



# Bulletin

## Igud Yotzei Sin

Association of Former Residents of China

March - April 2006 ♦ Vol LII ♦ Issue No. 387 English Supplement

### *All-Israel Reunion of Former Residents of China*

#### *Presentation of scholarships, Tel Aviv, December 29, 2005*

**HAPPY  
PASSOVER!**

**חג פסח שמח!**



1. At the Presidium table from left to right: Danny Berkovich, Yossi Klein, Moshe Ben-Yaakov, Teddy Kaufman, Ambassador Chen Yonglong, Israeli and Chinese students

2. In the hall during the ceremony

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# On the agenda

By Teddy Kaufman

## *Pesach*

This issue of the Bulletin will reach our readers on the eve of Pesach. For all of us – In Israel and throughout the Diaspora – Pesach signifies first and foremost a family feast, sitting around the table (Seder Pesach). Besides, it is an eternal reminder and symbol of breaking away from bondage to freedom, a festival of Liberty and Renovation. In these fateful days for our country and people, the Pesach festival is a symbol of our everlasting hope that peace and tranquility will yet come "now and in our time".  
So, happy Pesach, dear friends!

## *Hanukka get-together*

As usual, the traditional all-Israel IYS Hanukka get-together and distribution of scholarships to 148 students, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of the original immigrants from China, was celebrated in a festive atmosphere. Dozens of letters from the recipients of scholarships bear witness, stressing the uniqueness of this phenomenon as compared to various communities in Israel and their pride in being a part of this "Chinese" family.  
For each and everyone of us these get-togethers are a festival of brotherhood and friendship.  
Hope to meet again next Hanukka in Tel-Aviv!

## *Meeting of the Old Hands from Tientsin*

The first step towards the reconstruction of the past of the Tientsin Jewish community has been taken: the Tientsin old-timers gathered in Bet Ponne to get a briefing on the next steps: establishment of a research center to study the community's history and hold a seminar on this subject. The project is sponsored by IYS and the Israel-China Friendship Society. At

the meeting it was reported that the Chinese authorities proclaimed the building of the Tianjin synagogue as a protected historic construction, which ensures its existence in the future.

## *The Harbin synagogues*

The reconstruction of the Harbin "New Synagogue" building has been completed, and its second and third floors were earmarked to become the perpetual exhibition premises dedicated to the history of the former Harbin Jewish community. We regret that the Heilongjiang Province Academy of Social Sciences has not yet transferred the existing large exhibition dedicated to the history of the Harbin Jewish Community (featuring more than 300 photographs, documents and artifacts) to the new premises.

The reconstruction works at the "Harbin Old Synagogue" continue, but to what use will the building be put was not yet announced.

## *The Archives of the HJC*

Out of the 13 archives of the Jewish communities in China, only two remained, those of Tianjin and Harbin. The former was transferred to the Central Archive of the Jewish people and is held in the vaults of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. The latter is housed at the Heilongjiang Administration Building in Harbin. It is closed to the general public and is inaccessible to researchers.  
For many years, IYS approached the Chinese authorities with numerous requests to open the archives, but to no avail. At the beginning of 2006, a delegation from Heilongjiang, visiting Israel, announced that in the near future, the Harbin Jewish archives will be opened for scientific use.

# People and Events

## **Births**

Greetings and Blessings! It is with great joy that we share with you the news of the birth of our daughter. Thank G-d, Mom and baby are doing well, and father and siblings are thrilled! May we always share happy occasions! With blessings for happy and sweet new year. Shalom and Dina Greenberg

## **Chinese Students Receive Scholarships**

At the annual Hanukka IYS get-together on Dec 28, 2005, 12 scholarships were awarded to the students from China, who study in Israeli universities. The scholarships are sponsored by the following funds: The Chinese Embassy in Israel Fund (4); The Israel-China Friendship Association Fund (4); The Musia and Danny Berkowitz Fund (1); The Ralph Magid Memorial Fund (2); The Aaron Yarkho Memorial Fund (1).

Chinese ambassador, Mr. Chen Yonglong, and the Chairman of the Israel-China Friendship Association, Teddy Kaufman greeted some 400 participants of the event and guests. Also speaking was the Deputy Chairman and Treasurer of IYS, Yossi Klein and the IYS Deputy chairman, RanVeinerman. Speaking in the name of the Chinese students-recipients of the scholarships (in Chinese) was Nir Shaulsky, student of the TA University. He told of the Combined Forum of the Chinese students, studying in Israeli universities and of the Israeli students, studying Chinese culture and language at the Far Eastern Faculty of the Tel Aviv University. The Forum was sponsored by the Israel-China Friendship Association.

An Israeli young singer, Deganit Dado sang a medley of Israeli and Chinese songs. Present were, amongst others, Ambassador Chen and his wife,

members of the Chinese embassy in Tel Aviv, Israeli and Chinese journalists, as well as the former Israeli ambassadors in China, Ora Namir and Moshe Ben Yaakov.

## **Guests at Bet Ponve**

Mara Moustafina of Sydney, Australia (formerly of Harbin) and Professor Andrew Yakubovitz visited Bet Ponve during their visit to Israel last December. Both are doing research of the history of the Harbin and Shanghai Jewish communities. Mara is the author of a book "Secrets and Spies (the Harbin Files)" where she relates the history of her family, who lived in China and emigrated to the Soviet Union in 1930's. The family of Prof. Yakubovitz fled from Nazi occupied Poland and were saved by the celebrated Japanese diplomat, Sugihara, to reach Shanghai. After the war they left for Australia, where Andrew was born. During their stay in Tel Aviv, the researchers worked on the documents of the IYS Archives.

The photo: (left to right) Bernhard Darel, Teddy Kaufman, Yossi Klein, Galia Katz, Mara Moustafina and Prof. Andrew Yakubowitz.

## **The Udovich family celebrates a happy event**

Stella and David Udovich, the honorary representatives of Igud Yotsei Sin, are great-grandparents to a great-grandchild born on December 23 to Zina and Paul Conway.

Igud Yotzei Sin congratulates Stella, Dodik and the entire Udovich family on the happy event, wishing them happiness and health – till 120!

## **Chaya Brakha is 80**

On December 4, 2005, the 80<sup>th</sup> birthday of Chaya Brakha was celebrated at the weekly Sunday brunch at Bet Ponve in Tel Aviv. Teddy Kaufman congratulated Chaya, noting

her participation in the Sunday Club activities for many years. Present were Chaya's daughters and grand daughters. Teddy also congratulated Chaya and Mira and Isai Piasetsky on the occasion of birth of their great granddaughter and granddaughter, respectively.

## **Polya Asulin is 80**

Our compatriot from Harbin, Polya Asulin (nee Dayan) recently celebrated her 80th birthday. Igud Yotzei Sin congratulates Polya and her family, and wishes them health and happiness – till 120.

## **Old Tientsin hands meet**

Over 20 former Tientsiners participated in a get together of the former residents of Tientsin, amongst them Varda Yoran (nee Granevsky) and husband, who flew in from New York especially for the occasion. T. Kaufman informed the gathering of the work done to commemorate the Jewish communities of Harbin and Shanghai, and the launching of a similar project on behalf of Tientsin. Shmuel Miller spoke of the measures taken to repair the Tientsin synagogue and suggested to elect a committee to plan and supervise the project. The committee will consist of Teddy Kaufman, Shmuel Miller and Teddy Piastunovich.

PLEASE NOTE  
OUR NEW E-MAIL IS:  
[igud-sin@013.net](mailto:igud-sin@013.net)

*Readers are requested to notify the editor whether any personal names have been incorrectly spelt.*

*Thank you*

# The Traditional Hanukka Get-together

Many years ago Igud Yotzei Sin established a tradition, now firmly rooted in our activities: the annual all-Israel Hanukka get-together, the main part of which is handing a unique gift to the sons, grandsons and great grandsons of the "original" Jewish immigrants from China – scholarships to make it easier for them to further their academic studies at Israeli universities. With the foundation of the Israel-China Friendship Society, this tradition also includes students from China, studying in Israel.

So was it on December 28, 2005, when the first cars of the participants sought parking space around the Tel Aviv Municipality Workers' Club, where our Hanukka meetings usually take place, ever since Bet Ponve became too small to hold hundreds of students and guests. This time about 400 turned up. They were welcomed at the entrance by members of the IYS Presidium, headed by Teddy Kaufman and Yossi Klein. Refreshments (including the traditional Hanukka doughnuts), were served in the spacious reception hall. At 5:45 the guests of honor arrived: Chinese Ambassador, Chen Yonglong, accompanied by his wife and embassy officials. At 6 p.m. the participants and guests took their seats in the lecture hall.

Behind the long table covered by green cloth sat the Presidium, Ambassador Chen, the former Israeli ambassadors to China, Ora Namir and Moshe Ben Yaakov, Danny Berkovitz, Professor Jonathan Goldstein of Atlanta, USA, the representative of the Sephardi Division of the Igud, Yaakov Guri, and the members of the IYS Presidium, Teddy Kaufman and deputies, Yossi Klein and Ran Veinerman.

The event was opened by Veinerman, who invited Roy Ozer, grandson of Mary and Zvi Kamionka to light the fourth Hanukka candle, with the young singer, Deganit Dado joining in with a medley of Israeli songs, the last three of which she sang in Chinese to the great delight of the Chinese guests.

Ambassador Chen was the first to speak. He expressed his conviction that the work done by the IYS and the Israel-China Friendship Society are of vital importance in furthering Israeli-Chinese cooperation in cultural and educational fields. Teddy Kaufman, who spoke next, said that the three main aims of the Igud are to perpetuate our Chinese past, help our needy and to assist our youth to receive higher education. Yossi Klein, the next speaker, also stressed the importance of our young generation to know their roots of which they can be proud, and to walk in the footsteps of their ancestors.

Prior to handing out the scholarships to the students, T. Kaufman announced that this year 12 scholarships were granted to Chinese students and 148 to Israeli students. There were 58 scholarships from the Misha Kogan memorial funds, 50 from the June and Alexander Meisin memorial funds, and three from the Chinese Embassy funds. Teddy Kaufman thanked Ambassador Chen for the generous contribution of US\$10,000 (\$6,000 for the Israeli students and \$4,000 for the Chinese). Two scholarships came from the Ralph Magid fund and two more from the Isadore and Ira Magid funds.

Teddy told the audience that this year four new funds were established: the Dora and Joe Weiner fund; the David

Katz memorial fund, established by his wife, Galia Katz; the Ida and Alexander Koplevitz fund, established by Rebecca Kohn and Eli Kama; the Tania and Shmuel Segerman memorial fund, established by their granddaughter, Ella Goldreich and their great grandson, Alon Goldreich. Igud Yotzei Sin established an honorary fund in the name of Danny Berkovitz on the occasion of his 90th birthday. Danny received a huge bouquet of flower to prolonged applause.

Students from China received 12 scholarships, as follows: four from the Israel-China Friendship Society; one from the Mousia and Danny Berkovitz fund; two from the Ralph Magid memorial fund, and one from the Aharon Yarcho memorial fund.

The scholarships were handed out by the secretary of the Scholarships Committee, David Gutman and the owners of the memorial funds. Representatives of the recipients, Zhang Wang, Yi Yin and Kefir Oumanski returned the greetings. Another speaker was student Nir Shaulsky, founder of the Forum of the Israeli Students studying Chinese Culture, and the Chinese students studying in Israel. The Forum was sponsored by Igud Yotzei Sin and the Israel-China Friendship Society.

In his closing remarks, Teddy Kaufman thanked the Ambassador for his participation in our get-together, and expressed his gratitude to the organizers of the event for their successful efforts. It was announced that the 50th anniversary of the granting of scholarships and the 55th anniversary of the founding of Igud will be celebrated this year, hopefully with no less enthusiasm and success.

# LIST OF SCHOLARSHIPS,

## DECEMBER 2005

### Scholarship Fund in Memory of Misha Kogan

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**MISHA KOGAN**

The Scholarship Fund was established by his wife

**ASYA KOGAN**

(Tokyo)



The portrait of Misha Kogan by  
L. Smushkovich

BEN-YOSEF Nadav  
UMANSKI Adi  
TAL Avner  
ABRAHAM Jonathan  
LEVITIN Esti

PRISH Eti  
GLOBIN-KALISKI Tsafi  
FLENER Yonathan  
OLMERT Noah  
HAR'EL Galit  
BAHNOV Niv  
VAKS Bella  
SHIR-RAN Sharon  
URBAH Sivan  
LIBERMAN Li  
GUY Yaron  
SHALMONI Rama  
BAR-ILAN Noah  
FLEGG Braha  
LURIE Maya  
FRATELIS Niv  
FAINBERG Tzahi  
HELZINGER Ehud  
SHAHRAM Adi  
UMANSKI Kfir  
TZUKER Tal  
ROSENBLAT Sharon  
MORDOHOVICH Keren  
BRODET Dana  
VOLOVIK Nathali  
VAINER Dalia

Hebrew University, Jerusalem  
Netania Academic College  
Hebrew University, Jerusalem  
Rabbinical College, Jerusalem  
"Hadassah" Academic College,  
Jerusalem  
Tel Aviv University  
Haifa University  
Tel-Hai Academic College  
Tel Aviv University  
Haifa University  
Hebrew University, Jerusalem  
Haifa Technion  
Open University  
Tel Aviv University  
Netanya Academic College  
Ort Singalovsky College  
Emek Yizre'el Academic College  
Tel Aviv University  
Darkei Rachel College  
Management College  
Ort Hermlin College  
Tel Aviv University  
Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva  
Haifa University  
Hebrew University, Jerusalem  
Herzlia International Center  
Open University  
Tel Aviv University  
Hebrew University, Jerusalem  
Tel Aviv University  
Medicine College

Faculty of Philosophy & Economics  
Faculty of Behavior  
Faculty of Philosophy & Economics  
Faculty of Judaism

Faculty of Computer Studies  
Faculty of Humanities, East Asia  
Faculty of Social Care  
Faculty of Computer Studies  
Faculty of Psychology & Communications  
Faculty of Sociology  
Faculty of Natural Sciences  
Faculty of Computer Studies  
Faculty of Sociology & Management  
Faculty of Law & Accounting  
Faculty of Communications  
Faculty of Technical Engineering  
Faculty of Health Sciences  
Faculty of Medicine  
Faculty of Education, English  
Faculty of Interior Design  
Faculty of Electric Engineering  
Faculty of Computer Studies  
Faculty of Economics & Accounting  
Faculty of Political Sciences, East Asia  
Faculty of Genetics  
Faculty of Diplomacy & Strategy  
Faculty of Computer Studies  
Faculty of Political Sciences  
Faculty of Political Sciences  
Faculty of Social Care  
Faculty of Chinese Medicine

## Scholarship Fund in Memory of Misha Kogan

*(Continued from the previous page)*

LEVI Irit	Herzlia International Center	Faculty of Business Management
KOMBALIS Orit	School of Social Care	Faculty of Nursing
VEINERMAN Tal	"Oranit" Academic College	Faculty of Education
KAIKOV Elinor	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Economics & Accounting
LATIN Liran	Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva	Faculty of Economics
SOKOLOVER Efrat	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Law
KOMBALIS Rinat	Ridman College	Faculty of Chinese Medicine
SHMUELI Uri	Afeka Academic College	Faculty of Engineering
TOUEG Yaakov	Haifa Technion	Faculty of Business Management
GREEN Mike	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Biology
GERSHON-SOBOL Michal	Haifa Technion	Faculty of Industrial Management
GERSHTEIN Orna	Management College	Faculty of Business Management
SHIKMAN Vered	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Psychobiology
MORDOHOVICH Avishay	Haifa University	Faculty of Biology
HIRSH Noah	Kibbutzim College & Education	Faculty of Education
MOSHE Dana	Upper Galilee College	Faculty of Criminology
ZOZULA Michael	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Judaic Science
PADOVICH Daniel	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Agriculture
SHITRIT Lital	Hakiryia Academic College, Kiryat Ono	Faculty of Business Management
VUDOVICH Nirit	Open University	Faculty of Psychology & Management
GERSHTEIN Anna	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Psychology

## Scholarship Fund of June and Alexander Maisin Foundation

<b>6</b>	OREN Gitit	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Engineering & Management
	KARNIEL Omer	Tel-Hai Academic College	Faculty of Social Care
	HERSH Amos	Haifa Technion	Faculty of Computer Studies
	NEIMAN Liat	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Psychology
	NEIMAN Yaniv	Raanana College	Faculty of Political Science
	HARAN Amir	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Law
<b>l</b>	ARIN Ella	Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva	Faculty of Health
<b>g</b>	ROSENBLUM Avihai	Jerusalem School of Technology	Faculty of Physics
<b>u</b>	KANABOVICH Boris	Haifa University	Faculty of Social Sciences & Statistics
<b>d</b>	SOBOLEV Olga	Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva	Faculty of Business Management
	SHAMIS Mark	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Social Care
	AMRAMI Dov	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Social Sciences & Geography
	DROR Dana	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Medicine
<b>y</b>	BURSHTEIN Asaf	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Biotechnology
<b>o</b>	SHLOMO Orly	Ramat Gan College	Faculty of Social Sciences
<b>t</b>	ROSENFELD Galit	Open University	Faculty of Psychology & Education
	HELMER Shani	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Art
<b>z</b>	MILLER Tal	Haifa University	Faculty of General Studies
<b>e</b>	SHWARTZBERG El'ad	Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva	Faculty of Industrial Management
	TZUK Or	Haifa Technion	Faculty of Industrial Management
<b>i</b>	SHNEIER Einav	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of History, Middle East
	GELLER Jonathan	Herzlia International Center	Faculty of Law
<b>S</b>	DEMBO Tal	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Medicine, Microbiology
<b>i</b>	ZALTZMAN Tzahi	Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva	Faculty of Electric Engineering
	NIV Tzahi	Rupin Technological College	Faculty of Electronics
<b>n</b>	NIV Dalia	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Business Management
	BAR-ILAN Hila	Open University	Faculty of Computer Studies
	FLEGG Judith-Ora	Darkei Rachel Seminary	Faculty of Interior Design
	MEROM Amnon	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of General Studies

## **Scholarship Fund of June and Alexander Maisin Foundation**

**(Continued from the previous page)**

BERSHADSKY Liron	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Communications
GERSHON Revital	Ort College, Kfar Saba	Faculty of Architecture
ROSENBLAT Daniel	Open University	Faculty of Computer Studies
ORENSHTEIN Rinat	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Business Management
VICHANSKY Itay	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Social & Political Sciences
TZUR Iris	Levinsky College	Faculty of Education
RUVEL Alexander	Haifa University	Faculty of Economics
OLLECH Tali	Ben-Gurion University, Be'er Sheva	Faculty of Art & Archeology
VAINER Uri	Haifa Technion	Faculty of Mathematics
LIHOMANOV Mirav	Emek Yizre'el Academic College	Faculty of Criminology
DROR Yoav	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Philosophy
SHANI Amir	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Business Management
KOLLER Rachel	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Musicology
NATAPOV Asya	Haifa Technion	Faculty of Architecture
HOREV Tal	Haifa University	Faculty of Social Care
SHAPIRO-COHEN Lital	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Management
COHEN Gal	Bezalel Art Academy, Jerusalem	Faculty of Art
KIMELMAN-ONSHIK Ruth	Ort Braude	Faculty of Industrial Management
BOYARSKI Nir	Bar-Ilan University	Faculty of Economics & Accounting
BOYARSKI Shiri	Haifa University	Faculty of Law
ALGOR Einat	Herzlia International Center	Faculty of Law

### ***Embassy of the People's Republic of China Scholarship Fund***

AHARONI Tzvika	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Computer Studies
LEINOVER Roni	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Law

### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Ira and Isador Magid***

REGEV Royi	Derby University	Faculty of Business Management
SHARON Keren	Sapir Academic College	Faculty of Communications

### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Ralph Magid***

KATZ Matan	"Bosmat" Technical College	Faculty of Engineering
HANIN Adi	Haifa University	Faculty of Psychology

### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Shulamit Neder***

FLEGG Haya-Rivka	Teacher's Institute, Jerusalem	Faculty of Music
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### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Eliahu Lankin***

BEIN Arnon	"Shenkar" Academic College	Faculty of Industrial Management
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### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Ella Piastunovich***

EFRAT Rivka	Hebrew University, Jerusalem	Faculty of Chemistry
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### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Moshe Nirim***

METRANI Anat	Zisman College, Vingate Institute	Faculty of Physical Education
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### ***Mary and George Bloch Scholarship Fund***

YAHAV Maya	Rupin Academic Center	Faculty of Economics & Accounting
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### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Bella Volsky***

SHMUELI Mirav	Hakiryra Academic College, Kiryat Ono	Faculty of Business Management
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### ***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Zina and Osia Fradkin***

ROSENFELD Itzhak	Tel Aviv University	Faculty of Philosophy
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***Scholarship Fund in Memory of L.Piastunovich***

GAL Nir-Or Haifa University Faculty of Law

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Boris Kotz***

BLUM Ilil Haifa Technion Faculty of Physics

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Ethel Dunn***

GUAIDETI Dana Holon Technology Institute Faculty of Industrial Management

***Scholarship Fund in memory of Sarah and Mara Morgulev***

HERMON Sheli Hebrew University, Jerusalem Faculty of Agriculture

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of M.Kliaver***

NISANOV Lavi Ariel Academic College Faculty of Economics

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of L.Britanishsky***

KOLLER Judah Bar-Ilan University Faculty of Psychology

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Eli Ross***

OLLECH Dov Hebrew University, Jerusalem Faculty of Law

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Klarissa Dmitrovsky***

FLEGG Yakov-Leib Judaism Institute, Hebron Faculty of Judaism

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Sima Fainland***

FLEGG Shimon Judaism Institute, Hebron Faculty of Judaism

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Grunia and Yecheskiel Glick***

TRIGUBOV Yayir Hebrew University, Jerusalem Faculty of Economics & International Relations

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Vera Domb***

HERSHKOVICH Har'el Open University Faculty of Manegment

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Fruma and Kalman Friedman***

ALGOR Gil'ad Tel Aviv University Faculty of Economics

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Dr. Shimshon Prezen***

SEREBRO Dana Haifa University Faculty of Sociology & Education

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Pavel Pinsky***

KATZMAN Marina Management College Faculty of Business Management

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Boris Mirkin***

SHEDER Omer Cinema and Television School, Jerusalem Faculty of Cinema & Television

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Albert Veinerman***

NAHUMSON Shlomi Hebrew University, Jerusalem Faculty of International Relations

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Bella Mirkin***

HAZAN Itay Haifa Technion Faculty of Physics

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Yasha Kaganer***

VUDOVICH Nirit Open University Faculty of Psychology & Management

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Hana Grubner***

FLEK Ilanit David Yellin College Faculty of Education

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Shlomo Lesk***

MEINTZER Gur Haifa Technion Faculty of Medicine

***Scholarship Fund in Memory of Robert Tracton***

MEINTZER Gal Open University Faculty of Computer Studies



### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Moshe Todrin**

MEINTZER Ran Haifa University Faculty of Economics & Accounting

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Joseph Rector**

SOKOLOVER Itay Bar-Ilan University Faculty of Business Management

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Hirsh Niv**

VIHANSKY Noah Beit Berl College, Kfar Saba Faculty of Computer Studies

### **Dora and Joe Vainer Scholarship Fund**

ROMANO Amit Tel Aviv Kibbutzim College Faculty of History

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of David Katz**

HENDEL Tomer Ben Gurion University, Be'er Sheva Faculty of Communications

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Tania and Shmuel Segerman**

SHEINGEIT Igal Ramat-Gan College Faculty of Economics & Computer Studies

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Ida and Alexander Kopilevich**

REICHER Neamah Tel Aviv University Faculty of Geophysics & Statistics

### **Musia and Danny Berkovich Scholarship Fund**

SHMERLING Ariel Netanya Academic College Faculty of Computer Studies & Mathematics

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Bertha and Shura Shildkraut**

PELEG Osnat Haifa University Faculty of Statistics

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Elise and George Meltzer**

KROIZMAN Royi Tel Aviv University Faculty of Political Science

### **American Far-Eastern Society Scholarship Fund**

KOTKIN Banad Haifa University Faculty of Computer Studies

### **Scholarship Fund in Memory of Dr. Anatoli Rutshtein**

HELMER-ALDER Galit Haifa University Faculty of Business Management

*Exhibition of paintings*

# **“SPRING”**

## **LEONTINA SMUSHKOVICH**

(Born in China-Harbin)

The Exhibition

under the patronage of

**H.E. Mr. Chen Yonglong**

The Ambassador of the People's Republic

Of China to the State of Israel

The opening will be held on

Saturday, April 22, 2006

At 8 p.m. at **“Beit Emmanuel”**

18, Hibat Zion St. Ramat-Gan Tel: 5707717

## **Greetings**

**H.E. Mr. Chen Yonglong**

**Dr. Savely Dudakov**

Doctor of Philosophy, Historian and Art Critic

**Mr. Teddy Kaufman**

President of the Israel-China Friendship Society

and the Association of Former

Residents of China in Israel

# DONATION

## to the Social Aid Fund was made by the students-recipients of the Scholarships, December, 2005

Abraham Jonathan, Aharoni Tzvika, Algor Einat, Algor Gil'ad, Amrami Dov, Arin Ella, Bahnov Niv, Bar-Ilan Hila, Bar-Ilan Noah, Bein Arnon, Ben-Yosef Nadav, Bershinsky Liron, Blum Ilil, Boyarsky Nir, Boyarsky Shiri, Brodet Dana, Burshtein Asaf, Cohen Gal, Dembo Tal, Dror Dana, Dror Yoav, Efrat Rivka, Fainberg Tzahi, Flegg Braha, Flegg Haya-Rivka, Flegg Judith-Ora, Flegg Shimon, Flegg Yakov-Leib, Flek Ilanit, Flener Yonathan, Fratelis Niv, Gal Nir-Or, Geller Jonathan, Gershon Revital, Gershon-Sobol Michal, Gershtein Anna, Gershtein Orna, Globin-Kaliski Tzafi, Green Mike, Guaideti Dana, Guy Yaron, Hanin Adi, Har'el Galit, Hazan Itay, Helmer Shani, Helmer-Eldar Galit, Helzinger Ehud, Hendel Tomer, Hermon Sheli, Haran

Amir, Hersh Amos, Hershkovich Har'el, Hirsh Noah, Horev Tal, Kaikov Elinor, Konobovich Boris, Karniel Omer, Katz Matan, Katzman Marina, Kimelman-Onshik Ruth, Koller Judah, Koller Rachel, Kombalis Orit, Kombalis Rinat, Kotkin Banad, Kroizman Royi, Latin Liron, Leinover Roni, Levi Irit, Levitin Esti, Liberman Li, Lihomanov Mirav, Lurie Maya, Meintzer Gal, Meintzer Gur, Meintzer Ran, Merom Amnon, Metrani Anat, Miller Tal, Mordohovich Avishay, Mordohovich Keren, Moshe Dana, Nahumson Shlomi, Natapov Asya, Neiman Liat, Neiman Yaniv, Nisanov Lavi, Niv Dalit, Niv Tzahi, Ollech Dov, Ollech Tali, Olmert Noah, Oren Gitit, Orenshtein Rinat, Padovich Daniel, Peleg Osnat, Prish Eti, Regev Royi, Reicher Neama, Romano Amir,

Rosenblat Daniel, Rosenblat Sharon, Rosenblum Avihay, Rosenfeld Galit, Rosenfeld Itzhak, Ruvel Alexander, Serebro Dana, Shahram Adi, Shalmoni Rama, Shamis Mark, Shani Amir, Shapiro-Cohen Lital, Sharon Keren, Sheder Omer, Sheingait Igal, Shikman Vered, Shir-Ran Sharon, Shitrit Lital, Shlomo Orli, Shmerling Ariel, Shmueli Mirav, Shmueli Uri, Shneier Einav, Sobolev Olga, Sokolover Efrat, Sokolover Itay, Schwartzberg El'ad, Tal Avner, Tuag Yakov, Trigubov Yair, Tzuk Or, Tzucker Tal, Tzur Iris, Umansky Adi, Umansky Kfir, Urbah Sivan, Vainer Dalia, Vainer Uri, Vaks Bella, Veinerman Tal, Vichansky Itay, Vichner Noah, Volovik Natalie, Vudovich Amir, Vudovich Nirit, Yahav Maya, Zaltzman Tzahi, Zozula Michael.

## IN LIEU OF FLOWERS: SOCIAL AID TO LANDSMEN

### DEAR FRIENDS!

As in previous years, Igud Yotzei Sin will give a Pesach bonus to the recipients of our monthly social benefits. We do it twice a year – for Rosh Hashana and for Pesach.

Most of our needy landsmen are elderly, lonely or ailing people, whose situation is such that without the assistance of Igud Yotzei Sin, they would not be able to make ends meet.

As of January 1, 2006 we have 99 recipients of our monthly aid, about half of them are new immigrants from the USSR who were part of the Jewish communities of China.

In recent years, the number of

contributors to the IYS Social Fund, both in Israel and abroad, has dropped and consequently it is much more difficult to meet the requirements of the increased number of the needy elderly people. Our current budget requirement is \$ 100,000.00 annually.

We appeal to you to help us meet the needs of our elderly and ailing landsmen, by making a contribution to our Social Aid Fund, which according to the tradition of Igud Yotzei Sin, is a donation in lieu of flowers.

Moreover, we would appreciate your remembering the needy by making a contribution to our Social Aid

Fund on all other festive occasions and holidays. You can also make a donation honoring a designated person, and we shall send a proper notification to the honoree informing them of your gift. In this way, both the donor and the honoree will derive great satisfaction from the fact that in the hour of joy, a needy person will also be remembered.

Please send your donations to:  
Igud Yotzei Sin, Social Aid Fund  
PO Box 29786, Tel – Aviv, 61297

With best wishes for a Hag Sameah,  
IYS Central Committee Chairman:  
T. Kaufman Deputy – Chairman &  
Treasurer: J. Klein

# Photos of the Hanukka Reunion



First row: Ambassador Chen Yonglong, Counselor Zhang, Ambassadors wife Mrs. Liu Shuqin and Aviva Ben-Yakov



Haim Rubel and his grandson



Member of the Presidium Judith Sandel



Left to right: Shura Weiler and Gena Ferber



Michael Zozula, the only one among the scholarship recipients who is not from China; he received a special scholarship for his doctorate on the Jewish community of Harbin at Bar-Ilan University

# Jewish Life in Shanghai 60 Years Ago



**WINNING** three out of the four sections (Track and Field, Volleyball Team, Volleyball Doubles, and Pingpong) gave Shanghai Betar the athletic championship of the Far Eastern Brit Trumpeldor competition, the Betariad, in which Shanghai scored 184 points to Tientsin's 158. Hongkew Betar came third with 69 points.

Intensely keen and close competition marked every phase of the Betariad, especially in the main attraction—the track and field, in which the home team edged out Tientsin by one point, 114 to 113. In this first Betariad since the war's end held in the last week of August, one track record was broken by Jack Liberman of Shanghai who shattered his own mark of 11.3 seconds for the 100 meters by one-tenth of a second. Liberman took four first places to win the aggregate championship, second place going to Gurvitch of Tientsin who took two firsts and placed second in two events.

The gruelling Volleyball Doubles was won by Tientsin when the combination of Kanzepolsky and Belokamen defeated Shanghai's Liberman and Kaptaan in a tense game. But by far the most exciting and close match was seen in the Volleyball Team competition when Shanghai just squeezed through with a win in the last two games. The match was a replay as it was called off due to darkness the previous day when both teams won two games each.

