



*Laraine darling*  
*We miss you!*

*Laraine Monica Kaimowitz*

*A Tender Flower  
whose Fragrant Memory  
Lives on in Loving Hearts*



***'Laraine - Her Short Life'***  
*The Story of*  
*Laraine Monica Kaimowitz*

© Printed & Published in 2019 by  
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*Dedicated to  
Our Daughter & Sister*

*Laraine Monica*

*Mom, Dad and I  
Thank you for the way you brightened our lives  
God only granted you a short time with us  
We feel cheated that you were taken from us so young,  
You were a special gift that we will never forget.*





## *Foreword*

When I left South Africa for the United States in 2010, all I took were photograph albums belonging to my parents and myself, my personal belongings and a couple of cartons with miscellaneous items.

Over the past few years I managed to publish and print biographical timelines of my paternal and maternal ancestors going back many, many generations. Fortunately, the photographs and recollections from my parents and grandparents, allowed me to complete a series of seven publications on my ancestors.

Not until June 2019 did I have an opportunity to open the two remaining cartons containing miscellaneous items - first time these cartons had been opened since I arrived in the USA. To my surprise, I found two books belonging to my father that I had forgotten I brought with me.

The one was a volume containing clippings that my father had painstakingly sorted, filed and pasted into a heavy bound book. It had a brown leather cover with congratulatory letters, telegrams, notes and cards on our families life-cycle events beginning with my parent's Engagement in 1940, followed by their Wedding in 1941, my Birth in 1942, Laraine's Birth in 1945 and my Bar Mitzvah in 1955.

The second volume bound in black leather, this time only containing Condolence letters, telegrams, notes and cards, had a silver plaque mounted to the front cover with the wording;

'In Loving Memory of LARAINÉ MONICA KAIMOWITZ, 10th October 1945 to 26th October 1960'

This book was manufactured and assembled with all its contents by my Dad at our family business in Cape Town. He felt the need to produce such a volume as an everlasting tribute to his daughter Laraine, who died suddenly at the age of 15.

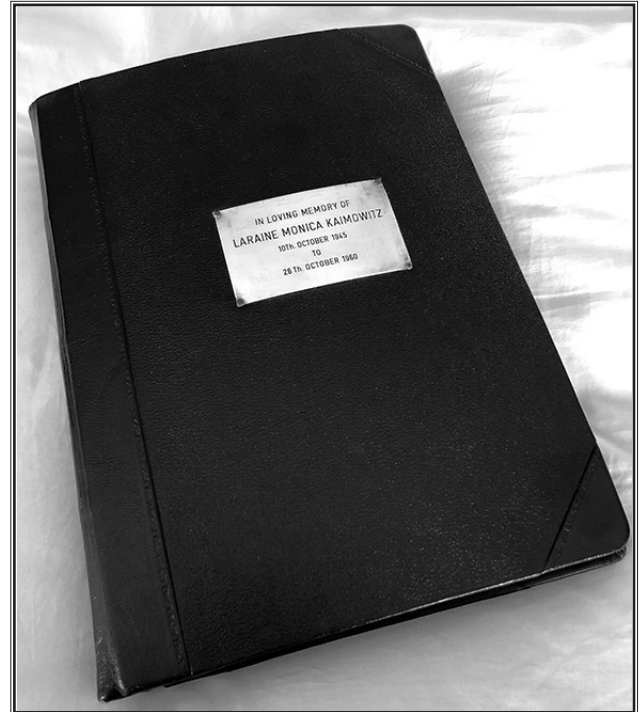
It must have been a heart wrenching effort for him - to have accomplished this work of art must have taken him many hours of tearful love and attention. What a memory for his beloved Laraine!

In the book, to my amazement, I found a diary of some twenty pages hand-written by Laraine of her 'Life Story'. It was unbound and lying loose in the large book my father had put together. I do not recall ever having seen it before!!

To recognize the work that both my Dad and Laraine had put into what they did, I came up with the idea of reproducing Laraine's diary as the central feature of a compact publication all about her. By doing this, I made it possible to share what I had found, with many family and friends. The result of my work can now be read in the booklet you have in your hands right now, titled '**Laraine** - Her Short Life'.

I must thank the people (family & friends) who contributed to this final publication, for sending me articles and stories about Laraine, our childhood, our parents and our grandparents. Bless you!

Alan Kaimowitz  
October 2019



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*Mom & Dad at the time of their Engagement*

## *Our Family*

Our Dad **Israel (Issy)** was born on February 11, 1906 in London, England. The second eldest son of Morris and Bella (Katz) Kaimowitz. He spent his younger years in the East End of London before his parents and family went back to Lodz, Poland after the 1914-1918 First World War. After they left Poland, he arrived in Cape Town, South Africa in 1921 with his parents and two brothers. Two more brothers were born in Cape Town in the 1920's.

After Dad's arrival in Cape Town he went to The Cape Town High School followed this with some technical training at the Cape Technical College. He then joined his father's business at an early age and remained in this business all his working life.

He was a family man through and through and always put his family ahead of anything, or anyone else. Other than his passion for work, his other interests were his Religion. The Shul, Jewish Affairs, Sport, Travel, Walking, Entertaining, being Charitable and doing lots of Community Work.

Our Mom **Rita**, was born on January 5, 1915 in Upington, South Africa. The third eldest of four children of Albert and Rosa (Engel) Kohn. When Rita was only four years old, her father passed away at the age of 41. Her mother was then left widowed with four children at the age of 30.

Rita spent her early years in Walvis Bay. At one point in the 1930's the family went back to Poland, where both sets of grandparents lived. But as things became more and more difficult for them, they came back to Walvis Bay, where she completed her schooling.

She became fluent in German and continued to write poems (in English) for the rest of her life. At the outbreak of World War 2 in 1939 and with the annexure of the country by the Germans, things became very unpleasant, especially for Jewish people. That's when they made the move to Cape Town.

Our parents were introduced to each other in 1940, by a mutual family friend Woolf Harris, who was responsible for bringing both families (Kaimowitz and Kohn) to South Africa. They married in 1941 at the Great Synagogue, Gardens.



*Siblings, Alan & Laraine*



**Alan** was born at the Leeuwendal Nursing Home on May 5, 1942 and Laraine was born at the Gardens Nursing Home on October 10, 1945. I remember going to the Nursing Home with my Dad to see my new sister and hold her for the very first time. Going back in time, this was my very first memory recollection - my age then was 3 and a half years.

**Laraine** was named after my Dad's Great Grandmother Laya, who was married to Rabbi Meyer Mottel Kaimowitz. They lived in Poland in the mid-1800's.

Laraine was always a loving daughter and sister and expressed herself with true love and affection to her family at all times. She had a sweet nature and from the moment she started Kindergarten, she became the teacher's pet as she gave a lot of herself in both her work and application to whatever duties she was called upon to perform. She then went on to Good Hope Junior School and always achieved outstanding grades and won prizes regularly for her school work. She was rewarded by becoming a Prefect and would always take her duties seriously.

She played Netball and Tennis and took Piano Lessons, which she played with a lot of flair. She also did Ballet and Tap Dancing. She played in the Eisteddfods every year and always won Diplomas in the Grades she entered.

When she went to High School she continued with her interests. She had many friends and would spend a lot of time with them, even out of school hours. A special friend was Joyce Brock, our next door neighbour for about ten years, who would love to come and play with Laraine.



*Laraine at Two-and-a-Half*





*Laraine in the Garden at Belmor*

# *Life in Vredehoek*

1947 to 1959

We all lived in a small apartment in Vredehoek until our Grandmother Bella (our Dad's mother), passed away suddenly in April 1946 (Second Day Peisach). Our Grandfather then sold the house (Bel-Mor, 1 Bradwell Road, Vredehoek, Cape Town) to my father and we moved in a bit later that year. They did a deal, allowing Grandpa Morris to stay in the house. He lived there until 1957, when he moved into another son's home. He lived in Max and Golda's house in Strathcona Road, Oranjezicht, until he passed away in March 1962.

