

Tili Solomon As A Child With Relatives And Friends



This is me (in the first row on the right) with my sister Silvi Gottesman (in the first row on the left), my mother Clara Herscu (first from right in the back row), then a sister of my mother's, Ceanca Siriteanu. The other three are my aunt's friends, Bela, Mita, and Jana. I must have been 3 and my sister 5. The picture was taken in 1934 somewhere in Iasi, a snapshot on the street. I was born in Iasi in May 1931. My sister, Silvi, is two years and a few months older than me. I remember my sister had a friend, Coca Pomeranz, who had two brothers: Dedi and Sandu. I was the youngest and always insisted on going with her to her friends, but they would often leave me at home. They

would send me inside to ask for my parents' permission, or so they claimed. I would ask for some sort of guarantee, to make sure they wouldn't leave in the meantime. To make fun of me, because I was so naive, they would give me a hairpin or button, something unimportant. This way they could leave without me, and it would make me upset and I would cry. My favorite holiday was Channukah. We would light candles: first my father, then my sister and I. They say only boys should do it, but there were only girls in the house. During the eight days of Channukah we made red beat borscht at least once; it had varnishkes, a sort of bow-tie pasta made of potatoes. Our maternal grandparents always gave us money, not gifts. They called it Channukah gelt. When we got a bit older, my sister and I tried to avoid going to our grandparents' on the very days of Channukah because we were ashamed to receive money. I had two cousins, one of them was older than me, and the other younger, who weren't embarrassed at all and had no problem with going to pick up their share. If we went the following week, the two of them laughed at us, 'Who didn't go on Channukah doesn't get the Channukah gelt!' Eventually, our grandparents gave us the money: it didn't matter that we hadn't visited them when we were supposed to. Of course, it was a small incentive for us, but it was something to remember over the years. Our parents sometimes gave us Channukah gelt too.