Awards for the competition were given in a ceremony held at the lawn of the Shanghai Jewish Club on Sunday, September 7. In the evening, all Betarim and their friends marked the end of the Betariad with a dance held at the Betar clubhouse.

The Tientsin team left for their home city on the morning of Thursday, September 11, spending 13 days in Shanghai.

## Detailed results of Track and Field

### 100 Metres

1. J. Liberman (S), 2. W. Gurvich (T), 3. A. Klajman (S), 4. L. Olshevsky (T), 5. Schwartz (H), 6. R. Binfeld (H). Time: 11.2 secs.

### Hop Step & Jump

1. G. Kanzepolsky (T), 2. S. Poliak (S), 3. E. Belokamen (T), 4. A. Klajman (S), 5. R. Binfeld (H). Distance: 38 ft. 1 in.

### Shot Put:

1. L. Kiachko (S), 2. J. Fellor (S), 3. V. Dichne (T), 4. G. Fisher (H), 5. J. Pittel. Distance: 33ft. 10 in.

### 1500 metres:

1. D. Dorfman (T), 2. J. Pittel (T), 3. S. Poliak (S), 4. D. Volovick (S). Time: 5 min. 16.5 secs.

### Discus:

1. J. Pittel (T), 2. I. Rosenberg (S), 3. Fischer (H), 4. J. Fellor (S), 5. R. Binfeld (H), 6. G. Kanzepolsky (T). Distance: 84 ft. 3 in.

### 200 metres:

1. J. Liberman (S), 2. W. Gurvich (T), 3. L. Olshevsky (T), 5. V. Levinsky (S). Time: 25.6 secs.

### Javelin:

1. E. Belokamen (T), 2. R. Binfeld (H), 3. J. Pittel (T), 4. M. Kaptaan (S), 5. A. Gaberman (S), 6. Fischer (H). Distance: 116 ft. 5 in.

### High Jump:

1. J. Liberman (S), 2. D. Dorfman (T), 3. G. Kanzepolsky (T), 4. H. Nissenhaum (S), 5. R. Binfeld (H), 6. W. Zimmerman (H). Height: 4 ft. 11 in.

### 400 metres:

1. W. Gurvich (T), 2. A. Klajman (S), 3. V. Levinsky (S), 4. L. Olshevsky (T). Time: 57 secs.

### 800 metres

1. W. Gurvich (T), 2. A. Klajman (S), 3. D. Dorfman (T), 4. V. Levinsky (S), 5. Zimmerman (H), 6. R. Binfeld (H). Time: 2 min 15.7 secs.

### Long Jump:

1. J. Liberman (S), 2. G. Kanzepolsky (T), 3. J. Poliak (S), 4. F. Rod (T), 5. Zimmerman (H), 6. R. Binfeld (H). Distance: 18 ft.

### Relay:

1st Shanghai: J. Liberman, A. Klajman, V. Levinsky, V. Rojensky.

2nd Tientsin: W. Gurvich, L. Olshevsky, F. Rod, G. Kanzepolsky.

3rd Hongkew: Schwartz, Binfeld, Furedi, Zeidler.

Time: 49.4 secs.

### Total Results of Track & Field

Tientsin: 113, Hongkew: 34, Shanghai: 114.

### VOLLEY BALL DOUBLES

#### Tientsin vs. Shanghai

Kanzepolsky ) Liberman)  
Belokamen ) Kaptaan )

TIENTSIN: SHANGHAI:

1st game 15 6

2nd game 3 15

3rd game 15 12

Result. Tientsin: 2, Shanghai: 1.

### Volley Ball Team

Tientsin: G. Kanzepolsky, V. Dichne, E. Belokamen, B. Dorfman, J. Pittel, W. Gurvich.

Shanghai: J. Liberman, M. Kaptaan, A. Rodfeld, J. Fellor, L. Kiachko, A. Ulanovsky.

TIENTSIN: SHANGHAI:

1st game 15 12

2nd game 13 15

3rd game 15 10

4th game 6 15

5th game 13 15

Results: Tientsin: 2, Shanghai: 3.

(Contributed by Joe Levoff)

# My Mother's Story

## Goldie Zyskind

My mother wrote this before she died in 1996. She was a warm generous woman who for the 17 months of her battle with cancer lived her life as she had always done - caring for others and leaving her "house" in order. As part of this process she wanted to pay tribute to a Chinese man who had been a special part of her family for many years.

Mum was born Raisa (Rinia) in Harbin to Esther (Borodavkin) and Jacob Slavutin 1925 where she lived for the first 10 years of her life. Her parents, and brothers Abraham (Abe) and Nathan moved to Dairen where they had a guest house/hotel called El Dorado, and then later to Shanghai (1941) where she worked her for cousins the Tuchinsky family. Here she met my father, Chaim Gabriel Zyskind (a refugee from Warsaw) whom she married in 1945. The couple emigrated in 1946 to Australia where my sister and I were born.

These are her words and her story.

"If this story is never published don't worry. I am having a ball with it. It should have been written many years ago - like 50 60, but I never had the guts. I am tying up some loose ends in my life now, and this is a very long loose end to complete.

My parents fled Russia during the revolution and settled in Harbin Manchuria. They were a middle class Russian Jewish couple who started out life on a modest scale. After their first child was born, mother hired a young Chinese boy - aged about 14-15 to help at home. He was modest, quiet and most willing to learn. In no time at all he learned perfect Russian, Jewish Russian cooking and ran the household like clockwork. He was slow but methodical and nothing was ever not done on time. He was not a servant but a friend and family. He ate with us at the table, the food we ate and we would not have had it otherwise. He was the backbone of my life. I know my two older brothers loved him too, but I only speak for myself, the youngest daughter. I don't think he spoilt me, but I adored

him. His name was Sooz Gen, but we called him Soozachka - a diminutive for someone you love dearly. He had a heart of melted butter but tried to keep a stern exterior to keep up my mother's disciplinarian ideas. However, I could always crack a little grin from him under most circumstances.

At times when our grandmother lived with us we became kosher, and he knew all the tricks. No sooner would we use the wrong knife or fork it would go with a vengeance into a huge pot plant to make it kosher again. With the admonition of "not having respect for grandma - how many times do I have to tell you etc." We loved ham sandwiches - a most forbidden fruit, and when he would smell it on us we were made to strip in the outer room and scrub ourselves silly.

I can always see him squatting and polishing the silver with a cork and ashes from the Samovar - no Ajax or stuff like that then. I would sneak in behind him, put my arms around his neck - kiss him and make him fall. I bet he heard me coming and pretended not to. Always growled for interrupting his work - but I know he loved it.

At some stage he got married. His wife and family lived in the country. He went there once a year for Chinese New Year and then there would be another baby. He did not want to bring them over to the city and we never met his family. I think he wanted it that way.

We had a modest home and he lived in the little attic. It was spotless, tiny, tidy to perfection. My joy was to climb up those rickety steps and escape to my dreamland. Oh, those beautiful Chinese magazines that he kept in perfect formation on the floor. Oh, the paper cut outs on the walls in all shapes and sizes, and most beautiful of all his Chinese flute - from which he produced the most beautiful, sorrowful tune at the end of each day. We knew his work was done and he was relaxing.

But one day, a very sad one for me, he told me I was not to go up there ever again. No explanations, no asking

why, nobody told me, and it broke my heart. I was about 10 and he accepted the rules of the household. How he must have felt!

We had a lot of Chinese peddlers coming to the street. The little wagon with ice cream - what a taste, candied apples on a stick and other goodie - my Soozuchka always found the penny I nagged him for, and he never had to answer for an upset tummy.

Then the Japanese came to Harbin and made life very difficult for white people.

My parents decided to move to Dairen and mother told our friend we could not afford him anymore. He insisted to come - just for his food and board - they could pay him later when they had money. He would not take no for an answer. In Dairen we had a summer resort hotel, which was not a place he could get used to and we saw he was unhappy. So mother got him a job with two elderly, single brothers. But it was not family and he was again unhappy. Then an aunt of mine needed help and he went to work for her. He was with my family for 17 years - each of them I cherish. So he was happy again.

But all good things come to an end. The Japanese took over Dairen and life became impossible, especially for the Chinese people who worked for the whites. He had to report regularly to the police station to tell them what went on in the household. If he said nothing he was beaten, if he would invent a white lie which my aunt told him to do - he could not lie - so one day he gave up and took his own life to protect his beloved white family.

I can see him still - slim and tall, shiny black hair, Chinese pants and jacket with always something in his hand, wiping, cleaning. My only regret is we never took a photo of him, but his influence on my life is enough" Mum found out about his death when she was in Shanghai and "was devastated. I love the Chinese people - if they are your friends, it is for life."

# Dr. A. Kaufman, Camp Doctor

## 16 Years in the Soviet Union

### Chapter 7, Section F

A stall was opened in our prison to sell various food items. All the prisoners who have money in their prison accounts, can purchase various items once a week – bread, sausage, cigarettes and matches. I actually do not need any of these items, I do not eat much bread, I do not eat sausage and I do not smoke. My two cellmates, however, are excessive smokers and their daily bread ration does not satisfy their hunger. As they did not have any money in their account I decided one day to order for them a kilogram of bread, three packs of cigarettes and matches. I submitted this order to the prison guard. The guard returned an hour later and asked me:

“And where is your money?” I show him the receipts from the Sverdlovsk prison – one receipt for the money and the other for the suitcase they took from me.

“You have no money in our account.”

“Is it possible?” I murmur, “In Sverdlovsk they told me that the money and the suitcase will arrive here at the same time as I did.”

“Talk to the interrogator!”

That same day I told the interrogator about this and even showed him the signed receipts. The interrogator immediately phoned the prison administrator and told him about my complaint and the receipts. He then told me:

“The financial administrator will come to your cell today, show him the receipts...”

On the same day an officer came to my cell, took the receipts and said that they will request the Sverdlovsk prison authorities to send the money



and my personal belongings that up to now (already one year) did not arrive yet to Moscow. Two weeks later the financial administrator came to my cell again and informed me:

“We received a reply from the Sverdlovsk prison that they do not have your money nor any of your personal belongings.”

“So what are these receipts then, written on official prison stationery and carrying an official stamp and signature?”

The officer shrugged his shoulders and said:

“Today we shall telephone Sverdlovsk and clarify everything, don't worry! With us nothing gets lost.”

A month went by, then another month. One day the interrogator hands me a confirmation for the sum of 310 rubles and says:

“Your money has arrived...4 rubles and 40 kopeks have been deducted as dispatch expenses. But your belongings have not yet been found. We will continue looking for them and very probably they too will be found.”

Upon the arrival of the money I ordered from this stall a few times some canned goods, cigarettes and

bread for a total sum of 76 rubles leaving approximately 230 rubles in my favor, but, to my surprise, when I presented my last list of items for a sum of 27 rubles, I was told that I had no more money left in my favor... this seemed strange to me, but to anyone I spoke to on this matter the answer was the same “You have no more money in your account.” In my next interrogation I asked the interrogator about this, but he avoided giving me an answer. Several days later I asked the chief prison warden on what, in his opinion, happened to my money: “You were a boy and you grew old a boy,” he said “Don't you remember anything? Did you forget what happened in 1922?” – and did not elaborate

From one of my cellmates I learned that in that year the Russian currency was devalued. In my next interrogation I told the interrogator: “I already know what happened to my money, it lost its value due to the devaluation”.

He looked at me scornfully:

“There never was a devaluation here but a reform in the monetary system...”

In any case my 230 rubles became 23 rubles, and as my order was for the total sum of 27 rubles it was not accepted. On the next day I entered another order for a total sum of 23 rubles and closed my account in the prison store. Neither the suitcase containing my belongings, which I gave them in Sverdlovsk nor my money and my personal effects, which they took from me when I was arrested, were ever seen again. Nothing that I did helped in this matter. Even my letters to the minister for MGB affairs,

which I wrote according to the advice of my interrogator, did not help, as he claimed that "Here, nothing gets lost".

During one of my next interrogations, I found the interrogator sitting on his desk reading a newspaper. Without raising an eye, he asked me:

"Do you know Blum?"

"Which Blum?"

"That Frenchman, the minister Leon Blum...he also is one of your people, a Jew, Zionist!" I remain silent.

"Don't you know him, this disgusting person? Look what mischief he has done," the interrogator curses, "He goes to America and works against the Soviet Union...It was us who saved him from a Fascist concentration camp, and now he works against us. Never mind! He too will fall into our hands and perhaps he will yet be your cellmate" He amuses himself with this thought.

One evening during an interrogation, the interrogator points at a newspaper and declares:

"Here is what our Gromyko says concerning a Jewish State. Only the Soviet Union can give you a Jewish State in the land of Israel, and not England or America..."

"Let me read what he says" I ask the interrogator.

"You will not understand him" he replies and then asks "And what is a 'two-nation' state?"

I explain to him the composition of the word "two-nation" then ask him again to let me read Gromyko's speech.

"You are still not ripe to read newspapers" the interrogator answers and did not give me the paper. An hour passes then another, the interrogator sits and reads a book, while I sit by my small table deep in thoughts on what he told me.

"It must be," I think to myself "That the subject of establishing a Jewish state was discussed in the United Nations." Suddenly I hear the interrogator's voice saying:

"Do you know who is Loyola?"

"Ignatius Loyola" I ask.

"Yes, yes," answers the interrogator impatiently.

"Ignatius Loyola was the founder of the Jesuit Order, he lived in the 16th century".

"You know everything, a real academic... but you waste your days in the prison".

"That's not my fault."

"So its my fault? Confess and everything will be forgiven...Work for the motherland. People like you are needed in the Soviet Union. We appreciate people like you."

I was returned to my cell. Three weeks passed and I was not called for interrogation. My cellmates are changed from time to time. Then I was called again.

"As soon as I sat in my usual place the interrogator opens and says:

"Well, I must congratulate you"

I look at him in astonishment.

"The death penalty was revoked in the Soviet Union...you are lucky, if it were not, you would definitely be sentenced to death for your crimes," he declares. I still look at him with astonishment, and then I say, "For you it is a minor matter to execute an innocent person."

The interrogator raises his voice shouting at me "Shut up you despicable carrion!"

After several minutes he began to interrogate me about...Zionism, the Jewish community, Brith-Trumpeldor.

## **Chapter 7, Section G**

In the month of January 1948 I was brought to the Lubianka prison. I was told that the general prosecutor summoned me. Behind the desk set the prosecutor, an officer with the rank of lieutenant colonel, to one side of him sat my interrogator major Matchko, to his other side sat a typist. I was placed a little further away. First came the ordinary questions: Family name, first name, year of birth, nationality, and citizenship. For some reason my interrogator answered

these questions. The typist rattles on the typewriter. To the question of my citizenship my interrogator answers: "Soviet".

I turn to the prosecutor

"It is not correct, I am not a Soviet citizen, I am stateless"

The prosecutor orders the typist to correct it accordingly; he does not go into details.

For about half an hour he asks me questions about Zionism, what was my position in the Zionist Party, and various other questions in this context while at the same time introducing questions on other matters: The Jewish community, the National Council, all these, in his eyes, are part of the Zionist Federation. My interrogator, all this time, is trying to break into my answers to answer in my place. The prosecutor however stops him and does not permit him to interfere. The interrogation takes less than an hour and I was returned "home" – to Lefortovo. Usually the prisoner is brought before the prosecutor when his interrogations are at an end and so I hoped that my stay in this prison is coming to an end too and I will be released soon. I hoped and believed. But which prisoner, in a Soviet prison would dare to hope for a good ending. And indeed I still had a long way ahead of me.

On the next day after the session with the prosecutor, my interrogator rebuked me:

"Why do make yourself so innocent? Why did the American news media write about your arrest? What can America help? We have only contempt for them. Let them write what ever they want... Who is Ben-Gurion? Why is he soliciting in your favor?"

"I don't know" I replied, "I know nothing about this".

"Don't look so innocent", hollers the interrogator "Here" pointing to a thick file "are articles written about you, and also your picture appears". The interrogations continue, luckily at longer intervals. I am mentally tired of these interrogations and

cannot withstand them much longer. It is already the second year that I am imprisoned in this terrible prison Lefortovo.

One day I was called for a medical check up. The prison doctor checks me. She takes my blood pressure then writes down the results.

"You are familiar with the medical profession?" she asks.

"Yes I am a doctor".

She collected all the papers, then leaves the room and orders me to be led back to my cell.

It is said that before a prisoner is brought before the court he has to pass a general medical check up. This is the general procedure. But for me it is not so, I still have long distance ahead of me.

## Chapter 8, Section A

One day, In April 1948, the warden entered my cell. "Collect your belongings" – I did. After being imprisoned in Lefortovo for 13 months I was returned by the "black Raven" to Lubianka. In the cell to which I was assigned I found three people, towards evening another one was brought to our cell. All my cellmates introduce themselves by their names, I however, did not pay any attention to anyone of them, nor did I show any interest in them or cared who they were, and who knows for what reason were they imprisoned.

"Lights out!" we are lying on our shelf-bunks. Two fell asleep immediately while the third turns to me and whispers:

"Comrade, are you Jewish?"

"Yes"

"I also am Jewish" says the man and starts to tell me his life story. He is an engineer, a resident of Moscow. Originates from Podolia. A party member, 47 years of age, he also studied in a CHEDER and received a Jewish upbringing still remembers his Jewish studies of his youth and speaks Yiddish fluently. In the middle of the night he whispers to me:

"This coming Monday is Passover.

I suggest that in the first two days of the holiday we shall not eat any bread, do you agree?"

"I agree" I replied. He was very happy and thanked me. In this manner we celebrated the Passover holiday. We did not touch any bread and ate only cabbage soup and tea. I contemplated on this Soviet engineer, a Communist, according to him he was active in the party, but, on the other hand, he wants to and even encourages others to celebrate the Jewish Passover holiday, which is considered "anti-revolutionary" but which else where is a national holiday of freedom. And where does he do it? In a Soviet prison, inside Lubianka, known for its oppression. The whole of next day the engineer does not leave my side, talks about Jewish subjects, mainly in Yiddish, he told me about the Yiddish theater, about Michaelis whom he knew personally. During this conversation he even sang several Yiddish songs that he heard performed in the Jewish theater.

A while later, when the engineer was being interrogated, one of my other cell-mates, a Russian, said to me:

"We are confined with this engineer for one month here in this cell and he never told us he is Jewish now suddenly he starts to sing Jewish songs.

Two months later the engineer was summoned for interrogation, after half an hour one of the guards came to our cell and took all his belongings, the engineer never returned to our cell. It is very probable that the prison authorities decided to separate us Jews. My interrogations are getting scarcer. The "literature" of the MGB on me is abundant and it already fills three thick files. During one of my interrogations the interrogator browses into a new file, reads something then says:

"So, you gave an anti-communist lecture"

"No, I never gave such a lecture"

"Here is your lecture....'Between Two Worlds'. The 'two worlds' are the capitalist world and the socialist

world...and you refuse to admit... here, it's written in your Harbin Newspaper..."

"I never read about any lecture on this subject..."

The interrogator shoves the file in front of me showing a part of a Russian paper. When I read the article I burst out laughing:

"This lecture is on an literary subject, about the author Anski and about his play titled "The Dibbuk" or "Between Two Worlds" and this does not concern either Capitalism or Socialism it does not deal in political matters, in fact it is a mythical drama on intimate spiritual life".

"You are talking nonsense...don't distract me with another matter..."

"Read what's written and you'll understand," I answer quietly.

The interrogator does not calm down and continues to yell:

"Do not blabber, you despicable villain, another one who is teaching me what to understand"

Then he writes a protocol on the lecture titled "between Two Worlds" stressing that it mainly deals with my glorification of the capitalistic world. I refused to sign this protocol. On the next interrogation the interrogator again tells me to sign this protocol. I again read the paper and found no references on any capitalist or socialist world.

The interrogator orders me to approach his table and shows me a file filled with newspaper articles on my speeches and lectures on various subjects – on Zionism, on the Land of Israel, on the situation of world Jewry, Zionist Congresses, Bialik, Shalom Aleichem, Mendele, Shalom Ash, Herzl, Nordau, on Stanislavsky, Tolstoy, The academic Pavlov, and on many other subjects, everything collected in one file.

The interrogator orders me to sign my signature on every article, I signed over a hundred articles, I read each one in a cursory manner, and signed.

(From the Hebrew by Benny Tzur. to be continued)



# Get ready for the Chinese (tourist) invasion

By Revital Aranbaev

## Ministry unprepared for thousands expected with only four licensed guides

Do you speak fluent Chinese and Hebrew? Are you familiar with sites of historical interest in the Holy Land? Are you looking for an exciting outdoor job? If so, contact the Tourism Ministry quickly.

In June of this year, for the first time, the People's Republic of China placed Israel on its list of preferred destinations. Now thousands of eager Chinese tourists are on their way here, a situation that has caught local tourism officials offguard. The Tourism Ministry has only four licensed tour guides qualified to accompany the thousands of Chinese tourists expected to descend on the country in the coming

months. Three of the guides are Chinese nationals living here and one is an Israeli who has spent time in China and is fluent in the language. There are currently no Chinese-language tourism pamphlets and maps available to hand out to the new visitors. Plans for pamphlets, and other promotional material, are hastily being put together.

"The Tourism Ministry does not see the language barrier as a problem," said Jonathan Pulik, foreign press advisor for the Tourism Ministry. Speaking at a news conference convened in Jerusalem on Tuesday about the rise

in Chinese tourism to Israel, Chinese officials said China placed Israel on its "preferred destination" list due to "its desire to enhance relations with Israel." According to the officials, there was a large decrease in Chinese

vacation season starts, but said it would be "a couple of thousand more."

Sources close to the Chinese tourism industry told The Jerusalem Post this week that Israel has still to tackle the major obstacle of providing Chinese tourists with information literature they can understand for a smooth visit to Israel. According to the sources, a lot more work needs to be done to assure the visitors that the language barrier will not be an issue. The sources added that Israel tourism officials should also be aware of the difference in customs between the Chinese and Israeli peoples.

"The Tourism Ministry is doing everything we see fit to cater to any

possible need of the travelers," said Pulik. Deborah Mantzur, director of the Department of Professional Training in the Tourism Ministry, says the ministry is looking for Israeli students currently learning Chinese. In order to become a licensed tour guide, a person must take a year-long tour-guide course followed by a government examination [administered by the Tourism Ministry]. It is a requirement to be a resident of Israel to apply as a tour guide.

(From The Jerusalem Post, September 28, 2005)



Tourism Minister Avraham Hirschon, China's Ambassador Chen Yonglong and Chinese adviser Zhong Xuan, far right, discuss Chinese tourism to Israel at a meeting.

tourism to Israel between 2000-2003. Chinese tourists have started coming back in greater numbers since the end of 2003, even before Israel was placed on the list.

According to Pulik, there were 9,848 Chinese tourists in Israel in 2000. That number dropped to 6,277 in 2001. In 2002 only 2,605 Chinese visited Israel for its tourist sites. The lowest point came in 2003, when only 1,897 Chinese tourists arrived. In 2004, the figure rose to 3,000. Pulik would not estimate the number of Chinese tourists expected in the coming months when the Chinese

# A CHINESE HOMECOMING

By Robert Skidelsky

I had been plotting my return to China for about a year, and now an invitation from Lanxin Xiang, author of a book on the Boxer rebellion, to lecture in Shanghai in September 2005 made it possible. I say "return," because the last time I had been on the mainland was in 1948, when I was nine years old. I was born in Harbin in Manchuria in 1939, came to England when I was three, and then went back to China with my parents in 1947, living for a little over a year in Tientsin (now Tianjin). We escaped to Hong Kong just before the communists took the city.

Why had we gone back to China in 1947? The brief answer is that the Skidelsky family owned large properties in Harbin, and leased the largest private coalmine in Manchuria, the Mulin Mining Company. After the second world war, my father, a British subject since 1930, decided to reclaim the family business. In a spectacular piece of bad timing, we reached Tientsin at the moment when the communists were seizing control of Manchuria from the nationalists. We hung around in Tientsin waiting for the reversal of fortune which never happened. I remember thinking even then what a bad general Chiang Kai-Shek was to allow his best army to be cut off in Manchuria.

When you are building your own life, your family history is a matter of supreme indifference. But now I am fascinated by my family origins, and wish I had listened more attentively to family stories told by my parents. They help me make sense of my own life. The Skidelskys were one of the leading Jewish-Russian families in the far east. My great-grandfather Leon Skidelsky started his career in Skidel, now in Belarus. At some point in the 1880s, he moved with his family to Odessa on the Black sea. In 1895

he won a contract "how and why I don't know" to build the last stretch of the Trans-Siberian railway, which ran through northern Manchuria to Vladivostok. Leon made Vladivostok the family home. The Skidelskys were one of ten Jewish families allowed to live there. My father, Boris, was born in Vladivostok in 1907.

By the time Leon died in 1916, the family owned residential, industrial and mining property in eastern Siberia, had 3,000 sq. km. of timber concessions in Russia and Manchuria, and was one of the region's largest employers. The Manchurian side of the business was managed from Harbin by one of Leon's sons, Solomon. The family firm supplied coal to the Chinese eastern railway (as the Manchurian stretch of the Trans-Siberian railway was known) and exported timber, plywood and flour to London and New York. The family has been identified as "oligarchs" of the far east in several recent books dealing with Russia's eastward expansion. As my host Lanxin Xiang told me, everyone in Manchuria had heard of the famous Xie Jie Si family "Skidelsky" in Mandarin.

In 1918 the Skidelskys left Russia, losing all their properties there, but with several million dollars in cash. My father's widowed mother moved to Paris, and sent her four sons to English public schools. Back in Harbin, great-uncle Solomon acquired a 30-year lease of the Mulin Mining Company in 1924. This became the mainstay of the reduced, but still substantial, Skidelsky fortune. Harbin, already a big Russian city, swelled with White Russian exiles from eastern Siberia. The European sector was laid out with broad streets and avenues, fine houses, banks, shops, restaurants, cinemas, and an opera and ballet company. In the 1920s it was known

as the "Paris of the East."

When my Paris grandmother lost her money in the stock market crash of 1929, she went to live in America and my father Boris went to Manchuria to work in the family business. He married my mother in 1936, and I was born three years later. My father fought for Britain during the war, but the Harbin Skidelskys, who were stateless, went on supplying coal to the railway, now taken over by the Japanese, who occupied Manchuria from 1932 to 1945. When the Soviets entered Manchuria in 1945, Solomon and his brother Simon were carted off to Russia, and perished in one of Stalin's gulags. The Chinese communists took over the Harbin properties and the coalmine. In 1984 I received a cheque from the British government for £24,000 in full settlement of a claim for compensation which amounted to £11m.

I know less about my mother's family, the Sapelkins, who unlike the Skidelskys were Christian Russians, but like the Skidelskys, were part of the eastern flight of Russians from the Bolshevik revolution. They were "free peasants" who emigrated from Nizhny-Novgorod on the Volga to eastern Siberia in the late 19th century, and were also involved with the building of the railway. My maternal grandfather, Veniamin Vassilievich, turns up as mayor of Manchouli, in Russian Manchuria, in the early 1920s, before moving to Harbin. He was a literary gent, and I remember as a child receiving a letter from him in very old-fashioned Russian (as my father told me in translating it), full of lofty moral guidance. My grandmother's family probably came from Bessarabia. My mother Gali was born in Harbin in 1918.

My family history is a microcosm of the first wave of globalisation "based on the railway, steamship and telegraph" which opened up east Asia to the world market over a century ago. The Skidelskys' rise and fall mirrors the fate of this cosmopolitan world, which was mortally wounded in the first world war. It shows how easily politics can capsize economics. Wealth did not save my family, and others like them, from revolution, nor did economic interdependence save the world from fascism and communism. Today there are no Skidelskys left in the far east. Following the communist victory in 1949, China was closed off to the rest of the world for 40 years. Harbin, together with ports like Shanghai and Tientsin, became a purely Chinese city, filled with the melancholy ruins of a dead European culture: the Bund in Shanghai, Victoria Park Avenue in Tientsin, the Bolshoi Prospekt in Harbin. Now a "second opening" is taking place. It is homegrown, but the European underlay is also unfreezing. In my birthplace, Harbin, I was welcomed back like a long-lost son.

19th September, Shanghai Lanxin Xiang (pronounced Lanshin Shang) meets me in the morning at Shanghai international airport, a spectacular structure. He is accompanied by a cameraman, Yang Mei, and a producer, Han Yu. My visit is to be filmed and shown on Chinese television. A bouquet of flowers is placed in my hands, and the cameras start whirring. We pile into a minivan for the drive into Shanghai. On the way we pass through the new city of Pudong. Ten years ago this was fields; it is now home to 4m people, with high rise after high rise of offices and municipal housing. I am staying in the Jin Jiang hotel, where Nixon stayed on his historic visit in 1972. Yang Mei's camera is running the whole time. I think he would take up residence in my bedroom if I let him.

I resist boiled toad for lunch, but I am looking forward to Chinese food. Lanxin introduces me to a Chinese vodka made of fermented rice. It smells of drains.

Walked down Huai Hai, the main shopping thoroughfare, formerly Avenue Joffre. A pretty Chinese graduate student, QiuJun Zhou, has been detailed to show me around "with Yang Mei and Han Yu she makes up my trusty team of three companions. Displayed on the pavement is a small green car, made in China, and known as QQ. I'm told it costs about 25,000 yuan, or \$3,000. It is my first exposure to the "China price." I try to learn a couple of phrases: zhe zhe (thank you), Sia oo how (good afternoon), Kung kow shing tao chung kuo (I am very happy to be in). QiuJun tells me to pronounce her name "children" as the Chinese say it, without the "l" "chowJun." I'm told my accent is good, but my memory is leaky.

20th September, Shanghai Lecture at the Shanghai Academy of Sciences on globalisation. "How long am I expected to talk?" I ask QiuJun. "Two hours," she says. Fortunately she means the total meeting time. Lunch is "formal" with a lot of professors. I get into a discussion with one of them, Zhou Jianming, about Taiwan. Would the US defend it against a Chinese invasion if it declared independence? He was certain it would not; I said it might. Accompanied by QiuJun, I visit a bespoke tailor Baroman and order a suit and jacket. They will cost 4,370 yuan or about \$500.

21st September, Shanghai A morning visit to Dulwich College, the Chinese outpost of the south London school, in Pudong. Drive past miles of skyscrapers. How strict is censorship? I ask Zhang Shumei, a student who is accompanying me today. "You can discuss everything in public, but not criticise the government! That you must do in private," she adds. I wanted to see Dulwich because Brighton College, the independent

school whose governors I chair, is thinking of opening a school in Russia. I discover that all the pupils are expatriates; Chinese nationals cannot send their children there. Why is this? I ask. The Chinese want to protect their national identity, so they won't allow anyone to be educated by foreigners unless they are already foreign. But they allow their children to study abroad? Yes, it's illogical.

Get back to Shanghai in time for a meeting with Yang Jiemin, deputy director of the Shanghai Institute of International Studies. He tells me that China is the status quo power, the US the revolutionary power. International law can be changed only by agreement, not by US unilateralism. As a Marxist, he believes that the superstructure will change with the base, therefore democratisation in China is inevitable, but it will be slow, and everyone must be patient. China is a "socialist developing economy." Socialism is needed to counteract what capitalism creates. Economic development increases inequality, socialist planning will be necessary later to close the gap. Is he allowed to tell the truth in public? He replies that when he can't tell the truth, he doesn't lie, but simply keeps away from the subject. He told me he was sent to be re-educated in a village in Mao's cultural revolution, and I can see that he is not going to take the risk of having to go on his travels again. He is skilled in rationalising leadership policies in language acceptable to the west.

