

## Aristide Streja With Relatives And Friends



The photo was taken in a Bucharest park, in 1928. From the right side this is my mother, Estera Wechsler, me, Aristide Wechsler, in the center the Hellman family, and to the left side my sister, Stefania Wechsler. I was very upset because Stefania wanted to play with my circle and everybody was amused. Estera Wechsler [nee Letzler], my mother, was born in 1888, in Ploiesti. My mother's culture was rather rich. She spoke foreign languages and she read literature in Romanian and in other languages too. She interrupted her studies and had to get married at an early age. My parents had three children: Stefania, Sebastian and Aristide Wechsler. My mother took care of the three of us. I, Aristide Streja [Ed. note: He changed his name from Wechsler to Streja after World War II.], was born in Bucharest on 19th December 1922. I was well looked after and educated by my parents. I had a sister who was 7 years older than me and a brother who was 6 years older. When I was in the first year of my life, both of them were in primary school. They would play together - they were still children when I was very young. I used to play with the circle; it was one of my favorite games before I went to school. At the age of 4 or 5, I caught the scarlet fever and my mother had to take special care of me. She had to isolate me, so that the other children wouldn't get sick. It was a very serious matter. I didn't go to kindergarten - we didn't have kindergartens back then. My sister and brother looked after me to a certain extent, but they didn't take me play with them - they just helped me with my homework. They made my parents look after me; they didn't really like to do it themselves because they thought they wasted their time on me. But they loved me and I didn't have any conflicts with them. Stefania Rubinger [nee Wechsler], my sister, was born in 1914, in Bucharest. Her story is hard to tell. She was married when World War II came. Her husband, Rubinger, was a painter. They were relatively poor, but they married for love. They lived in Bucharest until the 1970's, when they emigrated to Germany. It was a time when Germany accepted German-speaking immigrants of German descent. He had been born in Cernauti and spoke German; my sister spoke German too. They settled in the town of Dusseldorf and stayed there. My sister now lives there by herself, as my brother-in-law died two years ago [in 2002]. He was run over by a car on a pedestrian crossing, at the age of 92. My sister is about 90 now.