

Four Generations Of The Rosenfeld Family



This photo was taken in 1952, in Petrosani. It features four generations of my family. From left to right: my maternal grandfather, Eugen Lustig, my mother, Frida Rosenfeld (nee Lustig), myself, Oscar Roseanu (Rosenfeld), and my son, Vladimir Roseanu.

My maternal grandfather, Eugen Lustig, was born in Vienna. He was a tailor. A wisecracker, he knew all the small craftsmen and spent his entire day bowling and drinking beer with them. But he was a very good cutter for trousers; he was the one who did the tailoring. He had an apprentice who did the rest of the work. He may have been out drinking most of the time ? if you don't mind my saying that ?, but he made some great clothes. Every time I went to him to have my pants fixed, he would say: ?Here comes my best customer!? He was a hell of a guy. His workshop was at his place; he had a special tailoring table in the kitchen. He had quite a reputation. Many people came to him to order clothes. He told stories from the time of World War I and bragged about how valiant he had been as a soldier [in the army of Austria-Hungary]

My mother, Frida Rosenfeld [nee Lustig], was born in 1901 and was 11 years younger than my father. She went to high school in Petrosani. In her youth, she worked as a cashier in a cosmetics store in Petrosani. I know my father experienced a ?coup de foudre? [love at first sight] when he met my mother. He married her in 1921 or so and they were very happy.

My mother was a very good cook. Our house in the company town had a nice porch and a flower garden in front of it. At the back of the house, there was a vegetable garden. My wife remembers: 'I watched Mother go to the garden and pluck a carrot from the ground. She came back, chop-chop, and the food was almost ready. Then she remembered she also needed a parsnip.' She grew all the vegetables she needed in her garden; everything was neatly ordered. My father made her a box that allowed geese to stick out only their necks. She would force-feed them corn. She gave them salted water to make them even more thirsty and hungry. This is how she secured 12 fat geese for the winter. The meat was smoked in order to last through the winter. We bought the milk from a

momarlanca [Ed. note: peasant woman from the Jiu Valley] who used a horse to carry the pails. They would put mamaliga [Ed note: food made of boiled corn flour] around the pail so as not to spill the milk and taste it on the spot. My mother negotiated with the momarlanca. It was funny to watch my mother speak Romanian. Nevertheless, she could make herself understood. We only used Hungarian at home. My mother was on good terms with all our neighbors. Everyone felt equal to everyone else and there was no discrimination whatsoever.

My name is Oscar Roseanu [changed in 1947 from Oszkar Rosenfeld]. I was born in Petrosani, on 2nd May 1923. Petrosani is the town of my childhood. I feel tied to this town by my most beautiful memories. I went to college in Bucharest and started a new life. I graduated from the Faculty of Physics and Chemistry of the University of Bucharest. I feel in love and got married to Rodica Roseanu [nee Teodoru] in 1951, in Bucharest.

My boy , Vladimir Roseanu, was born in 1952, in Bucharest. When he was little, we took him to the weekly nursery. I had a bicycle with a seat in front, where he sat. In the morning, I took him to Dumbrava Rosie St., in the vicinity of Icoanei Garden [park in downtown Bucharest], where the nursery was located. He enjoyed the ride until we entered that street and he realized where we were going.