It is 4pm and my three companions and I have got caught in a thunderstorm on the Bund "the old European business centre" with torrential rain, thunder, lightning. We take shelter at M, the famous restaurant. I am not allowed to buy the drinks. I did, however, buy a suitcase with my own money. It cost 100 yuan (\$12). I notice that Mao's head is still on the currency, although he died 30 years ago.

22nd September, Shanghai In the morning I visit the old town of

Zhujiajiao. My main guide, Qiujun, was born there, and calls it the "Venice of China." In the courtyard of the restored Tao temple I see the symbol of yin-yang carved on a stone. The rejection of the spirit/matter, good/bad dualism is what makes Chinese thought, I am told, so different from western.

Afternoon lecture on Keynes and globalisation, hosted by the School of Advanced Studies. About 200 graduate students and teachers. It is a difficult topic, but an efficient interpreter translated highlights. This is followed by a colloquium on east and west with Liu Qiliang, a professor at Xiangtan University.

In the evening we take a cruise on the Huangpu river in the Great Dragon, with the skyline of the Bund on the west bank and the spectacular new Shanghai on the Pudong side. Some of the new architecture is both stunning and strange: the Pudong side is dominated by the television tower Oriental Pearl, a pencil reaching to the sky, with two great coloured orbs that change colour.

23rd September, Tianjin I am flying to Tianjin, where I lived in 1947-48, attending St Louis College, the French school, belonging to the order of St Mary, whose most famous old boy was Chou En-lai. It is said he showed kindness to Tientsin (as Tianjin then was) when he came to power. On the plane I talk to Lanxin about Mao, Confucianism and western values. He divides his time between Geneva and the School of Advanced Studies. His parents were high-placed CP officials, and he defends Mao. I ask him why there has been no public accounting of the Mao years. He says most Chinese don't write off the Mao era. Mao made lots of mistakes but had good intentions. So did Stalin and Hitler, I reply. But Mao can't be compared to them, says Lanxin, because he didn't deliberately kill people, though millions starved to death as a result of his policies. Anyway, good and bad are combined

in every system, every person. Mao had Confucian aspects. His personal life was austere, his descendants are not rich, he wanted an uncorrupt society. Predictably, Lanxin doesn't like the new biography of Mao by Jung Chang and Jon Halliday: "It is the case for the prosecution." Lanxin is a Confucian, and says that only the Jesuits properly understood Confucius. He rejects the idea of the "rise" of China, whether warlike or peaceful. He prefers "restoration."

I have booked in with Lanxin and my "crew" at the Astor House hotel, the oldest European hotel in China, dating from 1863. It is near the "Bund" of old Tientsin, full of palatial banks built in the classical style of the 1920s, with imposing columns and marble interiors. A new extension has been added to the hotel, but I am given a suite in the old part. I lived here with my parents in 1947-48 when my father had got a temporary job as manager and he and my mother were splitting up, something of which I was then unaware. My memory of long, wide corridors has not deceived me, there they are with their darkly panelled walls. I raced my electric car, given to me by my father for my eighth birthday, up and down those corridors.

The manager shows us around the old part of the hotel. Many famous people have stayed and even lived here, and old photographs and portraits of them line the walls: Gustav Detring its founder, General Gordon, Sun Yat-Sen, Herbert Hoover, Ulysses S Grant, the Banchan Lama, Chou En-Lai. Pu Yi, the former boy emperor, and his wife danced the hours away in the Astor's ballroom in the 1920s before he succumbed to Japanese temptation and became the puppet emperor of Manchuria in the 1930s. I persuade the manager to turn on Sun Yat-Sen's metal fan made by Siemens, which performs faintly.

Dinner with Anthony Wong and John Han, fellow old boys of St Louis College. John Han says he

was converted to Catholicism, not by the brothers but rather, after he left, by falling for a Catholic girl. When the relationship didn't work out, he lapsed. He then married a Russian and as a result was doubly disgraced. The highest job he could get was deputy librarian in a medical institute. Anthony Wong, a linguist and also a Catholic, was denied a university post until after Mao's death. As a schoolteacher, he was beaten up in the cultural revolution. They are gentle and delightful old gentlemen.

After dinner, I insist on a reconnaissance to Dublin Road, where I lived with my maternal grandmother, my mother's half-sister Tamara and her son Alec. To my horror we find a great hole where No 5 had been recently created to make way for a subway station. Other houses have survived, but not the drawing room where I played checkers with Aunt Tamara, or the basement where our house boy Shi-tah lived. In his wonderful memoir of Tientsin, *The Ford of Heaven*, Brian Power says that Dublin Road was full of brothels and bars between the wars. Perhaps these had gone by the time I got there; or perhaps I was simply too young to notice.

Opposite our vanished house, I can see the ghostly outlines of the synagogue, now a ruin. Beyond it the creek, down which bodies occasionally floated, has gone, covered over by a great highway. Underneath it a subway runs where the river used to flow, and beyond it a regiment of skyscrapers, where the streets and shops of the old British concession used to stretch. We went into the synagogue, which had been a restaurant in communist times. Now some people from Israel are trying to raise money to restore it. But how many Jews are there in Tianjin? We meet an old lady of 81, a former communist "veteran." She and her family were allocated accommodation in Dublin Road

left by the fleeing Europeans. She remembers "old Soviets" at No 5, it must have been my granny and our family who had stayed on until the early 1950s, when my mother was able to resettle them in Brazil.

24th September, Tianjin A busy day. First, we try to discover my grandparents' shop in Cousins Road. This sold produce from their dairy farm outside Tianjin. The shop was in the old British concession; the street is now a mixture of building site and a maze of dilapidated small houses, shops and restaurants, looking very much as they must have 60 years ago. The bicycles swarm round us. Bent old crones appear from alleyways as news spreads of our arrival and quest. One remembers a Jewish garment factory, long since gone. Another suggests that the dairy shop might have been near the Kiessling restaurant, still in business though not on its original site. The old ladies are courteous, animated, and try to be helpful. Everyone "men and women, young and old" joins in the chatter. One of the great contrasts between China and Russia is the quantity of old people one sees in China. In Russia, the men in particular die off before they are 60. Now China faces a huge ageing problem as the result of the one-child policy. A contrast with India is that there are no beggars. And despite the huge number of people in China, one gets less sense of a sheer weight of numbers than in India.

Another St Louis old boy, Isaac Huang, turns up for lunch with old school photos. All three old pupils are at least five years older than I am, so at school they wouldn't have noticed a midget like me, or I them. The brothers converted Huang to Catholicism, and he had been active in a proscribed Marist organisation, so for 20 years he could work only as a manual labourer.

Then, after lunch, on to the site of St Louis College itself, in the French concession. This massive redbrick Edwardian pile was torn down soon

after the communists came and a hospital built in its place. Now the hospital is to be demolished to make way for a school. I suggest to my team that it be called the New Louis School, as the St would still be considered politically incorrect.

In the school register I am listed as one of 32 entrants on the 23rd September 1947; British by nationality, and Protestant by religion. I was one of only two British, and three Protestant, boys. Most were Catholic and Russian Orthodox, four were classified as "Hebrew" and eight as "pagans." These were Chinese. The brothers took their mission to the heathen seriously, and made strenuous efforts to convert us. I remember Brother Otto trying to convince us that Catholics were superior to Protestants because they gave alms to the poor. I suppose I was sticking up for the Protestants, not just because I was British, but because I was an altar boy at All Saints church. Tientsin, a book by David Hulme, gives a detailed, though by no means flattering, account of me at St Louis. The author relied mainly on the recollections of a Japanese boy called Atsuo Tsukada, who became my best friend, and who remains a good friend. It is painful to read, because I was initially so beastly to Atsuo, teasing him mercilessly for his English (he mixed up his Ls and Rs) and for his "paganism." Peace between us was made by my mother. She invited Atsuo to tea in the Astor House hotel and fussed over him like a long-lost relative. I decided there and then that Atsuo was to be my best friend, though I do not recall that he was consulted in the matter.

On the way to the restaurant for dinner, I took a ride in a bicycle rickshaw of the kind that used to take me to and from school. The 1947 version had brass lamps on either side and a decorated awning. In winter I was covered with a quilt blanket to protect me from truly icy winds from the Mongolian plains. My rickshaw driver had a long nail on his

little finger and wore a quilted suit in winter. He would blow his nose and wipe it on his jacket sleeve. The long nail was also used to pick his nose.

It's odd the things children remember. It must have been in the summer of 1948 that we went on a school outing from Tientsin to Peking. The civil war was by this time getting very close and the railway line had been blown up. On our return journey our train had to wait for hours while the track was repaired. But what I chiefly remember from that trip was a huge spitting bowl in the middle of our carriage. I was entranced by the ritual of spitting. At that time the Chinese were great spitters. Today it has mainly gone.

According to the St Louis school register, 27th November 1948 is the last day I attended school. Almost immediately after that we must have been evacuated from Tientsin to Hong Kong on a British destroyer. I remember a HK newspaper headline of December 1948 which went "Fu [the nationalist general Fu Zuoyi] stands firm in North," and another one a little later "Shanghai will be defended to the last drop of blood." Both proclamations were quickly followed by the surrender of the nationalist armies.

25th September, Beijing On the train to Beijing. It's a packed double decker, the journey is only an hour and a half. Check into the Capital hotel near the station: luxurious, with a fine view of the Forbidden City.

I meet the economist David Li of Tsinghua University and director of a think tank sponsored by BP. The Chinese, he told me, save too much because they have such scanty social insurance. Rural people save even more than the urban population, though they have less. He wants the rural population from the middle and western regions to flock to the coastal cities, where, with better social infrastructure, they would save less and consume more. This would do something to correct the

Chinese-US payments deficit. But urban congestion would become horrendous, I suggest. I argue for government investment in rural infrastructure instead. He does not believe in this. He is attracted by London as a model of a successful conurbation. Has he ever travelled on the M25?

26th September, Beijing/Harbin A heavy fog hangs over Beijing. Lanxin says it is mainly pollution. We're on our way to the dowager empress's summer palace in the Garden of Clear Ripples, because there are photos of me there in 1948. The palace was looted by the British and French after the opium war of 1856-60, and the empress the built a replacement using naval funds, which is why China was defeated by Japan in 1895. Or so legend has it. It was damaged again after the Boxer rebellion and rebuilt in 1902. It is a wonderful lakeside site full of fine buildings. The most amazing construction is a boat made entirely of marble.

In the afternoon, I give a talk at the China Institute of International Studies, a think tank said to be close to the foreign ministry. Ambassador Ma Zhengang, formerly in London, introduces me with a long explanation of current Chinese foreign policy. Then we hurry off to catch the plane to Harbin.

We arrive at Hotel Moderne at 8pm. This is the old hotel which, I'm told, my great-uncle Solomon used for assignations with a lady friend. I am in the suite in which Madame Sun Yat-Sen stayed in 1927 and Chaliapin in 1936. My mother told me about his visit and how they met and how he took her out. She was 18 and very beautiful. The suite is grand, but awkward. To turn off the bath tap one has to walk through the shower. There's an elegant desk but when I plug in my laptop the lights go off.

On my arrival I am met by Qu Wei, the president of the Heilongjiang Provincial Academy of the Social Sciences and director of the

Harbin Jews Research Centre, and assorted professors, researchers and translators who keep me talking till almost midnight. They tell me how honoured Harbin was to be visited by an English lord and representative of Harbin's most famous Jewish family. They then hand me a "diary" of banquets, visits and presentations, including a two-hour interview and substantial speech. I see I am to be sucked into their research programme on the Harbin Jews. They are making a film on this theme to promote Chinese-Jewish understanding, world peace and other worthy aims. I am happy to take part in the Jewish history project, but not to be taken over by it. I say I am deeply interested in the story of the Skidelskys, but my mother's family, which was not Jewish, is of equal interest. Moreover, I was baptised an Anglican, and have been in a synagogue only once in my life, to attend the wedding of my friend Danny Finkelstein. They seem unmoved.

27th September, Harbin In the morning, I am taken by the Jewish committee to the Jewish cemetery on Imperial Hill outside Harbin. Fourteen are in attendance, and there is a tombstone of my great-uncle Moses, who died presumably in poverty as his stone is modest, in 1951, aged 76. The original grave, in the city, was dug up and transferred here in 1963. My father used to tell me stories about Moses. He was noted for his good taste and extravagance, and possibly for that reason was eventually excluded from the family business. After the communists came, he was allowed to stay on in Harbin because he had not been active in the Manchurian business, but of course there was no more money coming in. The grave is well kept up by the municipality and by an Israeli charity. A bunch of flowers is thrust into my hands, which I lay on the grave. I am called on to make a speech. What can I say except that I am here to honour my

father's family, Harbin and the Jews of Harbin. Graveyards are always melancholy, but even more so when the dead have no connection with the surrounding living.

On the way back from the cemetery, a lady from Xinhua news agency asks me whether Keynes needed to marry. She is clearly quite "advanced." Lanxin says homosexuality was very traditional in China. Confucian mandarins had their boys as well as four or five wives. The current hostility to gays, he says, is a European import. I explain, probably wrongly, that Europeans dislike crossovers, that is, yin-yang. People are expected to be either one or the other, and no one much minds which.

We are going to visit the synagogue. Harbin is now a city of 2.6m inhabitants. [Since my visit, Harbin became notorious around the world in November when benzene leaked into the Songhua river, producing a 50-mile slick.] In the old days of the "eastern Paris," there were about 20,000 Jews embedded in a community of 200,000 Russians and the same number of Chinese. The Jews were caught between the pro-Soviet and antisemitic Russians. But I never heard that my family had been affected by the latter.

I tell the Jewish committee the famous family story of how Solomon won the Mulin coalmine concession from a local warlord, Chang Tso-lin. Both loved poker, but Solomon was the better player. He let the warlord win for six months, and put him in such a good mood that he signed the contract for a 30-year lease without demur. After the visit I am made a research fellow of the Harbin Centre for Jewish Studies, and handed a scroll and mirror.

In the evening, another banquet for 16. The food gets heavier the further north one goes. My stomach protests. At night I have a vivid dream. I am travelling in a coach with a very small, round, amusing Jew. I am much taller than he is. At one point I sit down

# Azkara for Hailar Victims



Azkara prayer in the Synagogue in memory of the Jewish communities of China on November 25, 2005



T. Kaufman speaks



In the synagogue



In the synagogue

## A CHINESE HOMECOMING (continued from page 22)

in what I think is a gap in the seat and send him sprawling off the end on to the floor. He picks himself up reproachfully and squeezes himself back on to the seat beside me. What does this mean? That I am trying to expel the Jew in myself? My dreams have been getting very interesting (to me) and with my BlackBerry it is easy to write them down.

28th September, Harbin Wake up with a headache and the runs. We drive to the Skidelsky house on the Bolshoi Prospekt in Harbin. It is bigger and grander than it appears in the photographs, but a shadow of its former glory. Whereas before it was set in spacious lawns and looked out on to open fields, now the town has crept up on it and it is closed in by skyscrapers. The house was looted in 1945, and like so many similar properties, minimally maintained as an institution, in this case a People's Liberation Army leisure centre. I meet several of these ancients sitting on

white sofas around what must have been a sumptuous drawing room. When I am introduced by the director as the "former owner," they greet me warmly. One "veteran" thanks me very politely for letting them use my house! I refrain from saying that it is not with my permission.

The house is on two floors, with a central staircase made of wood curving down to the front hall. I imagine Solomon and his wife (or paramour) descending to greet their guests. The staircase has been painted a hideous brown. The director asks for my advice on the colour for the outside, which is being restored, and when I suggest a light ochre, he says he will pass on my "instructions" to the municipal authority.

29th/30th September, Shanghai Driving back into Shanghai at 8pm. Why are so many of the high-rise apartment blocks dark? Han says most are bought to sell on a rising market so no one ever lives in them.

Final meal with QiuJun Zhou, as lovely as ever in a pink dress, and Yang, my faithful cameraman. Next morning the trio "Qiujin, Yang, and Han" come with me to the airport. Fond farewells.

The two films on the flight are Woody Allen's *Melinda and Melinda*, a tragic-comedy of manners and *House of Flying Daggers*, a martial arts drama. In the Woody Allen the comedy works, the tragedy doesn't. The Chinese film, set in the 9th-century time of troubles, is fantastical and very moving. Our civilisation can't usually do fairy tales or tragedy, because life is a matter of problems with solutions, whereas fantasy and tragedy require a world without solutions. I wonder how long before the Chinese become like us?

*Robert Skidelsky's abridged single-volume biography of John Maynard Keynes is published by Macmillan*

# Legends of the Chinese Jews of Kaifeng

*(continued from the previous issue)*

## 12. Rescuing Sacred Books

*When the Yellow River floods the synagogue, heroic Jews rescue the holy scriptures.*

The wild and turbulent waters of the Yellow River, a powerful stream sometimes called “China’s sorrow” have often overflowed and mercilessly destroyed the city of Kaifeng. Little can be done about natural calamities except to endure them, but the flood of 1642 was different; it was a man-made disaster with far-reaching consequences.

A rebel army had attacked Kaifeng three times. After besieging the city for six months without overcoming its defenses, the rebels loosed a flood upon the unfortunate inhabitants by breaking the dikes of the Yellow River. Raging waters swept over the low-lying city, drowning a citizenry that was totally unprepared. From a population of 378,000 only a few score thousand survived.

The disaster hit Chinese and Jews alike, and more than half of Kaifeng’s Jewish populace were killed, with only about two hundred families of the congregation managing to narrowly escape the deluge by fleeing to the opposite side of the river. The dazed survivors wandered about, searching for relatives and loved ones. Their homes were gone; the synagogue, too, had been totally destroyed.

The shocked rabbi and congregational leaders assembled the survivors and provided much-needed help. Among all their worries, what weighed most heavily upon them was concern about the fate of the congregation’s sacred scriptures, which were dangerously submerged beneath the waters covering the synagogue. If not rescued, they might be swept away and lost.

The rabbi and the communal leaders knew what it would mean to their people to lose the Torah scrolls. Without the Torah, Jewish life would be disorganized and confused. What could they do?

An emergency meeting was called. “We are now at a critical moment in our lives,” said one of the leaders, Zhao Yingji. “We have a thousand things to do: gather our people; find food, clothes, and shelter; help the sick and injured; comfort the bereaved. But in the midst of all this personal tragedy, we must not forsake our holy books. Someday we may rebuild the synagogue. We can rebuild later, but we must rescue the scriptures immediately, before they are damaged beyond repair.



recover from such a loss.

“Torah is indispensable to Jewish existence,” the rabbi cried out. “What would our synagogue be without Torah? The longer we wait, the more likely we are to lose the sacred books.”

Spurred by the Gao family, the bearers of one of the seven family surnames bestowed on the original Jewish settlers by the Song emperor, a rescue party was organized. The Gaos’ eldest son, most fittingly named Noah, became its leader. Other families encouraged their sons to join in.

Noah was a giant of a man, seven feet tall and very strong. Equally important, he was a promising young

scholar who had earned the title of Kong Sheng, meaning that he was an academic graduate of the Imperial College. As leader of the rescue party, he rented a small boat and with his companions bravely rowed back to Kaifeng through the swift turbulent waters. The scene that awaited them was horrible to behold. The whole city had vanished. A vast lake covered its site, occasionally interrupted by the rooftop of an exceptionally tall building. Noah could not help thinking of his namesake and of the Great Flood depicted in the Bible.

With the help of the mayor of Kaifeng who had sent soldiers to guard what was left of the city, Noah and other youths eventually reached the sunken synagogue. To rescue the sacred writings, they had to enter and dive through the polluted water. Noah and his team jumped in fearlessly, repeatedly diving down and digging into the sand and mud with their bare hands, struggling to retrieve the Torah scrolls. Noah himself succeeded in bringing up seven of them. The others recovered several more and, as well, many miscellaneous scriptures. Altogether ten Torah scrolls and twenty-six other works were rescued.

However, joy was not complete. The recovered scrolls and the other writings were severely damaged due to their long immersion in water. Immediate steps were taken to restore them. First the scrolls were dried out. Then the rabbi and Zhao Yingcheng, the community’s two leading Hebraic scholars, worked very carefully and diligently to reconstruct a usable scroll from the bedraggled sheets.

Members of the congregation joined in the repair effort. All seven Jewish clans contributed time, money and energy. The Zhao, Ai and Gao families each repaired two scrolls, while the

*see page 25*



# Searching and Researching

## **Isabel Cymerman**

### **USA**

How would I go about getting a birth certificate for my cousin who was born in the French Concession in 1927? She is alive today and would give her permission.

## **Tanya Schlifer Matlin**

### **Ramat Ilan, Israel**

I am seeking news of my aunt, Ada (Doba) Salomonova Stipunina (nee Matlin), who left Shanghai (Helmskot Gardens #8) for Sverdlovsk (Ekaterinburg) in 1955. Whilst in Sverdlovsk she was employed at Gostbank. She was born in Tomsk but was raised in Harbin and moved to Shanghai in 1933(?) where she owned and operated a boarding house. She had two brothers Gregory and Yasha Matlin and a sister by the name of Lena Chramchenko. Any news would be appreciated

Tel: +972 (03) 53234451

Email: galia24@speedy.co.il

Searching and Researching

## **Dean Rozenberg**

I am searching for any information about my grandfather, Nahum

Poliakoff/Poliakov, and family living in Tianjin and Harbin.

Any information will be highly appreciated.

Email: dean\_roz@hotmail.com

Tel : +32 485 530560

## **Nesim Azuz**

I shall much appreciate it if you can indicate for me the Sephardic synagogues in the cities of Beijing, Shanghai and Goungzhou..

Email: nesimazuz@yahoo.com

Tel : +90 216 3697417

## **Itai Katz**

I'm trying to find some information regarding the birthplace of my father.

He was born in Guma (Pishan) in Xianjiang Uygur. we don't have any birth records.

I'd highly appreciate if you could give me a lead about how to start researching about the Jewish community in Xianjiang-Uygur.

## **Pollitzer**

The following is a request for more information about Pollitzer:

A person, known by his family name as Pollitzer, an Austrian Jew, worked at the Chinese (Guomindang)

Department of Health (1920's -- 1940's) as an expert on the prevention of epidemics. In 1921 he helped to foil an epidemic in North Eastern China.

On November 4, 1941, Japanese planes dropped bacteria bombs on the city of Changde in Hunan Province, Central China. As a result, an epidemic spread in the city. In December 1941, Pollitzer, then 56 (therefore, he must have been born circa 1885), was sent to Chande for three years, as an epidemic adviser. After the war, he became a world-wide famous expert on epidemics and worked in this capacity at the World Health Organization (WHO). In 1946 "The New York Times" published an article on his activity during the World War Two.

In 1955 Pollitzer published his book, "Plague", which became a classic in the field of epidemic prevention and treatment.

## **Igor Ostapenko**

Shalom ! Can you see in your archives whether there is a soldier with the name of N.J.Koolesh who was in the Shanghai Volunteer Corps? Toda !

Email : davidka@012.net.il

Tel : 054-4763826

## **From page 24**

Jin, Shi, Li, and Zhang families were responsible for repairing one apiece. Thus all the scrolls were reconstructed in a form as close to their original condition as possible.

In order to pay respect to those who had worked so hard to recover and repair the scrolls, their names and a prayer were attached at the end of each scroll. The prayer said: "May god protest those named here and

allow them to ascend to Heave and sit with the Seven Sages." The sages referred to were Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Aaron, Elijah and Elisha according to the tradition of the Kaifeng Jews.

The restored scriptures were installed in a large rented tent that served as the congregation's temporary house of worship, waiting to be moved into the synagogue when it was rebuilt.

And when that day finally arrived, a grand dedication was held to place the Torah scrolls in the synagogue's innermost room.

"Blessed is the Holy One,

Blessed is He who gives Torah to His people Israel!"

Thus did the Jews of Kaifeng happily pray and sing. From adversity had come triumph.

# A Russian Jewish Composer in China

Prof. Xu Buzeng Shanghai

*(Continued from the previous issue)*

Avshalomov's composition of the Peiping Hutungs was a courteous reputation of the prejudices of some foreigners who thought that there was no music in China whereas Avshalomov found that there was music everywhere in China and even in the secluded lanes.

Avshalomov's pantomime "The dream of Wei Lien" or "Incense Shadows", based on the outline for a ballet by an American choreographer Vanya Oakes was first performed at the Carlton Theatre, Shanghai, on March 13-15, 1935 with the accompaniment of the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra conducted by Mario Paci. It won favorable comments in Shanghai's Chinese, English and Russian newspapers. The premiere was also noted in Nicolas Slonimsky's "Music since 1900".

Avshalomov's Piano Concerto in G Major was written during the summer of 1935 at Hangchow (now Hangzhou), a renowned beauty spot two hundred kilometers to the south of Shanghai. Living in a peasant cottage and using a small harmonium, he completed the composition in six weeks doing the orchestration subsequently in Shanghai. He dedicated it to his fast friend Gregory Singer, an eminent Russian Jewish pianist especially well famed for his manuscript reading. On January 19 1936 and with great success Singer gave the premiere with the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra under the baton of the composer. The concerto was again played by Singer with the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra on February 23, 1941 with "The Soul of Ch'in" by the same composer and performed at the same concert.

The program of the Piano Concerto's

premiere on January 19, 1936 it read "its structure follows the classical pattern, while its thematic material and rhythms are in Chinese idioms. While in the first movement motives by Chinese folk songs may be recognized, the adagio is based on an old Chinese melody, which is led through various tonalities, its original form untouched. First announced by the flute it is then taken up by the violins and wanders from key to key, surrounded by murmuring sounds of the solo instrument. Having orchestrated it for the Western orchestra the composer has also made a special orchestration of the adagio for a set of Chinese native instruments as a homage to the unknown composer of this poetic melody of Old China. The third movement of the concerto is crisp and sprightly. There are no original Chinese themes in this rondo-like movement but in its texture there are woven materials of which Chinese music is made.

The piano concerto premiere was peculiar in that after the performance of the whole concerto its second movement the "Adagio" would be played again, the orchestra part being in this second version scored for an orchestra of 15 Chinese instruments. The purpose of so doing was, according to Avshalomov's composer notes reprinted in the same concert program, "in presenting a second version of the Adagio in which to reproduce the same music, the Western symphonic orchestra is replaced by an orchestra exclusively formed of Chinese instruments" The composers aim is not to compare the merits, or the demerits of the western and Chinese instruments and their

capabilities as regard technical and tonal colour but to simply show what happens when a real Chinese music is transplanted, so to say, into Western soil. Working on the modernization of Chinese music, i.e. trying to bring it up to a standard acceptable to the present generation one is confronted with the problem of losing, in the process very much of what is typically and characteristically Chinese. Since it must be recognized that the Chinese instruments despite of the charm of their tone color, cannot be yet efficiently employed to perform on them symphonic music on account of technical shortcomings, the only way out (as the composer sees it for the present an until that time when the mechanical and technical possibilities will be improved) is to use the Western orchestra trying to preserve only the spirit of Chinese music as expressed in the thematic material, not taking into much account the loss of that peculiar color which could be obtained by using Chinese instruments.

Avshalomov's Violin Concerto in D major was first performed in Shanghai on January 6, 1938, by G. Fidlou, a resident Russian violinist in Shanghai with a much-coveted gaurner, and the Shanghai municipal Orchestra under the baton of Mario Paci. IN 1997 the concerto, a real virtuoso piece in the nineteenth century manner, was played in Moscow by Rodion Zamuraev and the Moscow Symphony Orchestra conducted by Avshalomov's grandson David for a CD recording.

As a local composer Avshalomov's was a very rare case in that his works have been from time to time played by the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra

whose repertoire comprised predominantly of masterpieces of European composers of world renown. What was more, as a non professional conductor, he was invented by the orchestra to conduct works by other composers, at least once in 1945 and five times from February to April in 1946.

The music drama *The Great Wall* (or *Man Chang Ngu* named after its heroine ) was Avshalomov's masterpiece. It was the tragic story of a woman *Mon Chang Nyu* in the ancient *Qin Dynasty* (221-206 B.C.). Her husband was drafted by *Qin Shi Huang* (The first emperor of the *Qin Dynasty* , 250-210 B.C.) to build the *Great Wall* – the whole country in length – in the remote mountainous regions to defend against invaders of barbarous tribes, and was never heard from again. She slowly trekked a long, long way to the *Great Wall* only to discover that her husband has died from starvation and overwork. She wept and wept and the wall collapsed to symbolize the downfall of tyranny.

In his “*The Great Wall*” and the problem of the Chinese drama Avshalomov elaborated on his aims in composing this significant work he wrote. “The time has now come to search for ways for the Chinese classical drama to reflect the present civilization and to advance towards universal appreciation. *The Great Wall* was an experiment in this direction. It was conceived as a dramatical synthesis in which the elements of purely musical thought, poetic and vocal speech, pantomime and dancing are combined into a monolithic whole. The idiom of the music is basically that of a Chinese classical drama, and represents national spirit, while the technique of composition and the method of presentation are foreign.

In the “*An Introduction To Avshalomov*” attached to the program of *The Great Wall* performances of March 27 and 28, 1946 there

were paragraphs, which read, “Avshalomov has concentrated on the unaffected, honest melodies of the Chinese countryside. And it was out of his interest in these simple but unique Chinese expressions that he conceived the idea of going a step a step further and doing something about Chinese drama... The foregoing explains why Avshalomov uses a Western Orchestra. You will note his efforts throughout *The Great Wall* is to retain whatever he can of the wealth of beauty, brilliance and artistic expression inherent in the Chinese theatre. He retained here intact the Chinese concept of flow and movement in choreography, which affords greater spontaneity and realism than does Western ballet... He became absorbed in the study of Chinese music, temple chants and drama. Also in this introduction there was a quotation from Avshalomov in which he stated, “... Recently in Europe because of the decadence of the so-called classical ballet, eyes turned to the Orient to find expressive bodily movements for their productions. Therefore we here in China have a wealth of material that only needs exploitation. Our aim is to present the ancient Chinese style in a form which can be universal appeal.

The two and a half our long musical drama was completed in 1943 and was rehearsed numerous times in 1944-1945 by the Chinese Music Drama Association with a cast of some thirty actors and actresses, a chorus of seventeen singers and an accompanying orchestra of thirty odd players from the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra. In the meantime the Japanese had lost the battle on the Pacific and their days were numbered. The premiere of the *Great Wall* was intentionally postponed to after Japans capitulation, which came on August 15, 1945. The music drama in six acts and ten scenes was first produced from November 25 to December 2, 1945, at the Lyceum

Theatre with the performance relayed live nationwide, and gained wide acclaim, including a favorable comment in the newspaper jointly signed by some thirty musicians, writers, dramatists, film writers, actors and actresses and journalists. Again on January 25, 1946 a special performance was given to accommodate the officers of the U.S. armed forces in Shanghai. On watching the performance lieutenant General Albert Wed Mayer – the commander in chief of the U.S. army stationed in China – and other high ranking officers thought that this was an opera that they could understand and appreciate. Wed Mayer even encouraged Avshalomov to stage the opera in the United States.

On March 27 and 28, 1946 two more performances of *The Great Wall* were staged at the Lyceum Theatre this time sponsored by Madam Soong Chinling – the widow of the late Sun Yat-Sen who was the founder of the Republic of China in 1912. Soong Chinling was then the chairwoman of the China Welfare Fund Committee and the income of the performances was for the relief of those artists and writers in want. Soong invited the diplomatic envoys, cultural and military attaches as well as her younger sister Soong Mei-Ling – the wife of the all-powerful Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek and H. H. Kung (Kung Xiangxi), the millionaire and the Minister of Finance who was the husband of Soong Chin-Ling's elder sister. The spectacular performance caused a sensation throughout the metropolis. Kung was fascinated and later he founded another opera troupe for the production of the music drama. Kung staged it in Nanking for several performances one of which was to congratulate the generalissimo on his birthday, and among the honored guests were General George Marshall – at the time sent by the U.S. President Harry Truman to China as his special envoy to mediate between the warring Chinese Nationalists

(Kuomintang) and the Communists – and U.S. Ambassador in Nanking Leighton Stuart.

