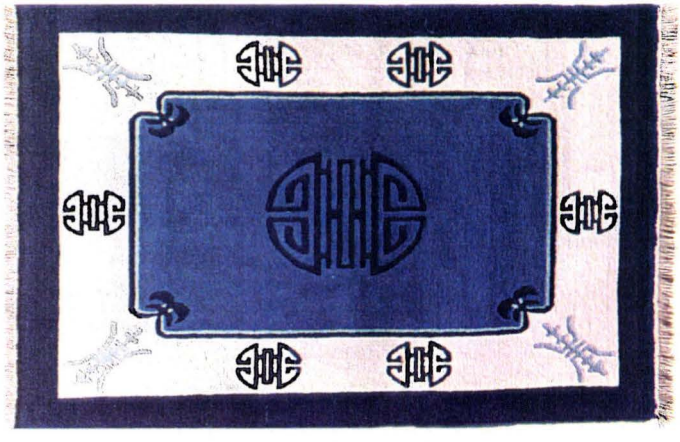
17 Tevet - 1990

Irit Esther bat Yisrael Lederman

26 Tishri - 1983



"KABISTAN" - Persian Rug
30´´ x 54´´ - (76 x 137 cm)



"SHOU" - Chinese Rug
34´´ x 50´´ - (86 x 127 cm)

Photos of Rugs made by Iris Anouchi



Gravesite of Irit Esther Anouchi Z"L
Kfar Samir Cemetery
Haifa, Israel

Visitors
Left: Sharon Weiner, New Hampshire
Right: Rivka (Anouchi) Haleva

APPENDIX :

List of Reference Books

Family Trees

Anouchi Family

Attia Family

Family Photographs

Family Trees Explanatory Notes:

B - Born
M - Married
D - Died

LIST OF REFERENCE BOOKS

"HaBayit Ha-Yehudi" (Hebrew) - 1986
Rabbi Aharon Zakai Rosh Yeshivat Yom Tov, Jerusalem

"Moreshet Sfarad" (Hebrew) - 1992
Professor Chaim Beinart Hebrew University Publication

"The Life and Time of Vladimir Jabotinsky" - 1986
Joseph Schechtman Eshel Books

"The Revolt" - 1948
Menachem Begin Nash Publication in English - 1972

"Battles for Freedom" (Hebrew) - 1975
Six volumes by David Niv Greenberg Publication, Tel-Aviv

"The Conquest of Acre Fortress" - 1968
Jan Gitlin (in English) Hadar Publishing, Haifa

"The Season" (The Hunting of Brothers) Hebrew
Dr. Yehuda Lapidot Jabotinsky Institute - 1994

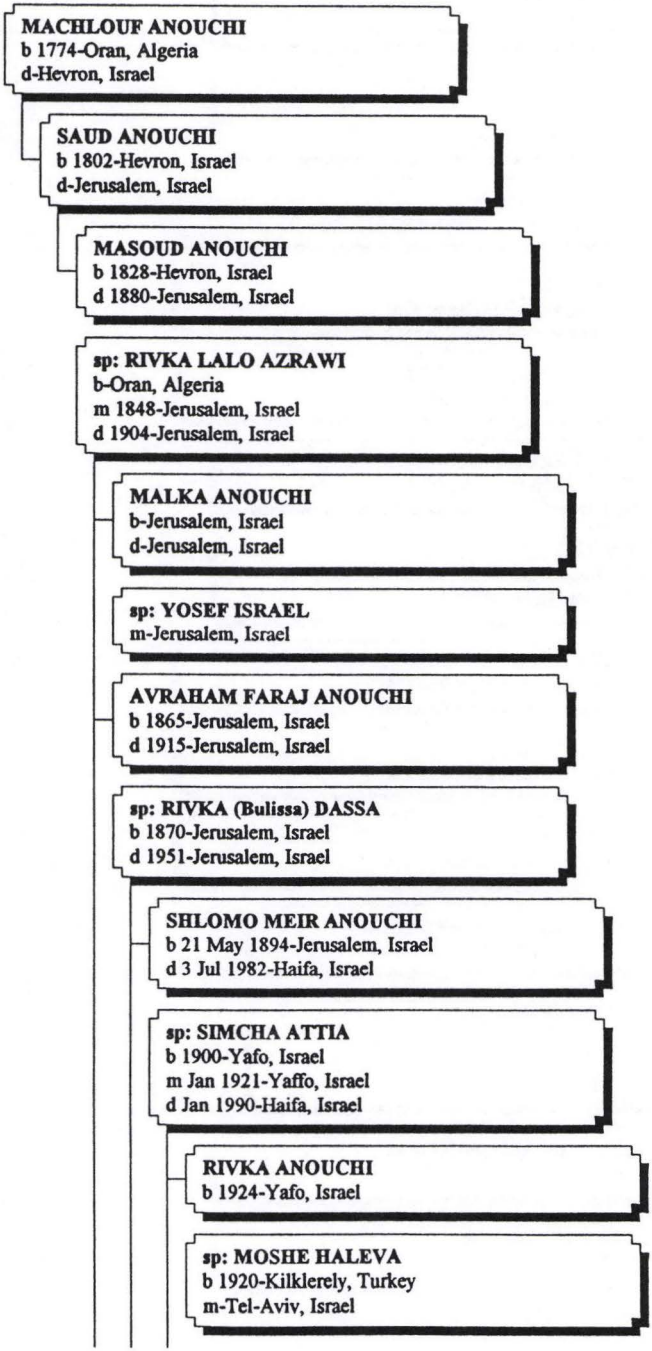
"The Conquest of Yaffo" (Hebrew)
Chaim Lazar Shalach Publication, Tel-Aviv - 1951

