

Sami And Eleonora Fiul



In this photo you can see me and my sister, Lola as we used to call her (her full name is Eleonora), in 1932 in Bacau. We took this photo to send it to one of my mother's, Dorina Fiul, sisters, Sofia Dicman, and her husband, Iosef Dicman. They had no children of their own, but they were very close to our family. I remember my sister was very scared when we took this photo, the photographer took this photo a second before she jumped in my arms! My parents had a son, a boy who died at birth in 1925, and then me, on June 25th 1926. My sister, Eleonora, was born in 1930. My parents were busy with their work, they were both taking care of the inn my mother inherited from her adoptive parents, and didn't have much time for education, but I think they had some

pedagogical insight: my father never spoiled us when we were small, he was severe, stern, and unflinching when it came to working in the garden or the stables. Only later, when I grew up, he told me that he used to watch us sleep, and pet my hair and caress me. He did beat me, usually for pranks, not something worse than that, I was always taking uncle Bern on, because he was the funniest character in the family, and when mother found out, she always called for father to punish me: father had huge hands, the size of shovels, he would just spank me, then dust his hands and go back to work, without a word to me. Although mother was fair, and she always called for father to punish me when I did something wrong, she was the one to take care that he wouldn't hit my head or hit me too hard. Father taught us the value of hard work; when my sister and I were 11, or 12, my father told us: 'Don't expect me to support you like you were a pair of blind horses, you have to learn hard work and make a living!' Even our life at home was closely related to horses. My parents never had a holiday or a day off, for as long as they lived, and I regret it deeply; all they knew was work and more work.