



Rom Yosef (Yoske Romanovsky)
 Born 28 June 1926 in Tel Aviv
 Volunteered for the Palmach in Jerusalem in 1944
 Joined the Palyam in 1945

This is the Way it Was

In the summer of 1944, after I had completed my studies at the Hebrew Gymnasium in Rehavia, Jerusalem, I volunteered for the Palmach (F Company, which was called or named "Jerusalem company" because it was manned mainly by people from Jerusalem), and was sent with a group of other fellows to Kibbutz Ein Harod. Our recruiters were Dani Mas and Beni (Benchik) Persitz (later they were members of the ill-fated 35 who fell on the way to Gush Etzion). This year they succeeded in making soldiers of us after having failed to do so when we were still in our 11th year of schooling.

Many of my companions from Jerusalem, and my commanders in the Palmach have already gone from this world, some fell in battle, some died of old age and one was hung. May their memory be blessed. Among these were : my company commander, Shaul Yoffe, my platoon commander, Bar-Atid (Bill) Vilenchuk, Shmulik Kaufman, Yitzchak Dukler (Duki), eli Blum, Amnon Berman, Gavri Kasheyof and Avshalom Haviv. Others, may they know good health, have been privileged like myself to last longer.

As I look back, names of others with whom I spent this period of my life come to mind. The first is Shimon Maisel, (now my brother-in-law), Moshe Vachman (Eran), Izzi Rabinowitch (Rahav), Yisrael Reznick, Dobi Yaski, Meir be Tzvi and others. Our company in Ein Harod had only male members. It seems that I may have left that company a bit too soon and therefore I missed out on the reception for three young ladies who joined soon after: Lea Shlossberg (Rabin), Tamar Kofika (Yakir) and Zohara Levitov. I only met them when I came to visit Ein Harod later on. These three girls have also gone from this world.

After spending about six months in Ein Harod I was sent to Kibbutz Alonim. At Alonim I joined the Arab Company, although I had intended to join the naval unit of the Palmach. However, my commanders decided otherwise. I was called to Kibbutz Yagur in order to appear before a committee headed by Yigal Alon and there I was told: "We agree that you join the naval unit but first you must complete training in the Arab Company. There you will improve your knowledge of the language and customs, prayers and songs. Then, when you are a seaman we will send you to work on Arab vessels that ply the Mediterranean."

So that is why on my way to the Palyam I was delayed for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a year in the Arab Company, a company that was a part of G Company of the Palmach, as was the Naval Company also. My new commander was Yerucham Cohen who was later replaced by Aharonchilk Spector, and our teacher was Shimon Somech, also known as "Samaan".

There followed 9 long months in Kibbutz Alonim and in Sheik Abrech with the Zaid family, and in Kibbutz Ginosar and finally at Kibbutz Yagur. My good friend, Gavri Kasheiof came with me from Ein Harod and another good friend and Ashkenazi like me, Uri Tahon was also there. In the course of time they both left that company while I continued on. I remained the only Ashkenazi in the whole company and my name, Yoske Romanovsky stood out like a sore thumb, although many of the others did have the first name 'Yoske'. The reason for my being 'punished' by having to remain in the Arab Company was that at school I had taken my final exams in Arabic. I knew the language and had taught it. I have written elsewhere more extensively about my period of service at Ein Harod and in the Arab Company, so I will not say more about this here.

This article will emphasize my activities in the Palyam, so I will only recount two small incidents from that periods at Ein Harod and in Yagur.

Ein Harod Period

One night my platoon went out for field practice under the command of Bill. We crossed the Emek road in the direction of the Gilboa Range when suddenly we stood still when we heard the whisper of the platoon commander. We sat down on that spot. Not far ahead of us we saw the figure of a man riding a horse, but he was also stationary. He stood and waited and we sat and waited. We waited until the moon came up and then the horse rider shouted "Ahlan, Ahlan"!! (greetings, in Arabic) and dashed forward. It turned out later that the rider was Menachem Krupasky, a son of Kibbutz Ein Harod and a relative of mine. That was his way of greeting the moonrise.