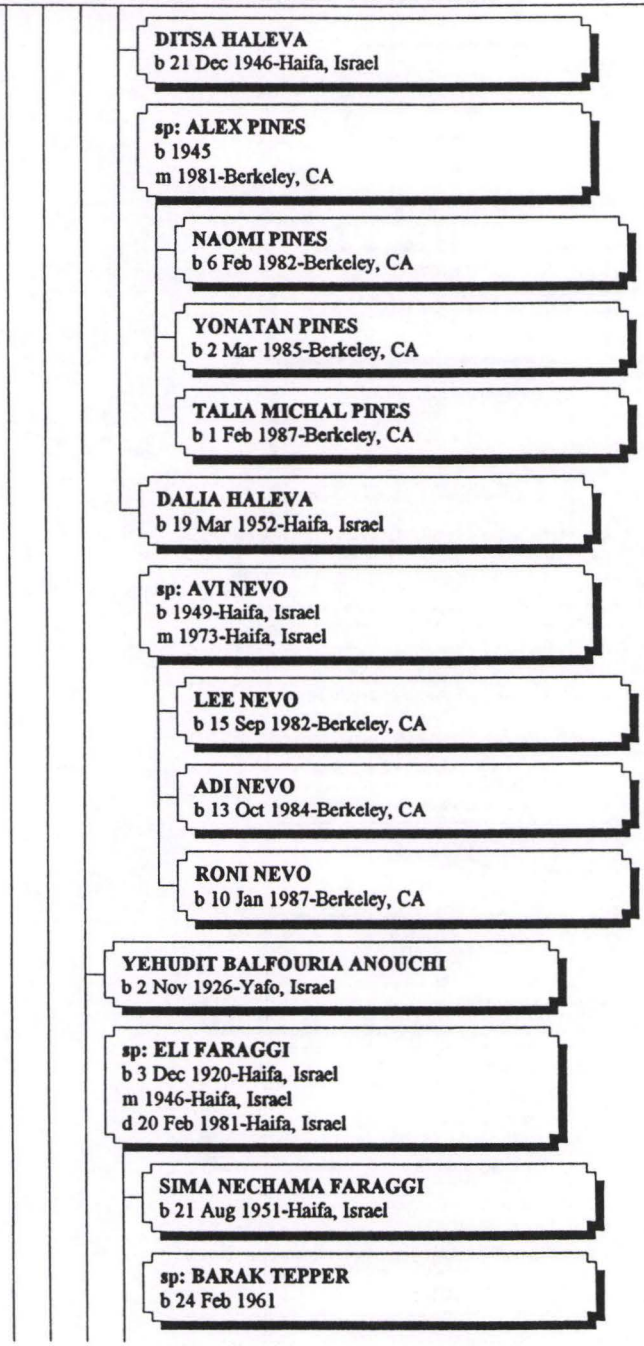
"All the Pseudo-names of the Edzel" (Hebrew)
Ytzchak Alfassi Talpiot Publication, Tel-Aviv - 1996

