

Henrik Mestitz



This picture of my father, Henrik Mestitz, was taken in Marosvasarhely in 1905.

My dad was always very elegant. This twirled moustache was in vogue back then. He was the sweetest man in the world to me, an extremely gentle, nice and good person. And he was a well-respected man, a city councilor in the Bernadi period. [when Gyorgy Bernadi was the mayor of Marosvasarhely].

He graduated from high-school, but he was never really encouraged to study further because he had to be involved in the family business. I don't think he attended cheder, but he always observed the holidays according to the traditions. On these occasions he and my mom went to the Neolog synagogue. On holidays going by horse and carriage wasn't allowed, so they went on foot. Our family wasn't Orthodox, so dad worked on Saturdays, and we didn't keep a kosher household.

My father was an associate at the sawmill, the furniture factory, the floorboard factory; the Mestitz family were involved in everything. I know that, for instance, that my mom had to pick up his weekly pay from Uncle Albert in the furniture shop. My dad and uncle both picked up a certain sum of money, probably as wages. There was always a good relationship between the siblings, but a great deal depended on my father because he was a good-tempered, extremely kind man. He was a very good-looking man, gentle and polite, and most people liked him.

Il never heard about dad being a member of any political parties. Apart from that he was involved in everything, there was no bank where he wasn't on the board of directors, there was no school of which he wasn't a vice-president or president of the board; he always took part in everything and helped wherever he could.