Avshalomov was already in the United States to plan and negotiate the conditions for mounting *The Great Wall* there. Unfortunately the civil war, which broke out in 1946, intensified from month to month and the situation in Shanghai became grimmer and grimmer. Kung, as well as a rich tea merchant who followed his suit in backing Avshalomov, lost interest with the music drama and gave up the plan of financing and mounting it in the United States, thus causing Avshalomov stranded there in great distress.

Shortly after the founding the Peoples Republic of China, Jiang ChinFang and Shen Zhibai wrote to Avshalomov respectively in Russian and in English on behalf of the newly established Beijing Peoples Art Theatre, and invited him to return to China and join the theatre. Avshalomov replied that he would very much like to, and he would come after a long expected all Avshalomov concert conducted by Arturo Toscanini in Hollywood was given.

Unfortunately, the Korean soon broke out. China and the U.S.A. were on opposing sides and the Sino-American relations were suspended. Avshalomov had to remain in the U.S., Became naturalized and continued to compose works in larger forms, including his three symphonies from No. 2 to No. 4. In his nostalgia for China he revised *Yang Kwei Kei* or *The Twilight of Royal Lady Yang*, an opera on Chinese subject written in Shanghai in 1935, and completed it in spite of illness. He died in want in New York on April 26, 1965 with a prominent obituary in the *New York Times*.

Despite the fact that Albert Goldberg, the critic of the *Los Angeles Times* spoke of Avshalomov in glowing terms in 1947 that practically every form of nationalistic folk music has been utilized by composers as the

basis of serious compositions except that of the Chinese. It is true that the five-tone scale has been employed for characteristic color in novelty pieces, as well as by Puccini in *Turandot*, but apparently no composer has gone in for a profound study of Chinese music and made it the foundation for genuine symphonic treatment until the appearance of Aaron Avshalomov. Despite Goldberg's high praise and despite the fact that Avshalomov's works had been played by leading conductors like Leopold Stokowski, Peirre Monteaux, Artur Rodzinsky and Howard Berlow, his third symphony was commissioned by Serge Koussevitzky, and his name was known to Aaron Copland and Howard Hanson, his attempts to mount his stage works in the States were futile, much to his dismay.

But Aaron Avshalomov and his works would never be forgotten. In 1985, twenty years after his solitary death in New York, belated commemorations of his Ninetieth birthday were held in Beijing, Shanghai and Wahan the capital of the Central Chinese Province of Hubei. They were jointly sponsored by the Peoples Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, The Bureau (in Beijing, the Ministry) of culture, the Conservatory, and the Musicians Association of the respective cities. Thanks to the remarkable organizational work on the part of resourceful Jiang Chunfang who was then the editor-in-chief of the 74 volume *Greater Encyclopedia of China*, these celebrations won big successes. They were recognitions of the contributions made by the Sinicized Russian American musician of Jewish descent who devoted the prime of his life to the cause of the reform of Chinese national music. Aaron Avshalomov's Chinese born son Jacob was invited to attend the ceremonies gave speeches and co-conduct concerts of his father's works. The reunion of Jacob with his father's old friends Jiang Chunfeng, Yuan Likeng and others (Shen Zhibai,

died in the cultural revolution) was congenial to all of them. In the course of Jacobs visit and the preceding one two years before he had deposited a hundredweight of scores and orchestral parts of his father Aaron's works in Shanghai, to form a basis of an archive, as a token of friendship with the Chinese people. The inclusion of an entry of Aaron Avshalomov in the music and dance volume of the *Zhongguo Dabaiké Quanshu* (*The Greater Encyclopedia of China*) (Beijing and Shanghai: The Greater of China Publishing House, 1989) was the only case for a foreign musician resident in China.

The commemorations in China were followed by a revival of Aaron Avshalomov's music in 1997 when Aaron's son Jacob and his grandson David were able to make recordings of a substantial portion of his works. The proposal was first put forward to Jacob in 1979 by a recording executive Klaus Heymann of HNH in Hong Kong who happened to hear of Aaron and his career in China. Jacob readily accepted the offer but only after a long history of eighteen years of twists and turns the project materialized. The recording company renamed Nixos/Marco Polo then, decided that the recordings be made with the Moscow Symphony Orchestra in May 1997. Jacob and his son David went to Moscow to find the orchestra with its eighty players was a remarkable one and ample for recording. They mad three CD recordings with David conducting Symphonies No. 1 and No. 2 and the flute concerto, while Jacob playing all the rest. The respective soloists of the three concertos for flute, piano and violin were Nadine Asin, Larisa Shilkovskaya and Rodion Zamuraev, and their virtuoso renderings were much to the satisfaction of the Avshalomovs. It was a pity that the symphonic sketch *Peiping Hutungs*, one of Aarons best known and typically Pekingese masterpieces, had not been recorded owing to the

incomplete players parts of the score and to the lack of a Chinese barbers fork used in this tone poem which itinerant barbers in the old days signaled their approach.

Aaron Avshalomov's son Jacob Avshalomov was born on March 28 1919 in Tsingtao, a tourist center and leading industrial city in Shandong Province on the coast of Eastern China. He was educated in China and studied music with his father. After his parents divorce in 1932 he lived with his mother a frugal life in Tientsin on her meager salary as a typist. As a teenager he was forced by material circumstances to work in the Oppenheimer Casing Co. (Chinese name Hua Mei Yang Hang) a slaughter where the labor was dirty and strenuous. In 1937 he went to the United States and became a naturalized citizen in 1944. He studied music with Ernst Toch in Los Angeles, with Bernard Rogers at the Eastman School of music in Rochester, N.Y. and received an MA degree in 1942. He taught as an instructor at Columbia University from 1946 to 1954. From 1954 on he was successively conductor and permanent conductor of the Portland Junior Symphony Orchestra (renamed Portland Youth Philharmonic orchestra) in Oregon until his

retirement in 1994. As a composer Jacob Avshalomov's music reflects the many cultures with which he was in contact, from an exotic Chinese style to a colorful American folk idiom. While the form is cohesive. The materials are multifarious, with tense chromatic harmonies and quasi-oriental influence. His "taking of the Tung Kuan" (1948; Detroit, November 20, 1953) was Chinese influenced. His Sinfonietta (1946; New York, November 29, 1949) won the Naumburg Recording Award in 1956. His Tom O'Bedlam for chorus (New York, December 15 1953) won the New York Music Critic Circle Award. The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem ("Bedlam") was opened in the 15th Century as a priory. In 1547, Henry VIII ordered it converted into the first asylum for the insane in England. The mad Tom was an inmate of the asylum. As a forty year long conductor of the Portland Youth Philharmonic Orchestra Jacob Avshalomov's contributions were tremendous. Reed collage of Portland in a letter to him in 1973 wrote " you have been thoroughly schooled in music by your father Aaron Avshalomov, himself a composer of great merit...It was Portland's goof fortune that you returned in 1954 as the conductor of the Portland Junior

Symphony. Under your direction this orchestra achieved international acclaim. Many of its alumni – a very special group – are highly placed in professional positions throughout the country...your carrier exemplifies an ideal blend of creativity and the liberal arts. Your programs and your compositions reflect a broad knowledge and scholarly approach that is indeed rare in professional conductors and composers." Jacob Avshalomov's two sons David (1946 N.Y.C.) and Daniel (1953 N.Y.C.) are both musicians - David a composer and conductor, and Daniel a violist. On the CD "Three Generations Avshalomov" Daniel performs the viola music of three generations of his family – works by his grandfather Aaron, his father Jacob and his brother David – a manifestation no always met with these days. Jacob Avshalomov is currently in the midst of writing a book about his father and his own careers – in and out of China and in and out of music.

*Acknowledgement: My heartfelt thanks should be expressed to Messrs. Jacob Avshalomov of Portland, Oregon and Yuan Likang of Shanghai who offered me generous help in my writing of this paper*

## Shanghai Today

### Night view near Renmin Square



# Time to Learn Chinese

*Eitan Amit, New York, and Gaya Koren, Yediot Aharonot*

Five six-year-old boys and girls, pupils of the Woodstock kindergarten, Portland, Oregon, USA, listened attentively to their teacher, Shin-Yang. Holding a piece of red carton in her hand, Ms. Shin asked the class if they could tell her what color it was. Not a difficult question, if it were not to be answered in Chinese, Mandarin Dialect. "Hong!" answered the class in a choir, as if Chinese was their mother tongue.

The Woodstock kindergarten is the best example of the efforts made by the US government, by way of its Ministry of Education and Culture, in trying to initiate the steadily growing number of Americans in the secrets of the Chinese language, or, to be more precise, its Mandarin dialect, which is the official dialect of the state.

The Woodstock school is the first of the kind in the States, where the Chinese language is taught as an integral part of the general curriculum vitae of the school – from the kindergarten to the graduation class, thus allowing the students smoothly to continue their Chinese education in the universities.

Chinese is not the only foreign language taught in the American schools and academic institutions. It was always an American practice in conjunction with the world political and economic fluctuations. For instance, in the 1950's and 60's, in the midst of "the cold war", the teaching of the Russian language was predominant in the American educational policy. In 1980's, however, when Japan became an economic empire, and the cold war subsided, the Russian language was substituted for the Japanese.

The Americans were the first to notice the recent awakening of the

Chinese market. In 2004 the Sino-US trade turnover reached 230 billion dollars. China grew up to become an economic giant, and the knowledge of the Mandarin dialect of the Chinese language became vital for the success of the American investors and entrepreneurs working with "The Middle Kingdom".

As an example, in the year 2000, Chinese classes were attended by 5000 students, in 2003 their number reached 20,000, and today – 25,000. This tremendous growth may also be partially attributed to the growing interest of the US governmental institutions (Pentagon, including) in the growth of the Chinese military potential.

## ***"So that the parents wouldn't understand!"***

For the same reason, the Committee for Contacts with Foreign Powers of the US Senate plans to invest 1.3 billion dollars in a program of teaching Chinese language in public schools all over the country. The Chinese government approves of this initiative, and the Chinese Ministry of Education lost no time in contacting a number of American educational institutions for a "teachers exchange" project.

In the West, it is generally believed that the difficulty of learning the Chinese language is anchored in the fact that the written Chinese is hieroglyphic and not alphabetic, but it was proven that the children overcome this difficulty much easier than the adults.

Ms. Shin-Yang, the teacher at the Woodstock, says that to be successful, the process of teaching should be slow and long. At first, the children are to learn to recognize and memorize up to 25 characters

(about 150 a year), so that at the end of a four-years' course, the odd 600 characters (words) should enable the students to communicate among themselves quite at ease.

Lilly Rapoport (9), one of the pupils of the Woodstock school, freely chats with her classmates in Mandarin, "when I don't want my parents to know what are we talking about," she says with a mischievous smile, "I even see dreams in Chinese!" However, according to her, there is another side to the story: "The only subject in my home-work which my parents cannot help me with, is Chinese."

Despite the difficulties, most of the children agree that studying Chinese is fun. "It's a sort of a game," says Lilly, "and writing characters is like drawing pictures. During the first few years of the existence of the Chinese classes, the only pupils attending them were the children of the recent Chinese immigrants. Today, one can see pupils of all and every ethnic group living in the US. The popularity of the Chinese language is so great that in the current year, the Woodstock school opened a parallel class for the new pupils. "One thing is certain," concludes Shin Yang, "a professional Chinese teacher should not worry about unemployment."

....and what about Israel?

Here, in Israel, too, the interest in the Chinese language is on the rise. Of course there is no need to go through a three months' course of Mandarin Chinese for hiring a plumber from Chefoo to unplug a stoppage in your kitchen water-pipe, but dozens of Israeli businessmen with contacts in China should begin to consider studying the language, if they want better returns for their efforts and investment.

# Mainland China Millionaires are on the Buying Spree

*(Excerpts from an interview with the deputy Chairman of "Christie's Asia" Auction House)*

"The New Year season was the best for buying since the beginning of time, and it was never more favorable than today," says Mr. Ken Yeh, deputy chairman of the Auction House "Christie's Asia", in an interview given to News Week Asia correspondent, Frederick Balfour, with the Year of the Dog barking noisily at the door. "Our marketing research shows that more than 300,000 mainland Chinese have a net worth of \$1,000,000 cash, excluding property, and are estimated to control some \$billion of assets," reveals Ken Yeh.

F. B.: What do these fellows spend their hard earned yuan on?

K.Y.: Mainland Chinese are the world's third biggest consumers of luxury goods, purchasing annually billions of dollars worth of leather clothing, bags, shoes... and cars. Bentley Beijing alone sold a half a dozen of the latest model limousines

at \$1.2 m. each – the world's most expensive car – more than any other dealership in the world, to mention Porsche and the likes. But China's new moneyed class is getting interested in more than just fast cars and extravagant timepieces. A growing number of mainlanders are investing heavily in art and antiques, snapping up everything they can lay their hands on – from ancient Chinese scrolls, exquisite calligraphy, Ming porcelain, traditional ink paintings to the works of French impressionists. Some are sold on the mainland for up to \$4 m. a canvas.

F. B.: How important is the Chinese market to Christie's?

K. Y.: It is very important Just as an illustration: in recent years, the percentage of Hong Kong sales from mainland China has gone from zero to 20%, which is tremendous. When people have extra disposable income, they will start thinking about investing in art.

F. B.: What are mainland collectors

buying?

K. Y.: First, they will buy porcelain, Chinese scrolls and modern paintings from late 19th Century to early 20th century. These are in the style of Chinese classical paintings, ink brush strokes on paper.

F. B.: What about Western art?

K.Y.: Eventually they will start buying Western art, too. That's one of the reasons I relocated from New York to Hong Kong – to develop Western painting market there.

F. B.: Does Christie's try to educate Chinese collectors?

K.Y.: Our specialists do give lectures to small groups of collectors, usually sponsored by investment banks. I, personally, gave some lectures, too, on how to collect to Western painting. These lectures are usually very well attended.

F. B.: So, a Chinese buyer may some day hang Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" on his drawing room wall?

K. Y.: I won't be surprised if he will.

## Time to Learn Chinese (continued from page 30)

"The demand for the Chinese courses have increased immensely," said Gadi Bleicher, director of the Israeli branch of "Berlitz", an international network of language schools, "we receive dozens of queries from businessmen working with China, or those who plan to open an enterprise there. China has five basic dialects, and we teach all of them."

A course of Chinese at "Berlitz" costs NIS4,000 and lasts three months, two sessions a week. "Besides teaching the language, we also instruct the student

on the Chinese culture, mentality, behavioral patterns and etiquette, which plays a very important role in building a relationship with the Chinese". The lessons are given either in the school premises, or at the student's apartment, "as some of the clients wish to keep their knowledge of the language unknown to their Chinese counterparts," says Gadi.

There are some who prefer to get their Chinese education straight "from the horse's mouth", and go to study in China. Vered Kaminskaya

is one of them. She spent a year in China, studying Chinese culture and language at the Peking University, Bei Da.

"I can't say that I am capable of negotiating a political agreement," smiles she, "but my knowledge of the Chinese language, modest as it may be, allows me to break the ice on the level of every-day communication. The Chinese appreciate very much the interest and empathy of a foreigner for their culture and traditions."

# A Letter to a Friend

To: Solly Birulin: [Tientsinboy@aol.com](mailto:Tientsinboy@aol.com)

From: Emmanuel: [pratt@netvision.net.il](mailto:pratt@netvision.net.il)

Dear Solly,

Just returned to Jerusalem from the Tientsin old timers' get-together held at Bet Ponve in Tel Aviv. Boy! What a gathering it was! Twenty or so fellows turned out, sounding more like a hundred. Some brought their mostly wai go, non-Tientsin better halves. Too bad you weren't there. You'd love it! Hugs, kisses – some by people I failed to identify. Did they change so much? Or is it my fading memory? Or both?

To name just some of those present: Samby Miller with his husky basso, and wife, Hannah; George Kanzepolsky (now cut down to Kanpol), as ever fit and sporty-looking, with his Australian born spouse, Bobby Bershadsky, with his sabra wife, Pnina; Joe Pittel; Rose Granevsky and her non-Chinese worst half. There were Sana Kiselev (now a retired IAF brigadier general) and his brother Abie; another Sana, a spit image of his father, Monya, and the grandson of our unforgettable kantor Yaakov Izraelevich Krimchansky. Sana told me that his mother, Mina, is now 90 (ad meah ve-esrim); Moska Schmerling, Bob's brother. Bob couldn't come for health reasons; Tanya Steg (now Prisch), the sister of Morris Steg, the pianist. I was nuts about his Chopin. Tanya, too, is no spring chicken any more, but sparkling and lively as she always was. Then there was the ever smiling Gene Tikotsky. Do you remember the little German refugee, Mariana Michaelis? Still slim and slender, she now sports a gorgeous shock of silver hair, which you would probably envy (sorry to rub it in, old boy!); Jenia Olshevsky, the sister of Liovchik, z"l. Ah, yes, you asked me once about someone by the name Kobuliansky. He was there and I mentioned you to him. He seemed to remember you dimly, and was sorry to have missed you when you were here

last month.

Well, so much for the social part of the gathering, which was summoned by Teddy for business no less than for pleasure – a call to us, the old timers, to make an effort in a going on project to perpetuate the memory of the Tientsin Jewish community. As a reader of our Bulletin, you are aware of the fact that such an effort was successful for the Harbin and Shanghai communities, while the Tientsin Jewish community still wait to be introduced. The reason for it not having been done until now, is not entirely our fault. In his address to the gathering Teddy gave a comprehensive outline of the overall history of Tientsin, its role in the international politics and trade in which its Jewish community had plenty to say. The present status of Tientsin, is different from that of Harbin, Shanghai and Kaifeng. These three cities established their academic bodies in the framework of their provincial governments, while Tientsin, a municipal entity, independent of any sponsor, has no such institutes. The Harbin Center for the Research of the history of the Jewish presence in modern China, for example, was set up by the Heilongjiang Provincial Academy of Social Sciences. This center is a valuable address for the Igud to foster and promote research projects concerning the life of Jews in China. No such address exists in Tientsin "and it is one of the central current aims and efforts of the Igud to create one in the near future," said Teddy at the conclusion of his address.

Initial contacts with the Tientsin municipality were made earlier this year by Shmuel Miller, who visits the city often on business, and have established close personal connections with the local administrative and business circles. A valuable link between the Igud and the Tientsin authorities may be the Mayor of

Tientsin and the journalist Ms. Song, who had created and published with the assistance of the Igud the first photo album on the Tientsin Jewish community.

Miller, who spoke after Teddy, told the gathering that in place of the Kunst Club, razed in 1997, stands a new commercial high riser. As to the synagogue, sold to the Municipality by the Jewish community board of trustees before final self liquidation, was later resold by the new owners to the Catholic mission and is now registered as its property. It is to be noted that a possibility exists for the synagogue building to be retrieved by the municipality, in which case it may be renovated and its premises serve as the research center of the history of the Tientsin Jewish community, where seminars and exhibitions may take place.

Preliminary steps are being taken for such a seminar to be held in that city some time in 2006. For this purpose the archive of the Tientsin Jewish community, deposited for safe keeping at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, will be revisited and topics researched for the papers to be presented at the seminar.

**The gathering was urged to donate to the Igud copies of photographs and documents, which may still be in the possession of some of the Tientsin old timers. "We must realize that we are the last living witnesses of the Tientsin Jewish past, and it may be the last chance for this past to be recorded for the benefit of the future generations," stressed Teddy.**

After the official part of the gathering was over, glasses of tea were refilled, and the friendly chat resumed, lasting well into the evening. I got home to Jerusalem close to 10 P.M. – dead tired.

Cheers for now,  
Monya P.



# Reunion of Tientsiners in Beit-Ponve



Left to right: First row. Avigdor Zhukov, Mary Kamionka (Schwartz) and Varda Yoran (Granevsky)  
Second row. Israel Karni (Krimchansky) and Abie Kislev



Left to right: Zina Landver, Lily Koroshi (Krugliak) and Ita Horol (Brilliantshchik)



Left to right: Mosia Shmerling and Emmanuel Pratt (Monia Perutinsky)



Left to right: Jeanne Tikotsky and Tania Prish



Joe Pitel and Marianna Barli



Left to right: Abie Kislev and Raphael Ludin

# Reunion of Tientsiners in Beit-Ponve



T. Kaufman opens the reunion



Shmuel (Sani) Kislev and his wife Reli



George Kanpol (Kantsepolosky) and his wife Pearl



Left to right: Benjamin Kobuliansky and Abie Kislev



Shlomo Niv and Mary Kamionka (Schwartz)



Sammy Muller talks about the synagogue in Tientsin

# How Life in Tientsin Began Molding Personalities

## Sociability of Jews in the 1920s and 1930s

**B. Kabuliansky**

Childhood and youth are periods of life that significantly shape the fortunes of men and women all over the world. This is a generally accepted axiom. Evidently, social and political factors of specific environments also play a part in this process. This narrative is related to Jewish life in Tientsin during the 1920s and the 1930s. Its purpose is to disclose the impact of this period on the younger generation in terms of molding personalities.

In the preface to the album "The Jews in Tianjin" it was pointed out that the Jewish Community developed its own inner life; at the same time we can see that in many aspects it was not separated from cultural and commercial interests of other parts of the population. In the album there are a number of photographs and descriptions related to religious and cultural activities including those organized in the Jewish Club "Kunst", as well as to education both in the Tientsin Jewish School and other schools run by foreigners where the language of instruction was English. One significant component in family lives of Jews during this period, which has not yet been emphasized, was the sociability of families. I believe that the picture presented below is representative of a substantial part of the TJC (Tientsin Jewish Community) of those years.

My memory allows me to distinguish two patterns of fellowships. One group included relatives and friends who came together mostly during the Jewish holidays, the other was comprised of several families—close friends during many years. The happenings that will be mentioned are not only meant to illustrate disposition to sociability, they will include some childhood impressions

that may provide additional colours to the characters being mentioned.

1. The Gersheviches were a group of families that included Leo, his wife Miriam (Mary), their three children Norman, Vera and Fishel, his sister Sarah, his brother Moses with his wife Lydia and Mary's mother Shifra. Mary's brother, whose family name was also Gershevich had a wife and two children Yasha and Fira. Also belonging to this kin were the Kabulianskys (my father Abraham, my mother Gutia, my sister Ann, myself), and the Fligils (Ilya, his wife Ziva and their two daughters Mary and Hana.) So, during the festivities we gathered in a big dining room of Leo's large house located in the ex-German concession. Prayers were read, although some of those attending were not really religious. One of the rituals in which I, (being about 8-9 years of age) took part in, was to go and open the big front door to the Prophet Eliahu; I returned to the table and everyone began staring at the level of wine in the glasses as it seemed to lower when, supposedly, Eliahu began sipping his part. I always wondered whether the grown-ups observed this miracle or it was only the children whose imagination under the influence of the big fellows brought about this extraordinary vision.

There were two episodes which occurred in Leo's mansion that stuck in my memory, mainly because of the substantial evidence that withstood the test of time: a) after the funeral of my grandfather Yehuda in 1927 (I was six years old) we were fooling around in the open air; I got dizzy and struck my head against an iron post... lots of blood and a scar for the rest of my

life; b) once when I was playing in uncle Leo's study, he presented me with a stamp-album, which for some reason, was abandoned by my cousins Norman and Fisha, with only about 100 stamps hinged into place. This gave a start to my hobby—collecting stamps and learning some geography and history on the way. One of my grandsons, Mark continued the hobby for many years. On page 7 you can see a photograph (N1) of the album cover, taken 75 years after the happening!

I should add that during Pesah my parents invited a U.S. marine of Jewish origin, whose ship was anchored in the port, to a holiday meal. He played different games with my sister and me. One was guessing "odd or even" ("untze/grot" in Yiddish). He would put an unknown number of walnuts in his big hands and we would guess whether the number was odd or even; if I said "even" and he had three nuts in his hands, I had to give him three nuts; if I made the right guess he would have to give me all the nuts he held in his hands. Another simple game was rolling a walnut down an inclined board, trying to bump it into one of the many nuts "in the field" (on the floor)

2. The second group consisted of several close friends of my father and mother Abraham and Gutia Kabuliansky. They were the Epstein family, the Bihovskys, the Jacobsons, Dr. Perzel and his wife. And they were not only friends; they were also colleagues actively working in the school committee of the TJS (Tientsin Jewish School). For instance, in the list of board members (1934) among others we can see the following names. Dr. Perzel M.J, head of the Teaching Committee, Kabuliansky,

Committee member, Jacobson, Committee member. At that time Bihovsky-Epstein worked in the kindergarden of the school.

In summer the get-togethers occurred quite often and this happened in Peitaiho.

In photo N2 we see three kids sitting on the back of a donkey; at that time they were too small to ride a donkey on their own: left to right—Ben and Annie Kabuliansky, Solly Jacobson. The grown-ups together with the kids would go tramping the hills or gather to celebrate a birthday.

In photo N3 we can see such a group. In the back row, standing first from the left is Dr. Perzel, next to him is Izzy Epstein (about 13 years old). Below his face we can see my sister Annie and next to her is Solly Jacobson. The boy wearing eyeglasses on the right is Bennie.

In photograph N4 you can see a gathering of young people on my 13th birthday (Bar-Mitzva). Here are the names of those whom I remember: 1st row (first from left)—Luba Gotlib, my sister's friend, 2nd row (first from left) Pogrebetskaya, 3rd— my sister Annie, 3rd row—Solly Jacobson (with eyeglasses) and next to him, on the right, is Roma Levinson. The two Rudovski brothers are in the last row. The Post-Tientsin Destinies of Friends and Relatives

When I came to Israel in 1991 after living in the USSR for 55 years, I tried to find friends of my childhood and managed to get in touch with some of them.

### Izzy Epstein

Although I was six years younger, I clearly remember Izzy Epstein. On photo N5 Izzy is standing next to one of the Bihovsky brothers. For all these years we didn't communicate with him and he knew nothing about us. Once I heard his voice over Beijing Radio, and saw his name in the magazine "China Today" (editor). Izzy was a distinguished personality in China for many years. Quite a lot of information about his life can be

gathered from the material printed in the first album published in China (Editor in Chief Song Anna).

From Haifa where I have been living since 1991 I wrote to Izzy. Here are some excerpts from two of his letters that I received from him. They might be of interest to the readers.

Izzy wrote: "It was certainly a pleasure to hear from you after all these years. Of course I remember you and the family and often wondered what had happened to you in the stormy years and decades. I particularly recall your father: used to borrow his copies of the Manchester Guardian, do you remember that he subscribed? Was very sad to hear of Annie's death."

I do remember that my father Abraham Kabuliansky subscribed to this newspaper (I even remember that its cover was yellow). This, probably, was the time when Izzy began to get interested in journalism. Here I want to tell the reader that my father, who was born in Odessa in quite a poor family, had only an elementary education (in Russian). As to English, he learnt the language quite well by reading newspapers: in Tientsin in the 1930s there was also an English language newspaper ("The North China Daily News" or something like that).

And this is the way Izzy commented on my first letter in which I told him that I had heard about him only several times during my life in Siberia:

"Was the magazine you saw China Reconstructs (now called China Today) or, perhaps, it was the Russian edition Kitai Na Stroike? It's a journal, which I helped get born in 1952 and on which I ended up editor). Glad you heard my voice over Beijing Radio in Novosibirsk, and that you kept up interest in China"

In photos NN6 and 7 (p.8) you can see I.Epstein and his handwriting on the back of the photo.

Abe Bihovsky (Bates)

After coming to Israel I kept up a lengthy correspondence with Abe who had been living in the U.S. for many years after leaving Tientsin. In

one of his first letters to me in 1992 Abe explained how his original family name was transformed:

"Incidentally, my name was changed from Bihovsky to Bates when I got my first job in America after coming here from Tientsin (Tianjin now). He hired me as a correspondent... to the Southern U.S. and didn't want an employee with 'a Russian sounding name'. His lawyers made the change, and only then did he give me the job." Abe passed away in 1997; below are excerpts from a detailed obituary printed in "The Sun", Maryland, USA.

Soon after he passed away, his wife Virginia wrote to me: "...the memorial service was on Dec. 27th. Over 250 managed to get there in spite of the snow.... Abe was so delighted to receive your letters. He led an interesting and worthwhile life. He loved his children and his children loved him. He was a humanist and contributed to humanity...."

And this is what Abraham Bates's wife Virginia wrote to me in February 2005:

"Martin Bates sent us a wonderful book about Jews in Tianjin, and oh, how Abe who died in 1997 would have loved it!" I would add: isn't this a testimony to the fine work that has been done by the editor-in-chief of the album, Anna Song and her colleagues!

Virginia continued: "Izzy, who I just e-mailed, and you have had such interesting and worthwhile lives and Abe was always working for a better humanity also."

I am flattered to be mentioned in such a distinguished company, but at the same time, proud to have grown up together with them in a friendly environment.

Sad as it is, expectations and hopes of other young people and grown-ups mentioned in this narrative did not come true: misfortune accompanied many of those who left The Heavenly Ford – Tientsin and returned to the Soviet Union. My mother and

father who made a wrong decision and repatriated in 1936 got caught up in the purges of that time and consequently died in prison (father) and exile (mother). Only many years later were they pronounced innocent. My mother was a strong woman dedicated to children education. My father retained a sense of humor in the terrible conditions of a prison. In a post-card, smuggled out of prison, his cell-mate wrote to my sister and me: "We all loved him...You know that he was sick for a long time, but remained in high spirit – he continued to joke and amuse all of us".

Solly Jacobson and the two Rudovsky brothers mentioned in this narrative also vanished. Roma Levinson died in Russia after many years of camp imprisonment. This tragedy entered the homes of an enormous number of families in the USSR, but only recently have the atrocities been made public through the media in Russia.

\* \* \*

In conclusion, it should be noted that by the end of the XX century many Jewish families who lived in Tientsin in the 30s and the 40s restored ties with their relatives around the world. As an example of this process I can give a short account about the offspring of the Gershevich kin mentioned in this

narrative.

Leo Gershevich's son Fisha (photos N8 and 9) who lived in Israel from 1935 served in the Israeli defense forces and died in 1983. He left a daughter Ora who lives in Haifa, Israel. In photo N10 we can see Ora next to her husband Yossi Nitzan on their wedding day. Now they have four children and four grandchildren. In the same photo, sitting (from left to right) are Moses, Fisha's uncle, and his cousin Fira, both former Tientsiners; and in photo N11 taken in China in 1933 we can see Fira with her brother Yasha and their mother.

Leo's daughter Vera, who with her husband Nick settled in Canada after leaving Tientsin, left three daughters and grandchildren.

The Fligil family settled down in Australia. In photo N12 taken in Tientsin (1935) Ziva is with her two daughters. In photo N13 – Ilya Fligil and his wife Ziva in Australia (1971). The elder daughter Mary, with her husband George and her elder son can be seen in photo N14 (~1990)

The two children of Abraham and Gutia Kabuliansky (Annie and myself), lived in Russia up till 1991. On p.11 (photo N15) you can see Annie next to our apartment in Tientsin (1935), and on photo N16– in Russia, thirty years

later; she was a teacher of English. In 1986 she passed away. Her daughter Alla now lives in Israel with her two daughters and one grandson.

