

Mikel Finkel As A Young Man



This is my husband, Mikel Finkel. The back of the photograph reads: "Dear aunt, uncle and cousins. We send you this photograph as a memory of your nephew and cousin, Misu Finkel, Botosani, Romania, 09.09.1950." He wanted to send this photograph to America, one of his mother's sisters lived there.

My husband was born here, in the city of Botosani. His name was Mikel Finkel, Mahal [Makl] was his Jewish name. He was born in 1925, just like me. He attended 4 grades here in Botosani, that was all. There was a Jewish school on Karl Marx St., that's where he went to school. And from where he

lived, on Zimbrului St., it was very far for him to come home to eat. But there was a kitchen there, at the school, and, in order for him not to come home to eat lunch, he ate there. My father-in-law gave them beans, this and that, so that he could study. My husband said: 'I ate there until I entered 5th grade.' That was all. They wanted him to continue his studies, but there were no spots available, he couldn't fit somewhere, at a school, so that he could continue his studies. His parents were old, also, he started working this and that. What could he do? I used to tell him: 'You see, if you had gone to school, perhaps you would have married a girl that was more well-read, more refined. But since you didn't?'

I met his parents. My mother-in-law's name was Gitla Finkel. I know that my mother-in-law had a younger sister, Clara, who left to America and married an upholsterer there, his name was Abram Zamist. They had a daughter and a son. They sent word for my husband to go there, to America, but he didn't want to leave his parents here, for they were elderly people, and he said he wouldn't leave. My father-in-law's name was Alter Finkel - his Jewish name was Haim Iosuf -, he was born in Cernivtsi. He was a rather severe person, he didn't talk much with younger people, namely with me. My mother-in-law did, she talked with me. As they say, she was a smart woman, my mother-in-law. They weren't too well-off, my father-in-law bought cereals, he traded cereals. When I got married, my father-in-law was an egg-checker, meaning he checked the eggs in a store. That's how it was in those days, this was a job, too.