Our house was always busy. People were always coming and going and our mother **Rita** always had her hands full. She was always very active in the kitchen and was a wonderful '*bullaboster*'. Her meals were something special. With her brand of Chicken Soup, Gefilte Fish and *Perchar* (Brawn) her specialties.

There were always visitors for Friday Night *Shabbat* meals. Regular visitors were our Mom's family (Her mother Ma, brother Mannie, sister Gertie & daughters Benita & Sally, sister Lily and husband Bill). Out of town visitors were often at our table - a standard menu included Chopped Herring with *Kichel*, Chopped Liver and Gefilte Fish to start, followed by Chicken Soup with either *Lokshen* and/or Matzo Balls. The main dish would usually be Grilled or Roasted Chicken with vegetables. To complete the meal, stewed guavas or sliced fruits were regular favorites. Everyone would participate in the 'Grace after Meals' after eating

After Shul on most Saturday mornings, our mother would prepare a Brocha Kiddush for at least a half a dozen guests. Pickled and chopped herring were served with kichel, also chopped liver, *gefilte* fish with very strong *Chrain* (Horse Radish), *Perchar* (Brawn) and *Kitke* (Challah) were always on the table with Kiddush wine, whisky and soda. The visitors at these Brochas (Harris, Raphaely, Gradner, Harte, Friedlander and Glick) were mainly important Executives and Committee members of the Gardens Shul, where they discussed Shul affairs and other Jewish topics.

During the 1950's our Dad **Issy**, became very active on the Committee of the Gardens Shul eventually becoming the Senior Vice-President for many years. He wouldn't take on the presidency as he did not want to be accused of being a hypocrite. He felt it was wrong to be president of an orthodox synagogue, sit in 'the box' with a top hat on Saturday mornings and then go on to play his main sport (Lawn Bowls) that same afternoon.

6 LARAINÉ - HER SHORT LIFE



*Growing Up!*





*In the Garden at Bel-Mor*



*Joyce, Leonie, & Laraine*



*Alan & Laraine with  
Leonie Boruchowitz,  
Michael & Barry*



*Laraine & Daryl*





**LEFT**

*Grandpa Morris with Jeffrey  
Alan & Laraine  
Berri, Daryl & Laraine*

**MIDDLE**

*Dad  
Mom with Laraine*

**RIGHT**

*Uncle Mannie with us  
Dad with us  
Uncle Mannie holding Laraine*

Our Dad would take us to school everyday. The house was perfectly positioned to ensure that both of us could get to school on the same run. Laraine at Good Hope and me at SACS. It did not stop there - to ensure that both of us had a proper lunch at home, he would pick each of us up for 'big break' and make sure that he could drop both of us off before each school's 'bell rang' at the end of the break. There were no 'fast food' outlets in those days! How many fathers would do that for their children? This was the set-up until the end of 1959 at which point Alan had completed his Matriculation examination and Laraine had passed Standard 7.

Life in Vredehoek was great. We lived in a small road, with only two houses. One was occupied by the Brock's (Dr. Sam and Tertia and their children Clive and Joyce). When we moved in next door, Clive was 6 or 7 and Joyce 3 or 4. I was 4 and Laraine less than a year. On Saturday nights, all four of us would play together in our lounge - we would have 'shows' and perform to the maids who were looking after us. About 4 years later Mrs Brock passed away.

My parents would not buy a bicycle for me and I would sneak out and ride Clive's bike around Vredehoek (with his permission of course). Joyce was instrumental in organizing my first 'mixed' party, at our house when I turned 14.. She invited the girls from her class at Good Hope and I did likewise with my friends from SACS. One couple, who are still married today, met their partners at this party in May 1956.

With my Dad's brothers all living close by, they always popped in to visit and bring their families. Their children, the third generation comprised Rosalie, Harold and Leon; Ivan, Daryl and Berenice; Michael, Jeffrey and David, and Trevor and Brenda . Martin was only born in the late 1960's. We spent a lot of time together and had many parties and joyous occasions. Laraine would play with the girls and I would be with the boys.

Grandpa Morris was living with us and every year on the second afternoon of Rosh Hashanah, we celebrated his birthday with an afternoon party for the family and many friends. No one was personally invited, but the word spread and lots of people turned up. Not knowing how many guests to cater for, our Mom always made sure that no one would leave the house hungry.

We all became very close and would often 'play' at our cousins' homes too. All the boys went to SACS (except for Michael, Jeffrey & David), with the girls all going to Good Hope. My mother's niece, Sally also went to Good Hope when she landed on our shores at the age of 11.



*New Plymouth 1949*



*Coon Carnival at Wale Street*



*Tricycle & Car 1947*



*On train at Sea Point Carnival*



In the afternoons, after school, if I had no pre-arranged school sport, I would play a block down at the "Cape Town High School' field, and play whatever the sport of the day was, with whoever turned up. Laraine would be busy with her activities. On the days that neither was occupied, we often went a block further down to where the Vredehoek Sports Club was, and played on their playground together.

Laraine and I were very fortunate to go on vacations at least once a year. In June we would go inland to dry areas, away from the dampness of the Cape Town winters to places like Ceres, Montagu, Van Rhynsdorp, Hermanus and Oudtshoorn. Summer was either spent at Muizenberg, usually about a month, or on cruises up the East coast to Durban, Beira, Lourenco Marques and Nacala in Mocambique. When our Aunt Lily was in Port Elizabeth, we sometimes drove by car to visit her during the June holidays.



*Mom walking in town with Laraine*



I asked our neighbour Joyce Brock to give her impressions of living next door to us in Vredehoek for about ten years - 1946 to 1956. This is what she wrote.

*What an honour and a privilege to be asked by Alan to contribute memories from my childhood years of that beautiful and wonderful family home known as 'Belmor'.*

*We lived next door from about 1941 to 1956. A stone wall separated the two houses - sometimes we climbed over the wall and jumped onto the soft grass on the other side - our dog did that once and landed in the lily pond!*

*I loved the house, the garden and even more the family that lived there as well as their close knit extended family. But my favorites were Alan and Laraine. Alan is four months older than I am. As we grew a little, it didn't 'pas' (it didn't look right) for us to play together and so he 'switched' to my older brother, Clive and I switched to his younger sister. Although Laraine was three years younger than me, we got along well, played, giggled and did fun things together. She was my dear and treasured friend.*

*Alan went to kindergarten at (I think) Mrs Zbinowitz's school - quite a walk for a small child, but 'kanei nan horrer' (showing strength) he managed well. I too was taken there one morning and sat next to Alan. Soon after I arrived my dog arrived. - he was shooed away unceremoniously and the door was (not gently!) closed shutting him out. —*

*Oy Vey!! - that brought on the tears and I sat there snivelling and crying until it was playtime outside - when the children all went out to play I walked out of the gate and all the way home. My mother was not pleased with my first day at school and so I waited for Alan to pass my house on his way home - I thought I would finally get some sympathy or support - not a chance!. When he came by all he gave me was a glance and one word. 'BABY! And off he went. Alan was not very partial to my dog and if you ask him why, he may roll up his sleeve to show you.... Were the dog bit him and left a life-long scar.*

*I remember the dear grandmother Bella who always offered me jam sweets - not out of a packet, mind you, but out of an elegant dish! I can never walk past those sweets in the supermarket without thinking of her.*

*Every year the family celebrated their father Morris's birthday with a big party - of course, Clive and I were invited - we were always invited. I remember how Laraine and I used to stand together and listen to Molly sing - it was such a treat and we used to look forward to it - Molly had so much vitality and 'chain'. (sparkle).*