The Arab Company Period

As I said before, G Company was a melting pot that included special Palmach outfits. It included seamen, flyers, the German unit and the Reconnaissance unit. One day we left our base at Yagur for a day of sports activity at Caesarea. We waited at the old Egged bus station for our transport. Somehow and for seemingly no reason at all we found ourselves in the midst of a brawl with some other young fellows who were also waiting there at the bus station. During the altercation I was seized by several of these hooligans and received some pretty good blows from them while they cursed me and yelled at me; "You dirty Frenk" (a Jew of Sephardic descent).

The other guys in my outfit noticed my plight and came to my rescue, leaving my attackers in a mauled and pitiful state. They all heard how I had been cursed as a 'Dirty Frenk', and that made my day. From now on I had entered the exclusive club and was no longer an Ashkenazi outcast in my unit. Some time afterwards, my commander in the naval course at Caesarea, Yisrael Aurbach, told me that he happened to be waiting at that bus station on that day and was witness to what had happened there. Anyhow, to end this story properly, I can report that later on that day of sport our team won the rope-pulling event.

At the end of 1945 another naval course was about to begin at Caesarea. Finally, I was allowed to transfer over to the Palyam and to realize my ambitions and take part in the

basic seamen's course. I had been in the Palmach for two years and was still considered a 'paratrooper'(newcomer) with a minimum wage of 1 Lira per month. I was jealous of those veterans in the course who received two Liras per month; but there were even greener soldiers than me in that course. This was the fifth seamen's course under the command of Avraham Rikman. I imagine that others have written about this course so I will pass on. In any case, if someone does want more information about my service in the Palmach/Palyam, and if they will ask any member of my family, they will be able to read mountains of what I have written about this period in various memoirs of that period that I wrote.

Here, I will just give some brief information of various activities in which I participated until we reach that fateful "Black Saturday"

- I participated in the attempts to remove immigrants from the shores of Caesarea, Shefayim, Tel Aviv and Nahariya.
- Stealing weapons from running trains in the Pardes Hanna region to a safe hideout in Kaesarea.
- On the night when the railway lines were sabotaged, we sabotaged the lines between Pardes Hanna and Hadera
- I took part in the attack on the Sidna Ali Police Station

Naval officers training course No.3 was over on Friday, 28th June 1946 and two days later we were supposed to make a training voyage to Cyprus on the Hapoel sailing vessel, the "Arlosoroff". That same day was my 20th birthday and my friends made me a little birthday party. There was something peculiar, a certain tension in the atmosphere that foreboded something bad was going to happen. Nevertheless, I did not go to visit my girlfriend Aliza who was at Ginosar, where she participated in a sports course with her Company of the Palmach.

In any case, I did happen to be at Yagur that Saturday and so I was arrested together with all the others at Yagur on that "Black Saturday" and spent the next few weeks in Atlit and in Rafiah until I was finally freed after a two month 'forced rest' under the assumed name of Yosef Drobnitz. This was a name that belonged to a member at kibbutz Ein Harod, and which I adopted. I had survived two years of the Palmach and two months of arrest and came back to civilization looking fit and plump and with a shaven head.

After a short vacation I was appointed head instructor of the 7th naval course at Michmoret. The commander was the dry-land Palmachnik, Shlomo Schlauch. Everything went along smoothly, until one day Gershon Karlinsky, my friend from the 5th naval course, arrived from Caesarea on a small motor boat. He was a messenger of the change of my destiny, as from that day on I was not to continue as an instructor and not to continue with my plans to accompany immigrants; it was the start of my career as a member of the special naval sabotage squad under the command of Yochai ben Nun. Gershon had been sent by Yochai in order to receive permission from Shlomo that I be relieved for one day so that I could return with him to Caesarea and report for an interview with Yochai.

Permission was granted and I was given to understand by Gershon that Yochai wants me to volunteer for his squad, and if I were to do so then the Palyam Headquarters would support the request and it would be approved. I agreed, and returned to Michmoret just to collect my things and take my leave.

My girlfriend Aliza did not know of my change of address and came to visit me one day at Michmoret only to be told that I was not there and had moved to Caesarea. She was rather desperate and did not know what to do next, but the fellows at Michmoret took matters in hand and volunteered to take her to Caesarea by sailboat. That is what they did.

