David Vecsler

This is my brother David Blumenfeld. He must have been in high school, in the 1920s, since he wears the school's uniform, when he had his photo taken. David was born in 1905, we were altogether eight children. When we were kids, he was the one to always climb the sour cherry tree, and give us, the other siblings, some sour cherries. was a good mathematician, and he was also very fond of books. He used to read a lot of novels from the collection Biblioteca Pentru Toti - it was the first edition. He bought books and he was very careful about their condition. If he lent a book to you, God forbid you should return it torn or dog-eared! And because that happened, he worked out something. Each one of us had some money, so when he gave us a book, he said, 'See how much it

costs? 1 lei. Give me 1 lei'. 'What for?', I used to ask. 'If you return the book to me as it is now, you will have the money back, if not, I will keep it.' He had so many books, my mother had to give him both wardrobe drawers to store his books because there was no more room for them. We also fought, like all kids do. Once I had a fight with David, my father slapped him, and David ran out of the house crying. My younger sister, Sidonia, asked me, 'Why are you crying?', and I said, 'David hit me, and I fell on the piano and hurt myself!' Then Sidonia started crying because David was crying and because she thought he would get cataract in his eyes, like old Costache. He was a neighbor who had cataract. So, there was a whole row because of a slap David gave me and my father gave him back. After he graduated from high school, David went to university in Paris, and when he came back, he became a technical manager at a textile plant in Prejmer, near Brasov. There were only two managers: him and an administrative manager, so they needed him there. David died in Prejmer in 1953.