"Menachem Begin" - (English Translation - 1978)
Eitan Haber Delacorte Press, New York

"RAFAEL" (Hebrew)
Munia Mardor Defence Ministry, Israel - 1981

Descendants of MACHLOUF ANOUCHI




DITSA HALEVA
b 21 Dec 1946-Haifa, Israel
sp: ALEX PINES
b 1945
m 1981-Berkeley, CA
NAOMI PINES
b 6 Feb 1982-Berkeley, CA
YONATAN PINES
b 2 Mar 1985-Berkeley, CA
TALIA MICHAL PINES
b 1 Feb 1987-Berkeley, CA
DALIA HALEVA
b 19 Mar 1952-Haifa, Israel
sp: AVI NEVO
b 1949-Haifa, Israel
m 1973-Haifa, Israel
LEE NEVO
b 15 Sep 1982-Berkeley, CA
ADI NEVO
b 13 Oct 1984-Berkeley, CA
RONI NEVO
b 10 Jan 1987-Berkeley, CA
YEHUDIT BALFOURIA ANOUCHI
b 2 Nov 1926-Yafo, Israel
sp: ELI FARAGGI
b 3 Dec 1920-Haifa, Israel
m 1946-Haifa, Israel
d 20 Feb 1981-Haifa, Israel
SIMA NECHAMA FARAGGI
b 21 Aug 1951-Haifa, Israel
sp: BARAK TEPPER
b 24 Feb 1961

DAVID MENACHEM FARAGGI
b 13 Aug 1947-Haifa, Israel

sp: BELLA
b 1949-Tel-Aviv, Israel
m 1977-Tel-Aviv, Israel

ELI FARAGGI
b 28 Jun 1978-Haifa, Israel

sp: LIA SHAPIRA
b 17 Aug 1961
m 12 Feb 1984-Haifa, Israel

ELIANNA YEHUDIT FARAGGI
b 23 Mar 1987-Haifa, Israel

ORIANNE FARAGGI
b 29 Dec 1988-Haifa, Israel

SHLOMIT FARAGGI
b 1955-Haifa, Israel
d 1955-Haifa, Israel

SARAH AHOUVA ANOUCHI
b 1927-Yafo, Israel

sp: SAMI EZOVI
b 7 Dec 1925-Athens, Greece
m 10 Apr 1949-Haifa, Israel

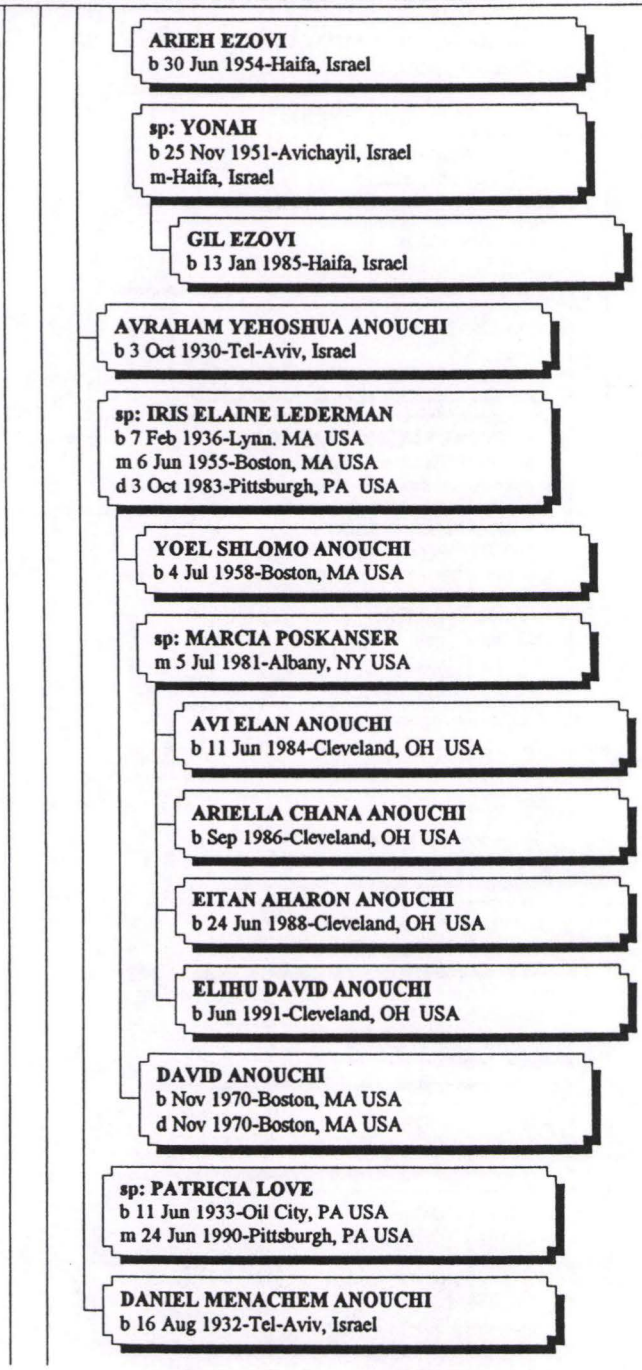
RACHEL DAPHNA EZOVI
b 10 Jan 1951-Haifa, Israel