Things became complicated when they set out to sea and a strong North wind came up. The boat slowly advanced in zig-zags, night fell and opposite Givat Olga they decided to call it quits and to return to Michmoret. Aliza did not agree to this and asked to be put off to shore where they were. "I will continue from here by foot", she said, and there was no denying her. We were already known in the Palyam as a steady-going couple. Late that same night there was a knock on the door of my hut and there she stood. It was difficult for me to believe my own eyes and the story of her adventure. She had had to bypass a British police station at night, alone, and walk quite a few km's in order to get to our base. Was that bravery? Or silliness? That was just another step in the creation of a "Catholic" couple that has weathered the test of time.

I cannot conclude this chapter without devoting a bit more space to my friend Gershon Karlinsky, today Agmon, of Kibbutz Maagan Michael. Long ago, I was a frequent visitor in his kibbutz as there were a number of ventures in which we cooperated. One such episode involved moving the ship "Shikmona" through the Suez Canal prior to the Six Day War, helping the factory "Tzuron" in his kibbutz, etc. We had other mutual friends who used to be in that kibbutz also; such as Yochai ben Nun and Yossale Dror. Now there remain only two widows and two graves of friends/ commanders, and Gershon. Gershon was my first partner when I was in Yochai's unit and it was with him that I commenced my third year of my service. We were only partners for a short time and then our ways parted.

The first assignment of Gershon and me was to penetrate the port of Haifa and to bring back certain information. We were caught however, when we were inside the port area and we were brought handcuffed together to the Detective Headquarters on Kings Street. Yochai saw us from a distance and recently, Moshe Lipson told me that he was also a witness to this scene. We spent that night in jail with a medley assortment of criminals and were released on bail the following day.

Two complicated operations of the naval sabotage squad are recounted in detail in the Palmach Book and elsewhere. The first has to do with the oil jetty in the port of Haifa and is told by Yochai ben Nun. The second has to do with the deportation ship "Ocean Vigour" in Cyprus and is told by Yossale Dror. I shall add some of my own comments here. Those two excellent commanders drew an accurate picture of the events and I

hope that what I add will also be of interest, and I hope that in this case “anyone that adds does not detract”.

The “Oil Jetty” Action

This job failed and the failure is described accurately and in detail by Yochai. Yochai was convinced until his dying day that someone had squealed. He was convinced that the one who did so was one of the Jewish leaders in Haifa. “They did not want any trouble in their town”. That was Yochai’s view and there were others who agreed with him. I myself have no source of information on the subject and cannot therefore verify or deny Yochai’s opinion. Nor can I be convinced by the views of Shabtai Teveth as expressed in his book, “The Shearing Season”.

One of our men, who worked in the Lightrich Company, whose ship was used to transport the mine was a fellow called Yitzchak Davidovitch and he was one of those who established the Israeli Navy. He changed his name to Dvir, and commanded various ships in the navy and reached the rank of Commander. I never had the opportunity to confront “Itshe” as he was called and he has since departed this world, may his memory be blessed. So, as far as I am concerned, the reason for the failure of this mission remains a mystery to this very day.

(Joseph Rom notes that due to new information that he received in 2008, he changed his mind to Yochai’s).

The explosive device that was designed to detonate the mine was superbly designed. Some elements were constructed in several different places but the whole thing was assembled at Kibbutz Ein Harod. Yigal Alon was personally interested in the device and continually asked how its development was progressing. He told us that he wishes the mine was to be exploded when the ship “The Palmach” was to approach the shore of Israel, and if it were caught. Some other vignettes which I recall from that period: we would make a trial run on the device in Ein Harod’s swimming pool, which was no more than an oversized puddle of mud. However we were ready to suffer the mud because the pool was close to the workshop where necessary repairs or adjustments could be made. Yochai and I would make frequent trips to Alick, in Jerusalem. He was Amos Horev’s father, and a genius. Moshe Lipson, my partner, resided in the same room with me in the Carmeliya Hotel which was within walking distance of Yochai’s mother’s house. She was like a mother to all of us; she was warm and intelligent and one could talk with her about any subject.

