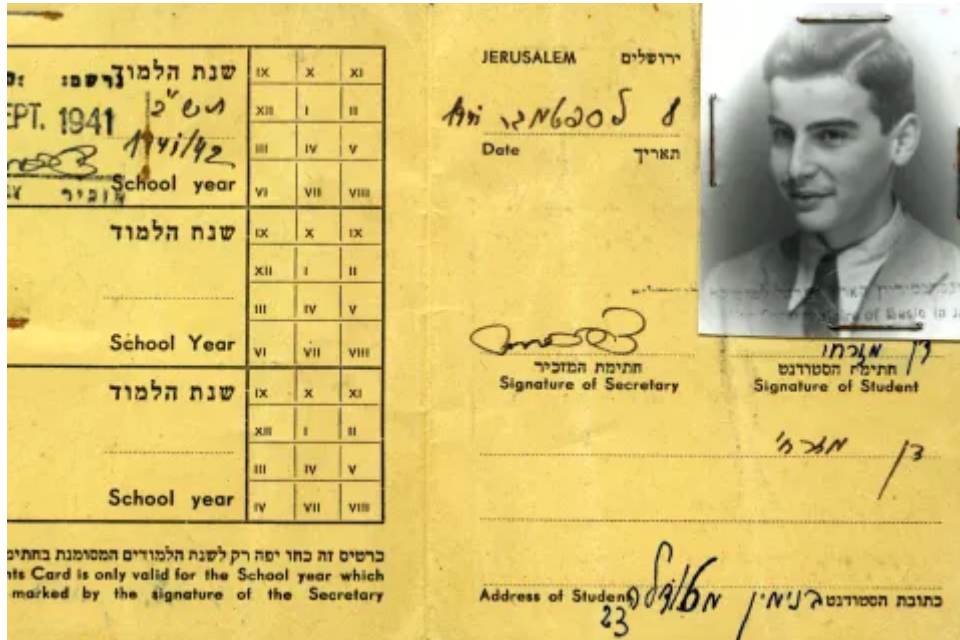


## Dan Mizrahy's Student Card From Jerusalem Academy Of Music



This is my student grades book from the Music Academy in Jerusalem, in 1941.

At the 'Cultura' Jewish High School, where I was in the 5th grade, I found out from my former desk mate from the 'Spiru Haret', Osias Rolling, about a Palestinian Office. He told me it was in charge of the emigration of the youth to Palestine. But the information was vague, nebulous even. The idea to leave began to yield in my head. In February 1941 things became clear. Two groups of young Jews, 200-300 each, were set to leave one week apart from each other, accompanied by a few clerks of the Palestinian Office. They were to travel by boat to Istanbul, then by train. The two ships were scheduled to leave on 21st March - the 'Dacia' - and on 29th March the 'Regele Carol I'. I left on 29th March.

After arriving, our identities were checked, and we were taken by the representatives of the Sohnut and assigned to various places. A week later I was assigned to an agricultural 'hostel' - in fact, an agricultural school, 'Ahava' located in the Gulf of Haifa. As for my musical education, merely mentioning it would have caused laughter! In the dining room of the hostel there was a very tired and out of tune cottage piano. I remember that on one of the first evenings after I got there, I tried to play Chopin's Polonaise in A major. There was silence all around me and many children came to the room, attracted by the sounds. When I had finished, a gray-haired lady of about 50 years old came to me and asked me what my name was in German. She introduced herself and invited me to visit her the following day, after classes, in the house next to the gate. The lady was the headmaster's wife. Her profession: pianist and piano teacher!

Later the approval came from the Alyat Hanoar: they agreed to facilitate my trip to Jerusalem, where I was to audition at the Conservatoire, before the end of June 1941. It was the chance of my life, so to speak. The Palestine Conservatoire of Music, located on Jaffa Road, at the very heart of

Jerusalem, stretched along one border of Zion Square. An old house, probably Arabian, with the entrance through a petty side street. I think the entire institution didn't have more than ten rooms. I took the left-hand stairs... At that time, I wasn't familiar with the Fantastic Symphony and its March to the Scaffold. I remember it was very hot that day, and I was wearing a suit and a tie! 'Der kleine Gernegross,' which means something like 'the kid who wants to show off'! After the exam they decided to admit me to the 1st year at the Music Academy, an upper level of the Conservatoire, as a sponsored student. Half of the scholarship was to be covered by the Conservatoire, and the other half - by the Alyat Hanoar.

The Alyat Hanoar was also supposed to support me for the entire duration of my studies, two years. Located in the elegant Rehavia residential quarter, the Alyat Hanoar ran with very few, but very efficient employees. After I had the honor of being introduced to Mrs. Henriette Szold, I was sent to those clerks. After going through a series of formalities, they informed me that I was to move to Jerusalem on 1st September, when classes started, and that I was to live with the Uberal family, in a house located in the same neighborhood, two or three streets away.