I was happily married to Asya Berzon for many years. We got acquainted in Tomsk, where I studied at the University and she – at the Medical Institute. Asya was born in a Siberian family of simple working people. The Berzons were bent on giving their three daughters a higher education. Her two elder sisters became doctors and my wife was a highly qualified gynaecologist in the city of Novosibirsk. Dina Berzon was an army doctor from the beginning of World War II and ended her service in Berlin on the day of Victory. Now she is also in Israel. My wife passed away in 1969 and my daughter Galya died in 1969.

I lived in Novosibirsk from 1945 till 1991 and worked in the field of electronics in a Research and Development enterprise. I came to Israel with my younger daughter Esther, her husband Victor Levin and their son. In photo N17 Benjamin is photographed with his three grandchildren in 1986 (Russia). In Israel they studied in universities. Now all the three are married and I have six great-grandchildren.

## *The Jewish Exhibition in Harbin*

A mammoth exhibition on the history of the Harbin Jews opened on January 8 in the premises of the former New Synagogue in Harbin, occupying 3,000 square meters of floor space.

Harbin was and remained the largest Jewish center in the Far East. From the end of the 19th century and until the 1950's more than 20,000 Russian and East European Jews immigrated into China, most of them settling in Harbin. Immediately with the end of the civil war in China, and the coming of the Communists to power, they left the country and migrated to

Israel, the USA, Australia and various countries in Europe and South America. In Israel an Association of Former Jewish Residents in China (Igud Yotzei Sin) was established, and from the beginning of 1990's many of them returned to Harbin, this time as tourists, to visit the graves of their forefathers and see the places where they spent their formative years.

The Chinese news agency Xin Hua reported that the exhibition shows more than 400 artifacts, photos, documents and various works of art by Israeli, American Australian,

French and local artists, depicting the Jewish presence in that city. The agency stresses the fact that the Harbin Municipal Council has earmarked 20 million Yuan (US\$2.5 million) for the rehabilitation of the quarter where the Jews lived during their sojourn in Harbin, and that the president of the Heilongjiang Provincial Academy of Social Sciences has established within its framework the Center of Research for the history of the Jewish community of Harbin and of North China.

# Website Correspondence

**Stephen Margles**

**Toronto, Canada**

My name is Stephen Margles and I am writing to tell you how impressed I am with the information posted on your website. In the summer of 1990 I was a participant in a program run by Wellesley College where I was one of 13 North American university students who spent a summer study term at the Harbin Institute of Technology. Before I left for Harbin I had no idea that there had been a Jewish community. On our first day in Harbin, we were given a tour of the city and came across the Korean school that has Magen Davids in the stained glass windows. Needless to say it was a completely unexpected and wonderful discovery.

While the purpose of my stay in Harbin was to improve my skills in Mandarin, that first vision of Judaism, in what I had thought was as un-Jewish a place that I could imagine, got my mind wondering to what extent my Jewish heritage was to be found in the area. The program coordinator helped me find one of the old synagogues and completely by chance we found out about the cemetery. After a couple of unsuccessful tries we managed to locate it. I have to say that of all the things I have done in my life that give me pride to be a Jew, walking through that cemetery (and taking three rolls of pictures) instilled more pride in me than almost anything else I've done.

At the time I was so desperate for someone to explain the history of what I had seen and of course the big question I had at the time was - Are there any Jews left? The newest gravestone that I had found was dated 1985 and so the possibility of Jews still living in Harbin was plausible. Unfortunately, at that time there was no Internet and even calling home once a week was difficult so there was nobody to answer any of my questions. In the years since I was there, I have come across some articles about the

Jewish history of Harbin but your website is the most comprehensive center for archival information that I have found and I am thrilled to have the opportunity today to have my questions answered.

Thank you for putting this website together and I would be grateful if you would add my name to any e-mail distribution list for anything to do with Harbin.

Email: stephenmargles@yahoo.ca

Tel: 416 781 8920

**From: DokuSearch -  
Claudia Thorn**

**To: Teddy Piastunovich,**

We are two historians from Hamburg, Germany working for an exhibition/performance project on "Shanghai as City of Exile for Hamburg Jews".

Hamburg is a sister city of Shanghai. In 2006 there will be the 20th anniversary. Therefore quite a lot of different events will take place in Hamburg themed as "China Time 2006". One will be the above-mentioned art project, a cooperation of a maker of documentaries, a light artist and historians. It deals with the destiny of the Hamburg Jewish refugees who fled from Nazi Germany to Shanghai 1938-1941.

As historians we are preparing the historical background information. We have already done a lot of research in Hamburg and found about 260 Hamburg Jews who declared Shanghai as their destination of emigration in the record files of that period which are now kept at the Hamburg States Archive. We also did an interview with one of the refugees, Rose Gerone nee Raubvogel, from New York.

Last November we searched for traces of Jews from Hamburg in Shanghai. We met Prof. Pan and his assistant Mr. Zhou for information about the Hongkew district. Due to their help and guidance and thanks to the facsimile of the emigrants address book by Tess Johnston and

the Japanese lists of the Hongkew-Census annexed to the book of Sonja Mühlberger "Exil-Shanghai" we could find and photograph the places where Jewish refugees from Hamburg had lived at the Hongkew district. At the Shanghai Library we searched the Shanghai Jewish Chronicle (1943-1944) for commercial and private advertisements of former Hamburgers that illustrate what they did in Shanghai.

During our stay we met Tess Johnston. She told us about Rena Krasno, who again told us about Igud Yotzei Sin and advised us to get in contact with you. Rena Krasno informed us that Igud Yotsei Sin keeps the entire publication of "Unser Leben, Our Life, Nasha Jizhn". Does it possibly contain something concerning former Hamburgers?

In order to complete our research we are still looking for information about and documents on Shanghailanders who fled from Hamburg to Shanghai and later moved either to the United States, to Australia, Palestine etc. Where did they go to after they left Shanghai? Are there any photographs or other documents like posters of cultural events at Hongkew-Ghetto that describe the life in Shanghai and could illustrate the exhibition? Do you have any information concerning Shanghailanders who originally came from Hamburg? Maybe there are associations or special persons we could get in contact with? We would be very grateful for any advice you can give us.

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# The New Israel's Messenger



Vol. VIII No. 3

IYS Sephardi Division

Editor: Sasson Jacoby

This 31st issue of our publication, we are pleased to note, follows the previous one which featured a happy reunion during the Succot festival of former members of our Sephardi community in Shanghai. We hope it will be the forerunner of other meetings to come annually. It brought back memories of the story of a century of living by a Baghdadi community which time can never efface from our minds. There is no forgetting – we cannot bring back yesterday because no matter what, I firmly believe it lives eternally within us.

Ours was a Jewish community which was unique of its kind and certainly not in the form made familiar elsewhere. It was a different place – different in style and function, in atmosphere and place. It was functional and energetic even if its ethos has faded. Many of us still alive have yet to realize the impact of this community on our upbringing and character.

We are looking forward to another occasion for a reunion of our members – an exhibition that will be held at the Babylonian Jewry Heritage Center. Although no definite date has been planned for the opening, we are planning to hold a general meeting and conference on the restoration plans for the Ohel Rachel Synagogue which will probably be held in mid-May. Invitations will be sent out at the end of the Pesach holiday.

In this issue, we relate the saga of the Moalem family, whose matriarch Gurji Gazal Moalem passed away recently in Sydney several years after the demise of her husband, the legendary Reuben who was the secretary of our community. He was by profession an accountant but it is difficult now to understand why he chose to take his father's place as shamash and later as secretary. However, Reuben was strictly religious but evidently had a sense of heritage to which he was bound. He was not a leader in the full sense of the word, and it is a mystery how he also found time for people who looked to him for help. He was tireless in his duties and he must remain prominently in the docket of the family legends of our community.

Most of us in our community, including our family which had three generations of rabbis, religion was rather easy. We all went to synagogues; actually it was more of a way of life



rather than an attempt to commune with the divine. Observance of the commandments was a matter of habit. Despite the easy way of life and other attractions in cosmopolitan Shanghai most of us we wouldn't think of eating nonkosher food. Using separate dishes for meat and dairy products was a natural thing.

Who would think of buttering his bread before cutting into a steak? The Sabbath wasn't looked upon as restrictive, it was more of a holiday, dressed in our best, going to the synagogue, visiting and having guests. It never seemed difficult. Of course, many of us had servants living at home and

Sabbath life was thus made easier. We said our prayers even if many of us did not understand Hebrew, we observed the commandments expeditiously and then went about our businesses.

We were more like a tribe or a family. Even if the secular among us entered the synagogue only on the festivals, they were always regarded as "one of us," and were welcomed as equals. Who could ever forget the happy times of Passover and High Holy Days where we got together in the Beth Aharon and Ohel Rachel synagogues? And children who received presents during Simhat Torah?

Another highlight of this issue is the connection I like to keep up with the Portuguese Macanese based in California, especially with the past editor of their Bulletin, Jorge Remedios, and receiving their news Bulletin. They have the same problems as we in the Igud Yotzei Sin, with the continuation of their 500-year-old culture of Macau and the way of their life there, in Hong Kong and Shanghai. Jorge receives our Bulletin regularly and sympathises with our work and aims and has supplied me with much information of the history of Portuguese Jewry. Their Bulletin is always full of the activities of their members and their social life. These Macanese still know how to enjoy themselves, as I knew so well when once I was even a member of their Club Lusitano in Shanghai.

# THE PORTUGUESE CONNECTION

*This is an exchange of letters between myself and Jorge Remedios, former editor of the News Bulletin of the Uniao Macanese Americana, the organization which parallels that of our Igud Yotzei Sin.*

My dear Jorge:

Thanks for the many stuff you send me, which I scatter among my friends all over the world. They are also appreciative. I'm sending you by airmail our latest Bulletin where I've written a longish article about our late Cantonese cook Ah Chan, which I'm sure you'll enjoy, because it shows how we in Shanghai used to live – just as you Macanese lived in Hong Kong. I've browsed through the latest UMA Bulletin and was struck by the Shanghai story written by "Caramba." I'm thinking of running it in our next Bulletin, maybe slightly shortened. Who is Caramba? I vaguely remember something written by him from Portugal, or am I wrong?

In the obits, I read about the death of Carl da Silva. He was from Shanghai and was married to a Russian Jewish woman and had a son Roby as listed in the obit. I knew "Cala Cala" which was his nickname quite well in the 1950s and 1960s in Jerusalem. He was a barman, and at that time was probably the only professional one in Israel in those days. A Shanghai Jewish friend and I often visited him at the various nightclubs and pubs where he worked, including at one time in the prestigious King David Hotel. He was quite happy being in Israel. I hadn't seen in the last years. I well remembered his wife, who worked in Jerusalem as a hairdresser; a friend recently told me she is still working. Incidentally, according to Jewish religious law, any issue of a gentile married to a Jewish wife is considered Jewish. We follow the matrilineal line. I don't know whether Roby considered himself Jewish

but I know he served in the Israeli army and to all purposes was 100% Israeli, never mind his religion. I now know he is married, lives in Eilat, our southernmost Red Sea resort and has children, so the da Silva family name continues.

Anyway, it is rather sad to see the old timers going away like this. Now and again I find someone I knew in your obits. For instance, I had a close friendship with Guido Botelho who was a journalist colleague of mine in Shanghai. I knew he planned to leave for Brazil after World WarII, but never knew he ended his days in California, where I often visited to see my relatives, and missed a chance to meet him. Another was a classmate of mine I knew as Bobby Kligenberg, who was a Latvian Eurasian and a popular mate. But lo and behold, I found him in the UMA obit one day under the name Kligen, who had a Macanese wife.

I remember that one of the UMA Bulletins had an old photograph of a Lusitano football team in Shanghai some time in the 1930s. I instantly recognized two players, one was Humberto Collaco, and the other, Bobby Favacho. They were great players and their names were well known at the time I began my career as a sports reporter in 1938. I suppose I could go on and on, which shows that the older I become, the more I remember of my early days. All my regards to you and yours

**The following are two letters from Jorge Remedios**

Dear Sas: Thanks for your letter of recollections. With your permission I will send it along to the current Editor of the UMA Bulletin, Daniel Gomes, and also to Caramba who is Giovanni Pereira, also a Shanghai native, formerly living the Algarve, Portugal and now lives in Hong Kong

where his son lives. In so doing, I will have them contact by email to allow you to use whatever pieces you may wish to have in your IYS Bulletin, and you may also allow Daniel to include your recollections in a future issue of the UMA Bulletin.

Regarding Giovanni, who is now in his mid-seventies, his Italian mother gave him his name. I remember her as a very elegant matron in Hong Kong in the mid-fifties. Giovanni was an executive with Swire and Maclaine (a subsidiary of the old hong Butterfield and Swire, which I think had Shanghai connections as well).

I think your recollections of Carl da Silva, Guido Botelho and Bob Kligen will make good reading of some of our former Shanghai Macanese. Bob Kligen's widow Rita sometimes attends our club functions, a very nice lady.

It is a trifle sad that you should find connections within the UMA obits. Would that such connections could have been made when the individuals were still living. That was something that I tried to encourage during my time as UMA News Editor. And had some success in doing, if I may say so without boasting, at least among the Macanese of the Far East.

It is always good to hear from you. Thanks for sending me your Bulletin. When the day comes that we Bay Area Macanese have our own clubhouse library, I will see that all my copies of the IYS Bulletin are kept there.

*Regards to you and Hannah.*

Dear Sas:

The latest issue of the IYS Bulletin arrived just yesterday and I have been going through it. First let me say that your granddaughters Inbar, Gal and Hagar are lovely young women. I am sure you and your son Yehezkel and

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# THE MOALEM MATRIARCH

By Sas Jacoby

It was in January that word came to me that Gurji Gazal Moalem passed away in Sydney, Australia some time ago. She was the dignified widow of Reuben Moalem, who was somewhat of a legend in Shanghai, where he was the secretary of the Sephardi community. I had the rare pleasure of meeting Gurji Moalem in Sydney where I visited there with my wife Hannah at a festive Chinese dinner on January 8, 1998 with both our relatives.

It was like meeting with a piece of history of our century-old Baghdadi community. She was then aged 90 and was 97 when she passed away. Looking back in my diary of my visit to Australia, I noted that she at her age was "as bright as a new coin;" she showed vivacity and sparkle belying her years. She had an unusually sharp memory of our past

life in Shanghai and recalled details which I myself barely remembered.

She described her family's three and a half years of internment in the Lunghwa camp during the war years and her marriage to Reuben in 1928 when he was an accountant in companies like the British Tobacco Co. It was, she asserted, the only time a Sephardi couple was wed by Rabbi Moshe Ashkenazi in the Ohel Moshe Ashkenazi synagogue. Why? Because they lived in the Wayside district of Hongkew near that synagogue, and didn't need to cross over to the Ohel Rachel synagogue. Told of our efforts in Israel to record the history of our community, she said: "Keep it up, but you must know that not many of us are alive and are far from active. Our

children are not young either and are too busy with their lives even if they are sympathetic."

In my diary I noted that she also had this to say: "Not a few of our rich became poorer when they went abroad after the Communist takeover in Shanghai, while some of the poorer became rather rich." She added with a chuckle, "When I was once in Florida I met the son of a



January 8, 1998 - Sas Jacoby meets Gurji Moalem at Chinese festive dinner in Sydney

family which was on welfare in our community. Well, he was no longer thin, drove with a swanky Cadillac and smoked a fat Cuban cigar!" She well deserved the title of matriarch of her family.

I was surprised to learn that she remembered me as a young man and that she had a friendly relationship with my father, Ezekiel Sion Jacob, who was the last hazan of Ohel Rachel synagogue. She even mentioned how he managed to get her an invitation to the funeral of Silas Hardeen, the legendary millionaire of the Jewish Community who died in 1931, at the estate on Bubbling Well Road.

Reuben Moalem was born in Shanghai in 1899 to a family of Yemenite origin. He was the eldest son and

had seven brothers and sisters. His father Joseph was the shamash of the Ohel Rachel synagogue. Although working as an accountant, on his father's death in 1931 he took over as shamash and also became secretary of the Sephardi community. He was involved in community affairs much more than his job demanded. He was extremely active, arranged births, weddings, funerals, helped at the Shelter House, arranged for the destitute and the sick.

He and Gurji had three children, Daniel, Joe and Louise. He loved children in general and always found time to play and sing with them. In 1933 he joined the B'nai B'rith, served as treasurer for many years and was instrumental in fund-raising for projects such as finding employment for new arrivals, donating food, clothes and medicine

for victims of the Japanese invasion of China, helping the needy, providing food kitchens for the refugees from Europe, scholarships for Jewish students, helping Jewish scouts and girl guides, and later helping Jews migrate to Israel.

In 1949 when the Communists took over Shanghai, Reuben and his family dispatched magnificent Torah scrolls to synagogues outside China, some arriving in Israel. His families also took out some unique Torah scrolls when they left for Australia in 1950. There he soon became involved with the Sydney Jewish Community. He became a founding member of the Sephardi synagogue, the Eastern Association, the Monash Unit of B'nai

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# I&A.com:

## Sassoon Season

By David B. Green

Curious to know more about the Mosaic presence in India, I turned to "Jews in India," <http://adaniel.tripod.com/jews.htm> for a reminder of the historical and racial differences between Bnei Israel, "black" and "white" Cochin Jews, the Bnei Menasheh returnees to Judaism, and the aristocratic Baghdadis. The latter immigrated from Persia and the Arab world in general, the majority indeed from Baghdad beginning in the 18th century, both to pursue commercial interests and because of religious persecution at home. Sassoon is the name inevitably associated with this clannish group, who never numbered more than 4,000.

David Sassoon (1792-1864) arrived in Bombay from Iraq in 1833, and later set up branches of his trading company in Hong Kong and Shanghai. And what did his ships carry from India to China? Opium. In fact, according to a Judeophobic site called Bamboo Delight (<http://www.bamboodelight.com/download/OPIUM.TXT>), the British fought China in the first Opium War, 1839-42, in order to guarantee the Sassoons "the right to enslave an entire population with opium" – a text, shockingly, that is quoted almost verbatim by Wikipedia in its entry on David Sassoon.

At a site dedicated to the descendants of Silas Hardoon, <http://www.thehardoons.com/-TNG/histories/4400633.pdf>, I learn that a number of Jewish families followed Sassoon to Shanghai (the Hardoons eventually overtook the Sassoons in wealth), branching out from the opium and cotton trade to real estate, banking and other businesses, so that by 1932, 38 of the 99 members of the Shanghai

Stock Exchange were Sephardi Jews. Though David Sassoon never learned English, he did acquire British citizenship, and it was his great-grandson Siegfried who became the great poet of the Great War, though he was raised as a Christian by his non-Jewish mother, Georgiana, as we learn at a site connected to London South Bank University, <http://myweb.lsbu.ac.uk/-stafflag/sassoon.html>. And where does this hair-styling king fit into the dynasty? I'm not the only one wondering: We read in the notes of Penguin poetry reading group, [http://readers.penguin.co.uk/nf/Document/DocumentDisplay/0,P00000001\\_RPT,00.html](http://readers.penguin.co.uk/nf/Document/DocumentDisplay/0,P00000001_RPT,00.html), that one member's "rather irrelevant but interesting ... question... which none of us could answer, was: "Is Vital Sassoon, the hairdresser, related in any way to the poet?"

Another Jew-baiting site, <http://www.radioislam.org/thetruth/23drug.htm>, seems convinced that the "hair mogul" is indeed an heir. Wikipedia sheds no light on this vexing question, though it does tell us that Vidal, as a teenager, battled the fascist bullies of Oswald Mosley in London, and then fought with Israeli forces in 1948. And if our free cyber-associating has not taken us far enough afield, there's also a rose, bred in New Zealand in 1990, that is named for Siegfried Sassoon, <http://www.helpmefind.com/rose/pl.php?n=17103>. If one had any doubts about the wisdom of Shakespeare's observation about the sweetness of roses, take note that this hybrid tea flower is also called the "Vidal Sassoon."

(From *The Jerusalem Report*, February 20, 2006)

### THE PORTUGUESE CONNECTION

continued from page 40

his wife are very proud of them. You and Hannah are looking very fine. Thank you for the Bulletin. I saw you had excerpted Caramba's article about his visit to Shanghai. I'm sure he will be very pleased that it had received a wider audience than he had foreseen. As a matter of fact, on our trip to Hong Kong a few weeks ago, Raquel and I were invited to their home in the New Territories for lunch. His house is located in a more bucolic part of the Hong Kong SAR. Most of the people who see pictures of Hong Kong don't know that there are areas that are still unspoiled and undeveloped.

The weather has taken a turn for the better after the rains but it is cold for California.

Fond regards

### THE MOALEM MATRIARCH

continued from page 41

B'rith and the Straithfield Synagogue. He was made honorary life member of all these organizations. Over the years he helped Monash become a dynamic member unit, serving as treasurer on many occasions.

He was active to the end, and in the week before he was hospitalized. He died after Simhat Torah, 1993. He was to have been the recipient at the B'nai B'rith 150th celebration and it was sad he was not spared to see the day. Reuben Moalem was unassuming and modest and his aim in life was to devote his services to the improvement of the Jewish community.

Reuben was very attached to his family and he particularly enjoyed having his many relatives at home for the religious festivals where he performed the traditional ceremonies. He was the grand old man of the Moalem-Gazal family which numbered more than 100. He is remembered as a most respected and popular member of the community.



# CHUSAN ROAD CHATTER

Issue 387

IYS Hongkew Division

Editor: Kurt Maimann

## *From Prague to the Far East*

*By Joseph Schulhof as told to Lewish Weiner (continued from the previous issue)*

### *Ten Weeks in Japan*

All that time I looked for a job in my field. One day in the spring of 1941 I read an advertisement in an English-language newspaper. A Swiss concern, Lieberman, Waelchi and Company, was looking for an engineer to set up and manage a welding electrodes and transformer factory in northern China. I discussed the advertisement with my landsman, Mr. Vajda. He knew the company, which had branches throughout the Far East. The company headquarters were in Zurich, but the main office was in Japan, in the city of Osaka.

I applied for the position, and about two weeks later received a visit from the manager of the Osaka plant, who turned out to be a young Jewish refugee from Germany. After talking with me, he said that I might be the right man for the job. There was one other applicant, who, like myself, was from Czechoslovakia. Mr. Waelchi, the owner of the concern, had been the honorary Czechoslovak consul in Japan until the Nazi occupation, and it seemed that he preferred Czechoslovak refugees. However, I had to come to Osaka for an interview.

But how was I to obtain a permit to visit Japan? By that time, the Japanese, out of friendship for Germany, no longer honored Czechoslovak passports. Since I wanted the job very badly, I decided to try my luck at the Japanese consulate anyway.

The woman to whom I was referred at the consulate was a nisei, a person of Japanese heritage who had been born in the United States. We talked in English which, unlike myself at the time, she spoke fluently. After I had handed her my old Czechoslovak passport, she asked me, "Where were you born – in Bohemia or in Slovakia?" I knew immediately what my answer would have to be. If I told her the truth, that I had been born near Prague, my Czechoslovak passport would have done me no good, because Japan now considered Bohemia and Moravia to be part of the German Reich. If I could pass myself off as a Slovak, I reasoned, the passport might be accepted because Slovakia, though a Nazi puppet state, was still recognized by Japan as an independent country. So I said that I had been born in Slovakia. The woman smiled, and I received a permit to travel to Japan.

Four days later, I left Shanghai, where I had lived with my wife and son for ten months, and set sail for the Land of the Rising Sun. I had with me fifty American dollars; the other fifty I possessed I had left with Charlotte. That was all the money we had.

The next morning, the ship, the Kobe Maru, landed in Kobe, where a hotel reservation had been made for me. The hotel was very nice and the staff was most courteous, but when I wanted to take a bath the next morning, I had rather a strange experience. I

was escorted to the basement of the hotel, where there was a nice, large sunken bathtub filled with hot water. As I sat in the tub, the door opened and a Japanese man, dressed only in a kimono, walked in. He took off his kimono and climbed into the tub with me. Then he asked me: "How do you like Japan?" I assured him that I liked Japan very much. But I must say I did not relish the idea of sharing my bathtub with another hotel guest.

The day after my arrival I left Kobe for Osaka, about 50 miles away. These two cities were linked by very modern express trains running at five-minute intervals. The manager of the Osaka plant met me at the station and took me to the head of the Lieberman, Waelchi Company. Luck was with me; I was hired. I was given an advance on my salary and was informed that I would have to spend about two months in Japan and report to the plant each day to familiarize myself with its operations. After this training period, I would proceed to the city of Tientsin, where the new factory was to be set up in conjunction with the general offices of the company there.

I remained in Kobe, commuting to and from Osaka each day. I sent a cable to Charlotte in Shanghai, asking her to join me in Kobe. She promptly sold our apartment, packed up our meager possessions, and came to Japan with Peter. We took a room at a boarding house, where we

# Association of Refugees from Germany

After the collapse of Japan and Germany's liberation from the yoke of Hitlerism, several responsible men organized the Association of German Refugees, formerly the Residents Association of Democratic Germans later called the Association of Refugees from Germany in Shanghai. The object of the organization is and has been since its foundation, to represent the interest of refugees from Germany, regardless of their immigration plans, to assist all repatriates as well as immigrants. The organization has frequently been attacked and criticized, but remained true to its principles, those of an organization of refugees from

Germany.

Our organization was authorized by the Combined Travel Board to make all technical preparations for repatriates, in conjunction with UNRRA. Immigration affairs are in the hands of committee member B.B. Heinsius, who has received instructions from the German Jewish Representative Committee in New York to register all refugees wishing to migrate to the United States.

The present committee was elected by democratic vote and consists of the following:

Gustav Beutler, vice Chairman  
Siegmar Friendlaender, secretary  
Gerhard Gerechter, treasurer

Berthold Metis, press

Bruno B. Heisius, in charge of repatriation and migration  
Ludwig Lazarus, Lee Maschke, Martin Dehn, Herbert Schwab, Prof. Richard Paulick

Since the organization's inception, Gerhard Gerechter has also filled the post of Secretary General. The headquarters of the organization are at 696/5 Tongshan Rd. and the honorary staff consists of six persons: Kurt Bach, Martin Messow, Arthur Engel, Hans Kempner, Hans Werner Friedlander and Georg Salomonis.

*(From The Almanac, Shanghai: 1946-1947)*

## 44 From Prague to the Far East (continued from page 43)

stayed until we were ready to move to Tientsin.

One day, in Osaka, I had a rather unsettling experience. A Japanese police officer appeared at the plant. He first talked a few minutes with the manager, and then asked me several brief questions, ending our conversation with an invitation to come to police headquarters for a cup of tea. My German refugee friend, the manager, explained to me that if the police invited me for a cup of tea, I should not take it as a social gesture, but as an order to report for questioning.

At the police headquarters I was taken to a high-ranking officer who kept me for two hours. He asked me all sorts of leading questions. Aren't the Germans wonderful? He wanted to know. Look, they've already taken Crete, and they are advancing on all their battlefronts. I nodded in polite agreement. What else could I have done? He then asked me whether I thought the Americans would attack

Japan. I replied that I saw no reason why the Americans should do such a thing, and that I did not believe Roosevelt had any designs on Japan. Finally, he asked me who my father was and what he was doing. When I answered that my father had died in 1939, the officer wanted to know more about my father-in-law. I said that Charlotte's father had been a career officer in the Hungarian army but had retired. The Japanese officer got up and saluted. "Ah so! Axis!" he exclaimed. "Splendid! Thank you so much for coming!" With that, I was dismissed to go back to the factory. What he did not know, and what I, of course, did not tell him, was that Charlotte's father had been forced into retirement by Hungary's Fascist regent, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, shortly after World War I.

My family and I spend altogether ten weeks in Japan. The wife of the manager who had come to Shanghai to interview me said she would have liked to invite for dinner at her home,

but that she had nothing to serve us. She then suggested that if Charlotte were to accompany her to the grocery store, she might be able to wheedle an extra pound of potatoes from the grocer for her "special guests". So Charlotte went to the grocery store with her and an extra pound of potatoes became available: the dinner invitation materialized.

*(to be continued in the next issue)*

## 'Jewish Neighborhood'

China may build a "Jewish neighborhood" in Shanghai, Chinese media reported. The district would be modeled after the area that was home to thousands of Jews who came to Shanghai as refugees during World War II. Kosher restaurants and clubs could make the district a tourist attraction, Chinese officials hope.

*(From The Jerusalem Post, November 16, 2005)*

# Return of a Shanghai Jew

By Adam Minter

**After decades of trying to forget the miseries of his refugee childhood during World War II, a Southern Californian circles back to China to embrace the people who saved his life. Adam Minter is a freelance writer based in Shanghai.**

At the market, Gaoyang Road widens and hooks toward a set of encroaching Shanghai high-rises. Below, in their shadows, is a gray, run-down, two-story building that holds a tobacco shop, a beauty parlor and a noodle restaurant on its first floor. The top level is residential, and it juts over the first, creating a covered lane hung with laundry. Just south of the building, Jerry Moses, a retired Southern California businessman, squints and looks up, hands clasped behind his back. "I don't know, I don't know," he says with long vowels stretched by his German accent. "This isn't right." He takes a deep breath and walks slowly toward the lane, brow furrowed. "All this is new. I can't recognize it."

Moses last walked on Gaoyang Road in 1947. It was called Chaoufoong Road then, and it was home to many of the 18,000 European Jewish refugees who had sought refuge from Nazi Germany in Shanghai's Hongkew District (today known as Hongkou) during the run-up to World War II. He casts his gaze at the lane, his brow loosens and he begins to nod. "This is it, this is it," he says softly. "I know this is it." One week into his first visit to Shanghai in almost 60 years, Moses has found his third home in an exile that lasted from 1941 to 1947.

He strides into the space, his manner now much closer to that of the 12-year-old boy who had left than the 70-year-old man who has returned.

"I used to ride a bike up and down here," he declares, pointing toward the weathered bricks. A single red door colors the building facade. Moses runs his hand across the wood and sits on the step below it. "I have to think," he sighs. "Give me a second." That second scarcely passes before he sings a faint melody. "It's a Chinese song I knew as a kid," he says. "I don't remember the words. It just came back to me." One word, however, is very clear: ZuGaNin, the name for a local in Shanghai dialect.

Moses stands and skips a hand along the bricks. From 1945 to 1947 he lived inside with his mother, father, older sister and younger brother. He walks to the end of the alley, where a middle-aged man suddenly emerges pushing a bicycle. "Nong ho!" Moses says, greeting the man in the dialect he learned as a boy. "Ala ZongGoNin," he says, stabbing his chest with a finger. Then, pointing to the building, "Ala YouTaNin!"

We are Chinese. We are Jewish.

The man with the bicycle is startled: A white foreigner in this back alley who speaks the notoriously difficult dialect? He looks at Moses, then at me—a white man in his 30s—and finally at a Japanese woman, a photographer with a large camera. "YouTaNin?"

Moses nods excitedly. "Jewish. YouTaNin. Ala YouTaNin! Shanghai YouTaNin!"

The men launch into a loud mash of Mandarin, Shanghainese and English, interrupted by laughter and handshakes. They really don't understand each other, but after a few minutes (and translation help), the Shanghainese man, whose first name is Yide, understands that Moses

is one of the celebrated Shanghai Jews, and that he used to live in his building. Yide invites Jerry into his home.

