

Mamula Tandilava

My name is Mamula Tandilava. I was born in 1938. My father named me Mohamed. Since then the whole village calls me Mamula. But at school they again changed my name, they called me Mamia. Professor Sergi Jgent Told me that names and surnames are going to change and that my name was a real Georgian – Mamula. He knew there were Mamulashvils and Mamuladzes in Adjaria. Ant root of these surnames is Mamula. At school they changed my name and called me Mamula. Our vice principle was Gorgoshadze and he asked me how did I know that. I told him professor told me. In ten days a list came and there was written Mamula and it stayed that way.

Then I finished school. I could enter the University. My elder brother entered the University. My elder brother Zurab became a teacher. Then he started to work at the Research Institute. My mother was ill she had a sick heart. That is why I was not able to study, I couldn't leave her alone. I didn't need that kind of education. Nodar Natadze told me I could go wherever I wanted to, but I couldn't leave my mother. There is nothing in the world so precious and sweet as mother. Then I made a road alone, built a house for my elder brother. I brought some brick. I helped my brother and at the same time I built my own house. I finished the house but I couldn't plaster I had no money, the robbers stole it. I have no job, but we live happily.

My grandfather was a very good man. He pitted everyone. If somebody moaned he was there to help. There was a man who couldn't manage to roof the house with a tile. Tiles were bought from Turkey. My grandfather brought it and roofs the man's house. My mother told me about it. She said one day he came home and laid on the bad. She entered the room and asked him what was wrong with him. She asked him if he was ill or wanted something to eat. But he didn't get up neither ate anything. Then came my father and my mother told her everything. My father pleaded and made him tell everything.

There was a village at that time. One man divorced his wife on the other side in Sarfi. Another man in that village married her. The first husband of this woman had slain the other to the edge of the death. Memed Efend Zombaia was the head of the region than. People didn't like because he was from Abkhazia sent by the government. Lazians didn't like bosses. In Turkey Zombaias are even now. This man was sentenced for 101 and exiled him to Siberia. A few years later he wrote a latter to my grandfather, that's why grandfather was concerned. My grandfather didn't know what to do. He knew that if he went to that man Zombaia would be angry. Zombaia lay in

bad for three days. Then they sent a letter from Turkey. My grandfather didn't think long he took a horse and went to Maradid. There was a governor in Maradid. My grandfather collected gold, and with it he managed to bring the man with him. That is what kind of person my grandfather was.

My brother Abraham was like grandfather, he had his name. My brother Zurab often says that not everybody can see the kindness, but you still have to make it. Now I want to speak about my mother's father. On mother's grave there is a manuscript Kamishoghli-Tandilava. There was a historian who got interested in that manuscript. He came to me and asked if I knew anything about Osman. I told him there was not much I knew about it. My mother was a child when he came. Kamishoghli Osman had a lot of lands, just about 100 hectare. Zombaia told Pemshin to graze his sheep there, but he had to give him certain amount of cheese and boiled butter. That is why Lazians didn't like masters. One day when Pemshin was grazing his sheep there. My grandfather came to him and asked him why he was grazing his sheep on his land. He said he was the master of his land. He asked him who permitted him to graze there. The man told him he did it with Zombaia's permission. My grandfather told him he would return tomorrow and he is still there he would kill his sheep. The other day when he came he saw the man was still there. He took his knife and killed five or six sheep. He did it and told him he would kill all of them when he returned. The man came to Zombaia and complained about it. Zombaia took a gun and hung it in his house. He had a house near Khofi and went there. My grandfather took only a gun and went to the coffee house. When the servant saw a man with a gun he told everything to his master. They came and caught him and sent him to Maradid. There he was sentenced 101 years. He told to Zombaia though he was sentenced 101 years he would be back in a year. Zombaia said he would shave half of his moustache if he returned. He said nobody returned from Siberia. A year and two month later he really came to Kalendee. He said he wasn't afraid there, because nobody knew him there. But he was afraid somebody could catch him on the way. He was in Kalendee for three days eating grapes.

Khoja told me Osman came in the evening. They had a house in the Kalois district and the second house next to my house. They had two houses. He didn't sleep here that night. He had relatives in kaloghla. He slept there at night. Women wore yashmasks. So the grandfather put on him yashmask. When the Zombaia found out Osman was back he didn't get up from the bed. He was very sorry for that. Then grandfather went to Zombaia and told him he had to shave his moustache. But he told there was no need, because he wasn't like him. Then he went to Adabazia he had an elder daughter there.

Mamula think of something else, tell us something about what happened with you when you were working in cornfield, something funny. Tell us how Iasha threw a cart, tell us other stories.

I am not tired with working, I complained about that. I never sweat because I didn't drink much water. I worked at building, collective farm together and he often said he drank water for me too. I did it because I didn't want to sweat. Do you regret that you were working too much? There is no point in regretting now. When I came home from the collective farm I took manure in the garden. I didn't drink wine; I only drank when the guests came. I only rested three days for the rest of my life.