

Avram Kalef And Matilda Cerge



Here I am with my father, Avram Kalef. This is not a fez, it is a hat. He always wore this type of hat. Here he was photographed before the war. At the end he was so weak he even had several strokes. The photo was taken in Belgrade in the 1930s. My father used to tell us stories. There were lots of them but I don't remember them. He spent a lot of time with my sister and me, especially in the afternoon. He loved us a lot and we loved him. Everything that we wanted - 'Oh, dad we would like?' - He never yelled at us. He was a wonderful father.