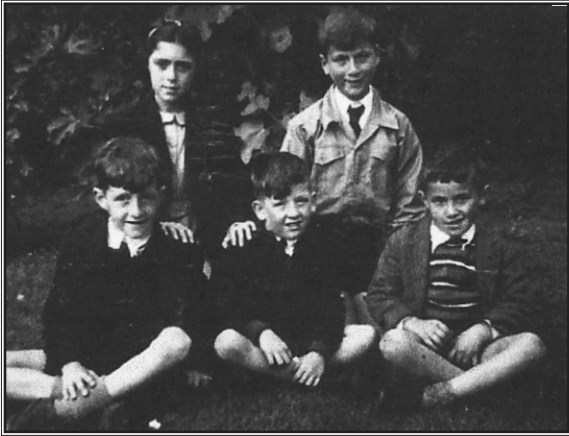
*After Shul on Shabbos, Rita used to make a 'Brocha' (kiddush & snacks) at the house. - 'old' Mr Kaimowitz and Issy used to bring their guests home - Mr & Mrs Gradner, CK Friedlander, the cousins from Waverly Blankets and others. The table was always beautifully bedecked with delicious 'gerichten' (treats) - I didn't remember the 'pitchah or brawn', (hardish jelly filled with carrots etc) but Rita reminded me years later how that was made.*

*A memory that has stuck in my mind and I am reminded of it constantly, is the way your Grandfather 'Benched' (Grace after Meals) - particularly the second last paragraph at the end - 'Just as G-d makes peace In his Heaven, may He also bring peace upon us and upon all Jewish people. Now answer: Amen*

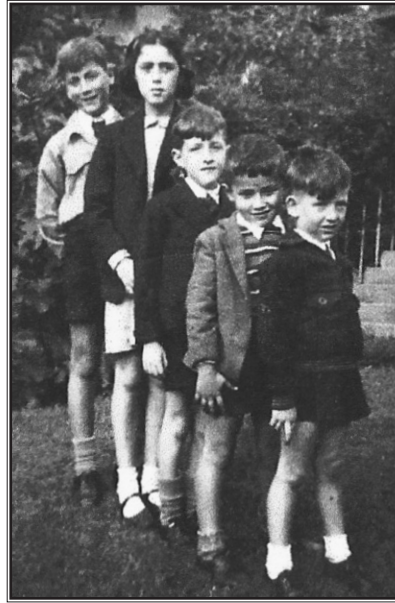
*What a wonderful way to remember such a special man.*

*With much love*

*Joyce (Brock) Levenstein*



*Ivan (12), Rosalie (13), Harold (8), Clive Brock (7), and Alan (5)*



*Van Rhynsdorp - July 1948*



*Freckles & Peeling Skin*



*Muizenberg - Alan, Daryl, Berri, Laraine, & Leon*

## *Our Move to Sea Point*

January 1960

Our Dad had done a deal with his brother Solly, to sell our house to him in Vredehoek. We would move out by the end of December 1959 and move into our new apartment at 201 Eden-Roc, Marais Road, Sea Point on January 1, 1960.

This changed Laraine's daily schedule as far as transport and lunch is concerned. Dad took her to school in the mornings. He also arranged for Laraine to have lunch everyday at the Avalon Hotel, right across the road from the school in Hope Street. She would go home after school by bus, together with Joyce Brock, who was also living in Sea Point at that time.

I had enrolled at UCT in the Commerce faculty and only started lectures at the end of February of 1960. As I did not have my Driver's License (which I could only get in May when I turned 18), my father arranged for a friend of his son, who was also at UCT, to give me a lift to University on certain days. These arrangements appeared to work out well.

Living in Sea Point was somewhat different. We were in the middle of things and everything was going on not far from us.



*Joyce and Clive Brock  
In Sea Point Apartment 1960*



*At Michael's Bar Mitzvah Party  
December 1959*

## *Poems & Rhymes*

### **MAN OF THE HOUSE**

*Thank you Dad for all you do,  
For helping us when we're in a stew,  
We only hope that you will remain  
The witty, helpful Isidore  
Whom everybody is always asking for.*

Your loving kids  
Alan & Laraine

### **TO THE GREATEST FATHER**

*Dearest Daddy, this is your day,  
Hence Alan & I wish you and pray  
That you may be spared for many a year,  
To love and spoil us as much as you can bear.  
Gifts we have none, so please forgive,  
But our very good wishes we herewith bestow  
And good children we'll be, from now on we vow.  
But one condition we would like to make  
That at least 100 more years be at stake,  
For you to be tolerant with us, dear dad,  
Even if at times we do drive you MAD.  
Time will tell and the day will come  
When we will repay you in a lump sum  
So until then, please daddy dear,  
Have patience with us and be  
The very best daddy  
to Alan and me.  
With fondest love*

### **FATHER'S DAY 1960**

*Sorry there are no presents on this annual Father's Day  
But Alan and I think that a few words are all that is needed to say  
That we wish you a Happy Father's Day  
From the bottom of our hearts  
To show that we appreciate all your doings, acts and thoughts  
(Supposed to rhyme)  
Happy Father's Day  
Tons of Love  
Alan & Laraine*

### **THE TIME DOES PASS...**

*The time does pass, I do not dare  
To think this is my 15th year.  
It only seems the other day  
When just a little girl at play,  
I was reminded that school I must start  
And looked forward to it with a happy heart.  
Now I am busy with my JC  
And can't help thinking how happy I'll be  
When my final exams I will pass  
And my swotting days will be over at last*

*October 10, 1960*



# *A Short Story*

## *by Laraine*

*"Oh, please Mom - just this once!" Pam's mother turned and faced her daughter with a stern face.*

*"Listen Pam, I've told you time and again that you are **not**, do you hear **not** - to go out with Cliff. He is \_\_\_\_". Mrs Greenling was unable to complete the sentence.*

*"Yes Mom - what is he?"*

*He \_\_\_ he \_\_\_ he \_\_\_ is just not my cup of tea. Now we have finished talking about him.*

*Pam Greenling sighed and gazed out of the window, for she knew that once her mother had stopped talking, she would ask her no more. Pam was quite strictly brought up by her mother, who was left a widow when Pam was four years old. Pam who was seventeen years old, was working at an office in town. That was where she had met Cliff. He was an Accountant and she was a short-hand typist and they often saw one another. Yet she was not allowed to go out with him - she couldn't understand it.*

*The next day at work was upsetting for Pam for she felt she couldn't face Cliff and tell him that she couldn't go to the Annual Dance on Saturday. She longed to go out with him - besides the short-breaks - for she felt that she was really falling in love.*

*She looked at her watch and saw it was already time for the tea-break. But where was Cliff? Usually he was all smiles at this time when he came to her desk.*

*She got up, tidied her hair, straightened her neat little dress, and walked towards some of Cliff's' friends. She had asked them where Cliff was, one of them replied that he did not come to work that day, but must be sick.*

*"Sick?" echoed Pam, her mouth slightly ajar, her eyes widening and a worried expression on her forehead. She immediately realised that Cliff couldn't just have a common cold, because he would never stay away from work.*

*All through the day her thoughts were on Cliff. She was determined to go to visit him after the office closed, and she got his address from a friend of his. She didn't have time to think of what her mother would say, but as soon as the office closed, she hurriedly walked to his house.*

*Fortunately it was not far from the office. When she drew nearer towards the homely looking cottage, she slowed down a bit. She was getting nervous - but she overcame that by taking a deep breath and she rang the doorbell.*

*After a short pause, the door was opened by a man in his fifties, graying at the temples, who obviously was Cliff's father. When she asked if she could see Cliff, the man replied:*

*"Who are you - Joy Greenlings daughter?" "*

*Why \_ er \_ yes. Do you \_ er \_ know my mother?"*

*Mr Taylor looked the other way and said: "Cliff is in that room" and he indicated the direction with his finger.*

*"Thanks" Pam murmured and stepped noiselessly along the edge-to-edge carpeting towards Cliff's door. She knocked and a soft "come in" made her open the door.*

