

Carol And Raveca Margulies



These are my wife, Ravenca Margulies, nee Besinei, and I, in front of the house where her parents had lived, at 12 Painii Street in Targu Mures. The picture was taken in the 1980s.

I met my future wife when I was working for the 'Cartea Rusa' bookstores' organization, between 1948 and 1950. We were both in accounting, so we sat opposite each other at the same desk. She was born in 1922, in Targu Mures. She was a Christian and had graduated from high school. When the personnel cut stroke, she was sacked because she had owned a bookstore before the Russians came. I used to go to her place from time to time and ask if she needed anything. After a while, she

got another job at a company in charge of restaurants. It was located downtown, where the police station is. We got married much later. My mother got ill and was bound to bed for two years. I had to cook, clean and go to work. It wasn't far, a ten minute walk, so I could go home at least twice a day. There was no one who could help me; my mother didn't put up with anyone. This is why I didn't want to get married. Given my mother's condition, I couldn't just get married and tell my wife, 'Take care of my mother now.' But Raveca and I were friends during all this time. While my mother had nothing against my marrying a non-Jewish woman, I had. My mother died in 1979, at the age of 87 or so. She was buried in the Jewish cemetery of Targu Mures.

I got married in 1981. My mother wasn't alive anymore. I was alone and everyone urged me: 'Don't be silly, take this girl, she's nice and pretty.' My brother insisted, too. So I married her eventually. I couldn't live like that. My wife had a house that had belonged to her parents; on 12 Painii Street. It only had one room, kitchen, and pantry. We added the bathroom that we made large enough for a washing machine to fit in. We didn't have children. I was lucky with my wife, I can't complain about that. She was loyal to me and minded her own business. She worked hard.