

Class Portrait Of Marim Haller In Romanian Traditional Dress



This is I, Marim Haller, with my classmates wearing traditional countryside Romanian outfits. I am the one on the far left in the back row. People wore such traditional outfits back then - all sorts of outfits -, I had my very own. My classmates wrote me a few lines on the back of the photograph: "I have kept this photograph since the 2nd grade. 24/I/1932; Constantin is my last name, Issic is my first name, I live in Botosani and I love Maly; A souvenir. I somehow foresee you won't keep any of these souvenirs, for it is always so, what the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve over, Reghina Smilovici; As a souvenir from a classmate, Clara Turcu; A small souvenir to remind you of the times we had together, Farcasanu; To remember me by, Neustein; Memories from 24th January 1932, Lucia; Earth is but a stage where man appears, plays his part and disappears, Cretu; As a souvenir of 24/I-32, Ghimca; To remember the day of 24/I 1932 by, Segall Sarica; To remember me by, Petrescu; A memory must be written on an open heart, not on a sheet of paper to be thrown away, L.?.; A memory from January 24, Otilica Gold; Elena Suman; Ninett Delescu; Ancuta Plesca." As it becomes clear from these lines written on its back, the photograph was taken on 24th January 1932, on the day of the Union of the Romanian Principalities.

I was born in Harlau in 1915. Officially, my name is Marim, but people call me Maly. I was named after a neighbor whom my mother knew. At school, I was registered as Marim Nuta, even though my father's actual name was Sin Nuta, after his father. Formerly, that's how people were named, Sin Nuta, Sin This, Sin That - son of Nuta, son of this, son of that. [Editor's note: The word "sin" is a dialect form of the Yiddish "zun" (zin)=son.] Afterwards, I secured an attestation from the court of law stating that Nuta and Ghebergher were the same name. It doesn't matter, I changed it afterwards, when I got married.

I started going to school at the Romanian school in Harlau. There was also a Jewish school, but I completed [the first 4 grades at] the Romanian school. That's where my mother enlisted me. I

believe we lived in Harlau until I was about 10.

And afterwards we moved to Botosani, my mother and I. We lived in a rented house on Dragos Voda St., which had 2 rooms and a kitchen, and mother would rent one of the rooms to tenants - she rented one of the rooms, and we lived in the other room - so that we could get by, she rented the room to pupils - that's how life was in those days!

I started attending the Commercial School in Botosani, it consisted of three grades, and then, if you wanted to, you could continue studying there. After that, I attended the Superior School of Commerce, another 4 grades. I graduated the Superior School of Commerce in 1934. I didn't have to pay schooling taxes as my father had died in the war. And I was a prize-winning pupil, I was a good pupil. I couldn't continue my studies, even though I sat for an exam and passed it. I sat for an admission exam at the Commercial Academy in Bucharest, but I didn't continue my studies. There was no one to support me financially, my mother was alone, life was hard. I had a job, and I had to support my mother as well.