

Mairy Angel With Her Classmates At School



My school years were unforgettable. There were many Jewish Schools in Thessalonica.

Although my father was rich my mother did not want to send us there because they were far from home. We went to French Missionary School. And my father was wondering all the time why my mother preferred the French School.

He was afraid that I might become a nun because I never wanted to dress up nicely. I was always dressed like a nun. There was also a case of a Jewish girl that became a nun. She was in our school. This frightened my father.

I cannot remember my school's address. It was near the Stock Market. We crossed Sygrou Street and turned to Egnatia Street. There the tram was passing and my mother was much afraid of this conjunction.

From the window of our house my mother could see us at Sygrou Street coming back from the school. This was the reason she wanted us to go to a nearby school.

I went to Saint Vincent de Paul, which was only for girls. The classrooms were very big. We weren't many children in each class, no more than fifteen. They did not allow speaking not even a word in Greek or JudeoSpanish.

This photo was taken at my school Saint Vincent de Paul. I look old so I suppose it was taken at 1938. It was in the school's tradition to take every year a photograph of each class with the nuns.

On the first row from left to right:

The first is Katsaoundi. She became a medical doctor. We met after the war. Next is Sindoni Perachia, she died in Auschwitz. The third and the forth, whose names I cannot recall, both perished in Auschwitz. The fifth is I, Mairy Karasso

On the second row from left to right:

The first is Rene Malach, Niko's Malach sister. She perished in the Holocaust. The sixth was Jew too. The rest I do not remember.

On the third line from left to right:

The seventh is Corin Saltiel. The eighth was Jew but I cannot recall her name.

Most of my classmates were Judias[Jewish].

The nun in the center is Soeur Odile. She was the most beautiful one. There was a rumor among the girls of my age that she had a love affair that did not end up well and thus she became a nun. I loved her very much. The nuns loved us too.

My mother Rachel Karasso nee Ezrati during the war put in a box all the prewar photographs that I have now and some of our clothes. Everything else was stolen from our house.