

Magda Frischmann On A Wedding Before Her Deportation



Here is my poor mom, at that time - at the wedding of my girlfriend -- she was already down-hearted because of the loss of her son. My brother was killed in a labor batallion on the Russian front in 1942. I still cannot talk about it. I got a picture from somebody, a girlfriend from Kismarton, who went to the same school. She's not Jewish. We usually meet in Sopron. Her brother and my brother attended school together and she gave me this picture recently and my brother is on it. My mother, Maria Weinberger, came from a completely different family [from my father's which was Orthodox]. Everybody called her Mila. She was born in Zagreb in 1884. She graduated high school in Vienna, and I don't know where she learned it but I've never seen such housekeeping in my life. She cooked wonderfully, and kept everything very spick and span. I still remember that the bed sheets in the sleeping-room wardrobe were put in pink tissue paper. So, she was a real wife and mother. She had a very large family. There were fifteen brothers and sisters. I know that my mother sometimes took me to Zagreb in the summer and she took me in Cirbenica to spend there the summer holiday there but we didn't meet the relatives there either. My mother corresponded with the whole family, copying letters with carbon paper because this was such a [big scattered family] - one lived in Vienna, another in Zagreb, the third in Sesvorten, which was near Zagreb. We used to speak German at home. My mother tongue is German as well because my mother came from Zagreb but she grew up in Vienna (so I have no idea how she got together with my father) but mother hardly spoke Hungarian, only a few words after so much time. My mother used to go to the hairdresser every week, she dyed her nails like I do - I probably inherited that from her - she had beautiful hands. She smoked a cigarette every Sunday at midday. So she was absolutely modern.