Cyprus and the Ocean Vigour Episode

When we sailed to Cyprus, Yochai and I, Shmuel Yanai (“Samek”) came also with us. He was the commander of the Palyam and knew the island from previous visits. All the military equipment that we took with us was well-wrapped and sealed water-tight. The idea was that if we ran into the British we would throw the stuff overboard and if necessary we could cut the line altogether. When we were close to shore we took all the equipment with us into a rowboat and rowed to shore as fast as we could. When we were half the distance to the shore we heard the engine of our fishing vessel that was

supposed to wait. It turned and disappeared into the distance. We cursed like hell and as darkness descended we continued to row into the night.

How will we be able to hide so much equipment? Especially when we are on a shore that we are not familiar with? How can we do this quickly, and at night? We each had a heavy type of hoe with us and each one dug a hole and buried some of the stuff. We then covered up the digs and tried to hide our having trampled around the area. When we had completed and arranged everything that we could think of we sank the boat in fairly deep water opposite the site that we had dug. The shore looked the same to the left and to the right for quite a distance but we were able to agree on how we would be able to find the spot and we hoped that we would be able to do so. Each one showed the others exactly where he had buried his share. We then changed into ordinary clothes and walked towards the lights that we could see in the distance.

We arrived at a café in the southern part of the city of Famagusta and from there by taxi to the home of a friend of Samek, a former Israeli and a local orchard farmer. It seemed that he was someone whom we could trust. What happened next is well known and was written up by Yochai and by Yossale also. Samek and Yochai were arrested and sent back to Palestine. Yochai managed to let us know that our boat had been found and was sitting on a pier at the port. This news reached us a bit too late because Yossale and I had gone out to find where we had buried the equipment and the boat and we could not find the boat although we looked high and low for it. We spent an hour in the icy cold water at night looking for it and I don't wish that on anybody. When we got out of the water and dressed ourselves we could not tie our shoelaces, our hands were simply frozen!

When Yossale wrote his report to our commanding officer he reported that it took me an hour to find the spot where we had buried the equipment. That is absolutely correct. I never thought that the burden of finding the spot would be mine alone, and that Yochai and Samek would not be in the picture. Yossale and I reached a spot in the vicinity of where we had buried the stuff and we started to walk to the south. It was already nightfall and all the hillocks along the shore looked exactly the same. Even the shadows of the hillocks looked like hillocks. I went back and forth several times and I finally did find the burial site. The one that I had dug was easiest to find, but it took me ages to find the spots where Yochai and Samek had dug. Even today, now that more than fifty years have passed since the night we stood there digging up the buried equipment, I still feel quite proud of myself for having found the burial area and all three burial sites.

We did not know what happened to Yossale after he attached the magnetic mine to the side of the "Ocean Vigor". The following night we left camp and searched the shores and the night after that also. We did that until we heard that he was alive and had been caught on the shore and arrested.

At about the same time we received additional forces in Cyprus. These were Moshe Lipson/ Nachshon. I met him at the shore and was very glad to see him. I told him that I was searching for Yossale and wanted to find out if he were living or dead. Several months before our present meeting we had made a wager between us in Haifa about

stopping smoking for a year. The one who loses will buy the other one a Parker 51 pen. When I met Moshe on the beach I couldn't control myself and I lit a cigarette. Moshe lit one also a minute after I did, then he winked and said to me; "You lose." He was perfectly correct, maybe it was a photo finish, but I lit up first. I don't recall if I ever did honor that debt; I am truly sorry Moishe, but the time limit on that debt has run out.

I don't know what thoughts ran through Yossale's head when he was on the way to the ship. I waited for him to return and then I was to go out to the second ship. Then the two of us were to swim out to the destroyer. That was the plan. What optimism and what an example of not reading the map correctly! We also had not figured the distance to the "Ocean Vigor" correctly; it was four times the distance that we thought it should be. The shots that were fired suddenly and the sirens that started howling, the searchlights that were activated and the depth bombs that went off violently changed the peaceful and quiet scene that had reigned only moments before. We did not obey Yossale's admonishments and remained at the scene to see what would develop. Suddenly we heard a cry, Yos-ke and we gathered that he was swimming in our direction. We rowed towards the ship and we also yelled back to him. We rowed in circles and looked all over but could not find him. We were close to the ship and bullets were flying around us. We did not find him and despaired of doing so. As dawn was approaching we had to make our getaway so we retraced our strokes and headed south. When we were some distance away we heard a loud explosion. We understood that Yossale had succeeded in planting and setting off the mine, and we hoped that he was also swimming away from the ship in the direction of the shore somewhere.

