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Living with Gołda was set up in the finest and best possible manner. Josef could not have hoped for something better. From day to day, they became fonder of each other.

To their good fortune, they obtained a three-room residence, despite the difficulties in finding lodgings in New York. Mordche moved in with them. Gołda did the housekeeping, while Josef and Mordche went to work on the weekdays. Thus, all three stuck together as a family, in the silent happiness and joy that they were together.

Over time, Gołda and Mordche were also drawn into the environment, where Josef found himself day in and day out. The *Forverts* [newspaper] building, where the *Arbeiter Ring* [Workmen's Circle] is located, was Josef's second home, where he used the best of his capabilities. Once again, Josef felt as he had formerly in Warsaw, that he was among his own kind. Workers and men of the people came into contact with him, as well as did teachers and writers, whose works he read.

Once more, Josef was in the spiritual surroundings, which often seemed to him a continuation of the past, when Warsaw was still the Jewish Warsaw. Oftentimes, when he sat in his workroom, he thought about all the days and years, during which destiny had toyed with him. There had been times when he had thought his life was coming to an end. In moments such as those, he was grateful that fate had brought him and Gołda together.

Josef now strongly desired Gołda to involve herself in higher matters. Gołda could already sing. She was a good teacher - this he also knew. Josef suggested to Gołda that she put to use her talent for singing, and bind her life to the Yiddish song, to the Yiddish school. Gołda herself, however, did not wish to use her talent for an occupation.

Josef began to understand. He knew her mood was not up to that - for the time being. After all her experiences, she was not yet completely tranquil. He thought it better to leave it to time, which has the nature of healing all wounds. With time, Gołda would perhaps find her way as to what to fill her free hours with more content, thus binding her bygone life of "there" with the "here" - the new country where she had found her home.

Mordche, on his part, showed himself to be an honest, intellectual young man, with a sceptical sort of humour. He mostly kept silent, sagaciously contemplating life.

Once, travelling home from work with Josef, Mordche suddenly became talkative - much unlike his nature. He started with this and that. Josef sensed something was weighing on him, but he could not find the words.

"America's alright", Mordche said, "but it depends for whom".

“What do you mean?”, Josef asked him.

“I cannot find a place here”, Mordche replied to him. “I’ve been through so much, Josef - you know that. I did not wish to remain there on the German soil. It’s a good thing that I’m here in this free country. But I bear an obligation in my heart. Do you know towards whom? To a German girl, the daughter of a simple German peasant, who literally saved me from death. If I recovered, after lying for weeks and months in hospital, I’ve no one to thank but her, Lottie. That’s her name - Lottie”.

Mordche [then] remained silent, as if ashamed of his own words. He wanted to see what effect his speech had had on Josef. Josef said nothing to him. But Josef’s silence already told Mordche everything. The seriousness of Josef’s appearance now, his looking at him in astonishment, were as if asking Mordche, “Well, what do you want? Tell more - let’s hear it!”

Mordche resumed his story, sometimes pausing to explain, and not finding the words with which to divulge his innermost feelings. The two of them walked down the little streets of the Jewish East Side, which is nowadays populated by various peoples - Jews, Russians, Ukrainians and the newly-arrived Puerto Ricans. They went into the small park not far from their home.

Josef said, “Let’s sit down here on bench for a while. You’ve unsettled me so much with your story about the German girl, that I don’t want to go home to Gołda. Let’s hear how you intend to go from here”.

Mordche had been waiting for that.

“Alright”, he replied, “I’ll stay here sitting with you and talking. I’m upset. I go about as if not on this earth. I know what it means for me - a victim of that murderous nation - to go about, day and night, thinking of a German girl. But how am I to blame, if my mind tells me one thing, and my heart another?”

From his story, Josef learnt that Mordche had been corresponding with the German girl Lotte since his arrival here, and that he was seriously thinking of bringing her here and marrying her. Her father, the German farmer, from a village not far from the camp where Mordche had been, had never been a Nazi. And Lottie certainly not! She was too young when the War broke out and when Hitler, may his name be obliterated, set out to conquer the world. What could he do? He could find no repose. Mordche glanced at Josef, who was sitting next to him, serious and silent.

“Help me bring her here, Josef. That’s the only way I’ll be able to find a little peace after my years of suffering.”

Josef replied nothing to him. Mordche’s words and his whole story with the German girl had struck Josef like a bolt of lightning.

“I understand your feelings very well”, Josef said to him after a long silence. “You do not wish to hurt someone, who was devoted and loyal, and helped you when you were sick and lonely. But I don’t wish to - and cannot - have anything to do with it. Although I wasn’t in any German

camp myself, I had the good fortune to save myself and lived through my years of suffering in Soviet-occupied lands. But that I should help a German come to America? She might be a good German. Perhaps we shouldn't judge an entire nation for the sins of the majority of the Germans - it might be so. But I want no part in it!"

Mordche understood that Josef was serious in what he was saying. They sat for a while longer in the small park. Mordche wished to ease the mood, the serious thought, which he now noted in Josef. He remarked, as to himself, "More than one DP camp internee took along a German sweetheart with him and married her here in America or the Land of Israel".

Mordche's words set Josef atremble. "Who knows", he thought to himself, "I might end up living in the same house as a German woman". Just this thought made everything go black before his eyes. Without talking, the two of them entered the house with the usual "hello" to Gołda.