

My Little Brother As A Soldier



My eldest brother is called David, we called him Mimis and he was born in Thessaloniki in the 18th October 1926. I was born in 21st June 1924 and Solomon my youngest brother was born also in Thessaloniki in 31st June 1918. My oldest brother, Mimis, died at the age of 69 in Athens while my youngest brother still lives in Athens. Solomon was also called Haim because my mother had dreamt before delivering him one of her cousins whose name was Haim and also Reimon, because this was a really modern name when I was young. Solomon in his house in Athens keeps the double bed we used to have in the house we were brought up, this is pre-War furniture. I do not quite remember how he managed to get it back since everything else was lost furniture, utensils, and all house equipment. But I think that our neighbor Morozinis managed to save the double bed because

we had moved all our furniture to his place. And of course all the photos we kept at home were lost. I was very close to my youngest brother and since I was a couple of years older I protected him. David was six years older so he did not really mix with us but me and Solomon exactly because we were so close as far as age was concerned we had a special bond, a unique relationship. We used to play together at the neighborhood; we use to do all the nutty things together. I remember when he was young they always dressed him up as a sailor-boy or with Tyrolese clothes, because they were very much in fashion those days. As I mentioned I always protected him and I allowed none to come and tease him. If this happened I used to fight with the ones who teased my brother. I remember when we were kids our parents used to take us for excursions to Asvestohori. David completed the American College and Mimis attended the public high school in Thessaloniki and then went to France where he learned the work of the textile producer. My oldest brother during the Second World War fought in the Albanian front and Mimis completed his military service after the War was over. When he was in Athens a British soldier who was drunk, during the period of the Civil War, hit him in the stomach. The hit was strong and my brother lost one of his kidneys. The mother tongue of my brothers was Greek but also French and Ladino. They also learned English. None of them got married.