

Gavril Marcuson With His Maternal Relatives



The Weisselbergs in the 1930's, in the courtyard of the house on Uranus St. In the upper row, the first from the left is me, Gavril Marcuson, and the first from the right is Uncle Herman Isersohn (the husband of Lucia Isersohn, my mother's sister). In the lower row, from left to right: my maternal grandfather, Isac Weisselberg, my maternal grandmother, Frederica Weisselberg, Aunt Rasela Goldschlager (my mother's sister), Aunt Stephanie Weisselberg (the wife of Neuman Weisselberg, my mother's brother). I don't remember the others. My name is Gavril Marcuson [the initial name, Marcusohn, 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. We changed our house for a statelier one located on Uranus St., which had belonged to the richest man in the Dealul Spirii quarter, Nita Stere. It was a very nice house, with brick stoves and gas light. Inside there were large rooms with high ceilings. There were a lot of rooms. Mine had been obtained by dividing a larger room in half by building a wall across. This division was made so that my brother and I may have separate rooms. So a half of the former room was mine, and the other half was for my brother, Octav. We had one of the first telephones in Bucharest. It was non-automatic and the number had four digits. What's funny is that I even remember that number: 3851. Whenever we wanted to reach someone, we would pick up the receiver and hit the cradle, and a lady operator would go 'Hello?' Then we would say 'Please put me through this or that number', and wait? It wasn't automatic. We had gas lamps, and used wood and charcoal - brown coal or mineral coal - for heating. We had a large courtyard and a beautiful garden, with beds of strawberries and flowers, and a metal pavilion which had the year of its erection carved on it: 1886. This is the house where I grew up, playing courtyard games with my friends from the blind alley opposite the house. My maternal grandfather, Isac Weisselberg, was born in 1855, in Targu Neamt. He lived in the places where his children were born: Husi, then Bucharest. He was a tradesman, a wine wholesaler. My maternal grandparents were deist, and they were religious people. My parents were deist too, but they weren't religious. I remember that

my maternal grandmother, Frederica Weisselberg, had black hair even in her old age - it hadn't turned gray. She didn't go out and she dressed modestly. My maternal grandfather had 16 children. Only 7 of them lived to be adults - three boys and four girls: Sabina, Filip, Rasela, Evelina (my mother), Victor, Neuman, and Lucia. I knew them pretty well, because they lived in Bucharest. Rasela was the only one who lived in Botosani, but I met her too. My maternal grandparents lived there with most of their children and grandchildren. Most of these seven sons and daughters lived with us, with my parents and me [in the same house], but they had their own apartments. My grandfather hired Italian bricklayers - most of the bricklayers in Bucharest were Italian at that time -, and they added an extra floor to the house; the following people moved there: the families of two brothers of my mother's, Filip [Weisselberg] and Victor [Weisselberg], my mother's sister, Sabina [Michell], and my parents and me. Filip, who was a businessman, lived upstairs with his wife, and he also had an apartment at the ground floor, where his offices were. My mother, Eveline Marcussohn [nee Weisselberg], 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 have two children: Gavril Marcussohn and Octav Marcussohn. She 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].