

# Isac Weisselberg's Family



This is my mother's family in the 1920's, in the courtyard of my maternal grandfather on Uranus St., Bucharest. From left to right, upper row: Uncle Haim Goldschlager (husband of my mother's sister, Rasela), I don't know the person next to him, then there is Uncle Filip Weisselberg (my mother's brother, the one with the hat). From left to right, middle row: my mother, Eveline Marcussohn (nee Weisselberg), Aunt Rebeca Weisselberg (wife of Filip Weisselberg), my maternal grandfather, Isac Weisselberg, my maternal grandmother, Frederica Weisselberg, Aunt Stephanie Weisselberg (wife of my mother's brother, Neuman Weisselberg). From left to right, lower row: Uncle Victor Weisselberg (my mother's brother), Uncle Herman Iersohn (husband of my mother's sister, Lucia), Aunt Lucia Iersohn, Aunt Rasela Goldschlager and me, Gavril Marcuson, with my little dog, Fifi. My maternal grandfather, Isac Weisselberg, was born in 1855, in Targu Neamt. He lived in the places where his children were born: Husi, then Bucharest. He was a tradesman, a wine wholesaler. My maternal grandparents were deist, and they were religious people. My parents were deist too, but they weren't religious. I remember that my maternal grandmother, Frederica Weisselberg, had black hair even in her old age - it hadn't turned gray. She didn't go out and she dressed modestly. My maternal grandfather had 16 children. Only 7 of them lived to be adults - three boys and four girls: Sabina, Filip, Rasela, Evelina (my mother), Victor, Neuman, and Lucia. I knew them pretty well, because they lived in Bucharest. Rasela was the only one who lived in Botosani, but I met her too. My maternal grandparents lived there with most of their children and grandchildren. Most of these seven sons and daughters lived with us, with my parents and me [in the same house], but they had their own apartments. My grandfather hired Italian bricklayers - most of the bricklayers in Bucharest were Italian at that time -, and they added an extra floor to the house; the following people moved there: the families of two brothers of my mother's, Filip [Weisselberg] and Victor [Weisselberg], my mother's sister, Sabina [Michell], and my parents and me. Filip, who was a businessman, lived upstairs with his wife, and he also had an apartment at the ground floor, where his offices were. Filip Weisselberg was a tradesman, a businessman, and his wife, Rebeca Weisselberg, was a pharmacist. They didn't have children. Filip owned a company that

sold ploughs and was called 'Plugul' ['The Plough']. He also sold welding devices, carbide, which was used for the autogenous welding, and so on and so forth. Rasela Goldschlager [nee Weisselberg] was a housewife and lived in Botosani. She didn't have children. Victor Weisselberg was a lawyer, and his wife, Adela Weisselberg, was a typist with some company. They didn't have children. Neuman Weisselberg was a chemical engineer at the Zurich University; his wife, Stephanie Weisselberg is still alive - she is to turn 100 this April [2005]. They have two sons, my cousins: Mircea Weisselberg and Isac Weisselberg. Both of them are engineers and live in Haifa. Their mother lives in Tel Aviv, in an old age home. The last of the girls is Lucia Isersohn [nee Weisselberg]. Her husband, Herman Isersohn, was a physician. They had a daughter whom they named Laretta. My mother, Eveline Marcussohn [nee Weisselberg], was born in Husi, in 1892. Her education consisted of some years of high school. She wasn't a religious person. She was a rather simple woman, and she spoke some French. My grandfather only sent the boys to college. One of them became a chemist, another one became a lawyer, and another one became an accountant; but the girls never got to college. Girls were despised. Men are the ones who lead. Even at the synagogue, women have to stay separated from the men. My mother was a housewife. She have two children: Gavril Marcussohn and Octav Marcussohn. She made aliyah in the 1960's. My brother and other relatives were already living in Israel. She stayed in an old age home in Tel Aviv. I visited her there and, when I returned, I got the news of her death. She died after I had visited her. She was 89 when she passed away [in 1981]. My name is Gavril Marcuson [the initial name, Marcussohn, was shortened to Marcuson in 1968]. I was born in Bucharest, on 28th October 1913, in the house of my maternal grandfather, an old house on Viilor Dr. Back then, the place was at the outskirts of the city. We changed our house for a statelier one located on Uranus St., which had belonged to the richest man in the Dealul Spirii quarter, Nita Stere. It was a very nice house, with brick stoves and gas light. Inside there were large rooms with high ceilings.