*It was quite a different Cliff she saw in bed. He was pale, unshaven and his room wasn't exactly tidy.*

*Pam ran to his bedside and murmured "Cliff, oh Cliff, what is wrong with you?"*

*Cliff was still trying to get over the surprise of seeing Pam at his home and together with his temperature, he looked quite dazed. All he did was mutter "Pam".*

*Then he answered Pam's question by simply saying "I have flu - quite a bad attack of it.*

*Mind, you don't get it!"*



*She looked at him with love in her eyes. She longed to kiss him over and over again.*

*"Oh Cliff, I won't catch the flu and in any case I don't mind - I'll sit here day and night looking after you". "I wouldn't mind it dearest, especially as there is no woman in the house", Cliff replied.*

*"What do you mean \_ \_ \_ your mother?" Pam stammered. "No, I have no mother, just like you have no father."*

*"Oh, I am sorry" she said. Then there was silence.*

*Then she said quite gaily - "Your father seems to know my mother"*

*"Oh does he?. I didn't know"*

*"Neither did I - but Cliff - my Mom...still won't let you go out with me? I really wonder why". Cliff said, with a disappointed look on his face.*

*"Oh Cliff, I missed you so much at work today - I really can't tell you how much. That's why I came here to see you." Pam looked up at him, her eyes shining. "I am so glad you did". He stretched out his arms, she got out of her kneeling position and came to sit on his bed and they kissed.*

*Suddenly she withdrew, looked at her watch and exclaimed - "dearest , I must be off. Mom will be mad with me. Anyway, keep well and I'll come here tomorrow". "Goodbye my dearest, please don't forget tomorrow."*

*As Pam entered her house, she saw her mother look up from her knitting "A bit late, I see, huh?"*

*"Well...er... Mom, you see...."*

*"Don't worry about making any excuses - where have you just been dear? I know perfectly well from Claire in the office that you went to Cliff. Now how many more times must I tell you not to go to him - oh dear, here we go again!"*

*"Mommy, won't you please just do me a favour by giving me a proper reason why you disapprove of poor Cliff - you know he is sick with 'flu?"*

*Mrs Greenling looked down at her knitting, fumbled with it, took a deep breath and said. "Pam dear. I hadn't intended telling you this, but you seem very mature. I think this is the answer to your question" She paused, looked down on to the floor and continued.*



Laraine walking in Cape Town 1960



Laraine's Jewelry



*"Cliff's father, I suppose you know him, was in love with me and I was in love with him years before I got married. But, ...but he let me down badly, so I broke up our friendship".*

*Pam was listening with open eyes but she had a puzzled expression on her face. "But Mom, what was that to do with Cliff and I?"*

*"That's what I'm coming to dear. The only reason I didn't want you to go out with Cliff was that I was afraid the same thing would happen to you, and you seem so much in love".*

*"Oh Mommy!". Pam got up and flung her arms around her mother's neck.*

*"I thought you were being spiteful and meanwhile it was all love. But now....can I go out with Cliff to the dance on Saturday night? I'm sure he'll be better by then."*

*"With pleasure dear, but why not ask Cliff and his father one night for supper? I am sure they're lonely without a woman to supervise the house."*

*"Oh, that's too fabulous Mom! I'll ask them for the night that Cliff gets better".*

*During the course of the week two romances ripened. Mrs Greenling felt that she had to speak with Mr Taylor before he came to supper. She knew that she was still in love with him and he with her.*

*Pam and Cliff had never been happier. Cliff said that on his 25th birthday the following year, they would get married.*

*Their parents decided not to make it a double wedding but to wait a few months longer to lead the life of two people: mother and mother-in-law: father and father-in-law!*

# *Laraine's Diary*

## *Introduction*

I am now 13 ½ years old, and decided to write a kind of diary, which will include all my life story that I can remember.

Today is the 29th July, 1959, and I am in Std 7A in Good Hope Seminary Senior School. I can't remember very far back, but looking through my and my mother's photograph albums, I shall try to remember some of the most exciting incidents.

I may try to illustrate some events, even though I am not very good at art.

When I come up to my present age, I will stop writing and in a few years time, I will again attempt to write my autobiography - such an exciting one I **must** say!

This is all for the introduction.

## Chapter One

I was born on Wednesday, 10th October 1945, now known as Kruger Day. I was a whopper of a baby at birth - 8lbs, but at the age of three years, I began to get thinner. I think the real reason is that I was just plain 'lazy' to eat.

After I was born, I was taken to my parents' flat 'Sunrose Court' where, I suppose my brother, Alan, eagerly awaited seeing me. He was then three years old.

Unfortunately, that year, my father's mother died, and we went to stay in my grandpa's house, Bel-Mor, 1 Bradwell Road, Vredehoek. This is still my present house (1959).

It is a large 7 roomed double-storey house and has enormous grounds. It has many fruit trees and a lovely fish pond. There are two maids rooms and a garage and cellar.

When I was eighteen months old, my parents went on a boat trip to Durban. So where did Alan and I go? We simply went and stayed with our other granny, we called her Ma, and still do. She is my mother's mother, and she looked after us as if we were her children. Well she was experienced - she had four kids: Gertie, Mannie, Rita (my mother) and Lily. I heard that when my mother returned, I was so attached to Ma, that I would not let her go.

I do not recall anything at the age of 3 to 5 years. I suppose we went for drives to Sea Point and I was friendly with my next-door neighbour, Joyce Brock, whose brother Clive, was friendly with Alan. Joyce was Alan's age.

I was about five years when I got German measles which prevented me from being a Flower Girl at my Auntie Lily's wedding. She got married to Uncle Bill (Myers).

I remember distinctly standing at the porch window upstairs (I suppose I was recovering then) when Daddy rolled up in his new car. It was a 1949 Plymouth and it served us well for a very long time.

At that stage, Mommy tells me that we had a girl (*maid*), Aisah, who, when feeding me, took every second spoonful of porridge for herself. Don't worry, she got the sack!

We also had a boy, Cock-eye. (That was our nick-name for him, I don't know why). One day we took the hose-pipe and as he had the outside room, we soaked it. He left soon after that, but to this day, when I see him, he always greets me.

## Chapter Two

**1950** - At the age of 5 years 3 months, Mommy took me to Good Hope Seminary Junior School to see if they could get me in. They said that I was too young. (as my birthday was only in October when I would be six), but Miss Noakes (the Sub A teacher) advised Mommy to take me to Auntie Dot - a kindergarten teacher.

I went there in Molteno Road, Oranjezicht (now the house of one of the girls in my class), and was accepted. Am I pleased - because not only did I get prizes in that school for Arithmetic and Writing, but, the following year when I went back to Good Hope, my standard was too high for those of Sub A, so I skipped it and went on to Sub B.

**1951** - We went on a boat trip up the coast to Beira. Gee! Was it hot there!

**1952** - My first day at school was frightful - I cried all through break. But I remember so clearly when Miss Codner, the Sub B teacher came to call me. She simply stood in the passage and said; 'come on Laraine'.

In Sub B we made lovely handwork articles, and I made something, I don't know if it was the best, so it remained in the cupboard till the end of the year. At the end of that year I received a Steady Work Prize.

**1953** - In Standard 1, I had Miss Noakes and I remember now that there was one boy in the whole class of 36 girls. All of us were terribly shy to sit next to him.

In June that year, Alan contracted Chicken-Pox and I caught it from him. I missed the June exams and therefore missed a prize too.

On my 8th Birthday, I received a baby grand piano for a present (not for me alone). So I started learning with Miss Pam Stubbs for about a week. Then Miss Klein took me over and I learnt with her for about two years. I entered the Eisteddfod and got Grade 2 (Merit). Mommy thought she was too soft on me and that I did not practise enough. So she took me to Miss Burton, a very good teacher who had a partner, Mrs Ruben. I had one lesson with each. I also learnt with her for 2 to 3 years. I was sorry to leave, but I was busy every afternoon of the week with Drama, Netball etc.