We did as we were ordered to do in the case of being caught in broad daylight with no place to hide or to hide things. We threw everything that was with us into the sea. There were three of us; Matty, Raissa, who had accompanied Yossale when he bought the boat, and me. Matty, or Yoash Tzidon, who later on became a fighter pilot, an entrepreneur and a Member of the Knesset. Raissa was a nurse and later became Matty's wife. Raissa left us and returned to camp; she had a special pass and it was easy for her to get around. Matty and I reached the area of the famous orchard and hid till nightfall and then crossed the barbed wire fence and we were inside the camp. After Yossale escaped from jail I received orders to return to Palestine.

Yossele wrote about his escape in great detail. We for our part did our job of getting all the hardware into the jail and were able to give him the metal saws he wanted. The proof being that he did saw the bars and made his escape, as planned. Yossale gave me a detailed report to pass on to Yochai. I took the report, went to the camp shoerepairman and he put it into my shoe under one of the soles. That is how it did eventually get to Yochai and later on, into the book of the Palmach as an affidavit of this job.

I returned to Palestine in order to return to Cyprus with a fishing vessel, on which Yossale was to be brought back. I left Cyprus as an immigrant with a certificate that was granted each month by the British to a limited number of camp inmates. Once we got to Haifa I disappeared from the port area before I had to get onto the bus to Atlit, all this by

joining a group of port workers that were leaving the area. I wasn't the first Palyamnik to make Aliya in this manner, but the Palyam authorities did not want to risk trying to get Yossale out of the port area in this same way.

The British considered Yossale to be an escaped terrorist and were looking for him assiduously. It was therefore decided to get him out the hard way. His looks were disguised within the camp and then he made his way across the barbed wire and out of the camp. Then he came onto the fishing vessel which I came with. We had a very emotional reunion on the shore when we met, although at first I hardly recognized him. This time the boat was there and all went as planned.

Aliza was tired of all my "games" and tried to detach me from the special unit. In the summer of 1947 we decided to marry and we announced that to our families. I told Yochai also and he was glad to hear the news, congratulated me and granted me a special vacation. The exact date of the wedding was left open because we were waiting for Aliza's father to come from abroad. My vacation was only partly vacation because from time to time I would be called upon to make another trip to Cyprus and back. Yochai would always try to placate Aliza by promising her that "this was the last time". I don't recall how many times I made this trip but it was 'more than several'. Sometimes I would also make the return trip on the vessel, and at other times I would be sneaked into the camp and returned as an immigrant. During these trips I brought a good number of Palmach men into the camp but I don't remember all the names. I do remember Sara Yoffe and Moishale Klein, and there was also Check and Idel and many others. Much to Aliza's and her family's chagrin, this activity continued until the winter, almost until the UN resolution on the partition of Palestine.

In Jerusalem, reserve forces of the Palmach reorganized and a new battalion was established, the 6th. There was great tension in the Yishuv (The Jewish Settlement in Palestine) and my friends in Jerusalem, all of whom had completed two years of service in the Palmach, asked me to join their unit. Among these was Moshe Wachman and there was also Rutha Krapovsky, whom I had known at Ein Harod. She later became Moshe's wife. I did want to join this unit and be together with my old friends so I asked Palyam headquarters if they would allow me to do so and received a temporary allowance to join them. I was put under my new commander, Jaques Tzvia and in the battalion commanded by Tzvika Zamir.

Aliza was also mobilized, but for some reason not to the Palmach but to the ground forces attached to the Jerusalem area. Each one of us was stuck into a different cubby hole and we did not get to see each other very frequently.

I was appointed responsible for the empty convoys returning to the lowlands from Jerusalem. They left from a spot near the Machane Yehuda market. Passenger convoys left from another area. I think that it was near the Tnuva center in the Geulah

neighborhood. There was tight coordination between the two and I am glad to say that it worked. Although I was in charge, I accompanied convoys also.

