

Lazar, Surica And Marcel Golstein



This is a photo of my parents and my brother, Marcel, in 1927. The photo was taken in Bucharest, at the Feldman photo cabinet, 24 Vacaresti Ave., on my brother's third anniversary. My mother, Tobias Surica, was born in 1895, in Piatra Neamt. Unfortunately, her mother died at her birth, so she was raised by an aunt of mine, Tipora, my mother's sister. Her father was a tailor in Piatra Neamt. It was him who taught her this craft, which she exercised with great ability, especially in the times when our family's financial situation was precarious. In 1920, she left for Bucharest on her own, to find a job. My father, Lazar Goldstein, was born in Husi in 1900. His only education consisted of four elementary grades, as he had to start earning his living at an early age. He left his home at about 18 and ended up in Bucharest. I don't know who taught him carpentry, but he was very skilled. He owned a workshop in Bucharest, where he had two apprentices. It was a matchmaker who helped her meet my father. In 1922, he was serving in the Romanian army, and they got married before he had gone out. First they got engaged, on 3rd June 1922. A few months later, they became husband and wife. They had a Jewish wedding, before the rabbi, under the kippah, but they also went to the civil authorities. The party took place in a house on Romulus St. My parents only had two children: my brother, Marcel Goldstein, born in 1924, and myself, the younger one, born in 1929. I remember Marcel as a handsome and elegant boy. He would've made a good actor. I don't know whether he went to the kindergarten or not, but I know he attended a Romanian school, in a time when that was still possible. He started working at a very early age, when he was about 12. Unfortunately, he wasn't too keen on studying, although he was very intelligent, loved to read and read enormously. When we were kids, we would both stay up till late at night and read, and, the following day, we would report who had been the last to fall asleep. Actually, it was him who brought books in our house, as all we had before that was one book about reading the future in a coffee cup. He also brought a gramophone on which we played synagogal music and operas. My brother was crazy about opera and would often go to concerts at the Romanian Opera. He would get in whenever he wanted to, as he bribed the ticket collector. He had a cheerful nature and he loved to go to parties. He had many friends among the students, both Jewish and non-Jewish. Most of them were poor, and he would help them once in a while, as he was

already employed and earned money.