**1954** - It was quite an honour to be in Standard 2 as the classroom was upstairs. The class teacher Miss Vaughan was a middle aged, nervous nurse. She had a habit of biting her nails and at times, when very upset, she cried.

It was at about this time that my cousin Benita got married to Morris. I was a Flower-Girl and my other cousin Berry, too. We had terrific fun practising how to walk down the aisle.....slowly. The worst thing was the fittings. Oh! How I dreaded them .....and still do. I had a pink satin, long dress with pale mauve and pink (2 layers) net over it. We had a little crown each and a bouquet on our ballet shoes too.

I had also begun ballet and learnt music. I started ballet in Standard 1 and Tap with Miss Klugman. She was a lovely teacher and I was getting on very well and was going to enter the Eisteddfod, when I gave it up. I don't know why....

I started taking up speech in Standard 1 with Mrs Satusky and in Standard 3, Miss Fairlie came along and taught us Drama. What drama? We had to lie on our backs on the floor and breathe properly. In Standard 5 Miss Millstein took us - she was a bit better. In Standard 6 Miss Houghton took over.

At this time I was very friendly with Leonie Boruchowitz, a girl who stayed near me. We used to have fabulous times together - and both of us used to giggle away. She was a funny girl - if she was to have a party e.g. she would prepare and arrange it months before time. She had a fancy dress party once and six months before, she had everything arranged. Later on, in Standard 6 our friendship ended.

## *Chapter Three*

**1955** - In Standard 3 we had a terrific, young teacher - Miss Radomsky. Really. She wasn't so good, but she was very pretty and she used to tell us about her boy friends etc. The result was that we became very attached to her. On her birthday we bought presents, streamers - the lot. I was Class Captain in the last term and one day she walked around the room with folded arms and a worried expression. She told me to get some Aspros - I did - and only later did we know that she was going to have her appendix out. We went to visit her.

In 1955 (this year) it was Alan's Barmitzvah. You can imagine the excitement and preparations. "Should we send out invitations?" "Should we have a Brocha?" Mommy and I had to have new dresses. So - fittings again! Anyhow, it went off very well, the Rabbi spoke of Alan's singing his Maftir with real feeling, (whilst I was laughing). Later there was a Brocha in the Old Shul. (Date 21st May 1955). The next day, Auntie Golda and Uncle Max were very sweet to let us have their house for Cocktails. That was OK, but a bit overcrowded. It amused me to see Alan standing at the door, not to welcome the guests, but to take in the presents!. He had so many pen sets, that he gave one to Mom and one to me.

At the end of Standard 3, I received the Neatness prize.

**1956** - In Standard 4, Miss Lenmer - later Mrs Jansen, taught us. She was very sweet, but could she shout! She happened to stay very near to me, so, often after school, I walked home with her. One day, when she was loaded with presents, Lesley Grayce (a new girl in Standard 3, came with Marion Brint who was forever having fights with Pamela Gradner). Leonie and I helped her, so she took us to town and bought us tea. At the end of Standard 4, I again received a Neatness prize. (Getting a bit tired of it).



At the beginning of the year (In the 6 weeks holiday), I contracted Yellow Jaundice, luckily only mildly. So I stayed in bed for about 3 to 4 weeks. It was really ghastly.

Meanwhile I thought of something! Why can't we form a sort of club - like Enid Blyton's "Secret Seven". I got a few girls together, Lesley, Leonie, Jill, Marion, Pepsi (Pamela) - we had meetings every Sunday morning at 9:30 am. It was real fun - "The Pine Club" it was called - but, it only lasted a few months, then CAPUT!!

I also started taking Hebrew lessons with Berry at Mrs Gersholowitz (up the road) for about two terms, then also CAPUT !!! I'm a real \_ \_ \_

In Standard 4, I started going with the Standard 5's to Kirstenbosch for Nature Study lessons, and walked around the Gardens. It was fabulous - the bus journey there and back was the best. Our teacher, Miss Johns was so mad about little insects etc, that if you trod on an ant, she was furious - I mean FURIOUS.

**1957** - In Standard 5, I had Mrs Dreyer as my class teacher. She was a real teacher - tight bun, grey hair, fairly well built and she stood like a teacher. I was one of the prefects and I had Standard 1 and Standard 3 to supervise - at different terms. Standard 1 first term and standard 3, last 3 terms. It was lovely.



*Prefects in Standard 5 with Mrs Dreyer (Class Teacher)*

**1958** - In January, I stepped into Good Hope Senior School, Hope Street. Miss Tyfield, principal, stands like a statue on the stage at assembly time, but speaks beautifully. I was put into Standard 6A - Miss Smit being the class teacher. It was not like the Junior School, having one teacher for English, Afrikaans, History etc., but one for every subject including LATIN.

These are my Standard 6 teachers and subjects. (Note all the Miss's)

English	Miss Allsop	(Young, Terrif.)
Afrikaans	Miss Smit	(Just nice)
Social Studies	Miss Smit	(Just nice)
Maths	Mrs Potter	(Ooch! A drinker!)
Latin	Miss Hulston	(Oi she imagined Julius Caesar outside)
Science	Miss Martheze	(Sweet)
Gym	Miss Haines	(Bitch)
Art	Miss Lekes	(Play around)

We had weekly collections and our own special collections for the School Feeding Scheme. By the way, I weighed +/-90 lbs then. I was very sorry to leave Miss Smit at the end of the year, when I took the Academic Course and Latin as a third language. I then became more friendly with Marion Brint and Rosalie Wolff, Pepsi and Lynn and Naomi.

I have just thought of something which happened in 1958. We got a cook-general, her name was Miss Marie Kennedy. She was a wonderful cook - the best we've had and it was a real tonic to see her in the mornings, full of beans and always smiling. The only unfortunate part was that she liked a bit of a drink, but that only made her cheerful and jolly.

In Standard 7A, Mrs du Plessis was my Class Teacher. She was very motherly, lectured too much about manners. (We were a terrible class though!). I decided to take a Jazz course, so I took classes with Charles Segal for 3 to 4 months - FINISH! Then Mommy suggested taking up at school (Classical), so I took up with Miss Snyman. She isn't bad, but every lesson she started speaking about the weather - "Oh, isn't it cold" etc.

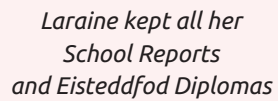
**1959** - In March, I joined Habonim and was in Gedud Chamadia. Our Gedud (group) met in Eva Singer's house in Upper Orange Street, but it was only girls. We went to many functions and I was usually walked home by either Barry Shenker or Ronnie Kaufmann. (I am writing all this junk just for future times sake).

On September 13th, 1959, my dearest aunt Gertie passed away. It naturally left everyone shocked, therefore Ma went to stay at Alphen House Hotel, Sea Point for a while.

At the time when I am writing this (December, one day before school breaks up for six weeks, there is much excitement around the house). The reason being that on the 28th we are moving to Sea Point. We shall then stay at "Eden-Roc (Flats) Oliver Road, Sea Point. I am not as keen as everyone else to go, but what can I do? It is a fabulous block of flats and Uncle Solly and Auntie Goulda are going to buy our house.

It was a real wonder this year - I actually received a Steady Work prize (Standard 7).

**1960** - I am now writing on 15 May.. We are already staying in our new flat. I really don't know why I said 'already', because we have been here for about five months already, and it really is lovely. In summer it was even better, because if I wanted to go to the beach, I just went down the road. Besides, every evening there was some free entertainment on the lawns at London Road. (Berry and Brenda danced every week) so that was really my evening rendezvous.