The low door leads into a dank space. "That's where we lived," Moses says, pointing at locals hovering over steaming noodle bowls. "It was a single room and it used to have a raised Japanese floor," he adds. "Now it's a restaurant!" Beside the restaurant is a staircase at an 80-degree angle. With Yide's help, Moses climbs to a dim apartment filled with two beds and a small table. A pretty middle-aged Chinese woman named Xiaomei takes Moses' arm and escorts him to the most comfortable chair. When he speaks in dialect, she looks at Yide and giggles. Soon, the three are laughing and talking like old friends catching up on the last 60 years.

"YouTaNin, Ho!" declares Yide. Jews are very good.

"ZongGoNin, Ho!" replies Moses. Chinese are very good.

They laugh and Moses says, "Come here." Yide does, and they embrace. "Tell them I am so grateful. That the Chinese people were so nice to us," he says, asking me for a precise translation. "Tell them I would be dead without this country." He looks away and says softly to himself: "Shanghai."

On a clear autumn day, Moses leans over a railing on Shanghai's Waibaidu Bridge and looks across the Huangpu River at the futuristic skyline. "When I was a boy there was nothing there," he recalls, as he walks north across Suzhou Creek into the teeming Hongkou District. Ahead is a worn, working-class neighborhood of two- and three-story buildings. Open doors reveal old men smoking

and playing cards around wooden tables; women work on the steps, washing clothes and carrots in red plastic tubs; tight, muscular men commute on foot with shovels swung across their shoulders. "This is how they lived when we were here," he says. "This is my Shanghai." He leans over a man selling live crabs out of a cardboard box and announces "Ala ZongGoNin," somehow forgetting "YouTaNin." As he walks away the man shakes his head and smiles a crooked smile. No, you're not.

In July 1947, Moses and his family left Shanghai on a ship bound for San Francisco, en route to their postwar home in Chile. "I remember the river water turning from brown to blue as we entered the ocean," he says. "And that's really when my life began."

Until this three-week trip last fall, he had never returned to his wartime refuge, despite a restless nature that kept him moving between Southern California and Germany throughout his adult life. Even now, with marriage, divorce, child-rearing and a career running his own clothing shop in the Fairfax District behind him, he cannot stay in one place for long. "I'm not sure what kept me from coming back," he says. "I guess I didn't want to dwell on the past." He shrugs. "I didn't want to be a victim. I mean, I lived and most other German Jews didn't."

He stops in the middle of the street and raises his voice for emphasis. "But at this point in my life, you know, why not come back? The plane ride isn't so long." With that, he sets off again through old Hongkou. The streets are crowded with young men, but Moses is drawn to the clusters of old people who favor the sidewalks. "Some of them might have been here when I was a kid," he says. And so as he greets them and shakes hands. It is a natural impulse, often felt late in life, to thank those who made a successful life possible. But Moses was a refugee, and so his gratitude is expressed to strangers who, in their

own way, represent the culture that embraced him at his most vulnerable. "I love these people," he says. "I feel like I've come home." Shanghai's lure for entrepreneurs and refugees dates to mid-19th century treaties that granted colonial powers the right to govern designated areas, or concessions, in certain Chinese cities. Visas to enter the concessions usually were unnecessary or perfunctory. Traveling to Shanghai was the greatest challenge.

Like most of the Jews who fled to eastern China in the 1930s and early 1940s, the Moses family was German Jewish, with the German half as important as the Jewish. Originally from Breslau, they belonged to a 20,000-member Jewish community that strongly influenced the city's cultural life. Jerry's father, Max Moses, was a fabric buyer for a Jewish-owned department store chain. At an employee holiday party, he met Frida Koritofsky. They were married in 1932. Jerry, born in 1934, was the second of three children.

His childhood memories are vague and impressionistic until the infamous Kristallnacht in November 1938. Two days of Nazi-organized riots destroyed hundreds of Jewish businesses, homes and synagogues. Max was among the more than 25,000 Jewish men imprisoned. According to Moses, his father would have died in a concentration camp if not for Frida's determination to free him, and Nazi Germany's determination to expel its Jews. "Like a lot of wives, she wanted to get her husband out of jail. And she was told that if my father left Germany in, like, 48 hours, they would let him go." But few countries would accept fleeing European Jews. "Somehow, my mother found out that the only place he could go without a permit was Shanghai."

Near the waterfront, Moses stops outside a whitewashed two-story building that houses a massage parlor. Two days earlier he had found it, relying only on instinct. "I think

this is where my father lived when he arrived in 1939," he says. "And then we lived here with him when we arrived in 1941." He sits on a concrete embankment across the street and folds his arms. "I remember there was a doctor on the first floor who kept a human fetus in a jar in the window. We lived in one of two apartments up there." He pauses. "If this is really it. I don't know." Displeasure tightens his lips. "I'm a little shocked it's a massage parlor."

He crosses the street, strides down a narrow brick alley and emerges into a neighborhood of squat concrete homes. Sitting alone on a wooden stool, a tiny old woman with silky gray hair looks up curiously at the foreigners. "Ala Shanghai YouTaNin," says Moses as he approaches her. She nods with a knowing smile and takes his hand. Moses opens his wallet and pulls out a black-and-white visa photo snapped in 1947. "Ala!" he declares, pointing at the delicate 12-year-old with the protruding ears, the dark circles under his eyes and the thin smile. Then he stretches that world-weary half-smile and places the photo next to his striking blue eyes. "Ala!"

The woman takes the photo and smiles gently. Her name is Jiaodi. She has lived here for 60 of her 92 years, but she has no memory of any Jews. Moses pats her hand. "Something about this woman," he says softly. "She reminds me of our amma [maid]. She cooked and cleaned for us when we lived in this building. Later, when we had to go to the heime [a refugee group home], she came and brought us candy." His brow rises. "It's not her, but she is so close to her."

He fixates on Jiaodi for several minutes, holding her hand, until a woman interrupts, attracted by the conversation. Soon a crowd has gathered. They pass around the photo and repeat the words Shanghai YouTaNin. "I remember the Jews who lived there," says a large old woman in a purple coat. "There were two

little kids always running around in back, playing. And then there was one who was still a baby," she adds before slipping away. Moses' eyes widen. "That would have been me and my sister. My brother was young," he whispers. "We were here." He embraces each of the older people surrounding him.

In early 1941, Frida Moses and her children still were in Germany, waiting to join Max in Shanghai. The Nazis were about to make extermination—and not emigration—the solution to their so-called Jewish problem. Exit permits were almost impossible to obtain, and the widening war had closed the sea routes to Shanghai used by most European refugees. "My mother is the hero," says Moses. "Without her, we'd all be dead." Frida took the direct approach: She went to Breslau's Gestapo headquarters and demanded an exit stamp or death. According to her son, who often heard the story recounted, the commanding officer replied: "You're brave for a Jew."

If not for a nonaggression pact between Russia and Germany, the family would never have boarded a train bound for Vladivostok, in Siberia. "Can you imagine?" asks Moses. "This skinny little German woman, who had never left the country, traveling to China with three kids?" At a Siberian port they transferred to a Japanese ship that took them to Shanghai.

"We definitely came off the boat over there," Moses says, nodding toward the Huangpu River. He still is behind the massage parlor and encircled by curious Shanghainese. He approaches two windows that face the back alley and rakes his hands across the steel security bars. "My first memory of Shanghai is beggars sticking their hands through there," he says. "We didn't know what they wanted. We didn't understand at all."

People were starving to death by the tens of thousands in the wake of the Japanese conquest of the Chinese sections of the city. "You'd see bodies

in the streets, on the sidewalks," Moses recalls. "But you know, if we were thirsty, they [the Chinese] gave us water. If we were hungry, they gave us rice cakes." He purses his lips before continuing. "As bad as we had it, they had it worse. And they felt bad for us."

He walks around to the front of the massage parlor and yanks on the glass door. Inside, two teenage girls in tight pants and low-cut blouses smile nervously at the two white men and the Japanese woman with the very large camera. Behind them, a red curtain snaps open to reveal an emaciated 6-foot-tall man with tobacco-stained teeth and a dead cigarette between bony fingers. "Ala Shanghai YouTaNin," Moses says.

The man's head cocks left, curious. "Shanghai YouTaNin?"

Moses nods and, via a translator, explains that his family once lived on the top floor. The tall man nods and without hesitation leads the way up the stairs to a hallway lined with several doors. "They've changed the layout," Moses says with a chuckle. The tall man opens the last one. A fake leather couch is set against a wall. The blue carpet is damp. Bars screen the windows. "My birthday is on Dec. 8," Moses says. "And I remember my parents set out a birthday table for me covered with presents near the window."

At 4 in the morning on Dec. 8, 1941, explosions thundered across the Shanghai waterfront as Japanese soldiers overcame a British ship anchored in the Huangpu River. "I remember the sky turning red and boom boom boom!" Moses recalls. "Nobody could have imagined what was happening." In Hawaii, it was still Dec. 7, and Pearl Harbor was under attack. "I watched the sky turn red. I remember. Red."

A few days later, Moses is enjoying a club sandwich in a Western-style café in Shanghai's former French concession. "Children are dumb,"

he says between mouthfuls. "They adapt. They don't think of it as miserable." For 10 minutes he has been reflecting on the three years his family spent in a refugee group home in Hongkou. "It wasn't a happy time, but comparatively, what could have happened, what would have happened...." He pauses. "I don't want to go around saying I had such a miserable time in Shanghai."

In the weeks after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese forced the Moses family out of their strategically located waterfront home. Lacking the resources to rent or purchase something else, they settled into Chaoufoong Heim, one of five large group homes—or heime—established by Jewish social service organizations for refugees. The Moses family shared a room with two Austrian couples. Communal kitchens serving several hundred refugees living inside and outside of the heime provided one or two meager meals a day—more for children. "Hungry," he sighs. "Always hungry." He ate starchy soup so often that today he cannot stomach noodles. He remembers his father thinly slicing bread and finding worms.

From 1937 until late 1942 the occupying forces mostly left Shanghai's Jewish refugees unmolested. But in 1943, under pressure from their Nazi allies, the Japanese established a "designated area" for stateless Jewish refugees under the control of an officer named Ghoya who, notoriously, called himself "King of the Jews." Jews and Chinese needed a permit, issued only by Ghoya, to enter or leave the area. "I remember him coming to the camp with his violin and demanding that everyone listen to him play," Moses recalls. "And if you didn't, he'd beat the hell out of you." The Chinese endured much worse. "I remember a coolie [a Chinese laborer] asking a Japanese soldier for payment after a ride on a rickshaw," he says. "And I watched the soldier beat the coolie to death. They didn't do that to us."

Chaoufoong Heim was demolished years ago, and in its place stands a market. Late one afternoon, Moses dodged bicycle deliverymen and slipped through its main gate. "Why do I want to come here? I have no idea." He smiles at vendors who look up, startled, from live seafood squirming under the knife. Voices ricochet around the space, hitting a back wall that Moses thinks might have been there 60 years ago. "This must be it," he says with a shrug. "But there's nothing here. It doesn't mean anything to me."

The memories are scattered, unconnected to faces or objects but vividly attuned to the senses. He speaks of Shanghai's damp winter cold as he shuffles along the concrete. And he remembers summers when temperatures lingered at a humid 100 degrees. "Every summer Jews died," he sighs. "My bad memory is that you would sweat all the time and people were sick and there was no medicine."

But Moses refuses to become maudlin or tragic. "It was normal for us kids to grow up there," he insists. "You take kids into an environment and then it becomes normal for them." Thinking back, the mind first recalls the usual "hardships" of childhood: "My parents and older people were always running around telling us to behave." Even the hostilities of war escaped him: "I used to play with the Japanese kids near here," he says as he pretends to sketch a hopscotch outline in front of the market. "Watch," he instructs as he jumps on one leg while singing a child's song in perfect Japanese.

In 1945, Moses attended school for the first time, despite the constant U.S. bombing of Shanghai. "I remember playing soccer, and we could see the black specks falling from planes in the sky," he says. "After a while you got used to it." But soon the war ended and the Japanese disappeared. The Moses family moved to the apartment that now is a noodle restaurant.

For the next two years Max Moses

worked hard to find a new home, mailing embassies, consulates, immigration departments and distant relatives who might sponsor the stateless family. As they searched and waited, the family was often visited by their amma, years after she had worked for them.

In the course of three weeks in Shanghai, the memory of that amma—and Jiaodi, the old woman who is so like her—haunts Moses. "I think she is why I love these people," he says. "Why I came back." And so, less than 24 hours before his departure, he carries a bouquet of carnations into the lane behind the massage parlor and knocks on the door of a child-size concrete home. Jiaodi recognizes him with a smile and invites him inside. "I don't know why I'm drawn back to this woman," Moses says again. "But I am."

He thanks her for the kindness of the Chinese during the war. "You saved our lives," he says. They pose together for a few photos, and then she smiles and waves as he disappears down the alley. "Our amma," he says. "When we sailed for Chile, she was on the dock crying."

It was a journey made with some reluctance. According to Moses, his family wanted to go to the United States in the fall of 1947, but the wait was too long. "My parents were worried that we wouldn't survive another summer in Shanghai," he explains. Moses would find a way to get to America anyway. "I emigrated on my own in 1962," he says.

In front of the massage parlor Moses hails a taxi that speeds down Changzhi Road. Xiaomei and Yide have asked him to tea. Sixty years ago the boulevard was the center of a thriving Jewish community known to some as "Little Vienna." Today, Chinese occupy the area and many of the blocks are empty plots strewn with rubble from recent demolitions of buildings with distinctly European architectural details. "It's OK," says Moses. "Those buildings were

nothing to keep. Living inside of them was miserable." The taxi turns on Gaoyang Road, passes the former site of the Chaoufoong Heim, and stops in front of the building where the Moses family lived from 1945 to 1947. Waiting on the curb is Xiaomei.

He steps out of the taxi and embraces her. She beams, shaking both of his hands. She leads him down the alley and up the stairs to the small apartment where Yide awaits. On the table are bowls holding fruits, nuts and lotus root stuffed with sticky rice. "We don't know what you like," says Xiaomei. "So we prepared sweet things." But first they present Moses with gifts, including chocolate and other snacks. "And here," says Xiaomei, "some winter underwear to keep you warm."

Moses smiles and laughs as he unwraps the presents, his deep blue eyes sparkling with tears that he won't let fall. Yide shows him photographs of the family, including Xiaomei's mother, who just turned 90. Xiaomei invites him to stay with them when he returns to Shanghai. They explain that their apartment—Moses' old apartment building—may be razed next year. Overwhelmed, he stands and embraces them. "For 60 years I tried to forget," he says. "I didn't want to come back. I didn't want to be a victim." In their practical Shanghai manner, Xiaomei and Yide usher him to the table and encourage him to eat. He grasps his chopsticks and, with well-practiced precision, picks up a slice of lotus root and drops it into his bowl. "Not enough," Xiaomei says as she uses her chopsticks to add another serving.

"When I was a boy in Hongkew, I was always hungry," Moses says, his mouth full of sticky rice. "And the Chinese people fed me even though they had less." He shakes his head. "Now I come here and they give me food." Through glistening eyes he looks at Xiaomei.

"Welcome home," she says. "Eat."



# The Austrian Community in Shanghai

The Austrian Community, Shanghai, is the political representation of all Austrians living in Shanghai and the interior. It was founded on February 1, 1946, by Raoul G. Toms. The promulgation of the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs No. 311 of January 10, 1946, authorized Mr. Raoul G. Toms to act as the representative of Austrian affairs until the restoration of normal diplomatic relations between the republics of China and Austria. This appointment was made on the basis of the "Free Austrian Movement, Toronto" action of August 1, 1941, in recognizing Mr. R.G. Toms as its representative here. Thus the Austrian Community, Shanghai, is the direct successor of the Free Austrian Movement's Shanghai Branch. State Minister Hans Rott was at that time the director of the world organization of the "Free Austrian Movement, Toronto."

President of the Austrian Community is Mr. Raoul G. Toms, while Mr. Otto Bromberger is its secretary. The address of the Austrian Community is 278/8A Hardoon Road. Telephone 32-8-97. Individual interviews are arranged in advance by telephone. Registered membership was 2,663 persons on January 31, 1947, not counting minor dependents.

The Austrian Community, Shanghai, has the right to issue temporary passports to Austrians living in Shanghai and the interior, who can prove their Austrian citizenship. Excluded from membership are all illegal members of the NSDAP, regardless whether they were Austrian citizens before Austria's occupation by the Nazis (Anschluss). On the

other hand, membership is open to all persons who had their residence in Austria in the years from 1919 to 1933 and who for any reason whatsoever did not apply at that time for Austrian citizenship, but were compelled to leave Austria since 1933 for religious, racial or political reasons. This includes all those who after the "incident" in 1934, i.e. social democrats had to leave the territory of the present Republic of Austria.

The Austrian Community, Shanghai, has successfully intervened in cases of eviction; restoration of former residential and office premises, which had been lost through the proclamation of 1943; in land registrations and in representing Austrian interests with the Chinese authorities and is making efforts at this moment to facilitate Austrian migration to other countries. For this purpose, Mr. R.G. Toms opened respective negotiations in December 1946 with the Governments of South Africa, Uganda, Kenya, New Zealand and Canada, and there are possibilities, in consideration of the DP status, for a certain number of Austrians to emigrate to these countries. Negotiations with the Dominican Republic were already taken up by Mr. Toms in February 1946, which in the course of the year had a certain amount of results.

In connection with emigration to the United States, Mr. R.G. Toms took up negotiations with President Truman on January 24, 1947, Secretary of State General George C. Marshall and the State Department, with the request to facilitate emigration to Austrians possessing affidavits but

compelled to remain in Shanghai for the past eight years.

The Austrian Community did not concern itself with the repatriation of Austrians residing in Shanghai, mainly because it is felt that the present time is not opportune to return Austrians to their former homes, the general conditions in Austria appearing as yet unclear and unfavorable. The blue, temporary passports issued by the Austrian Community are fully recognized by the local authorities and enable Austrian citizens to move freely within the territory of the Republic of China. It is emphasized that only in Shanghai and Tientsin, post-war documents are issued to Austrians who are able to prove their nationality.

It may be stressed again that the Executive Yuan notification No. 26.392 (Chinese characters Pin Loh) dated November 27, 1945, and published by the local press on December 24, 1945, was taken up by R.G. Toms on December 25, 1945 in his capacity as representative of the "Free Austrian Movement", in communications to Madame Chiang Kai-shek and General George C. Marshall, following which he was confirmed on January 10, 1946, by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of China as representative of Austrian interests in Shanghai. At the same time, the Chinese Government recognized the distinction between Austrians and Germans, which led on July 8, 1946, to the formal recognition of the Republic of Austria by the Republic of China.

*(From The Almanac, Shanghai: 1946-1947)*

# The Chinese Connection

by Schelly Talalay Dardashti

By the thousands, Russian Jews settled in Harbin, China to work on the railroad, participating in forming one of the largest Jewish communities in the Far East, and a major Jewish political, economic and cultural center. At its heyday, the community numbered about 13,000 in 1920.

Recently, models of two synagogues they built in that far-off city reached Beth Hatefutsot [Diaspora Museum] in Tel Aviv. Built by the Harbin Jewish Research Center in the former Manchurian province of Heilongjiang, and donated to the museum, the models are of the Central Synagogue, built in 1908, and the New Synagogue, built in 1921. The models, which join other synagogues from around the world, were donated to the museum at a ceremony at Beit Yotzei Sin [i.e. Bet Ponve] – an association of Israelis who formerly lived in China.

The Chinese connection to Israel is more than 1,000 years old, and began when Persian Jewish merchants began traveling the Silk Road. About 100 years ago, a letter dated 718 was written by a businessman wishing to sell sheep. Found in western China, and written in Judeo-Persian (Farsi in Hebrew characters), the Central Asian lingua franca, the letter was on paper, which then was produced only in China. Around 960, a group of Persian Jews, described as merchants or refugees, arrived in the busy Silk Road trading center of Kaifeng, the Sung Dynasty capital. The emperor permitted them to build a synagogue, commemorated by a 1489 stone tablet, which is now in the Kaifeng Museum. In the former Jewish quarter there is a street named “The Lane of the Sect that Teaches the

Scriptures,” and the British Museum houses a Chinese-language Torah from the Kaifeng synagogue.

In the late 19th century, Russian Jews began arriving in Harbin and Tientsin, at the urging of the Russian government, which wanted to construct a railway to eastern Asia and required population centers along the route to facilitate the project. Russia encouraged minorities, such as Jews and Karaites, to relocate, and as religious freedom in Eastern Europe became more restricted and pogroms increased, more Jews joined them.

The China-Eastern Railway Bureau was set up in 1898 at a small fishing village on the banks of the Songhua River. With the railroad’s completing, the sleepy village evolved into the large city of Harbin. By 1908, about 8,000 Jews lived there. It was also home to the largest Jewish community in China in modern times, according to the China People’s Daily, and the largest Jewish community in the Far East. A Russian concession from 1896-1924, the city was also flooded by White Russian refugees in 1917, and one of the largest European populations in East Asia. Harbin, known as Kharbin in Russian, is today a bustling city of about 2.5 million, the capital of the northeastern province Heilongjiang on the Songhua River. It is Central Manchuria’s major trade and communications center, the junction of the two most important railroads, and the main Songhua river port.

Researchers with the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences have discovered many ruins – some several hundred buildings of the community – and historical data on the city’s Jewish residents, most of whom were

Russian, who had immigrated to build the Far East railway known as the Trans-Siberian Railway. By the early 20th century, claim some sources, about 60,000 Jews had arrived in various northeastern communities to build the railway.

Still existing buildings include banks, residences, shops, synagogues, and other structures, as well as the largest Jewish cemetery in the Far East, on whose web-site ([www.hrbjewcemetery.com](http://www.hrbjewcemetery.com)) researchers can find names and data from 700 Hebrew-inscribed gravestones. The Harbin Archives has preserved 5,000 Jewish files written in various European languages. Chinese archivists, it has been reported in several China newspapers, are disappointed that the files have been ignored by Western scholars. “From 1894, when the first Jew immigrated to Harbin, to 1985, when the last Jew died here, they lived in Harbin for 91 years, with the population peaking at 25,000,” said researcher Zhang Tiejiang of the Provincial Academy of Social Sciences.

In 1913, the Harbin Jewish Association was founded, its members were active in soybeans, vegetable export and manufacturing. More Jews arrived in the city after the Russian Revolution. In 1926, there were 489 Jewish businesses, distributed among 28 industries and 25 different commercial categories. They established banks, libraries, schools, hospitals, synagogues and many industrial and trade enterprises, engaging in mining, animal husbandry and dairy processing. Associations and journals allowed the community to be in touch with others around the

*see page 52*

# HADASSAH-WIZO

BY JENICE ARNOLD

## LEADER TO BE HONOURED AT CONVENTION



When Lily Frank steps up to the podium to accept the Rebecca Sieff Award during Canadian Hadassah-WIZO's national convention in Vancouver Nov. 19 to 23 it will bring back memories of a career that began 50 years ago at the side of the great British Zionist leader.

"Rebecca Sieff was more than a mentor to me; I absorbed history through her and was infected with her passion for Israel. I felt connected to the early pioneers and struggles for the state, through her eyes," said Frank, who became secretary-general in 1956 of World WIZO, of which Sieff was founder and president.

Sieff spent about half the year in Israel, and Frank became her "right hand." She was awed by her determination and originality, including her unorthodox belief at the time in women's equality.

Frank's time with World WIZO led to what would truly become her life's work: the professional leadership of

its sister organization in Canada.

In 1965, Frank accepted an offer from Neri Bloomfield to work for CHW. So began a 40-year career with the organization that ended in April. Frank is regarded by many as the doyenne of Canadian Jewish communal professionals.

Frank started as director of its Montreal council, creating 13 chapters in her first year. She was soon promoted to national executive director and, in 1978, was appointed to the new position of national executive vice-president.

Frank served under 11 presidents, saw the organization grow to the largest Jewish women's volunteer organization in Canada, developed its Orah magazine into a substantive journal, and moved its fundraising activities into the major leagues, creating donor categories of an unheard-of \$25,000 or more, raising close to \$3 million in eight years for social projects in Israel.

But Frank's most meaningful moments were among the organization's devoted rank-and-file members, especially those in communities so small that often there were more non-Jewish volunteers working on the bazaar than Jewish. In these towns, mainly in the Maritimes and the Prairies, she found spirited, warm-hearted people, who inspired her. Their gradual disappearance as the young moved away has been sad for her.

She enjoyed sharing Israel's story with Canadian politicians and public figures like Flora MacDonald and the late Judy LaMarsh, both of whom she considers friends. Frank also cultivated many international connections, and one person who stands out for her graciousness and charm is Jihan Sadat, wife of the late Egyptian leader.

Frank thrilled CHW mission members in 1980 when she arranged for all 47 of them to be guests of Mrs. Sadat at the presidential residence in Cairo. Mrs. Sadat later agreed to speak at a CHW conference in Toronto and stunned everyone when she showed up to pay her respects at the shivah following the sudden death of the local president's father.

Frank says she liked to bring an element of surprise or the unusual to anything she organized, to give members something to remember: an unscheduled celebrity at an event or a detour on an Israel mission, for example. She surprised participants in a conference once by getting through by phone (she is fluent in Russian) to refusenik Ida Nudel at her

Siberian exile.

As large as Frank's redoubtable personality loomed in CHW, she always observed a "fine, but distinct line" between professional and volunteer leadership. "The professional should bring creativity, imagination, dynamism and passion, but the volunteers make the decisions and they represent the organization. "I showed loyalty throughout my career with CHW and was at the side of every president without exception, because when the president looks good, the entire organization looks good," said Frank, who has now embarked on a new career as regional director of the Canadian Friends of Bar-Ilan University for Eastern Canada.

"I'm not a big believer in retirement," said Frank, who appears to have lost none of her energy.

As seriously as she takes the role of the professional, Frank cherishes what another mentor of hers – Saul Hayes, Canadian Jewish Congress executive vice-president – said of

her at a 1979 State of Israel Bonds testimonial: "What endears me so much to you is that you are strictly an amateur. You do what you do for the sheer love of it, and not because it is your professional duty."

Born in Shanghai to Russian parents, Frank was brought up in a Zionist home. At age six, Frank joined the Betar Zionist youth movement.

Before emigrating to Israel in 1949, Franks served as honorary secretary to the Israeli consul to Shanghai, Moshe Yuval.

Other CHW highlights for Frank include attending the United Nations Decade for Women conferences in Copenhagen in 1980 and Nairobi in 1985, where she confronted the many delegates who denounced Israel.

Frank claims she was never tempted to leave CHW because it had become like family to her. The personal touch was her hallmark; she made it her business to know what was happening in members' lives, and phoned or wrote them on happy or

sad occasions. She remains close friends with many across Canada.

But there were offers, including to run as the Progressive Conservative candidate in Mount Royal riding in 1988. This is actually the second time Frank has been given the Rebecca Sieff Award, the organization's highest citation. The first time was in 1993 at a CHW national convention held in Israel, marking the 75th anniversary. The presenter was World WIZO president Raya Jaglom.

Frank is bringing her legendary enthusiasm and promotional savvy to her new job with Bar-Ilan. She is excited to be coming on board with the 50 year-old university is growing at an unprecedented pace and is attracting a record number of doctoral students.

True to form, she insists on giving the glory to Bar-Ilan's "brilliant and visionary" president Moshe Kaveh, as well as her national president Mira Koschitzky and national executive-director Dov Altman.

**"The Canadian Jewish News"**

# The Chinese Connection

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world. In 1932, when the Japanese occupied Harbin, the success of the community was limited and, by 1937, fewer than 1,000 Jews remained.

Although some stayed in China as citizens, many others left after WWII. Gao Yingxiang, deputy secretary-general of the Harbin City People's Government, was quoted in the China Daily (October 2000), saying, "There was a harmonious relationship between Jews and Chinese half a century ago. After the Jews left China, the Chinese people voluntarily protected their heritage.

The government (in 2000) issued an order to ban the destruction of Jewish sites as their descendants would one day visit them."

The majority of Jews left China after WWII. Jews with a Chinese background and their descendants now mainly live in Israel, Australia, Europe, and the US. In Israel, they established a Harbin Jews Society [Association of Former Residents of China – founded in 1951] and Harbin descendants began visiting in the late 1990s.

The cemetery has been, in recent

years, under the administration and maintenance of the Huangshan Cemetery, which built the gate, corridor and fences, and hired gardeners to care for the landscape. The cemetery is establishing a foundation for restoration of the Jewish cemetery, and are attempting to contact former Jewish residents of Harbin, seeking advice from the relatives of those buried there on how to repair the graves, and looking for funds to be used for restoration and administration.

**(From The Jerusalem Post, November 14, 2003)**

# Chinese New Year (Year of the Dog)

By Emmanuel Pratt

Chinese New Year starts with the New Moon on the first day of the new year and ends on the full moon 15 days later. The 15th day of the new year is celebrated as the Lantern Festival with lantern displays and children carrying lanterns in a parade. The Chinese calendar has 12 months, each bearing a name of an animal, and is based on a combination of lunar and solar movements. The lunar cycle is about 29.5 days. In order to "catch up" with the solar calendar the Chinese insert an extra month once every few years (seven years out of a 19-year cycle). This is the same as adding an extra day on a leap year. This is why, according to the solar calendar, the Chinese New Year falls on a different date each year.

New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are celebrated as a family affair, a time of reunion and thanksgiving. In traditional China the celebration was highlighted with a religious ceremony given in honor of Heaven and Earth, the gods of the household and the family ancestors. The sacrifice to the ancestors, the most vital of all the rituals, united the living members with those who passed away. Their presence is acknowledged on New Year's Eve with a dinner arranged for them at the family banquet table. The spirits of the ancestors, together with the living, celebrate the onset of the New Year as one great community. The communal feast, called wei lu or "surrounding the stove", symbolizes family unity and honors the past and present generations.

## Traditional New Year Foods

Probably more food is consumed in China during the New Year celebrations than any other time of

the year. Vast amounts of traditional food is prepared for family and friends, as well as those close to us who have passed away.

Many attribute various superstitions to the food:

- ◆ Lotus seed – signify having many male offspring
- ◆ Ginkgo nut represents silver ingots
- ◆ Black seaweed is a homonym for exceeding in wealth
- ◆ Dried bean curd is another homonym for fulfillment of wealth and happiness
- ◆ Bamboo shoots is a term that sounds like "wishing that everything would be well"
- ◆ Fresh bean curd or tofu is not included as it is white and unlucky for New Year, the color signifying death and misfortune.
- ◆ Noodles should be served uncut as they represent long life.

## Superstitions of the New Year

The entire house should be cleaned before New Year's Eve when all brooms, brushes, dusters, dust pans, etc. are put away. Sweeping or dusting should not be done until the fifth day of New Year for fear that good fortune may be swept out. All dirt and rubbish must be taken out of the back door.

On the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, every door and window must be open to allow the old year to

go out and make place for the new one. Shooting off firecrackers on New Year's Eve is the Chinese way of sending out the old year and welcoming in the New Year. While these and many other do's and don'ts are gone and forgotten in the large cities of today's China, they are still strictly adhered to in the villages of the off-track provinces of the vast country.

## Traits of the Dog People

People born in the year of the Dog possess the best traits of human nature. They have a deep sense of loyalty, are honest, and inspire other people's confidence because they know how to keep secrets. But Dog People are somewhat selfish, terribly stubborn and eccentric. They care little for wealth yet somehow always seem to have money. They can be cold emotionally and sometimes distant at parties. They can find fault with many things and are noted for their sharp tongues. Dog people make good leaders. They are compatible with those born in the Years of Horse, Tiger, and Rabbit.

My Tibetan terrier "Lucky" also answers to the name "Hei long" ("Black Dragon") E.P.



