

Albertos Beraha's French Driving License



This is my French driving license, issued in April 1955.

When I graduated from the Polytechnic University and finished the army I went to Paris where we had some relatives, the Cohens, from my father's side.

They were great people; they originally came from Trikala. They left for Paris after the war; they had gone to the Middle East during the war.

One of them was a very good lawyer, while in the Middle East he was a corporal for the air force.

So I went to Paris around 1950 to 1952 to do a training program, working for not too much money at an office, as a mechanic for a company.

I stayed there for two years and I really enjoyed myself. I felt comfortable, as I was fluent in French. My work included designs and reports, whatever the job of a mechanic generally includes.

I came back because I was the only child and my mother was unhappy about me being abroad but I went on a beautiful trip. I traveled along the French coast to the Atlantic up until Stockholm.

I went through France, Belgium, Germany and Denmark and then Sweden. I went alone; I had a car that I had bought with my savings and a little help from my parents. I even had it in Paris for some time.

The whole of that period in Paris was great for me. Imagine, I was just a boy from Thessaloniki, or Athens, and suddenly I was under the Eiffel Tower surrounded by great museums and theaters.

I couldn't stand still, I went everywhere. French people are something else. Anyway, after my trip to Stockholm I felt like going back home.

When I got back to Greece I went into business with someone and opened my own office in the center of Athens.