Really the flat is lovely - it is a 5-roomed one. I don't think I can say anything else about it. Oh, yes! I met a very sweet girl from the block of flats and then found out she was French. Actually, she only speaks French, as she came from Belgian Congo. I became very friendly with her and her parents (her name was Lea Israel). At the beginning of this year she is going to Good Hope Seminary Boarding school (poor child), as her parents went overseas. So far, I have been bringing food and biscuits etc to her at school.

I feel that I must write about Friday night. Our setwork book for JC (Junior Certificate - Standard 8), was Julius Caesar. I should know it pat-off, anyhow on the eve of our completeness of exams, Sea Point Boys High School put on a play - which I went to see. It was so bad, that I enjoyed it - from laughing! Shame, they kept on forgetting their words and the whole play was so amateurish. Now I realise how good our school is.

At the end of April (30th), Sandra Gottschalk and I went to see the Royal Ballet from England doing 'Swan Lake'. It was so beautiful that I can't even explain it to you. At the end of the Ballet, we were very keen to get autographs, so as they were bowing and having enchores, we quickly got up and I went to a door which I knew led backstage. With nervous hands I opened the door and found myself in a room full of cosmetics etc. Suddenly, Sandra turned to her left and said "look, there's the stage"!

My stomach turned when I saw that to the left of us was the stage - AND THEY WERE STILL BOWING. Suddenly a big voice boomed out. "What the dickens do you think you're doing here?" We made up a feeble excuse and disappeared rather quickly. Well that was an experience!!

I have just looked back and saw that last year I weighed +/- 90 lbs. Well this year I am weighing +/- 118lbs at the moment. Quite good - eh!

I am finding Standard 8 quite difficult - particularly Latin and Maths. Oh, do I wish I could drop Latin! My Class Teacher is Mrs Mann she is fabulous.

On 6th May (day after Alan's birthday) I didn't give him anything 'cos I'm broke. I bought a 35 shilling present for Mom & Dad from Alan and I have to pay for everything. Princess Margaret got married to Antony Armstrong-Jones. She really looks lovely in pictures and films. At the moment they are on the Royal Yacht, Britannia on their honeymoon.

I have three Pen Friends : Renelle Sieff (PE), Gillian Robinson (Benoni, TVL), Rosie Newman (Bloemfontein). Actually they are not pen friends, because I have already met them all.

*This was Laraine's last entry in her 'diary'.*



*On Grandpa Morris's 85th Birthday  
(Second Day Rosh Hashanah)  
September 1960*

## 26 October, 1960

Standard day for all. Laraine went to school, I went to University, Dad went to work. That evening we all went out and left Laraine at home as she had JC Examinations the next day and wanted to stay home and study. Mom and Dad went out for dinner to Benita & Morris Munitz in Claremont and I had arrangements to go to the movies in the city with friends, Brian Kantor and Brian Bowman.

On our way home, I was in a car driven by Brian Bowman. As we turned down from High Level Road towards the Main Road in Sea Point, one of the wheels had a puncture. As it was getting late, we decided to leave the car there until the morning and walk to my block of flats and take my Dad's car, knowing that by this hour my parents should already be home.

As we walked down Oliver Road, we heard screams coming from 'down the road'. We walked to the garage and found my Dad's car parked inside with the bonnet over the engine still warm. I knew my parents were home and I took Brian home. I must have returned about 10 minutes later and parked the car in the garage. When I got upstairs to the second floor I noticed the front door was open and the lights were all on. There were people hanging around. As I entered the apartment my Mom was hysterical told that Laraine was dead. My had broken into the apartment and Solly arrived at our home and he told of virus that attacked the brain.

My Mom told me to call her mother arrived soon after. Earlier on when my frantic and he called Dr Brock. He was phone. Clive, a second year Medical apartment immediately and told my *Laraine is dead!*



and tears filled my Dad's eyes. I was immediate thought was that someone killed her. It was then that my Uncle me that she must have had some form

and Mannie to inform them. They parents arrived home, my Dad was out and his son Clive answered the student at the time, came over to our father what he didn't want to hear -



## Observations...

**Clive Brock** writes in answer to my request (September 24, 2019):

*The night Laraine died is indelibly etched in my mind. Your Dad phoned to ask my father to come over urgently, because he was worried that there was something not right with Laraine. My father (a Doctor) was out working at the time. I was a medical student but decided to go to your flat in Sea Point. When I got there Laraine was already cold. I'll never forget the look in your father's eye which indicated that he already knew the worst had happened, but wanted confirmation. I can remember saying 'Mr Kaimowitz, Laraine is dead' His grief was unbearable, and I didn't know how to be in these tragic circumstances. Then your uncle Solly came in carrying his Medical bag and bringing his authority as a doctor. When I last saw Solly, we spoke about that night. He told me that Laraine had tuberculosis that affected her brain.*

My comment regarding what Clive had to say. 'I remember, in the days that followed, going with my parents to have x-rays to check if we were clear of TB. Thank goodness we were!'

My cousin **Trevor Kaye** (Solly's son) and also a Doctor, in response to my request for a story about Laraine, responded: *It is a lovely idea. Long overdue. I was 11 when your sister died and while I remember the night it happened, I really don't have many personal memories of her. Yes, I do have some photos when we were young, but little else. The issue was that she was NEVER discussed. It was painful for your parents and her life was never really celebrated, so the memories were not reinforced over the years. Very sad.*

*She had a seizure secondary to miliary TB involving her brain.*

My comment about what Trevor had to say.

The issue about the fact that Laraine was never discussed, was something I felt. I remember my grandmother Rosa Kohn speaking to me about no one ever talking about Laraine. Our home was quiet. The silence was deafening! My parents were hit so hard, they were knocked out! Perhaps In retrospect we should have been counselled.

My cousin **Brenda Kerbel** (Solly and Goulda's daughter), also a Doctor, in response to my request for a story about Laraine, wrote:

*Wow Alan! I wish I could help you with this. I was only about 8 years old at the time so I have very few memories. I do remember my mom always telling me that Laraine wrote a diary. I know she was an excellent English student and a prize is still given in her name at Good Hope for Grade 10 (then Standard 8).*

*What a wonderful tribute it would be for Laraine.*

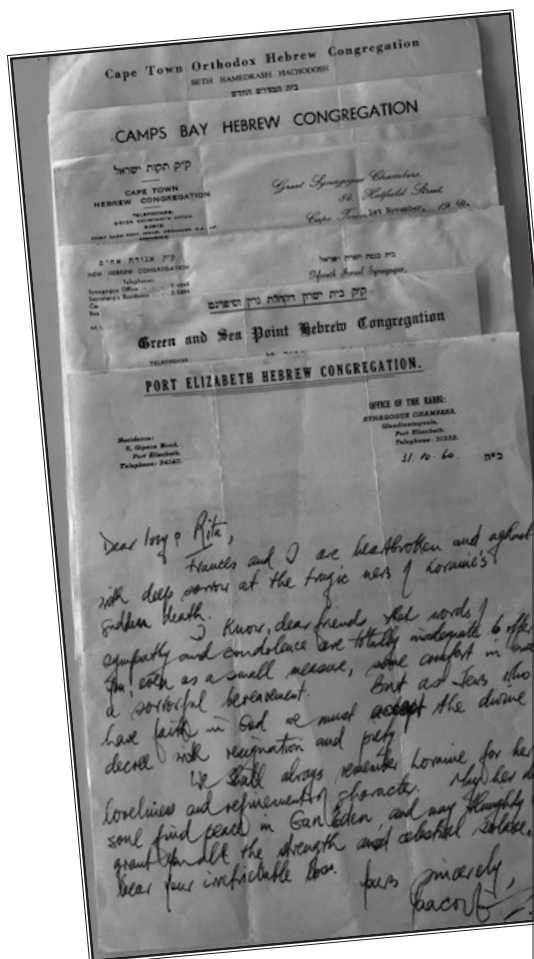
My cousin **Berri Stuppel**, in response to my request for a story about Laraine, called me and mentioned the following: *She remembers her; Porcelain looking white freckled face; her beautiful curly hair; and her Angelic smile. She knew she kept a diary and would write beautiful Poetry and Stories.*

