

Izidor Bacher



This is my father, Izidor Bacher. I didn't know my father with such a moustache. I knew him with a small English moustache, not like this one. This photo must have been taken when he was a bachelor. Szekelyudvarhely is written on the frame, but it is not sure that this photo was taken there, because these photographers went from one village to the other, that was the custom. Photographers from Regen and from here, Marosvasarhely were wandering and taking photos. Not all of them lived in the town to take photos there... This was an occupation.

My father was a high school graduate. In Maramarossziget, at the catholic gymnasium it was possible, as they were humane; it was possible to bring the books to the gymnasium Friday afternoon [and to leave them there]. I don't know if they had exams on Saturdays, but they didn't have to write for sure. On Saturday evenings they went to take the books, they learnt on Sundays, and Mondays the ordinary lessons begun.

After the final examination daddy got employed first in Szeged, he was a cashier, he lived there for more than one year. And he knew that there was wood and woodwork here by the side of the Maros river, and he came to Gyergyoszentmiklos and settled here. My grandfather lived in Maramarossziget, and my father moved to Transylvania alone. He met mammy here, she was from Gyergyovarhegy [today Subcetate Mures]. He got married there, he married my mother.

Not far from Gyergyó [Gyergyovarhegy], about five kilometers far from where grandpa lived there was a huge timber mill with 6 frame-saws. The factory was installed in Gyegyovarhegy and Toplica. These two locations are quite close to each other. It takes half an hour by train. The one in Toplica was a large factory, with a few hundreds of workers, and if we take into account the employees

working in the forest, it had a few thousands. The factory in Gyergyovarhegy had 6 log frames, the one in Toplica had 12 log frames and 12 saws. It had a few thousands of employees. At the beginning papa was cashier in Gyergyovarhegy. Well, it was close, and I don't know how, but he met mammy, who married him. Perhaps there was a cultural performance on May 10th, and perhaps the office-holders were invited and they went to see it. Mammy couldn't be more than twenty years old. They had a religious wedding surely, because there were many Jews in Gyergyoszentmiklos. Mammy lived in Gyergyovarhegy. I think they lived there for two years, dad was cashier there, and he got promoted, so they moved then to Toplica. When the director saw that my father was very good in his profession - actually he was a mathematical genius - he became a factory manager. The factory had two directors: a technical and an administrative director. My father was the technical director. He had a secure job and a great salary. He was the expert.