

Burah Herscu In Military Uniform



This is my father, Burah Herscu, in 1922, dressed in military uniform. Looking on the back I can see that the photo was taken in Iasi at the Photo Royal cabinet on 38 Lapusneanu Street. My father was born in May 1900, in the house on Socola Street in Iasi. He was a grain merchant: he traded grain and there was even a time when he owned a small store where he sold hay, oat, grains, rye, bran, salt lumps, animal supplies, i.e. for cattle. He did his military service around 1925. He was assigned to the firemen. He had many stories from his army days. I remember my family used to say that if my father woke up at the sound of a fire engine's siren, he would jump through the window in his underwear or his pajamas and run after them to see where the fire was and give a hand. My parents got married in 1927 in the beautiful temple in Unirii Square. Since they lived in different

neighborhoods, my mother in the Targu Cucu area and my father on Socola Street, they must have met through a common circle of friends; young people who went together to various shows and films. On Friday and Saturday evenings, they organized parties with dancing and snacks, at their places. This is how they met; they liked each other and got married. My father was very talkative and read a lot. He enjoyed reading Sholem Aleichem's books. I remember how he used to sit in bed in winter and read; at a certain point, he would start laughing and we didn't know why: he had come across something funny. So he would read us a fragment from Sholem Aleichem's book to amuse us. We didn't have an actual bookshelf, but he borrowed many books and newspapers. My father particularly liked the Jewish authors, he was happy whenever he came across someone like Aleichem.