



With Gołda's arrival, Mordche became more hopeful every day. A bit of health entered into him with Gołda's being by him. He gradually began to walk about, went out to the street and felt better from day by day. He began thinking of doing something for himself. He saw how the refugees, around the DP camps, were beginning to do business and were earning very well. He attempted to do the same and it did not go badly for him. He traded in whatever he could. He did not wish to sit on his hands. Gołda accepted a position not far away, in the Feldafing camp. But the two of them did not cease thinking of emigrating to America.

It was not long before the necessary papers and visas arrived, for both of them, to travel to America. However, they could not make the journey together as brother and sister, but separately. Gołda left Germany first, and Mordche a few weeks later.

The Jewish Labour Committee, which helped obtain the visas for Gołda and Mordche, set Gołda's place of residence in California, in the city of San Diego. The voyage on the ship was hard for Gołda. She fell severely ill. Leaving her brother on the accursed German soil affected her negatively. Although she hoped to see him soon in the United States, she missed him. She was very uneasy regarding the state of Mordche's health.

She was [also] saddened at the thought that she would not be able to stay in New York, but would only disembark from the ship and would need to immediately take the train straight to San Diego. She thought about Josef, to whom she had written before departing. She remembered that she had the telephone number of the office where Josef worked. She would try to ring him on the phone.

Her thoughts were racing. The nearer the ship was drawing to shore, the quicker her heart was pounding. God! How much could a person go through, and emerge victorious over all circumstances? And now she was already seeing the walls of the big city of New York. Was this real? Had she ever dreamt, in those horrific days in the camp with the evil Germans, that she would someday live to see, with her own eyes, the Statue of Liberty - the statue that was now extending to her the hand of condolence, with the torch this mighty statue was holding?

How many Jews, chased and persecuted, had already sailed through here? An entire nation - Jews in their thousands! From the 1880s onwards, fleeing from the Tsarist pogroms, later from Hitler, may his name be obliterated, and now - the last remaining survivors, the *Surviving Remnant*, of which she, Gołda, formed part.

A sigh of happiness burst out of her. Tears of joy filled her eyes. Gołda wept, but they were tears of joy intermingled with grief - joy, that she had had the good fortune to be saved to the "land of the free and home of the brave", and grief, that her relatives had been destroyed at the hands of murderers - why and wherefore?

Gołda disembarked from the ship as in an intoxication of happiness. People from HIAS [Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society] arrived welcoming the incoming refugees in a friendly manner. After all the formalities, which the refugees went through with the assistance of the friendly HIAS officials, Gołda was approached by a middle-aged Jewish woman with a pleasant face, who made a particularly good impression on Gołda. The lady introduced herself - her name was Sadie Smith. She asked Gołda where she came from, what her occupation had been back home, whether she had relatives in America, and a multitude of other similar questions. It was evident that Gołda, with her gentle, intelligent appearance, had aroused this woman's interest.

Composed and quietly, Gołda replied to the lady's questions and thanked her for having taken more interest in her than in the other young female refugees, who were standing on the side, casting eager glances at Gołda.

"Come with me, Gołda dear", the woman said. The two of them entered a dimly-lit cafeteria not far from the harbour. They talked during the course of the meal, and Gołda was full of gratitude towards the lady for the warm-hearted friendship she was showing her.

"Don't thank me - I beg of you", the woman said, before parting company with her, standing at the terminal prior to boarding the train. "Gołda, dear, you are close to me. I've been moved by your quiet talk - you're so different from all the young female refugees and the hundreds of people whom I have welcomed here at the harbour. I feel as if you were my daughter. Yes, don't laugh - I mean that seriously.

"It's a pity, a pity, that you actually have to travel to California. I ask you to believe me in what I'm telling you. I'm not saying it just so, to make you feel better. I mean it with all my heart. Have a safe trip, my child, and be successful. If California is not to your liking, write to me - here is my address. I have two fine and beautiful daughters - you'll be my third one. I want to hear from you."

They kissed one another, and Gołda gazed on as that kind-hearted woman vanished down the steps of the huge terminal.

Gołda still had about an hour left to see the great city of New York. She rang the office where Josef was working, but there was no reply. She did not know where Josef lived. It was in the evening, night fell, and the city was illuminated with so much light, that it was truly blinding to look at. Gołda still managed to send a telegram to her father's and Josef's friend of their youth, Alkona. She let him know that she had arrived safe and sound in New York and was now travelling, by train to San Diego.