

Elias Oberman



This is my father, Elias Oberman, wearing a moustache.

My father's name was Elias, Hebrew name: Eli. Jews say Eli beni Iacob, meaning "Eli, son of Iacob." My father hadn't graduated high school, but only some of the high school grades, I believed he attended in Targu Namoloasa. My father was recruited in the Romanian army, in the 10th regiment infantry, and he was on the front in Bulgaria, in the 1913 war. [Editor's note: Bulgaria entered the war in October 1915.] He was decorated, too. Then he deserted. They looked for him afterwards for several years, but he stayed hidden, he didn't live at home.

My parents met through one of those transactions they did in those days. It was a fixed marriage, for that was the custom back then. They married after my grandfather died. They got married at the Synagogue in Braila, around 1913-1914.

The relatives from my father's side considered us "the black sheep" as we were poorer. They pushed us away without having any special reasons, but merely because it was a layering due to financial situation. However, after they were persecuted because they had belonged to the higher bourgeoisie, because they were some of the great rich people of that time, they turned to me for help as I was working at the Oil Factory, in the fuel department. One of the brothers was arrested for possession of gold and he hid some of the jewelry with me, valuable items - as he knew no one would come to me to look for them, for I wasn't rich - which, of course, I returned to him after he was released from prison. Back then, owning gold was a great crime.