Sometime later, not long before the wedding, Aliza wrote in my notebook in a prominent spot; "Thursday, February 26th, tomorrow is Wedding Day. Don't forget to be back in Jerusalem by evening." Although I was very busy with my job of the Tel Aviv – Jerusalem convoys, I was at the same time interested and worried about what was happening elsewhere in the country. There was trouble at Neve Yaakov and Atarot north of Jerusalem, and at the Dead Sea in the east and at Gush Etzion in the south. One of the severest blows that was dealt our battalion was the loss of the 35 men on their way to Gush Etzion.

We had waited a long time for our marriage. First, we had waited for Aliza's father to arrive from his home in Aden. We had been very worried when we heard that things there were very unsettled after the decision on partition. There were riots and stores were burned and Jews were killed. When I read what the Governor General there wrote the British Government about what had gone on there it was very nerve-wracking. My future father-in-law was a lawyer in that city as was his father before him. He was in the employ of a rich Jew there, Moshe Benin. He was finally able to leave thanks to the assistance he received from the government and after numerous difficulties he finally managed to arrive in Israel, together with his wife.

There was also the problem of arriving to Jerusalem with one of the convoys. The wedding finally took place on Friday in the courtyard of the house in which Aliza's family lived, at 22 Yona Street. It was a small gathering, and as the joke has it, someone had to go out into the street to find a tenth man for the minyan. We rented a room somewhere between the Machane Yehuda market and Bezalel Street. Our rent payment also allowed us to heat water in the kitchen. We did not even dream of a honeymoon. We went straight back to our jobs the following day.

Our Headquarters was on the first floor of the building that housed all the national institutions. The Jewish Agency offices and Keren Hayesod offices and the Jewish National Fund were all housed there. I would be there often and we often met there. The 11th March was a day no different from all the others and I arrived at my office as usual. This was only two weeks after my marriage. This was the day when the National Institutions Building was blown up. Our little room was the closest one to where the car that held the bomb was situated when it blew off. To my enormous luck I got away with minor injuries; I had a cut over my right eye and my ears suffered from the explosion. We were sitting around the table when the bomb went off. I was sitting in a corner of the room on the side nearest the road, but at some distance from the window. Unfortunately, all the others received the full impact of the blast as they were sitting opposite the window. The room was utterly destroyed and the whole ceiling fell in. there was one big mess there and the work of removing the injured and the dead was difficult because of all the debris and the heavy cloud of dust that hung in the air.

Yossi Margalit, our supply officer, was killed on the spot. Yusfa, our driver and liaison person, was severely injured in his face. Little Yusfa, who had served with me in the Arab Company. I had a Matchless motorbike for my personal use, but since I did not know how to drive one, I had given it over to Yusfa. He in return, taught me how to drive it, but now it was also smashed. Rutha Krapovsky, Moshe Wachman's girlfriend was also wounded severely in her face, but she made a quick recovery and returned to work soon after the incident. Later she and Moshe married and she dragged him back to Ein Harod.

Opposite us, in the central part of the building, is where my father worked, in the Aliya Department of the Jewish Agency. The compression reached that area also and he was wounded. I saw him a bit later when they had dressed his wound and it was not so bad. I and a few others who were relatively lightly injured were treated on the spot and sent home.

I have defined my injury as slight, but it had lasting effect and was nothing to boast about. First, my ear drum was injured and my hearing has been impaired ever since. Nothing has yet been invented that can help me on that score. Secondly, my eyesight is fine and if there is some decline in that field and I need the aid of spectacles it is only because of my age. However, since that explosion I have lost the ability to distinguish most colors, I am partly colorblind!! Some say that I am making up that story and maybe they are correct, but sometimes, after that explosion I told Aliza that I can't see the blue in her eyes.

Sometime before Purim I received an order to present myself at Palyam Headquarters. I took Aliza with me and we went to Tel Aviv. It looked to us like a city in another country... that talked about the country being at war. I was asked to leave Jerusalem and travel to the Europe in connection with Aliya. They left the decision to me and I, without hesitation thought that I had to remain in Jerusalem.

