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train. And we got to where we were sup? posed to take the ship. Antwerp. My moth? er. Myself. There were 5 children. I was the oldest. (Was there a lot of luggage?) No, we didn't have much to take, to tell you the truth! Rose laughs. No, we didn't, It wasn't a luxury train at all. Every? thing was the cheapest possible way that we could get. to get there. And even on the ship, we had very poor ac? commodations. The cheapest way to get there. My mother and the children, we all slept together. In fact, there were bunks - - after that, some more women with children. Just women-- no men in that room. But there were women and children. Differ? ent families. (Togeth? er.) Right. (I think they call that "steer? age.") Steerage-- that's just the name! That's just the name. You know, lots of times when I take a cruise today, my mind always travels right back to the days, the way I came here. And it took us a long time to get here. I think we were on the ship for two weeks. (What did you do for meals?) They gave us the meals there. They weren't tremendous- we were glad to get nice bread. They al? ways had nice bread. (So you were treated well.) Yeah, (But it was the poorest way to travel.) The poorest possible way. I'll never forget in all my life. I was a little girl--just to sort of--if I trav? elled steerage like that, I had to go see what the other people were doing that were travelling in the best accommodations. So, I'd go up on the bridge, you know, where they were spread out. A lot of German Jews Rose's sons: I. to r., Joseph, Harold, Bram, and Irving were travelling on that same ship. And they really kept themselves, to say, they were something, and we were just trash. Because we came from Eastern (Europe)--Russia. Anyway. I used to go up on deck and they were stretched out in beautiful chairs, lounges and all that--the German Jews. And they were speaking German all the time. So. a few of them got up and they left and they went out someplace else--you know, they left their chairs. So as they left the chairs I went ahead and stretched out myself, you see. The chairs were empty. I remember one of them came back, and did she give me a bawl- ing-out for stretch? ing out in her chair. She was a German Jew, you know. A real bawl? ing- out. It's the funniest thing--as a young kid you remem? ber those things.... A lot of those Ger? man Jews were some? thing. I don't know what to make of them. But they wer? en't nice to the other Jewish people from the other countries. One of my brothers took the measles, so they had us quaran? tined, when we got to--I think it's Halifax--so long ago. So my father came up from Cape Breton to pick the ones that were allowed out home. And my mother had to stay there with her baby until he was better. So, as we were trav? elling- -was it on the train from Halifax home?--this woman, she was real generous. She wasn't Jewish, she was German. And I heard her say to her husband, "She's a Ye? huda." You know--even then. (By Yehuda she meant....) She meant that I was Jewish, you know. Even then. But she wasn't Jew- ish, she was German. But they travelled

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