My cousin on my mothers' side, **Sally (Selwood) Abrahams**, agreed that this is a wonderful tribute to Laraine. *She writes that her only memory of that evening, which I am sure you're aware of, is that your family went for dinner to Benita that night. The reason that Laraine did not go as well was that she was studying for JC - Junior Certificate. I was staying with Benita because my mother had recently passed away (13 September). I remember some members of the family saying that Gertie (Sally's Mother), had died in order to look after Laraine.*

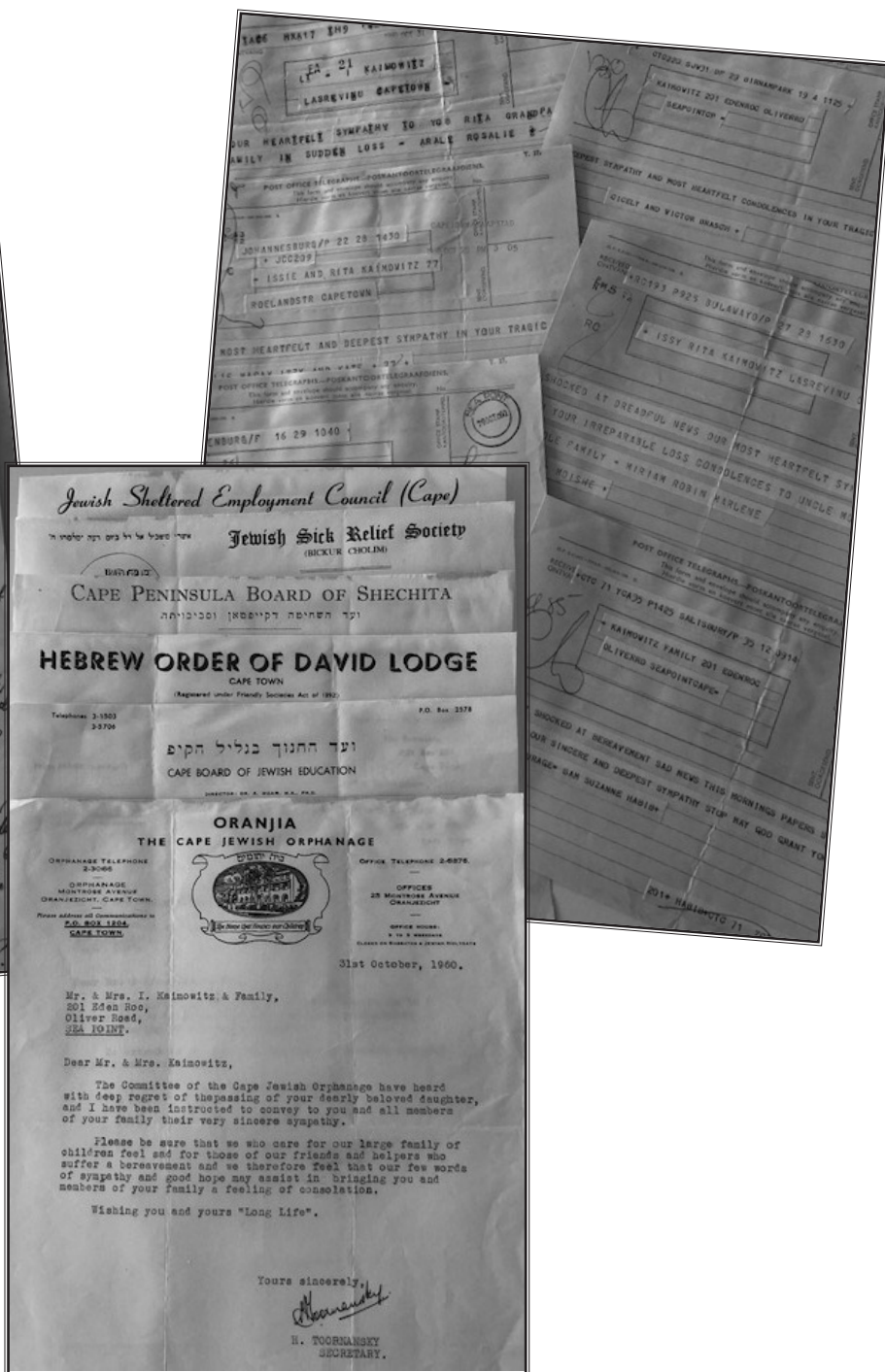
My cousin **Daryl Kaimowitz** writes: *My earliest memories of Laraine go back to our very regular visits to Belmor where the family always popped in to see Grandpa, or Father as the older generation referred to him. Laraine was the closest in age to me as she was only 4 months younger. We would play in the garden and I recall a dividing stone wall separating the garden and the fruit trees. I would sit with legs straddling the wall pretending it was a horse. Laraine was too ladylike to join me. Every Chanukah we would stand in a line with all our cousins outside Grandpa's bedroom door waiting to get our Chanukah Gelt. A tradition that has such fond memories that I do that for my grandchildren. Another memory was going to the beach in Muizenberg where we all congregated near box 33, the double green box which the family rented for many years. Laraine had a very fair skin and was always covered with cream. As we got older, I was allowed to walk from Strathcona Road, Oranjezicht by myself down to Belmor on a Sunday morning. Laraine played classical music and I always asked her to play a particular piece for me on the baby grand piano. Unfortunately I cannot remember what the piece was called. After your move to Eden-Roc in Oliver Road we obviously did not see as much of each other. Then came that fatal day on 26 October 1960. I recall my Mom coming to my bedroom saying that Laraine was very seriously ill and then maybe a half hour later was told she passed away. I think my Mom did not want to come out and tell me directly. Probably as difficult for her as she knew it would be for me. It was the first burial I had ever attended. I have only fond memories of Laraine and commend you for producing this book.*



*This is the last picture taken of the  
Issy & Rita Kaimowitz Family Unit  
before Laraine passed away a few weeks later*



Dad kept all Condolence Messages  
In a specially manufactured  
Memorial Book





# GOOD HOPE SEMINARY HIGH SCHOOL

Standard 8a, 1960



Rear (l. to r.): Barbara Helfet, Eileen Joseph, Margaret Dyason, Lorraine Derman, Diana Joseph, Gaby Schnitzer, Annalein Kühn.  
Laraine Kaimowitz, Deena Lifson, Gita Phillips, Rica Shar, Denise Mears, Sandra Klass.  
Kathleen Cherry, Patricia Nocton-Smith, Marlene Stern, Caryll Michael, Erica Mosselson.  
Marion Brint, Pamela Blum, Rosalie Wolff, Lesley Mitchell, Heather Loon.

*This picture was taken by Laraine  
a few days before she passed away on October 26, 1960.*

*(Her face has been inserted in the second back row, second from left)*

## Condolences

### MESSAGE FROM JOYCE BROCK

This message was written soon after my Mom (Rita) had passed away June 2003, at the age of 88. Joyce came to pay respects while I was sitting 'Shiva'.

