

Regina Grinberg And Classmates Celebrating Purim



This is a celebration of Purim in the Jewish school. I am the first on the right in the first row, kneeling with a wreath on my head. Around me are my classmates, whose names I do not remember. The photo was taken in Shumen in 1934. I remember that we were acting out some religious scene, which also included a dance. I was masked as a court lady. The Jewish school was private, supported by the Jewish municipality. We did not study on Saturday because of the Jewish holiday or on Sunday because of the Bulgarian one. We were ten students in a class. We studied mostly three languages ? Ivrit, Bulgarian and French. Our teachers in Bulgarian class prepared us very well, and I did not have difficulties when I went to junior high school. My Bulgarian teacher was called Katya. Jewish women, whose names I cannot recall, taught us Ivrit. Later they left for Palestine. Our teacher in French was Adon [?Mr.? in Ivrit] Behar, who was paid not by the Jewish municipality, but by the Alliance Francaise. I was always an excellent student, and I always did my homework and knew all the lessons. My mother taught me up to work hard and be independent. Every morning I got up and prepared my breakfast. My mother never prepared my breakfast for me, nor did she fuss around me while I was getting ready for school. She thought that I should take care of these things by myself. Indeed, she never shouted at us or told us what to do. That is the best thing I can remember about my childhood. My mother thought that I should develop by myself and show what I can do. She also felt that I should get what I want by myself and achieve my goals on my own.