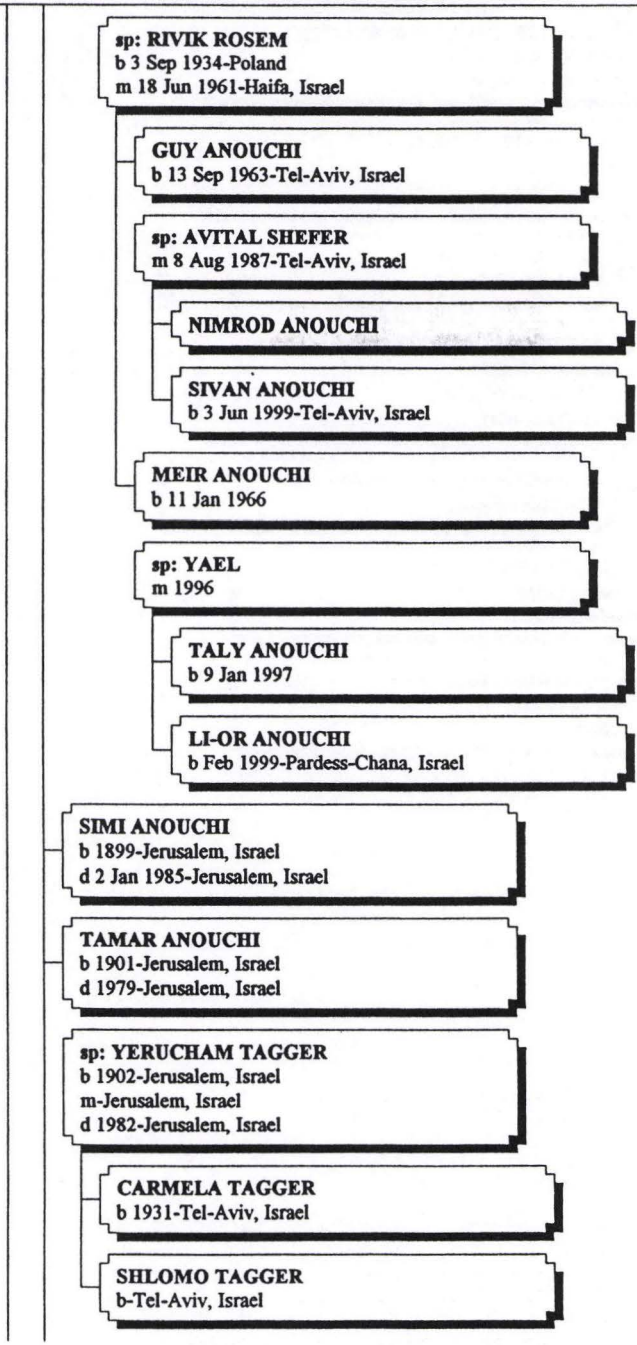
sp: GERSHON YANIV
b 18 Aug 1950-Haifa, Israel
m-Haifa, Israel

