

Marcel Goldstein



This is my brother, Marcel, on the right, one day before he was taken to forced labor. The soldier who appears in the picture was accompanying him to the commissariat, where he would be drafted. The photo was taken in 1941. After the war, Marcel wrote on the back: 'Appearances were deceiving this time too. I can't imagine why I was so cheerful, only one day before, walking arm in arm with the delegate who would take me to Dragasani.' During World War II, my brother had to do forced labor [Ed. note: According to the law-decree no.132 of 20th January 1940, regulating the military taxes owed by the Jews, the military and pre-military duties of the Jews were turned into forced labor and fiscal obligations.]. I was too young for that, I hadn't turned 16 yet - this was the age limit; any Jew over 16 had to do forced labor under military supervision. If a Jew didn't report

for forced labor, he was considered a deserter and the case was trialed by the Martial Court. Thus, many got deported to Transnistria, from where they never came back. My brother first worked on the Alba farm owned by Antonescu, close to Bucharest, then he was sent to Dragasani, at hundreds of kilometers away from home. He came home on holidays, but very seldom. He told us about the many Russian men and women working on the Alba farm, as prisoners of war. One spicy detail was that the daughter of the farm's superintendent (a Christian girl, of course) had fallen in love with my brother, which brought upon him the strong dislike of her father. Naturally, there was no chance for a romantic relationship between the two of them in those times. After the war, my brother, Marcel, took a specialization course at ORT, where he learnt the trade of clocksmith again. He got married in the 1960s. His wife, Blanche, was very beautiful and cultivated, although she had not attended any higher education. They didn't have children. At a certain point they got divorced and she left for Israel. My brother remarried a Romanian woman named Coca. Unfortunately, they had hardly anything in common - they were not compatible at all, their natures were much too different from one another. My brother died at a relatively early age, at 64, in 1986. He is buried at the Jewish Cemetery on Giurgiului St. He didn't have any children.