# Igud Yotzei Sin

## At the IYS Presidium

A regular meeting of the Presidium of the Igud Yotzei Sin took place in Bet Ponve on December 20. Present were: T. Kaufman, Y. Klein, R. Veinerman, A. Podolsky, B. Darel, E. Vandel, R. Rashinsky, T. Piastunovich, M. Kamionka, G. Katz, h/ Bein and a member of the Control Committee, Z. Watner.

## Scholarship

A scholarship fund was established in honor of Musia and Danny Berkovich on the occasion of Danny's 90th birthday.

## Scholarship statistics (2005 - 2006)

### D. Gutman

#### Scholarships granted --

Men: 70

Women: 78

Total: 148

#### Place of residence:

Jerusalem and the South: 23

Haifa and the North: 48

Central Israel: 77

#### Study in:

The Hebrew University, Jerusalem: 20

Tel Aviv University: 22

Haifa University: 16

Ben Gurion University, Beersheba: 8

Bar Ilan University, Ramat Gan: 10

Haifa Technion: 10

Open University: 8

Derby: 1

Religious seminaries (Yeshivoh): 3

Colleges: 50

#### Years:

1st year 40

2nd year 39

3rd year 34

4th year 28

5th year 3

6th year 2

7th year 1

Doctorate 1

#### Place of birth:

Israel 126

Russia 11

USA 4

England 2

Germany 2

Kazakhstan 1

Ukraine 1

Japan 1

#### Family from:

Harbin 82

Shanghai 46

Tientsin 16

Canton 3

Russia 1

In loving memory of my dear long-time friend

## Ira Fleischmann

a donation of U.S. \$ 1000 was given to the Scholarship Fund in memory of Misha Kogan with the expression of profound condolences to dear Misha Fleischmann with family

Asya Kogan  
Tokyo

In memory of

## Aba Elran

a donation of U.S. \$ 500 was given to the Scholarship Fund in memory of Misha Kogan with the expression of profound condolences to dear Nehama Elran (nee Galperin)

Asya Kogan  
Tokyo

# At "Beit-Ponve" on February 5, 2006

*Get-together in Honour of David Familiant*



T. Kaufman greets the guests next to him from left to right:  
D. Familiant, his wife Monique, his daughter Anat.



(left to right) Pnina Bershadsky, David's daughter Anat, T. Kaufman, D. Familiant, Y. Klein, Monique Familiant and Rasha Kaufman.



### Jenia Olshevsky - 85

Left to right: seated are Lily Koroshi, Jenia Olshevsky, Vera Begun and Raya Bergman. Stand Ilana Olshevsky, Genya Leimenstein, Rasha Kaufman, Gabi Nahtomi, Jeanne Tikotsky, Shuli Even, Mira Piasetsky, Alia Rekhes, Mary Kamionka and Eti Ginansky

# A Boy Named Sasha

By Yehudit Sandel

To the question, why, in the first place, did he go to Mukden, Dr. Abraham Schwartz did not have a clear answer. He held the comfortable position of a senior doctor at the Harbin Jewish Hospital, was happily married to Lina, had many friends and was a popular member of the Jewish community. However he thought that opening a private clinic would bring a larger income and enable him to buy a larger apartment and, perhaps, a car. But they had no children, even if it appeared that there was no medical reason for it. But they kept hoping.

Soon enough Dr. Schwartz realized that in Mukden there were only a few foreigners and even less Jews, and that the idea of opening a private clinic there was not a good one. So he dropped it and decided to return to Harbin.

At the train station he had to tear through a thick crowd of vendors, noisily soliciting their meager goods. With the ticket safely in his pocket, he calmed down, and was lucky to find a place on a bench next to a Russian woman with a pile of rags on her knees. He sat down and immersed in reading a medical book recently received from France.

Suddenly the doctor felt that someone was pulling him lightly by the sleeve. It was his Russian neighbor.

"Sir, I understand you are a physician."

"Yes," answered he absentmindedly.

"Doctor, could you take a look at my child, please. He has been weeping incessantly for the past three days and refuses food. Please take a look at him. But, I must say, I have no money to pay you."

Two green eyes full of tears peered at the doctor from out of the rags. He could not refuse. "Skin and bones," thought he.

"How old is he?"

"A year and eight months."

"And I thought he was no more than a few months old. Look, lady, your son needs urgent medical help. Warmth, food, medication. Get him to the hospital – immediately! Or else, he'll die in these rags."

"But where will I get the money for the hospital?" cried the woman. "Look, sir, you are a physician, and appear to be a kind person. Take him with you, I entreat you, take him with you, and I shall pray for your welfare till the last hour of my life."

The doctor was stunned: "What are you talking about? I can't take him with me. Besides, I am not a Christian, I am a Jew. Abram Schwartz. I simply cannot take him with me."

But the woman has already disappeared in the thick crowd. He only heard her cry from afar: "I'll come to visit him. His name is Sasha!"

Doctor Schwartz knew that he was incapable of leaving the child to die alone on a bench in the railway station. He also knew that he would not succeed in finding the woman in the crowd. For a while he stood petrified, then called a woman vendor and bought a woolen shawl, wrapped the baby in it and jumped into the carriage of the Mukden – Harbin express, already on the move.

The journey was 36 hours long. It seemed there would never be an end to it. Doctor Schwartz gave the child some warm tea with pieces of sugar, on which Sasha sucked loudly with the greatest of pleasure. The doctor watched the child with a paternal smile, gently rocking him to sleep. "Hope he lasts till we get to Harbin..." thought he.

Sasha survived. For about a month he was hospitalized in the Harbin Jewish Hospital, gained weight and recuperated sooner than could be expected. Since nobody ever came

to visit him and nobody knew his family name, the hospital personnel automatically called him 'Sasha Schwartz' and thought of the doctor as his foster father.

Lina saw Sasha about a month after his arrival. His green eyes and affable smile charmed her at first sight. Whenever she approached his bed, he stretched out his arms to her, and she lifted him, dancing in the rhythm of some waltz around the room. He loved that very much.

Then came the time for Sasha to leave the hospital. What was there to do with him? Lina said to her husband, "Let's take him home. He belongs to nobody. Nobody cared to come and visit him. He is a foundling. He will be circumcised. I'm sure our Rabbi won't object. Please, let's take him. Don't think I don't see that you, too, fell in love with him. As to our own children, if they come, they will be brothers. Please, let's take him."

Dr. Schwartz himself has already given it thought several times. It was impossible to leave the child in the hospital. He could already stand erect and shake the handrails of the bed. Soon he would take his first steps. The doctor made up his mind. "Let's!" he said, and the happy threesome left the hospital for home.

Years went by. There World War II came. In Harbin, it was to end with the triumphant entrance of the Soviet Red Army into the city. A new era began, an era of fear and insecurity. There were mass arrests. The director of the Jewish Hospital was invited to a reception by the Soviet commander-in-chief, Marshal Malinovsky, and was not seen until many years later. Doctor Schwartz was arrested on the street.

"Your papers!"

The doctor showed the officer his documents.



"When did you leave Russia?"

"In 1929."

The answer was fatal for the doctor: from 1924 on, the Soviet authorities stopped issuing exit visas, and anyone leaving the Soviet Union after that date, had done so illegally. Dr. Schwartz never reached home, and it was only years later that Lina found out that he was sent to the granite quarries in Kazakhstan, and died there of dysentery.

Life was never again the same for Lina and Sasha. Lina could hardly make ends meet. When Sasha reached his sixth birthday, he entered the only Jewish kindergarten affiliated to the Jewish school in town. The image of his father grew increasingly dimmer in his memory until it melted away completely. But Lina still expected the door to open with her husband standing at the threshold. But it did not happen.

One day, returning from the kindergarten, they found a strange woman waiting for them at the door.

"I came to see Dr. Schwartz," said the woman.

"Dr. Schwartz is away," said Lina, and suddenly felt that something horrid was about to happen. The woman turned to the boy: "Are you Sasha?"

"Yes, I am Sasha," said he, "and who are you?"

"I am your mother, Sashenka, I am your mother. I came to take you home!"

Lina could not recollect how she opened the door and the three of them found themselves in the apartment. Automatically, with trembling hands, Lina poured a cup of tea and handed it to the woman, who kept uttering words in a shutter machinegun fire, each bullet hitting the target. She said that until recently she had no money for the ticket to come and visit him, but now her husband found work with the Soviet administration, and she came with the one and only purpose – to take him "back home".

Lina did not want to hear of it. She implored the woman to go. She knocked at the neighbors' doors and

asked to call for a lawyer and tell the woman that Sasha was her son. The lawyer came, but admitted that it was a lost case: The woman presented Sasha's birth certificate, and Lina had no documents, not even an adoption registration.

In the meantime, the woman sat on a sofa, and told Sasha what a beautiful home they have in Mukden, and what wonderful toys are awaiting him there. After a lengthy encounter, there was no way but for Lina to pack Sasha's bag with his clothes, toys and books, and let the woman and the child leave the apartment. Lina then fainted.

The home in Mukden was entirely different from the woman's description: it was a dilapidated shack near the rail tracks. The rooms were unswept, flies walked on the food leftovers on the table, beds undone, showing unlaundered linen. Sasha's bag had disappeared, and there was no sign of the wonderful toys awaiting him. Seeing Sasha, an unshaven man at the table said, "One more mouth to feed!"

The only bright spot was Galina, Sasha's sister, two years older than he. They became friends. During the following week Sasha made up his mind. He was not going to stay with the new people. He would return to Harbin to Lina, and take his sister with him. They would live with Lina. He had no doubt that she would let Galia stay.

And so it was. In the evening, the two children quietly slipped out of the shack and went towards the rail tracks. For hours they walked over the sleepers till they came to a Chinese village, found a haystack and fell asleep dead tired.

They were awakened by loud voices. Sasha opened his eyes and saw an old Chinese peering at him, and a large crowd around them. Fortunately, the old man knew some pidgin Russian and Sasha explained that they were lost in Mukden, and now on their way to Harbin, back home. "To Harbin?" laughed the old man, "you will be my

age when you get there".

There was a hasty consultation, at the end of which the villagers collected some money among themselves to buy train tickets for the children, put them on a horse drawn cart, gave them some shao bing (flat Chinese cakes) and drove them to the nearest train station. "Mother will return you the money, as soon as we get to Harbin," promised Sasha.

Hungry, unwashed, tired, the children arrived in Harbin late next night. Someone phoned Lina. She came running. They kissed, they cried, they laughed. And it was only the next day, after a long, refreshing sleep, that Sasha remembered: "Where is Galia?" "Who is Galia?" asked Lina, perplexed.

"My sister! I came with my sister, Galia! Where is she?"

They rushed to the station to search for her. She was not there. They asked if anyone saw her, if anyone knows where she was? Nobody saw her. Nobody knew...

\* \* \*

Decades went by. Lina and Sasha came to Israel together with the first wave of immigrants from China. They were absorbed by a kibbutz. Recently Lina died. But the image of Galia does not leave Sasha's mind till this day. He sent queries all over the world. No answer. And yet, deep in his heart, lives a stubborn hope that somewhere, somehow he would find her.

Post Scriptum: I attended the same kindergarten as Sasha (the name is invented), but I still remember his green eyes and his real name. In school our ways parted, and I never saw him again. In one of my Harbin reminiscences that I published in the Bulletin, I mentioned him, and somehow the magazine reached him. He contacted me. Since then we often have lengthy talks on the phone, but have never met. This story is based mostly on these conversations, partly it is imaginary. All the names mentioned in it are fictitious.

From the Hebrew: Emmanuel Pratt

# Letters

**From: Esther B Bates: Martyestherbates@juno.com**

**To Isaak V. Dashinsky care of Igud Yotzei Sin**

Dear Isaak,

Thanks for your note of 18 December, which just arrived, today. I don't know if Teddy Kaufman showed you a copy of the foregoing proposed review, but I suspect that it would be more meaningful to the readers of the IYS Bulletin than my earlier letter to the editor of the Forwards. As for the book by Jung Chang in collaboration with Jon Haliday, I have contacted Amazon.Com, via the Web (Internet). Amazon includes some readers' reviews, and these seem to reflect the politics of the reviewers. Books can be purchased with credit cards to eliminate dependence on a middle man. The book is apparently overstocked, and hence available at \$23.10 per copy (new, hard cover). They claim that they will mail overseas (at a price of \$4 to \$7) with delivery requiring anywhere from 3 to 6 weeks. However, when Gal Beckerman says that the authors blames 70 million deaths on Mao, I must admit that I have some reservations. The figures apparently include deaths due to famine, and the authors apparently emphasize some rather revolting behavior. (I have not seen the book, but have looked at the readers' reviews.) If you wish, I'll ask my wife to do the ordering, since she is more adept at this than I: in which case, we will let you know the total cost. Note that your letter took two full weeks to get here. Do you have your own access to E-mail?

**Martin Bihovsky Bates**

**411 Wabash Ave.**

**Kenmore NY, (USA) 14217-2207**

**716-877-7696**

**Goldie Zyskind**

I was wondering if you would be able to help me. I am living in Australia and my mother was born in Harbin, lived in Dairen, Tiensin and Shanghai, My parents met in Shanghai during the war and immigrated here to Melbourne. Both my parents are now dead. I am planning a visit to China in the new year and wondered if you have any information or contacts in any of those cities who may be of help to me. I am getting as much information as I can from other relatives who lived there at the time, but any information/contacts would be of assistance.

**Liran Isaacs**

I am the grandson of Sonny Isaacs, z"l and Ava Isaacs. I am studying economics at the Ben Gurion University in Beersheva. During my service in the army, I used to receive annually New Year cards and gifts, and now, on December 28, 2005, I received for the second time a huge scholarship, which I needed so badly. I find no words to properly express my gratitude for your kindness. How can such a small community of Jews continue year after year for so many years to help their youth!

Again, thanks! From me and my family.

P.S. Last year I went to Shanghai where I met Professor Shu Zu-bang. He and his wife showed me around the Jewish Ghetto in Hongkou. They were so attentive and patient! We also visited the school where my grandfather studied. Then I felt how the circle closed. It was so thrilling! You may publish this letter, if you wish. During my trip I took some snapshots of Shanghai. You are welcome to use them.

**Audrey Friedman Marcus**

audrey@audreyedits.com, 3254 S. Oneida Way, Denver, CO 80224

For purposes of a book I am writing with Rena Krasno, I am seeking individuals who knew Fritz Marcus (later Fred), who was a refugee in Shanghai from 1939-49. At the age of 15, Fritz arrived with his father, Samuel Semmy Marcus, who died in the Shanghai ghetto in 1944. After the war, Fritz worked as a receptionist for E.D. Sassoon Co. at the Cathay and Cathay Mansions. In 1949, he came to San Francisco. Link : [www.fredmarcusmemorialwebsite.com](http://www.fredmarcusmemorialwebsite.com)

## ***Dr. Alfonz Lengyel, RPA***

### ***President of Fudan Museum Foundation, Inc***

To T. Kaufman: I got your E-mail from Rena Krasno of the Sino-Judaic Institute.

Our Symposium om Sarasota about the **Rise and Fall of the Jewish Community in Harbin** will be on March 16, 2006. At the same time, we will have a photographic exhibition in Flanzer Jewish Community Centre, Sarasota. The material we received was from the Jewish Institute in Harbin, and partly from what I obtained myself last summer (including the graves of the Kaufman family). I cordially invite you to present a paper or just a talk on the contribution of the Kaufman Family in the Jewish community in Harbin. Please answer me ASAP because if you accept this invitation your name, the title of the paper, your short vita and photo will be published in the program. Even if you are not interested, please answer. We are not charging any participation fees, as other scholarly organizations are doing. Among others participating in the Symposium are Dr. Jonathan Goldstein, and Professor Fu Youde, and Professor Qu Wei.

\* \* \*

Thank you for your kind E-mail. I would like in the future to use your archive. Do you have anything about bronze work in China. Here in Sarasota, one of the supporters of the Flanzer Jewish Community Center (Sarasota, Florida) has a menorah. According to his best knowledge it was made by Jewish person or Company in Harbin. I would appreciate if you can comment this claim. He offered it for exhibition with our photo material in March 16.

## ***Lessy Kimmel (nee Ashkenazi)***

### ***Montreal, Canada***

To T. Kaufman: A few months ago my cousin Leo Vilensky (son of David and Anya), who lives in Sydney, Australia, forwarded me an e-mail containing a site dedicated to the Jews of China. Included was a very long, detailed, and interesting article by Joseph Cohen on the Jews of Shanghai. Also included was a link to Harbin and the Jews living there. I myself was born in Shanghai, the daughter of David and Lucy (nee Vilensky) Ashkenazi. However, my mother grew up in Harbin. Her father, Levi Yitzhak Vilensky (or Lev Simyonovitch in the Russian manner), died there and was buried in the Harbin Jewish Cemetery. You will thus understand my interest in the Jewish life of that city, and my being upset not to find my grandfather's name listed among those buried there. I am therefore enclosing information regarding the circumstances surrounding his death and funeral, as well as a picture of his tombstone. I am sending you this information since I think you might like to have it for archival purposes, but also because you might be able to locate the tombstone and add his name to the list of people buried there.

My grandmother Lese (nee Singerevitch) had moved to Shanghai by the time she died as buried there (in the Jewish cemetery on Baikal Road, I believe), but when my husband and I visited Shanghai in 2002 we were told that all the Jewish cemeteries of that city had been destroyed during the Cultural Revolution, and the tombstones scattered and used for other purposes. I also have access to a website put out by Dvir Bar Gal ( [HYPERLINK "mailto:shanghaijews@hotmail.com" shanghaijews@hotmail.com](mailto:shanghaijews@hotmail.com)), in which he lists the names of people whose tombstones (or parts thereof) have been located. Unfortunately, to date, my grandmother's name does not appear. I have contacted Mr. Bar Gal, but have not had any new information from him since then. I am also aware of the work done by Ms. Tess Johnston, have written to her, and am awaiting a reply.

In closing, and on a more personal note, please extend my warmest regards to your wife and her sister, both of whom knew me and my late brother, Levy, when we were all much younger.

Address: 1103-6795 Korczak Cr., Côte Saint-Luc, Qc H4W 2W7, Canada

Email: earl.kimmel@sympatico.ca

## ***Address and Phone***

3254 S. Oneida Way

Denver, CO 80224

For purposes of a book I am writing with Rene Krasno, I am seeking individuals who knew Fritz Marcus (later Fred), who was a refugee in Shanghai from 1939-49. At the age of 15, Fritz arrived with his father, Samuel Semmy Marcus, who died in the Shanghai ghetto in 1944. After the war, Fritz worked as a receptionist for ED. Sassoon Co. at the Cathay and Cathay Mansions. In 1949, he came to San Francisco.

## **Myriam Halberstam**

### **Berlin, Germany**

To T. Kaufman: I am a Jewish film maker living in Germany and have heard from renowned violinist Helmut Stern, a former Harbin Emigre, that there is to be a reunion this year in Harbin of former Jewish refugees that lived in Harbin.

I would like to make a documentary about the reunion, but so far have not been able to find any information concerning the reunion. This past November, a 13 head Chinese delegation visiting Berlin invited Stern to attend the supposed reunion in June. Unfortunately, Helmut Stern himself, does not have any documentation in his winter Florida resort, he will only return to Berlin in April. In order to plan a film and get adequate funding though, I need ample prep time. Do you have any information or a contact for me? Al Dien recommended I speak to you.

Address: Konstanzer Str. 8, 10707 Berlin, Germany

Tel:+49-30-88677229

Fax:+49-30-88007886

mobil:+49-173-8753883

## **Benad Kotkin**

Shalom, dear friends from the Igud, its members, supporters and its leadership.

My name is Benad Kotkin. I am the son of Itzhak and the late Galina Kotkin, formerly of Harbin. I am a student (2nd year) of the Haifa University, computers department. On December 28, I was present at the all-Israel IYS get-together, where the scholarships were granted to the sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of the former residents of China, now living in Israel.

With no relevance attached to the sum of money of the scholarship (although it is very relevant in helping to cover my expenses), I was thrilled and felt proud to be a tiny part of the great family of the former "Chinese". It was so good to see the never-ending friendship, which welds us into one whole: Igud Yotzei Sin, a small but strong and viable "landsmanship" organization, which keeps and nourishes the noble traditions of the Chinese Jewry.

I can't find proper words to describe the atmosphere of excitement and joy which prevailed at the event. It is not every day that I chance to see my grandfather as excited as he was that evening.

Allow me to express my deep gratitude for the scholarship and my admiration of the work you do on behalf of the poorer amongst us. The least I can do at present is to learn more about our Chinese experience, which, surely, is a part of what the Igud aims at – to hand our traditions to the younger generation.

## **Soldiers write**

We wish to thank you for the Hanukka gift you have sent us. We are happy and proud to belong to the family of former residents of China in Israel. We greatly appreciate your work and efforts to strengthen the friendship between Israel and China.

Schnir and Shai Schneiderman

(Grandsons of Abram Ozrelovich)

# **A request for information about Pollitzer**

Please forward this request to Mr. Teddy Kaufman by e-mail and Fax for the purpose of finding more information about a person by the name of Pollitzer. Initial data on the person is enclosed herewith, Pollitzer. A person, known by his family name as Pollitzer, an Austrian Jew, worked at the Chinese (Guomindang) Department of Health (1920's -- 1940's) as an expert on prevention of epidemics.

In 1921 he helped to foil an epidemic in North Eastern China.

On November 4, 1941, Japanese planes dropped bacteria bombs on the city of Changdu in Hunan Province, Central China. As a result, an epidemic spread in the city. In December, 1941, Pollitzer, then 56 (therefore, he must have been born circa 1885), was sent to Changdu for three years, as an epidemic adviser.

After the war, he became a world-wide famous expert on epidemics and worked in his capacity at World Health Organization (WHO). In 1946 "The New York Times" published an article on his activity during World War Two. In 1955 Pollitzer published his book, "Plague", which became a classic in the field of epidemic prevention and treatment.

# Books

## *Shanghai Remembered*

Compiled and edited by Berl Falbaum

Reviewed by Beth Lenz

It is a little quirk of World War II history – and little known – that about 20,000 Jews fled Nazi Europe to escape to Shanghai. In an effort to save this history, Berl Falbaum, long-time journalist and author, has compiled and edited a book, *Shanghai Remembered: Stories of Jews Who Escaped to Shanghai from Nazi Europe* published by Momentum Books of Royal Oak, Michigan. The book contains 24 first-person accounts of former refugees who called themselves “Shanghaianders” as well as rare documents and photos. It also contains a speech delivered to a reunion of Shanghaianders in 2002 given by Secretary of the Treasury in the Carter Administration, W. Michael Blumenthal, who was one of the refugees.

In devoting more than two years to the project, Falbaum said: “While there have been books and articles written about this experience, I wanted to save more of this history. It is important to save as much as possible to assure that these stories are not lost”.

Among those featured in the book are Ernest Eick of West Bloomfield, whose mother “gave” him away for six months because she could not feed him, and Bobby Salomon of West Bloomfield, whose father was killed in a bombing by American planes targeting Japanese military facilities.



A former Shanghaiander himself, Falbaum lived in Shanghai with his parents, Salomon and Henny Falbaum, who escaped from Berlin in August 1939 when he was nine months old. They immigrated to the United States when he was just short of his 10th birthday in 1948. The book recounts how Shanghai was an open city – it did not require any visas or other documentation for entry – and how the refugees developed a self-contained community in the Hongkew Ghetto in which they were restricted after 1943 by the Japanese, the occupying power. Despite extreme poverty, rampant disease, a wartime setting, a strange and foreign culture, a difficult language, intense heat and humidity, the refugees created a community with secular and religious schools, synagogues, newspapers, theatres, cafes, and high-caliber sports teams. They accomplished all of this within a ten-year period, arriving around 1938-39 and emigrating from China after the war between 1946-1948. Falbaum spent ten years as a reporter at *The Detroit News*, including five covering politics; four years as

administrative aide to Michigan’s lieutenant governor; and 15 years as a corporate public relations executive handling media relations, public affairs, investor relations and writing speeches. In 1989 he founded Falbaum & Associates, Inc., a public relations firm.

His articles on politics and the media appear frequently on the Op-Ed pages of Michigan’s newspapers. He has taught journalism part-time since 1968 at Wayne State University in Detroit, and he also taught at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan for about 15 years. He is presently a columnist for the *Spinal Column*, a 55,000 circulation weekly serving Oakland County.

Falbaum is also the author of four books, *Just for Fun*, *The Anchor*, *Leo and Friends*, *The Definitive Guide to Organizational Backstabbing*, *A Matter of Precedents* (a novel) and one play, *No Comment*, which was produced by the Theatre Guild of Livonia-Redford in Livonia, Michigan, in 2002.

He lives with his wife, Phyllis, in West Bloomfield, Michigan.

***The book is available at bookstores for \$27.95 and by mail from Momentum Books, L.L.C., 117 W. Third Street, Royal Oak, MI 48067 for \$33.45 which includes postage and handling. Falbaum is available as a speaker for book clubs and study groups, and those wishing to schedule a presentation may call him at 248-737-1588 or at his home 248-855-5383.***

# Epstein's Books

## MY CHINA EYE

*Memoirs of a Jew and a Journalist* By Israel Epstein, 2005

Long River Press 360 Swift Av. South San Francisco CA 94080 358 pp \$24.95

(Available from China Books and Periodicals, same address)

### Review by Martin Bihovsky Bates

Old timers who lived in Tianjin will remember the Epstein family. During my childhood, I knew the author as Izya or Izzy, and I have continued to use Izzy, even though many friends prefer "Eppy." The author's parents, Lasar and Sonia, were active community leaders from 1920 until their departure after the Japanese invasion of 1937. Lasar was a founder and the first president of the Jewish Club Kunst, while Sonia always seemed to know who in the community needed help, and was frequently able to find someone who would provide assistance. They were Socialists and Yiddishists. In Vilna, from the early years of the 20th century, Lasar had been actively involved in the Bund (General Jewish Workers' Union in Russia, Poland, and Lithuania); and he and his wife spent time in Tsarist prisons for their revolutionary activities. After immigrating from China to the United States in 1938, they continued trying to help the Jews of Eastern Europe, both during the Holocaust and thereafter. They brought their niece Beba (now Mrs Lee Leventhal) to the United States after the war. Of all the members of Lasar's family who remained in Poland, she was the only one to survive the holocaust. She is the one who encouraged me to write this review.

Izzy was born in Warsaw in 1915 and

died in Beijing in 2005. He lived in Tianjin from 1920 to 1937. Members of the East-European Jewish diaspora in Tianjin, like the other Caucasian residents, lived in concessions where British, French, Italian, Belgian, or Japanese laws prevailed. In most cases we spoke very little Chinese and our contacts with Chinese people was generally limited to employees, servants, or an occasional schoolmate. The language of commerce and social interaction for most Jews in Tianjin was Russian, rather than the Yiddish that Izzy's parents loved, so Izzy learned to speak, read, and write Russian at home. But his formal education, at the Tientsin American School, was in English, the language of the dominant foreign group in Tianjin. He writes, "I could identify all U.S. states from their un-labeled cut-out jigsaw puzzle shapes and recite the names of all American Presidents forwards and backwards, but knew nothing of China's dynasties or provinces. Yet China's realities began to impinge on me, not from what I read, but from direct evidence."

By the age of 12, Izzy had become aware of refugees from floods, famines and internecine wars who tried to enter Tianjin. The sight of a Chinese 12 year old who had frozen to death while seeking shelter in a doorway was an unforgettable experience. Izzy was also conscious of the inequities faced by all the Chinese in Tianjin as second class citizens in their own land. He tells of joining in an unsuccessful struggle to open the public library in the British concession to Chinese readers. He admired the efforts of a 1925 Guomindang-Communist alliance that tried to extend and complete the

Sun Yat Sen-led Chinese revolution of 1911. He was shocked at the violence with which Chiang Kai Shek turned on his previous allies in 1927. Izzy shared in the anger and frustration of most Chinese and many of the rest of us after the Japanese invasion of China's Northeast provinces, which they seized and renamed Manchukuo (Manzhuguo) in the early 1930's. The Communists were urging the Chiang government to join them in resisting the Japanese, and this struck a responsive chord with ordinary Chinese and with Izzy. When he was turning 16, he was hired by the Peking and Tientsin Times, a local newspaper, for which he performed various tasks, including makeup, reading proof, writing headlines, and reporting on local affairs. He even wrote occasional editorials when the chief editor was away. On the side, he also was able to write various anti-Japanese and pro-Communist articles for the liberal and radical press abroad, under the pseudonym "Crispian Corcoran". He was eventually fired by the Peking and Tientsin Times when someone noticed a copy of an American Communist paper in his pocket. He later went to work for the Peip'ing Chronicle, but he was fired from that job because he provided the headline "Chu Te Killed Again" on a Guomindang-supplied article on the supposed death, in battle, of the Communist military leader. In 1934, Izzy married my sister, Edith Bihovsky, and I became aware of his views and writings. At their apartment, I saw copies of two anti-Japanese magazines that he wrote for, respectively titled "democracy" and "Voice of China". His book mentions finding a

temporary refuge for some Chinese Communist friends of Edgar Snow who escaped from Peip'ing (now Beijing) after the Japanese captured that city in July 1937. One of them, Wang Shi-ying, a seasoned member of the Communist underground in Guomindang-controlled areas was put up in my parents' apartment. At that point, my mother and I were on vacation in Beidaihe and my father was on a business trip to the States. My parents were not consulted and when my mother found out, she was worried and upset. A major portion of Izzy's book focuses on the Sino-Japanese war and Izzy's part in reporting on the war. After the Japanese seized Tianjin, Izzy embarked on a series of adventures including an escape from Tianjin to Qingdao and thence to Nanjing. As a correspondent for United Press, he was present for and reported on the response of the populace and on the short battles where Japan's well-armed soldiers seized most of China's coastal cities and some inland cities as well. He also was present and reported on the first Chinese victory of the war at Taierzhuang near Wuhan. In the southern port city of Guangzhou (Canton), Izzy met Soong Ching-ling, widow of Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese republic. When United Press decided that there was no further need for Izzy's services after the fall of Gangzhou, Soong Ching-ling helped him find a newspaper editorship in Hong Kong. A year later he joined his wife, Edith, in Chungking (Chongqing), the Chinese wartime capital in the interior, where he worked as an editor and commentator for radio station XGOY. Still later, he returned to Hong Kong. After Pearl Harbor and the Japanese seizure of Hong Kong, then a British colony, Izzy realized that his writings would make him a Japanese target. He assumed a false identity and was interned together with all the British and American nationals. His escape and that of Elsie Fairfax Cholmeley,

another internee who eventually became his second wife, was aided by a network of Communist-led resistance fighters and smugglers. After many misadventures, they reached Chongqing. On the way, he encountered and reported on what was happening in many of the Communist-controlled areas of China, behind the Japanese lines, where successful guerilla warfare was pinning down a sizable portion of the Japanese army. No wonder that several of America's military leaders felt that the Communists were doing much more to aid the U.S. and Allied war efforts than the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek! Meanwhile, the 1936 cease fire between the Chinese Communists and Chiang's Guomindang regime was unraveling. However, under American pressure, the Guomindang in 1944 finally lifted its blockade long enough to allow reporters to visit the areas near Yanaan under Communist control. Here, the senior member of the Eighth Route Army who was assigned to lead the journalists' expedition to witness and report on the guerilla warfare in the Shanxi-Suiyuan Anti-Japanese base was the same Wang Shi-ying who had been put up in our apartment in Tianjin in the summer of 1937. Izzy and the other reporters were most impressed with what they experienced during this visit. They met the Communist leadership and observed attacks on blockhouses manned by Japanese and puppet troops. Izzy contrasts this with the behavior of Chiang's Nationalist troops who were just lying low and waiting for others to defeat Japan, while husbanding their American supplies for eventual use against the Communists. He was particularly impressed by the good relations between the Communist-led warriors and the local populace. This was grossly different from the behavior of Guomindang officers and local warlords. After returning to Chongqing, Izzy and Elsie arranged

to go to the United States, where he hoped to write about China without heavy-handed Guomindang censorship. He wrote his second book, "The Unfinished Revolution In China", during this period. Izzy and Elsie returned to China in 1951. The McCarthy era and the Korean war were making their lives difficult, so they were happy to accept an invitation from Soong Ching-ling to come to China and work on an English-language magazine called "China Reconstructs" that she was founding. Much of the rest of the book focuses on the period after Izzy and Elsie's return to China in 1951 to his last days. He was particularly impressed with the comradeship between the leaders and ordinary citizens in the period from 1949 to 1956. Izzy's description reminds me of the comments in the 1942 version of the Reconstructionist movement's New Haggadah: "Now the Mazzah became the symbol of those early days when all people had little but none had more when equality prevailed among the Israelites." 1951-1956 was also the period of recovery from the war years and of the first five year plan during which time the Yangtze river was bridged, railroads came to Chongqing, and land was redistributed to the peasants. While Izzy remained a committed supporter of the party and the government, he was distressed at the hounding of some long-term Chinese Communist intellectuals because of something that they wrote or said. This book seems to distance itself from some of these excesses (see his last chapter entitled "Evensong"). He was obviously hurt and upset by the five years that he and his beloved Elsie spent in prison during the Cultural Revolution. But he was unwilling to give up the commitment that he had made to the Chinese people and to the party and government that brought China from a powerless semi-colony to a major force in the world. He saw his

Chinese world through rose-colored glasses, and he was proud of the role that he was able to play in interpreting China to English-speaking people everywhere. The book also covers Izzy's release and rehabilitation after the Cultural Revolution, several trips to Tibet, and Elsie's death from cancer in 1984. In that year, Izzy was invited to join the Chinese People's Political Consultative Congress, and afterwards he was appointed to its standing Committee of 200. In the final chapter, "Evensong", he writes: "I can think of nothing better and more meaningful than to have witnessed and linked myself with the Revolution of the Chinese people, . . . In this process, as in all else, there have been joys, pains, and sorrows. But the overall road has been upward, contributing to progress nationally and internationally." I believe that the book is a must-read for anyone interested in exploring the rise of the Chinese national spirit and of the modern Chinese government from the early 1930's. The author reflects the views of the Chinese government, and he paints a picture that shows a different side to the China experience than the one we have generally been given in the west..

