

The Cojocarius' Marriage Certificate

REPUBLICA SOCIALISTĂ ROMÂNIA
 CONSILIUL
 STATUL POPULAR AL ORĂȘULUI DOROHOI
 STAREA CIVILĂ

LOCUL ȘI DATA ÎNCHEIERII CĂSĂTORIEI
 Comuna DOROHOI Județul BOTOȘANI
 Orașul
 Anul 1923 luna noiembrie ziua 17
 (cifre și litere)
 Luna Octombrie
 Ziua 17
 (cifre și litere)

CERTIFICAT DE CĂSĂTORIE
 Seria C. 3 nr. 540772

Numele soțului COJOCARIU
 Prenumele soțului AVRAM
 Data și locul nașterii soțului:
 Anul — luna — ziua —
 Comuna DUMENI Județul BOTOȘANI
 Orașul
 Numele tatălui COJOCARIU
 Prenumele tatălui IANCU
 Numele soției LEIZER
 Prenumele soției HANA
 Data și locul nașterii soției:
 Anul — luna — ziua —
 Comuna DOROHOI Județul BOTOȘANI
 Orașul Mănești
 Numele tatălui LEIZER
 Prenumele tatălui MALCA

LOCUL ÎNREGISTRĂRII
 Comuna DOROHOI
 Orașul
 Județul BOTOȘANI
 Căsătoria a fost trecută în registrul stării
 civile la nr. 128 din anul 1923
 luna octombrie ziua 17

NUMELE DUPĂ CĂSĂTORIE
 SOTUL COJOCARIU
 SOȚIA COJOCARIU
 Eliberat astăzi 30.10.1970 cu nr. 17733

L. S. Semnătura. L. H. vîg.

This is the marriage certificate of my parents, Avram Cojocariu and Hana Cojocariu, born Leizer. They got married here, in Dorohoi, on October 17, 1923. But this isn't the original document, for it was issued in 1970.

My parents got married in 1923. They met here, in Dorohoi, but I don't know the circumstances, they didn't tell us. My father probably came to the city to get married at some point, and he met my mother. They got married while he was doing his military service, that's what they told us. My father did his military service in Iasi, and they lived there, my mother lived in Iasi as well during my father's military service. It could be that my father's military service lasted for 3 years - the military service was very long in those days. And our father told us how his officers loved him during the days of his military service - those people, the toffs, his superiors -, and how they cared for him.

And when my father finished his military service, they moved back to Dorohoi. They paid rent, and when my father went to rent a place, the owner would ask: "Do you have any children?" "Yes." That was it, they wouldn't want him anymore, they didn't rent him the room anymore. "Do you have any children?" "And how many children do you have?" - That was it! And that's how they kept going from place to place. Until my father set his mind to building a place of his own, so that he wouldn't have to pay other people anymore. And he obtained a narrow plot of land somewhere - as wide as the house, no wider -, for I don't know how they worked on building the house. So he secured a small plot of land, and paid a contractor to build the house. It was located near the train station, on a street that was once called Carmen Silva, formerly; it was called Republicii St. lately, and now it is called George Enescu. For the George Enescu Museum is located on that street as well, and they named the street George Enescu as well.

We had 2 rooms and a kitchen, and you passed from one into the other, they were in a row - like a train carriage. And there was a basement underneath for storing firewood - for we didn't have a

shed in the courtyard -, and we stored food in that basement, odds and ends. Our street was close to the street, in the front, and we had to walk along such a narrow walkway to reach the stairs leading to the basement, so narrow that I scraped against the wall of the house when I walked along it. About half a meter wide - that's how wide the path to our courtyard was.

My mother was a housewife, and my father was a shoemaker. They always worked at home, they had workers, apprentices - they had 2 workers hired at all times. Because back then things were not like today - we buy ready-made shoes in stores. Back then they were custom-made. My father had a lot of work, he knew his trade well.