

Eda Saporta



This is Eda Saporta, nee Saltiel Abravanel, my younger sister. This picture was taken in the 1940s, before the war. Eda was born in 1920. She was a joyful person. She was no pessimist, I was more of a pessimist, and I always have been. I was always much more reserved. Eda was exuberant, like my mother, happy, and she danced, she danced that Russian dance sitting down, kalinka, she danced a lot and she liked it. When we were children we used to have one bedroom, the three sisters together. Matilde had a bed of her own but Eda and I used to sleep together in the same bed. At our place we had a pomegranate tree that was very small, with two flowers, and he was waiting for them to turn into fruit, and one day he saw that one of the flowers was fading and fading. Eda had cut the flower and then when she realized what she had done she took a needle and pinched it back on. When my grandfather saw what had happened he was moved by her thought and didn't punish her. Matilde and Eda used to fight; they pushed each other. They were

not very disciplined. I don't know why they fought but they did. Eda was probably even naughtier than Matilde. My mother didn't know what to do with her, so she put her in the bathroom and locked the door, and Eda would kick and scream to get out. "Let me out, let me out, I will be a good girl." I don't remember what she did to be locked up. Eda was sent to the Greek school immediately. She was put in the 5th grade, the corresponding class of the French school she used to go to, but she didn't know any Greek, so my father asked her teacher at school to tutor her for some time until she would be ready. This teacher was Miss Evgenia and she used to say to my father, "It is a pity, Mr. Saltiel, to push her so much, she is so young. Why start in the 5th grade, when she knows no Greek." Anyway, Eda started her Greek lessons, and by the middle of the school year she was the best in her class, and Miss Evgenia said, "You were right, Mr. Saltiel, you were right."