After leaving in 1937, I only visited China once, in 2000. I was certainly impressed. Even the poorest coolies were decently dressed, and the open sewer in Tianjin had been covered over. One could see to the bottom of the Hai He, a river that used

to be brown with mud and who knows what else. I was less happy to find that an American KFC fast-food restaurant had replaced my favorite Russian-Jewish Victoria cafe. We enjoyed visiting Izzy and his very pleasant third wife, Wanbi, in Beijing. Since it was close to Pesah, we had brought our favorite Jewish Reconstructionist Haggadah, which he found appealing. We also talked about his participation in Kehillat Beijing. But, except for a number of family photos, the book is much more about China than about Izzy's personal life.

### *The Kaifeng Stone Inscriptions: The Legacy of the Jews in Ancient China*

By Tiberiu Weisz

This book contains the entire text of the new translation of the four stone inscriptions that the Jews carved in stone in 1489, 1512 and 1663. Part I is my new annotated translation that traces the origin of the Chinese text to Biblical sources. Part II examines the origin of the community, their first encounter with the Chinese, their dedication to the temple and their life as Jews in the sea of Chinese culture. The book incorporates many original Chinese and Hebrew sources and highlights the cross-cultural currents that challenged the Israelites in China. It takes the reader into uncharted territory of the Jews in ancient China.

Tiberiu (Tibi) Weisz [mailto:](mailto:kaifengstones@yahoo.com)

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 The book is available online at:  
[www.bn.com](http://www.bn.com) and [www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com)  
 It can be also ordered through your local bookstore.

### *Risen from the Ashes: Tales of a Musical Messenger* By Hans Cohn

Risen from the Ashes is one man's memoir of hope and survival during the Holocaust. Having cheated death four times through perseverance, hope, faith, and humor, Hans Cohn vividly narrates his experience from the horrors of the past to spiritual renewal.

### *About The Author*

Cantor Hans Cohn was born in 1926 in Berlin, Germany. In 1939, with the outbreak of the Second World War, his family fled to Shanghai where he remained until 1946. After coming to America in 1947, he attended Hebrew Union College-School of Sacred Music, where he received his Cantor's degree. He studied voice with Alexander Kipnis at the Manhattan School of Music. He earned his Masters in Education from Stanford University. He served as the Cantor at Temple Beth Jacob in Redwood City, California for 31 years until his retirement in 1994. In 2002, he received an Honorary Doctorate of Music from Hebrew Union College. He resides in Palo Alto, California and is still an active member of his temple and community.

The family of

## **Haya Shluger**

Shares with great sadness her peaceful passing on

February 25, 2006 shortly after celebrating her 101st Birthday

She will be greatly missed by her daughters

Isabelle Gatz-Baranovska and Leona Shluger Forman, son Ephim Shluger, son-in-law

Shepard Forman, and Grandchildren

Alexandra and Jacob Forman, Tatiana and Sophia Shluger



# Thin Line Paper-cut: An Art of Patience

Thin line paper cut is a Chinese folk art enjoying great popularity among people. It is a distinctive genre of cut originated in Yueqing, Zhejiang province. We learn from the historical records that this art appeared, developed and thrived during the Southern Han dynasty, due to the flourishing economy and frequent exchange with the outside world.

## **"Dragon Boat Flower"**

Different from the plain and bold northern style, Yueqing thin line paper-cut features a delicate and exquisite style of Southern China. This paper-cut style has a history of some 700 years. It first appeared as a decoration on "dragon lanterns" during lantern festival celebrations. Thin line paper-cut was further developed as colored lanterns came into wide use.

"Dragon lanterns" are a unique local craft of Yueqing. They are hung on the "Dragon boats" during the Spring Festivals to ward off evil spirits and pray for the blessing of heavens. During the festival competitions are held for the best "dragon lantern", fetching prestigious awards, the main criterions being the intricacy of the pattern, precision of the execution and its overall esthetic charm, not necessarily in this order. Chinese thin line paper cutters did not stop at the dragon motif alone. Now different patterns are widely popular: flowers, birds, beasts, portraits of legendary heroes and deities, and, of course, landscape.

In the 1960's two masterpiece thin paper cuts were produced by unidentified artist, or artists. They delicately engraved 100 flower patterns on a tiny sheet of only one square centimeter. When President Nixon saw them when visiting China, he could not take his eyes from them for a long time, and marveled at the exquisite, unsurpassed craftsmanship. There are artists who can carve patterns of different colors, mounting them one onto the other to create three dimensional images.

## **How to do it?**

Thin line paper cut requires soft thin paper. Artists engrave their patterns and figures with precision sharpened steel knives. Usually the work is done with four different blades, which are sharpened and polished by the artist himself to suit his specific requirements. A mixture of boiled and battered pine fat and ox fat is poured on a wooden plate and dried thoroughly in the sun. Before cutting, the patterns should be carefully sketched on paper. In the past, moistened paper was stuck on the sample and smoked. The pattern would emerge on the paper when dried. This method was not entirely satisfactory as it could be blurred by smoke, and as time passed, chemical solvent substituted smoke, creating a much more satisfactory result.

## **The last paper cut artist**

In spite of his age (77), Lin Bangdong of Yueqing still makes dragon lantern paper cut every day. Says

he: "As long as my hand is steady I won't give up the work my father and my father's father have done and I have done all my life" Lin was born of a family of skilled dragon lantern craftsmen. His father specialized also in carving Buddha sculptures. At 13 Lin began to learn paper cutting to make a living. Being intelligent and creative, he came up with technical innovations and developed his individual style. He did not stop at copying the classical style and themes, but used the traditional technique to depict modern life. He says: "Doing paper art does not bring fortune, but it brings happiness and satisfaction, that is, something no money can buy." He is very pleased that his son followed his footsteps. Another thin line paper-cutting artist is Chen Yu-hua. He began to learn the art at 15 and is now 25, the youngest professional craftsman. His teacher was his father, Chen Chao-fen, a celebrated craftsman who is known to be able to make the thinnest paper cuts, each line being clearly cut and finely carved. Some of his works of 52 lines cut on a tiny space of one square inch are known as masterpieces of miniature art. Chen Yu-hua says: "From my early childhood I was fascinated by paper cutting. When I saw people paper cutting, I used to drop everything and watch them polish their knives and cut paper. At 15 I could make simple paper cut works." Chen's works have been awarded at many competitions.

# IN MEMORIAM

## David Mens

Our compatriot David Mens passed away on October 10 in Bangkok at the age of 61 after a severe illness. David was born in Tientsin to the family of Elie and Jimmie Mens. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. He is survived by his wife, two sons, his brother Rafi and his family in Los Angeles, aunt Alya Krinkevich in Tel Aviv and cousin Maya Zeitlin and her family in Australia.

May he remain in our memory forever.

## Raya Fine

I lost a friend, someone I was close to for over half a century. When that happens, I deal with it by dwelling on the wonderful qualities that made that friend special.

What I admired in Raya was her zest. Whatever she did, her heart was in it. In her younger years, a roomful of people would be just a roomful of people until Raya walked in and it became a party. Laughter and jokes, music (if there was a piano available), stimulating conversations.

She couldn't have found a more appropriate profession than being a social worker. She immersed herself in the problems of her cases, fought to find solutions for them, and was acknowledged by the Social Welfare department in Haifa and by the State of Israel for her contribution to the welfare of those she was helping. She personally changed the lives of many people. Even after she retired, she did what she could to make other people's lives nicer. She organized what she called the "Warm Corner" on the ground floor of her apartment building, which housed many senior citizens. There were tables and chairs, coffee and cookies, and occasional lectures and programs, just a private little local club. Something so simple

made a difference for people living there who didn't have much of a social life outside their building. That's just an example of what a caring, creative person can come up with.

By the same token, when she was in need of help, she didn't think it unusual to expect her friends to help her, especially since she didn't have immediate family to turn to. I admit, sometimes it wasn't easy to satisfy her expectations. But after all, what are friends for?

On a personal level, our friendship started when we came to Israel. While she was studying social work in Jerusalem, my sister and I and another woman shared a room in Beit Halutzot, a women's hostel. I remember one night she couldn't sleep and entertained herself (and us) by dedicating a personalized verse to each one of us, describing us in our sleep. That was one of many verses and poems that we got from her on various occasions, some funny, some deep and poignant.

Over the years our friendship deepened and she became like a member of the family. No family gathering was complete without her. Each of us – my sister and her family, my parents, we, our children, and our grandchildren formed our individual bonds with her. She was easy to talk to – she listened with her heart.

She loved to travel, and no physical handicap would stand in her way. She stayed with us when we lived in London, and also in the US. She was in America, Australia and Europe. Her recent trip to China was her dream come true.

There is so much more I could say about Raya, and I'll probably recall things I should have added. But for now I can describe her as unique and unforgettable.

## Zika Belotzerkovsky

Zika Belotzerkovsky (nee Banevour) passed away on January 3 in Haifa at the age of 86. In her childhood, Zika lived with her parents in Mukden, and later went to Tientsin and Shanghai, where she married Ezer Belotzerkovsky of Harbin. The couple came to Israel with the first wave of immigrants from China and settled in Haifa, where she became a long time member of the Women's Division of the Igud. Zika was buried at the Tel Rege Cemetery near Kfar Hassidim. Esther Vandel, chairperson of the Haifa branch of the IYS, eulogized her and placed a wreath of flowers from the Igud on her grave. Zika is survived by her son, Gershon Bilu, director of the Ben Zvi theatrical school in Ramat Gan, and her niece, Mara Belotzerkovsky.

May her memory be blessed.

## Polya Feinberg

Polya Feinberg (nee Feldman), formerly of Harbin passed away at the Tel Hashomer hospital on December 3, 2005. She was 86. Polya was one of the central figures at the Harbin Maccabi in 1939. She was a talented sportswoman. She worked for many years at Eskin as a bookkeeper. In 1944, she moved to Shanghai where she married and bore a son. In 1949, Polya and her family came to Israel aboard SS Wooster Victory. They settled in Kiryat Bialik, where her daughter was born. For many years, Polya worked as a bookkeeper at the Migdal Insurance company.

Polya was an amicable person, cultured and well educated, and was noted for her sense of humor. She was a long time member of the IYS. Seventeen years ago Polya's husband passed away, and she went to live in a home for the aged in Ramat Ef'al, near Ramat Gan. She left a son and a daughter, grandchildren and great-

grandchildren.

Present at her burial were her relatives and many of her friends from China and Israel. T. Kaufman eulogized her and placed a wreath of flowers on her grave.

May her memory be blessed.

### **Prof. Hayim Tadmor**

Professor Hayim Tadmor (Fima Frumstein), formerly of Harbin, passed away in Jerusalem on December 11, 2005, at the age of 82. He was buried at the Giv'at Shaul cemetery, Jerusalem, on December 12. Present at the funeral were his numerous friends from China and Israel, his students and colleagues from the Hebrew University and the Academy of Sciences, of which he was a president for a number of years.

Fima left behind him wife Miriam, a son and daughter and their families.

May his memory be blessed.

### **Ella Matzover**

Ella Matzover (nee Merkin), formerly of Tientsin, passed away on December 18, 2005. She left behind her sister Rivka Schmerling and family. She was 82.

Igud Yotzei Sin conveys their condolences to the family of the deceased.

May her memory be blessed.

### **Norbert Smoliansky**

Norbert Smoliansky, husband of Frieda Hitman, formerly of Harbin passed away in Australia. Igud Yotzei Sin conveys their condolences to the family of the deceased.

### **Ira Fleishman**

On January 5, after a long illness, Ira Fleishman (nee Pogrebetzky) passed away in Ramat Gan. She was 86. Ira, born in Irkutsk, Siberia, came to Harbin with her parents as a child. Then the family moved to Tientsin and, later, to Shanghai, where she studied chemistry at St. John's University. After graduating, she married Misha Fleishman. In the early 1950's Ira and Misha came to Israel where they both worked in their common profession, chemistry. Here a great tragedy befell them: their son, Volodia, died in a

car accident. Ira and Misha lived for some time in Hongkong and the USA, then returned to Israel and lived in Ramat Gan. During her prolonged illness, Misha was always at her side and surrounded her with comfort and care. Ira was a thoroughly educated, cultured person, known amongst her many friends for her warm personality, sharp mind and sense of humor. She is survived by her husband, Misha, two daughters, Maya and Georgia and sister, Monica, living in the USA. Ira's funeral took place on Friday, January 6, at the Tel Aviv Kiryat Shaul cemetery. Relatives and many friends attended the ceremony. Misha recited Kadish. The grave was covered by wreaths of flowers, amongst them one from the Igud Yotzei Sin.

Another old friend left us. May her memory be blessed.

### **Sonia Peselnik**

Sonia Peselnik, formerly of Harbin, passed away on January 4, three months ahead of her hundredth birthday. She is survived by her daughter and son-in-law, two grandsons and great grandsons with families. Sonia was buried in the Holon cemetery.

May her memory be blessed.

### **To the memory of a friend**

Professor Haim Tadmor, or simply "Fima", as we, his close friends used to call him, left us for a better world. Much was written, and still more will be said about him, as an outstanding internationally known scientist in the realm of history and anthropology of the Ancient Middle East, as well as of the development of the cuneiform script of Assyria and Babylon. For us, however, he will forever remain more than that – a friend.

Haim Tadmor (Frumstein) made a long journey from being a pupil in the Harbin Talmud Torah to the high post of deputy president of the Israeli Academy of Sciences. He was a man of deep perception and paramount knowledge, yet always modest and simple and smiling. Whoever knew him – well or casually – will endorse it.

It was just little more than a year ago, in September 2004, that Fima, accompanied by his wife, Miriam, and son, attorney David Tadmor, returned to Harbin -- this time to participate in the seminar dedicated to the history of the Jewish community and to visit the graves of his parents in the Harbin Jewish cemetery. Both left a deep imprint in his conscience.

Haim took a deep interest and attached great importance to the Igud venture and the publication of the Bulletin as a tool to promote the record of our activities to the future generations. Each meeting with him was full of meaningful content and generated inspiration. How good it was to see and listen to him. He was 82 when he died.

We fully share with Miriam, Dudi and Naomi the bitterness of an irretrievable loss, and it is difficult to reconcile to the fact that he is no more amongst us. We shall not forget him.

*Teddy Kaufman*

### **Abba Elran**

On January 9, after long illness, Abba Elran (Halperin) passed away in Tel Hashomer Hospital, at the age of 60.

Son of our old friends, Moshe z"l and Nehama Elran (Halperin), Abba came to Israel with his parents at the age of five. Here he graduated from the middle school "Rehavia" in Jerusalem and continued his studies at the Haifa Technion and for many years occupied responsible positions in the Israel Air Force. He will remain in the memory of his many friends as a well educated, cultured amicable person, with a sharp mind and a lively sense of humor. He is survived by his wife, Celia, and three children, Eliahu, Asaf and Avital.

Abba was buried in the cemetery of Kibbutz Einat near Petah Tikva. Present at the ceremony were his relatives, friends and colleagues from the AAF and was warmly eulogized by an officer-friend. Many flower wreaths were placed on his grave, amongst them one from the Igud Yotzei Sin.

May his memory be blessed.

by Varda Yoran

Mark Losser, Meir Lozar, Max, Maka to his friends, no matter which name one knew him by, was undeniably multi-faceted.

He came from Harbin to Israel in 1950 and almost immediately began to work for the Israeli railroad. Except for the time he served as communications officer in the IDF, he stayed with the railroad company until his retirement. He was personally in charge of developing and modernizing the entire signalization system. He tested and hired and trained the younger generation of employees, and was acclaimed by his students as a remarkable teacher.

He loved poetry and music. But most of all, he loved people. He married Ronit in 1962 and raised two children who were the pride of his heart.

He frequently communicated through the piano, his moods could be gauged

by the music he chose to play – mainly classical, but also playful and modern. His knowledge of Hebrew, English and especially Russian, enabled him to write verse, to translate poems from one language into another. His stack of poetry is impressive, and his range of themes wide. He translated the works of his friend Poliakov into Hebrew and a book was published.

Mark helped academicians from Russia to translate and submit their theses to the Israeli universities and Technion.

One mustn't omit his sense of humor, when speaking about Mark. He joked with his students, his friends and colleagues, the nurses who took care of him during the last years of his life, his wife and children. It stayed with him until his last days, and made it a pleasure to be in his company.

I remember him telling me about his

decision to take on a Hebrew name. He had a dilemma – how does one change Losser into Hebrew? Lo-Sar (meaning not a minister)? But what if he becomes a minister, with a name meaning not a minister! So he chose Lo-Zar (not a stranger), and was certainly not a stranger in Israel. His capacity as director of signalization and communication of the railroad made it become what it is today.

Mark was a wonderful friend. He cared deeply about the problems of the people he liked, and devoted much time, thought and effort in helping them. Even his friends' friends were his friends.

If one takes the Hebrew decree of Tikun Olam, to make the world a better place seriously, there is no doubt that Mark did his part in making the world a better place.

I'll miss this friend very, very much.

Ari, and his son Michael and his wife Michelle.

It would be wonderful if you could print the above in your next newsletter, in your "In Memoriam" section, as some friends of his should know of this.

Thank you for all your mailings to us and please accept this donation to help with all the good work of your organization.

Most sincerely,  
Susan Shennon  
11 Riverside Dr. , #2GW  
New York, NY 10023

## GREGORY SHENNON

It is with sadness that I am informing you of the passing of my beloved husband, Gregory Shennon, (known in Tientis as Gregory or Gregory Zubitsky). He passed away in New York City on May 8, 2005. Greg and I were together for a little over seven years and during the last years of his life, we shared a wonderful retired life together. Greg finally got to do all the things he loved to do, read good literature, study Russian (your newspaper was always interesting to him), study painting

and drawing. We had the opportunity to travel together, visit friends and family, enjoy all the good things New York has to offer – museums, beautiful parks, theater, good movies and restaurants.

He shared with me stories of his life in China and had so many fond and warm memories of growing up in Tientsin. His memories have now become my memories and have enriched my life.

Greg loved and was proud of his family, his daughter Dorel, her husband Stuart and their two beautiful children, Eli (bar mitzvah in Israel this summer) and

Peter BERTON (Los Angeles) and Leonfrid HEYMAN (Haifa)  
greatly mourn the death of our dear friend

## Lucia GROSSMAN

and express our sincerest condolences to MARA, MISHA, GREG,  
and their families

После тяжелой и долгой болезни утром 5-го января 2006 г.  
перестало биться усталое сердце моей дорогой жены и друга

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

Похороны состоялись 6-го января на кладбище Кирьят-Шаул  
В горе необратимой потери извещают

Муж МИХАИЛ  
Дочери ДЖОРДЖИЯ и МАЯ  
Внуки АЛИСТЕР, НАТАША и МАКАИ  
Сестра МОНИКА

In memory of our beloved friend

## **Irene FLEISCHMAN**

Bertha ELKIN  
Sana HECHT and family  
Ilana JONES and family

We are deeply saddened by the passing of our very dear friend

## **Ira FLEISCHMAN**

and express our deepest sympathy to MISHA, GEORGIA and MAYA

Flora and Bob FREIMAN  
REVA, MIRIAM and PETER

70

We mourn the passing of our friend of many years

## **Irochka FLEISCHMAN**

and express our condolences to MISHA and all members  
of the FLEISCHMAN and POGREBETSKY families

Lea and Yana LIBERMAN

Глубоко скорбим о смерти дорогой

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

и выражаем искренние соболезнования МИШЕ с семьей

Мэри (Бэйм) и Морис БИАР  
Эстер (Бэйм) и Меир ГИНАНСКИЕ

Шалом НИЦАН (Моня Немченко) с семьей скорбят о кончине

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

и выражают сочувствие МИШЕ, МАЕЧКЕ И ДЖОРДЖИИ

Циля НИРИМ глубоко скорбит о смерти дорогой

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

и выражает искреннее соболезнование Мише ФЛЕЙШМАНУ с семьей

Нора, Ефим и Тони КРУК скорбят о смерти старого друга

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

и выражают глубокое соболезнование МИШЕ и ДЕВОЧКАМ

Раша и Тедди КАУФМАН глубоко скорбят о смерти дорогой

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

и выражают искреннее соболезнование МИШЕ с семьей

I grieve the passing of a dear family friend

### **Ira FLEISCHMAN**

and extend my sincerest condolences to MICHAEL, MONICA and the family

Rosa (Shainin) GERSHEVICH

Центральный комитет ИГУД ИОЦЕЙ СИН  
глубоко скорбит о смерти дорогой

## **Иры ФЛЕЙШМАН**

и выражает искреннее соболезнование МИШЕ с семьей

We mourn the passing of our dear friend

## **Irene FLEISCHMAN**

and express our heartfelt condolences to MISHA and family

Lillie and Henry BERK

Bella BERKOVITCH

Rissia IONIS

Olga and Isai KAUFMAN

The Board of Directors of the Association of the former residents from  
China – IGUD YOTZEI SIN, are saddened by the passing of

## **ZINA GERSTEIN**

and express their sincere condolences to her family.

Родные с прискорбием извещают о смерти на 94-ом году жизни

## **Зельды (Зины) ГЕРШТЕЙН**

Похороны состоялись 18 декабря 2005 г. в Хадере

Анатолий, Эльвира, Ольга, Анна,

Даниэль ГЕРШТЕЙНЫ

Клара БЕК с семьей

Эстер ВАНДЕЛЬ с семьей



With deep sorrow we announce the passing of

## **Daniel M. SOPHY**

of Phoenix, Arizona, USA, on the 28th of December, 2005

Beloved son of Michael and Sandra SOPHY, brother of Joseph SOPHY  
and adored grandson of the late Mania and Urie BEREGOVSKY,  
formerly of Harbin/Shanghai/Bat Galim

Центральный комитет ИГУД ИОЦЕЙ СИН глубоко скорбит о смерти дорогого

## **АБЫ ЭЛЬРАНА**

и выражает искреннее соболезнование СЕМЬЕ покойного,  
Нехаме ЭЛЬРАН и брату ИЗЕ с семьей

Deeply saddened by the death of dear

## **Aba ELRAN**

Heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved mother Nehama ELRAN and the family

Celia NIRIM

We extend our heartfelt condolences  
to dear NEHAMA and all the family on the passing of

## **Avi ELRAN**

Flora and Bob FREIMAN  
Leana LEIBOVITCH  
Vera KARLIKOFF

Stella and David UDOVITCH  
Sonya YEZERSKI

We are deeply saddened by the passing of

## **Aba ELRAN**

and express our deepest condolences to NECHAMA and all her family

Zalman and Ruth AGRAN  
Paul and Esther AGRAN

Выражаем глубокое сочувствие дорогой НЕХАМЕ  
по случаю смерти ее дорогого сына

## **А Б Ы**

Фира ГЕРШКОВИЧ  
Тима и Рина ЛИТВИН  
Галя ВОЛОБРИНСКАЯ-КАЦ

Сарра и Дэни РОСС  
Рита и Джордж ЛЕОНОВЫ

We extend our heartfelt condolences to dear NEHAMA and all the family on the passing of

## **А V I (АВОСНКА)**

Lika KAGANER

Zelda and David FRIEDMAN and family

Раша и Тедди КАУФМАН глубоко скорбят о смерти дорогого

## **АБЫ ЭЛЬРАНА**

и выражают искреннее соболезнование НЕХАМЕ с семьей

We are saddened by the passing of our dear friend

## **Aba ELRAN**

and express our deepest sympathy to NEHAMA and family

Olga and Isai KAUFMAN  
Aron SLOUSTCHER

We are saddened by the passing of

## **Abochka ELRAN**

and express our heartfelt condolences to NEHAMA and all the ELRAN family

Raissa GOLDIN  
Lucy KRAUSE

Golda LAZAROVICH  
Frida GRAUER

С глубоким прискорбием извещаю о смерти дорогой мамы

## **Зики БЕЛОЦЕРКОВСКОЙ**

Скончалась 3-го января 2006 г.  
Похороны состоялись 4-го января 2006 г. на кладбище  
Тель-Регев около Хайфы

Гери (Гершон) БИЛУ

Глубоко скорбим о смерти дорогого друга

## **Зики БЕЛОЦЕРКОВСКОЙ**

и выражаем искренние соболезнования Гери БИЛУ

Поля АСУЛИНА  
Шура ВЕЙЛЕР  
Дана ПЛОТКЕ

Эстер ВЕЙНЕРМАН  
Фира ГЕРШКОВИЧ  
Сарра и Дэни РОСС

We deeply mourn the passing of our dear friend

## **Zika BELOTSERKOVSKY**

and express our deepest sympathy to GRISHA

Flora and Bob FREIMAN

Глубоко скорбим о смерти

## **Зики БЕЛОЦЕРКОВСКОЙ**

и выражаем искренние соболезнования СЫНУ

Рина и Тима ЛИТВИН

Центральный комитет ИГУД ИОЦЕЙ СИН и Хайфский комитет ИИС  
глубоко скорбят о смерти

## **Зики БЕЛОЦЕРКОВСКОЙ**

и выражают искренние соболезнования сыну Гершону БИЛУ и родным покойной

Дочь, зять, внуки и правнуки с глубоким прискорбием извещают о смерти  
дорогой

## **Сони ПЕСЕЛЬНИК**

Скончалась 4 января 2006 г. в возрасте около 100 лет.  
Похороны состоялись 5 января на кладбище в Холоне

Оля и Леон ТОЛЕДО  
Реувен ТОЛЕДО с семьей  
Томер ТОЛЕДО с семьей

We are deeply saddened by the passing of dear

## **Sonia PESELNIK**

and express our heartfelt sympathy to dear OLIYA, LEON, RUDY, TOMER  
and their families

Inna and Alec MOUSTAFINE

Mara MOUSTAFINE and Andrew JAKUBOWICZ

Центральный комитет ИГУД ИОЦЕЙ СИН и правление  
ОБЩЕСТВА ДРУЖБЫ ИЗРАИЛЬ-КИТАЙ  
глубоко скорбят о смерти профессора

## **Хаима ТАДМОРА**

и выражают искренние соболезнования МИРЬЯМ с семьей

Раша и Тедди КАУФМАН глубоко скорбят о смерти дорогого друга, профессора

## **Хаима ТАДМОРА**

и выражают искреннее соболезнование МИРЬЯМ с семьей

Рива ХОФФМАН и Виктор КОХАНОВСКИЙ глубоко скорбят о смерти

## **Ноаха ЛЕРМАНА**

и выражают искреннее соболезнование ФИРЕ

The family mourns the death of a beautiful human being

## **Lidochka HANIN**

and shares the grief of her husband Israel HANIN,  
two children Adam and Sahlia HANIN  
and father-in-law Leo HANIN

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Глубоко скорбим о смерти друга многих лет дорогого

## **Меира ЛОЗАР (Маки Лоссера)**

и выражаем искренние соболезнования РОНЕ, САМИ с семьей и ЛИМОР с семьей

Ривка и Эммануил ИНГЕРМАН с семьей  
Лика КАГАНЕР (Австралия)  
Зельда и Давид ФРИДМАН с семьей

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS of the Association of the former residents from China  
IGUD YOTZEI SIN are saddened by the passing of

## **Mark LOZAR (Maka Losser)**

and express their sincere condolences to his family

The Board of Governors and Members of the Far- Eastern Society of San Francisco are saddened by the passing of their lifelong member and friend

## **Misha MELNIKOV**

and express their sincere condolences to his sons ROBERT, VICTOR and GEORGE and their families

With deep sorrow we announce the passing away of dear

## **Ella MATZOVER**

(nee Merkin, formerly of Tientsin)

Laid to rest at the Yarkon Cemetery on 16th of December, 2005

Sister Riva SHMERLING  
Nieces AYA and NETTA  
Nephew NAHUM and ETTY and sons

Lily KOROSHI (Krugliak) is saddened by the passing away of a friend from Tientsin

## **Ella MATZOVER (Merkin)**

and sends deep condolences to the family

The Board of Directors of the Association of the former residents from China – IGUD YOTZEI SIN, are saddened by the passing of

## **ELLA MATZOVER (MERKIN)**

and express their sincere condolences to her family.

# From The Album of The Past

## Talmud - Torah School in Harbin 1949



Below (right to left): Moshe Lihomanov, Israel Elran (Galperin),  
Sopha Ashkenazi (Yoselevitch), Rafy Rashinsky, Monya Ezersky  
Above (right to left): Yehudit Bein (Karlik), Yehudit Sandel (Klein),  
Teacher Galina Grigorievna, Dina Keidar (Trigubov), Victor Agranovsky

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(from the by-laws of the Association)

In publishing the Bulletin the IYS IN Israel aims to meet the following needs:

1. To promote a sense of community among the former Jewish residents in China.
2. To maintain a channel of communication for the members of the above community
3. To assist in collecting, preserving and publishing historical materials dealing with the life of the above community.
4. To assist IYS in meeting its goals, particularly those dealing with social assistance and educational stipends to members of the above community living in Israel.