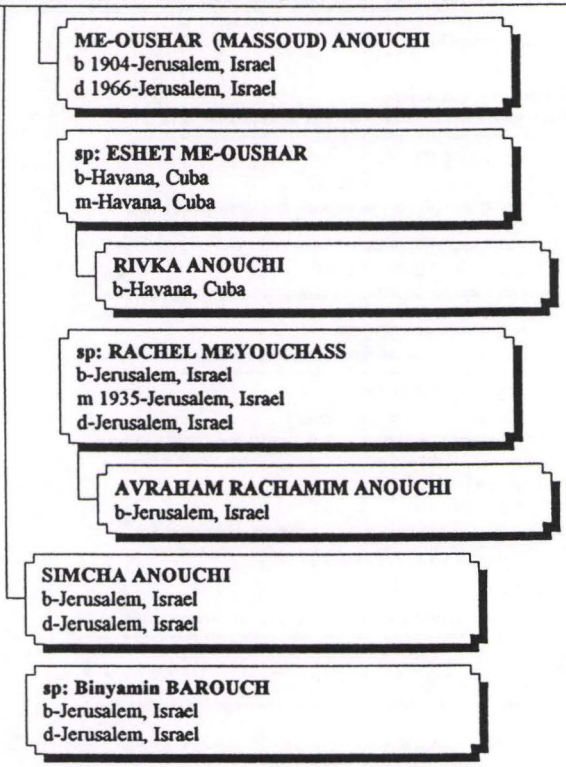
HILLA YANIV
b 5 Nov 1975-Haifa, Israel

TOM YANIV
b 6 Dec 1977-Haifa, Israel

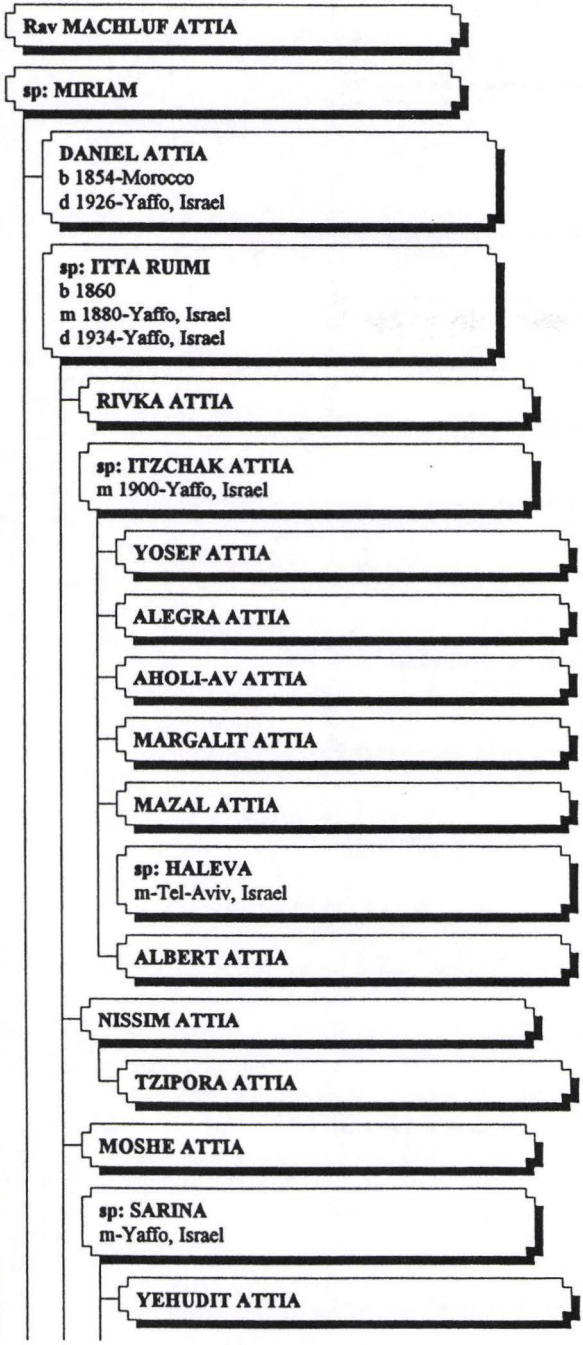
DANNA YANIV
b 31 Dec 1982-Haifa, Israel

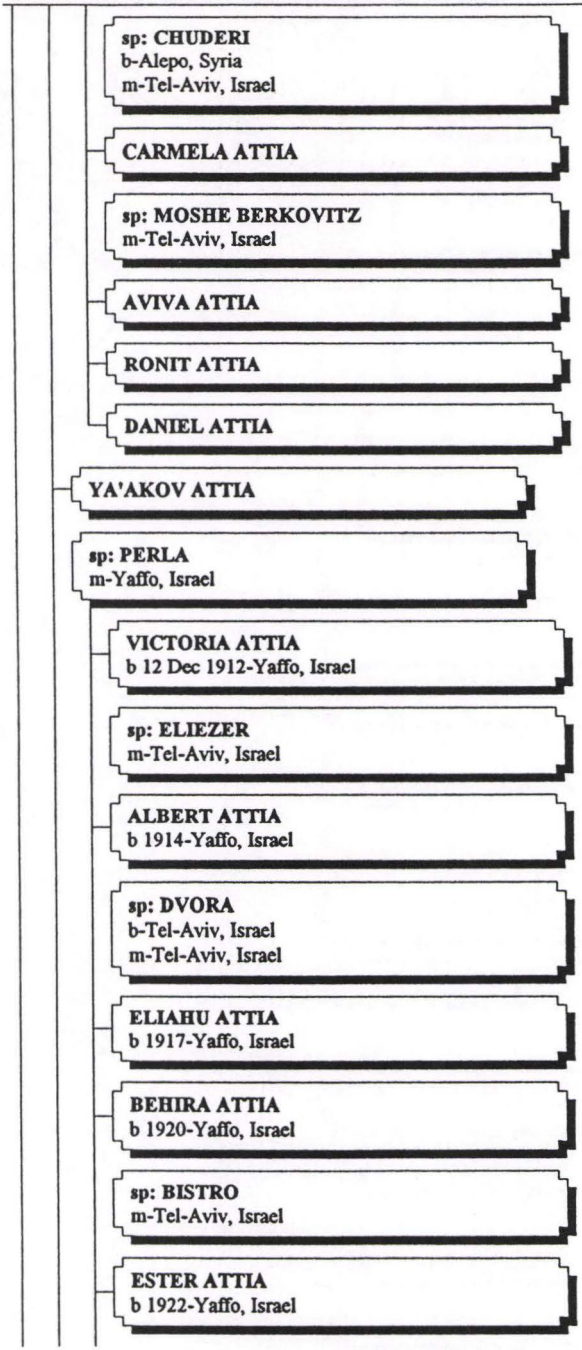

ARIEH EZOVI
b 30 Jun 1954-Haifa, Israel
sp: YONAH
b 25 Nov 1951-Avichayil, Israel
m-Haifa, Israel
GIL EZOVI
b 13 Jan 1985-Haifa, Israel
AVRAHAM YEHOSHUA ANOUCHI
b 3 Oct 1930-Tel-Aviv, Israel
sp: IRIS ELAINE LEDERMAN
b 7 Feb 1936-Lynn. MA USA
m 6 Jun 1955-Boston, MA USA
d 3 Oct 1983-Pittsburgh, PA USA
YOEL SHLOMO ANOUCHI
b 4 Jul 1958-Boston, MA USA
sp: MARCIA POSKANSER
m 5 Jul 1981-Albany, NY USA
AVI ELAN ANOUCHI
b 11 Jun 1984-Cleveland, OH USA
ARIELLA CHANA ANOUCHI
b Sep 1986-Cleveland, OH USA
EITAN AHARON ANOUCHI
b 24 Jun 1988-Cleveland, OH USA
ELIHU DAVID ANOUCHI
b Jun 1991-Cleveland, OH USA
DAVID ANOUCHI
b Nov 1970-Boston, MA USA
d Nov 1970-Boston, MA USA
sp: PATRICIA LOVE
b 11 Jun 1933-Oil City, PA USA
m 24 Jun 1990-Pittsburgh, PA USA
DANIEL MENACHEM ANOUCHI
b 16 Aug 1932-Tel-Aviv, Israel


