

Maurice Oberman With Ionel And Alphonse Hertanu



In the street: the uncle and his nephews; the ones in this photograph are Ionel Hertanu (the first one on the left), Alphonse Hertanu and Maurice Oberman, their uncle (and mine), strolling along the Regala St.; there were also street photographers back then.

My father had many brothers and sisters: Joseph, Maurice, Rebeca, Peppi. All of them were born in Braila, after my grandfather had moved there.

Maurice Oberman was one of my father's younger brothers. He studied in Germany, he attended the Commercial Academy.

My father's sister, Rebeca (born Oberman), was younger than my father, her husband, Moritz Hertanu, was from Bacau, and aunt Rebeca was from Braila. They lived both on Sulina Boulevard, at no. 31, and at no. 20 as well. They had a druggist's shop at the corner of Cuza St., right by the hotel, on the corner. It was called Venus Druggist's Shop. The sons of aunt Rebeca were Ionel Hertanu, and they had yet another son, an engineer, Iuji, who died of TB, as he caught a cold at Lacu Sarat. And there is also Alphonse Hertanu and their sister, Betty. Ionel Hertanu had taken specialty courses to become a druggist. Alphonse Hertanu had graduated the Commercial School. All three of them are dead and they are buried here, in Braila.

When the legionnaires came to power in 1940, in September, and they came to search my house on November 7, they came to arrest me. I wasn't at home. And then they sent people to find me, but I was fortunate they didn't find me as I was in the port in my uncle's office, who also had a bridge there. I hid for a month as they patrolled in the area around our house in order to find me. I hid at my father's sister's place and my uncle's place, Maurice, on Pomilor St. I stayed there locked

indoors as they were looking for me day after day. Not to mention the fact that wardrobes, mattresses were being turned upside down at home. They didn't know where I was hiding.