

Martin And Frida Rosenfeld



These are my parents, Frida and Martin Rosenfeld, during a vacation in Slanic Moldova spa, in the 1950?s. My father, Martin Rosenfeld, was born in 1892 in Barul Mare. He commuted from Barul Mare to Petrosani to go to high school. After graduating, he settled in Petrosani, found a job at the coal mines. He was the head of the supply department of the coal mines in Lonea, a town located about 7 kilometers away from Petrosani. He commuted daily using a small local train. In winter, they used a godin [in Romanian, small cylindrical stove] to heat the cars. He left for work at 6 a.m. and came back at 6 p.m. He had lunch at the clerks' canteen in Lonea. Every evening I used to wait for him at the small station - it was for local trains only and was about 2 kilometers away from home. On the way back to town he would talk to his coworkers, not paying much attention to me - I

was a sort of appendix, but he held my hand. He also had some work to do at home: he did accounting for the furniture factory in Farcas and for a tailor named Schwalb. Working for the furniture factory, he learnt carpentry. He built a gazebo in the courtyard that could shelter at least 10 people. I would spend a lot of my time there in summer. I did my homework there too. My father also made me swings and devices for exercise - it was a hobby of his. He was a very special man, extremely earnest and moral; everyone who knew him looked up to him. After 1946 he was the secretary-accountant of the Jewish Community until the last day of his life, in 1979. 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. 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.