

The Basch Girls With Their Mother Etty Basch



I have this photograph since I was a child: Grete, me, and mother. I am the one on the right of the photograph, while Grete is on the left.

Our mother is between the two of us. It doesn't say on the back of the photograph the year when it was taken, but Grete must have been 4, while I must have been almost 8.

We were born on the same month, in December, but 4 years apart.

My maiden name is Eveline Basch, I was born in December 1932, and my married name is Ciocoiu.

I had a brother, Silviu, who was older than me, he being the firstborn, in 1929. I also have a sister, Grete, who was born in December 1936 and has been living in Israel since 1970.

My sister started working after she graduated from high school. She even received a qualification afterwards, for she attended a technical high school and supported me during my university studies. She didn't attend the university.

I was a student in Cluj. My student years were beautiful in the sense that I was young, but I was in dire straits in those days because I didn't receive accommodation in the students' hostel.

I lived in a very wretched room. Around 12 girls lived in a students' hostel room. I used to go to the hostel every now and then to study with my classmates, for there were no written lectures. The room that I lived in was rented.

I was given a position in Cluj after graduating from the university, but I had married during the 5th year of my studies and my husband who was an actor obtained a transfer to the theatre in Turda.

Then we moved to Braila, because the reconstruction in Ardeal was non-existent. I received a newspaper clipping from my parents with an announcement that they were building a Fiber

Combine in Braila.

I applied for a transfer, stating that I would like to go to Braila; it was with great difficulty that I received the transfer from Turda, where I worked after finishing my studies.

When the artificial [synthetic] fibers combine was built in 1963, I moved from Turda and came to Braila, because they gave apartments to those who worked at the combine.

Otherwise, I might have never returned to Braila. I loved my father very much and this was another reason for my return. I moved there and my father died soon afterwards, in February 1964. My mother died in February 1973.

I traveled to Israel, to attend the wedding of my nephew, the son of my sister Grete. My sister's family name is Avram. She married when she was living in Bucharest.

Her son's name is Dan, but they call him Dany over there, and he changed his family name from Avram to Aviram, so that it sounds more Jewish.

In our tradition, the parents of the groom and bride are the godfathers. There are two godfathers. My nephew wasn't born in Israel, he was born in Bucharest, but his parents left Romania when he was two and a half years old.

My sister lives in Tel Aviv, but she lives in a residential area, where nothing bad ever happened. She is now retired, just like me.