*To my dear friend Laraine Monica*

*You were three years younger than me. We lived next door to each other and were best friends. On Tuesday this week your dear Mommy passed away. Alan tells me that she passed away at 5.10 pm - 5 being the month (May) that Alan was born and 10 being the month (October), that you were born - treasured numbers for her.*

*Yesterday, I visited Alan and since then I have been thinking of you constantly. Do you remember the last time we were together? We were on the bus coming home from school. It was 3.10pm (again the 10) - time for me to get off at my stop. I got up and we waved each other good-bye with. 'See you tomorrow'.*

*Hashem, in His wisdom, did not give you a 'tomorrow' on this earth. Before midnight, alone in your bed, with your 16-day old birthday present, a wrist watch, still on your arm, you returned your beautiful soul to your Maker. Just like that - no illness, no warning. You were 15 years old. The undeveloped spool with the photographs of us with our brothers taken on your birthday, was still in my camera.*

*We, left behind, asked questions. There were no answers. I, like everyone else, was totally 'tzebrogen' (Broken Hearted). I did not attend your 'levaya' (burial) because I had a ridiculous 'Taalbond' exam that day! I have always felt uncomfortable about this but perhaps Hashem was protecting me - a raw wound was opened up with your passing away only eight and a half years after my dear mother.*

*Yesterday I told Alan's children about the time I had a 'farieble' (disagreement over nonsense) with you. I told them that I have no doubt that the 'farieble' came from me as I never knew you to offend. I sulked and would not speak or play with you. Your dear wonderful grandfather Morris, whom we all respected, saw me in the street and called me over. I did not want to go to him because I sensed he had something up his sleeve, but out of honour to him I would never have disobeyed. He took my hand firmly in his, called you and took your hand in his, and then put our hands all together. He did not let go immediately and waited for my anger to thaw. When he thought there was enough 'shalom', he let go and off the two of us skipped - two little girls that we were, me a little awkward at first but not for long. No talking things through, apologies or blaming - just relief that a silly situation was sorted out so peacefully. What a lesson and so beautifully taught.*

*Dearest Laraine, I have never forgotten you in all these years. I still don't have answers but I have found comfort. Last week on the internet a Rabbi wrote - ' One of the most painful mysteries of the world is our inability to understand how someone, innocent of all sin suffers sickness. It is taught by the Rabbis that children - who never even had a chance to sin..... Are pure and great souls who are here in this world to rectify a particular problem to reach their ultimate perfection and enter the World to Come.*

*Who better than me, your childhood friend, who played with you daily and knew you from infancy, are in a better position to say that indeed, your 'nashuma' (soul or spirit) was pure and beautiful. Nastiness, spitefulness, hostility (all part of growing up for the rest of us) were truly foreign to you. You were innocent, naive, sweet and unspoilt. You were genuinely 'tzneus', (modest & humble) and yes, you were I sensed all of this as a child but today, somehow, it has become clearer to me. You were, in a sense of another world. I feel honoured and privileged that Hashem gave me those years to be friends with you. King Solomon said, 'the beauty of the king's daughter lies within'. The beauty of your life will lie within me forever.*

*May your dear soul always rest in peace.*

*With much love.*

*Joyce*

*20th June, 2003*



## *After the Mourning Period*

Life for my parents was never quite the same after Laraine's passing. They tried to get on with their lives after the mourning period, but that just did not happen. It's not right or fair to lose a child, children are meant to survive their parents.

People react differently to death. My Mom developed a phobia for cleanliness and she suffered with OCB - Obsessive Compulsive Behaviour, for the rest of her life. She would wash her hands constantly and be extremely careful about what she touched at all times.

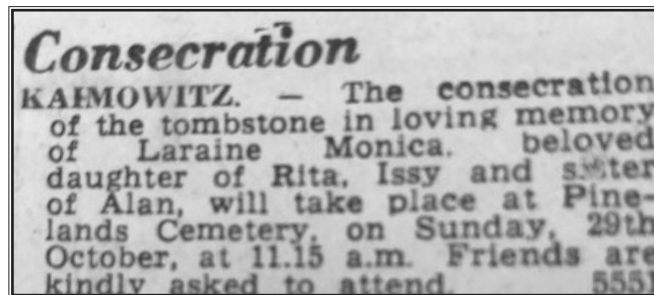
Unfortunately for my Mom, she went through a bad period, with one close family member passing-on close to the other, without giving her time to recover. Her eldest sister Gertie, died of a Brain Hemorrhage in September 1959; her daughter Laraine, died in October 1960 and her brother Mannie, died of Cancer in 1966. She would mourn for the full year each time and never allow herself to participate in any enjoyment during their mourning periods.

Early in 1962, my Dad's father Morris, passed away at the age of 87. He was now in mourning for another twelve months and my Mom again was not availing herself to any form of entertainment during this mourning period.

In 1962 I applied to further my studies at the London College of Printing and spend close to a year away from home. Towards the end of my studies, when my parents got concerned about the terrible 'smog' (intense air pollution caused by fog combined with smoke and other atmospheric pollutants around London), they started panicking and I had no choice but to come home and avoid any further unnecessary tragedies.

In the mid-sixties, she started playing a bit of Lawn Bowls at the Stadium Bowling Club where my Dad, her brother Mannie, and brother-in-law Bill, were all members. She did quite well, but never really got into the game. Fortunately this was not the case with Bridge. She continued playing this for many years and had regular games arranged for two afternoons a week.

She was a wonderful daughter to her mother, Ma. She was always there for her and must have seen each other almost every day - they lived very close- only a street apart in Sea Point. Her sister Lily, also lived in Sea Point and they spent a lot of time together.



When I married Roslyn Badash in 1972, she developed a new lease on life. My Mom and Dad started travelling overseas again and they would tend to socialize more often at the Stadium Bowling Club. When the grandchildren were born, they could not wait to see their progress and on most Friday nights invited the whole family over for Shabbat meals. She had lost none of her ability in the kitchen and her maids were always trained to prepare the meals 'in her style'.

My Mom would enjoy dressing up for occasions and enjoyed dancing on cruises and various celebrations and simchas.

My Dad worked a full day in the family business until he was about 70. After that, he worked mornings only and played bowls most afternoons. He loved to walk, especially on the Sea Point beach front, where he could always be recognized in his floppy hat and a walking stick (for company only).

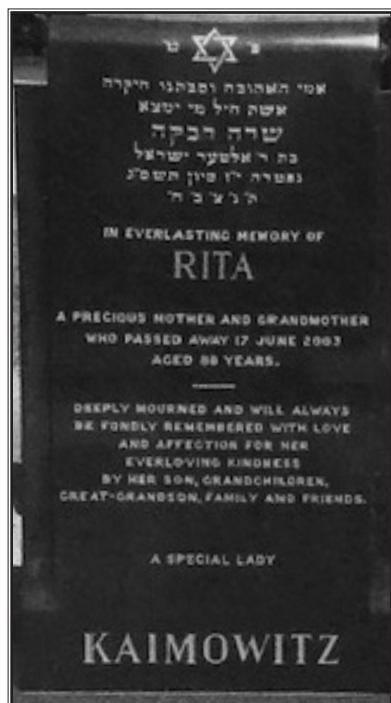
When my Dad passed away so suddenly and unexpectedly on October 27, 1983 whilst playing Bowls, he said to his team mates moments before, that he needed to sit down for a minute as he was not feeling well - he walked off by himself and sat in a chair in the clubhouse. When they went to check on him a few minutes later - he had already passed away. He was only 77.

Life once again became tough for my Mom. She was always so dependant on my Dad. She never drove a car and getting around was not that easy for her. Obviously I helped a lot, but I wasn't always available! She relied a lot on TV programs to keep her occupied and spent a lot of time chatting on the phone to her sister Lily, and sister-in-law Kalcia.

In 1984, she eventually moved out of Eden-Roc, to a beautiful apartment in Milton Manor. Thereafter, she went to Mutual Place on the Beach Front, and a few years later to the Belmont Kosher Hotel in Sea Point where she spent six years. During her stay, where she had a beautiful suite at the Belmont she developed Dementia symptoms and shortly thereafter, fell and broke her hip. She now required Palliative Care and the only suitable place for her to go to at that time was Highlands House (a Jewish Old Aged Home). She spent two years there before passing away June 17, 2003 after breaking a second hip at the age of 88.

## Family Tombstones

### Pinelands, Cape Town



A Yahrzeit Candle is lit for Laraine on 6 Cheshvan every year

# Our Family Tree

