

Ewa And Rubin Cukier



I don't know who took this picture and when exactly.

As most of our family shots, this one was probably saved thanks to Chawa, my father's sister, who had left for Argentina before World War II. In this picture we can see my parents, Rubin, and Ewa Cukier.

My mother's name was Chawa, or Ewa, maiden name Gampel. She was born in 1894 in Warsaw. She was the second child in that family. She graduated from the 6th grade of public school.

Her native language was Yiddish, but she wrote and spoke Polish well, without mistakes. My mother didn't wear a wig; she dressed European style, used lipstick and face powder.

She had French powder boxes. I remember I used to like looking at them, because they had this pattern, typical of 19th century powder boxes.

My parents met through a matchmaker. The matchmaker took Father to Solna Street 9, to some shy girl named Ewa. It was love at first sight. They were a very loving couple.

Mother kept house and Father asked for her advice about everything. He used her as a kind of excuse. He would say, 'I can't decide alone, I need to ask Ewa for advice.'

Mother followed tradition, although she had her own style - she wasn't extremely religious. She didn't use to go to the prayer house, but she made sure that milk and meat were separated. She kept all those rigors.

Right before the war she fell ill and the house stopped being a home. After she had gallstones removed, she started having pus in her lungs and was in hospital.

There were no antibiotics, other methods of treatment were used. That's when I saw Father's great love for her. He was a very thrifty, you can say miserly, man, like most artisans who managed to become successful, but in this situation he didn't begrudge anything.