After a few days of relaxation in Tel Aviv I joined the operation, "Nachshon" and went to Hulda. I did not have an exact position or duty there and waited to be chosen to accompany a convoy. I returned to Jerusalem and told my commanding officers that I am remaining with the 6th Battalion. I will not deny that as an experienced seaman I did have some trouble adjusting to the dry land units of the Palmach. My commanders also had difficulty with me. After all I was a naval officer, and an officer is an officer. I was jealous of my friends in the Palmach who had received training in commanding men and in commanding units in action. Jerusalem was under siege and there was no coming and going. The main effort was in the fight to keep the road open. I during this period was a sort of jack-of-all-trades and had no specific command to return to. Sometimes I was sent to support one action and sometimes to some other front. That is how things went with me until the first lull in the fighting, and the clearing of the road to Jerusalem. After that I was allowed to leave.

I went to Tel Aviv and after having served four years in the underground movement I transferred over to the Israel Defense Forces. Aliza and I both appeared at the Navy

Headquarters at San Remo and asked to be assigned to a vessel; the two of us on the same vessel. Our request was not granted and we were assigned to two different ships. Aliza was sent to be a secretary on the "Eilat", the A-16 (in earlier times this had been "The Jewish State"), and the ship commander was Yoske Almog. The ship was on active duty and was at that moment anchored in Tel Aviv. I was sent to Haifa and assigned to be Communications and Navigation Officer on the naval ship K-20, (formerly the "Hagana"), under the command of Moshe Rabinovitch and later Moka Limon. The ship had been anchored in a corner of the harbor where all the captured Aliya Bet ships were held and that was known as the "Shadow Fleet". It was readied for active service in a very short time.

 A brief summary of my 18 years of service in the navy, during the years 1948-1966 follows:

1948-1950: Communications Officer on the K-20; Communications Officer on the M-17 "HaPortzim", under the command of Zeev Hillel; Chief Training Officer at the Training Base at Bat Galim "M.H.M." under the command of David Ofer; Second in Command of the K-24 (the "Ben Hecht") under the command of Naftali Rosen; Assistant to the Chief of Training in Navy Headquarters under the command of Paul Shulman and Shmuel Tankus. During this period I was sent on special civilian missions from time to time, such as smuggling immigrants out of the camps in Cyprus or bringing immigrants from Bulgaria on the Bulgarian merchant ship "Bulgaria".

1950-1955: Two years of study at the Haifa Technion in the Faculty of mechanical Engineering, and following that two more years of follow-up studies at the University of Michigan in the US. This led to receiving a degrees in (Marine) Naval Architecture and in Mechanical Engineering. When my studies were over I was sent to receive practical training at the Higgins Shipyards at New Orleans.

1955-1958: I worked as an engineer in the Engineering Department of the navy under the command of Avraham Zakai. This later became the Logistics Department under the command of Aryeh Kaplan (Kipi). From 1956 I served as Head of the Planning Department where I relieved Commander Ben Eliyahu, who had been sent to Europe. (אני כתבתי באורגינל חו"ל. הוא נישלח לאיטליה. לכן תיקנתי אירופה במקום לגולה)

1958: I was a student in an advanced course (for command officers) under the command of Shlomo Er'el. During this course I was taken out to join the mission of the Commander In Chief of the Navy, Shmuel Tankus and Yossale Dror whose purpose was to procure submarines.

1958-1960: Head of the technical crew (or commission) for the procurement and repair of the first submarines, "Tanin" and "Rahav" in England.

1960-1962: Senior Technical Officer for submarines and later responsible for the Overhaul to the "Tanin" in the naval shipyards. This job earned the shipyard the prodigious "Kaplan Prize" (a prize given for work well-done).

1962-1966: Commander, who refused to receive the nomination of chief of logistics department but continued to serve in the navy in accordance with the terms of contract and the extended studies granted him by the navy. During this period I dealt mainly with the development of the ideas of the Commander of the Navy, Yochai ben Nun: development of a new kind of naval weapon, a sort of manned torpedo which was called "Aryeh" and which was to be used by the 13th fleet (a very special fighting unit of the navy). From time to time I also joined missions investigating or purchasing submarines or small missile boats.

30.6.66: The date of the end of my contract for military service. I refused the request of the Chief of General Staff to continue my military career. As a result, believe it or not, I was released from the Israeli Army without being entitled to pension.