

Gavril Marcuson With Leibis And Eveline Marcussohn



This is the first photo of me, Gavril Marcuson, aged only 4 months, together with my parents, Leibis and Eveline Marcussohn. Apparently, I was highly expressive. The photo was taken at the 'Julietta' photo cabinet in Bucharest in 1914. My name is Gavril Marcuson [the initial name, Marcussohn, was shortened to Marcuson in 1968]. I was born in Bucharest, on 28th October 1913, in the house of my maternal grandfather, an old house on Viilor Dr. Back then, the place was at the outskirts of the city. Today, it's in a semi-central neighborhood, because the city developed so much. My father was born in Iasi, in 1888. He studied in Vienna, at the Commerce High School. He was a very gentle

man and I'm glad I resemble him - I inherited his phenotype, appearance and nature. He was a literature enthusiast, he could read German, and he had a German library. My father was an accountant and a tradesman. He wasn't a religious man. He had his own business - he sold welding devices and carbide -, but didn't actually own a company. He worked with his brother-in-law, Filip Weisselberg, for a while, and, after he and my mother divorced [before World War II, in the 1930's], he bought a house in another neighborhood and continued his welding devices business. My father died in Bucharest, in the 1960's. My mother was born in Husi, in 1892. Her education consisted of some years of high school. She wasn't a religious person. She was a rather simple woman, and she spoke some French. My grandfather only sent the boys to college. One of them became a chemist, another one became a lawyer, and another one became an accountant; but the girls never got to college. Girls were despised. Men are the ones who lead. Even at the synagogue, women have to stay separated from the men. My mother was a housewife. She was a gentle woman. She got upset once in a while, but didn't beat us. Neither my brother nor I ever got beat by our parents. My mother made aliyah in the 1960's. My brother and other relatives were already living in Israel. She stayed in an old age home in Tel Aviv. I visited her there and, when I returned, I got the news of her death. She died after I had visited her. She was 89 when she passed away [in 1981].