

The Family Of Jeno Nussbaum



This picture was probably taken after the birth of my younger brother, which means that it was the beginning of 1931. Here you can see my mother, Ilona Nussbaum, nee Weinberger, my father, Jeno Nussbaum, myself - their elder child, and my brother Sandor on my mother's lap. And this was a very short time after the birth, because one can see that my mother's breasts were swelling with milk. I remember this photographer, Benach, he was from Torda, I think he was Jew, I even know in which street he was. Probably he lived there even at that time. He had a typical interwar-period studio, which had that big sort of camera that stands on three feet. Not a little one, but one with the pull-out part. They didn't put film in it but sheets of glass. Only at that time there were no color pictures. My parents used the pictures as papers, to make notes on. Probably my mother listed the items and my father wrote down what to do: ?straw hat, (go) to Giuseppe del ? , sweater for grandpa, via del corso, look up so-and-so in the phonebook.? It seems that my father went to Paris and he traveled around a great deal. The only one who didn't find a foreign wife among the Nussbaum brothers was my father. When he came back from Italy, where he had studied, to visit his father he met my mother in Torda, and that's why I don't have an Italian mother. I don't know under what circumstances they met, but they got married, and he went back to Italy for a couple of years to finish his doctor's degree. Then he came back and they lived in Torda until 1940. My father never had Romanian citizenship and he was obligated to go to Bucharest and Budapest, twice every year, to extend his residence. Then he visited his brothers, so he traveled around a lot. Sometimes my mother went, too. My father never became a Romanian citizen, and he had a lot of problems because of that. There was quite a lot of interest about the Ford car in Romania around the 1920s-1930s. That was an institutional, well-known car. They needed a general agency for Ford. My father applied for it. He went to Bucharest and they asked him: qualifications: this and that; knowledge of languages: German, Italian, French, English, all right. Doctorate degree: yes. They asked him: ?Would you accept the post of general agent?? But then they found out that he was not a Romanian citizen. They said: "The fact that you are a Jew can be accepted, but to have Hungarian citizenship, we can't accept that.? He couldn't arrange Romanian citizenship or he didn't want to, I don't know which.