sp: RIVIK ROSEM
b 3 Sep 1934-Poland
m 18 Jun 1961-Haifa, Israel
GUY ANOUCHI
b 13 Sep 1963-Tel-Aviv, Israel
sp: AVITAL SHEFER
m 8 Aug 1987-Tel-Aviv, Israel
NIMROD ANOUCHI
SIVAN ANOUCHI
b 3 Jun 1999-Tel-Aviv, Israel
MEIR ANOUCHI
b 11 Jan 1966
sp: YAEL
m 1996
TALY ANOUCHI
b 9 Jan 1997
LI-OR ANOUCHI
b Feb 1999-Pardess-Chana, Israel
SIMI ANOUCHI
b 1899-Jerusalem, Israel
d 2 Jan 1985-Jerusalem, Israel
TAMAR ANOUCHI
b 1901-Jerusalem, Israel
d 1979-Jerusalem, Israel
sp: YERUCHAM TAGGER
b 1902-Jerusalem, Israel
m-Jerusalem, Israel
d 1982-Jerusalem, Israel
CARMELA TAGGER
b 1931-Tel-Aviv, Israel
SHLOMO TAGGER
b-Tel-Aviv, Israel


ME-OUSHAR (MASSOUD) ANOUCHI
b 1904-Jerusalem, Israel
d 1966-Jerusalem, Israel
sp: ESHET ME-OUSHAR
b-Havana, Cuba
m-Havana, Cuba
RIVKA ANOUCHI
b-Havana, Cuba
sp: RACHEL MEYOUCHASS
b-Jerusalem, Israel
m 1935-Jerusalem, Israel
d-Jerusalem, Israel
AVRAHAM RACHAMIM ANOUCHI
b-Jerusalem, Israel
SIMCHA ANOUCHI
b-Jerusalem, Israel
d-Jerusalem, Israel
sp: Binyamin BAROUCH
b-Jerusalem, Israel
d-Jerusalem, Israel

Descendants of Rav MACHLUF ATTIA




sp: CHUDERI
b-Alepo, Syria
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel
CARMELA ATTIA
sp: MOSHE BERKOVITZ
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel
AVIVA ATTIA
RONIT ATTIA
DANIEL ATTIA
YA'AKOV ATTIA
sp: PERLA
m-Yaffo, Israel
VICTORIA ATTIA
b 12 Dec 1912-Yaffo, Israel
sp: ELIEZER
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel
ALBERT ATTIA
b 1914-Yaffo, Israel
sp: DVORA
b-Tel-Aviv, Israel
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel
ELIAHU ATTIA
b 1917-Yaffo, Israel
BEHIRA ATTIA
b 1920-Yaffo, Israel
sp: BISTRO
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel
ESTER ATTIA
b 1922-Yaffo, Israel

Descendants of Rav MACHLUF ATTIA

MIRIAM ATTIA
b 1924-Yaffo, Israel

YAFFA ATTIA
b 1928-Yaffo, Israel

ROSA ATTIA
b 1926-Yaffo, Israel
d 1995

DANIEL ATTIA
b 1930-Tel-Aviv, Israel
d 1991

DAVID ATTIA

sp: RACHEL
m-Yaffo, Israel

ALIZA ATTIA
b 1922-Yaffo, Israel

sp: BEN-TOVIM
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel

RIVKA ATTIA
b 1923-Yaffo, Israel

sp: AMIEL
b-Tel-Aviv, Israel
m-Tel-Aviv, Israel
d-Tel-Aviv, Israel

DANIEL ATTIA
b 1929-Tel-Aviv, Israel

SIMCHA ATTIA
b 1900-Yafo, Israel
d Jan 1990-Haifa, Israel

sp: SHLOMO MEIR ANOUCHI
b 21 May 1894-Jerusalem, Israel
m Jan 1921-Yaffo, Israel
d 3 Jul 1982-Haifa, Israel



Oil Painting
by Iris
1978



From Left: Norman and Marilyn Friedman,
Iris and Avraham Anouchi



Iris and Avraham - Yoel's Wedding



The Anouchi Clan - 1990

Standing - Rivka and Avraham
Seated - Sarah, Rivik, Itta and Danny



Patricia and Avraham Anouchi - 1990



Another Anouchi Clan - 1990
Back - Avi, Marcia, Yoel, Patricia and Avraham
Front - Eitan, Elihu and Ariella

Jewish Genealogy Society
of Greater Washington
Reference Only
Do Not Remove



The Anouchi and Love Family - 1997

Front Center: Bride and Groom
Lauren Love and Steve Pad

Rear Center: Avraham and Patricia Love Anouchi

Left: Jill and Charles Love
With their children Dara and Aaron

Right: Werner and Pamela Love Koepf
With their children Theodore and Ma'ayan