

Gyorgyike Hasko With Her Brother And Grandmother



I am in the picture with my brother and my paternal grandmother in the garden of the house of my father's sister in Zugliget.

On the 20th August my parents took my brother and I home so that we would get accustomed to town life again and forget that rural tone, because we did learn this and that, what wasn't appropriate. So we got to Zugliget, to my father's sister and grandmother for two weeks. We didn't like this grandmother of ours, this tiny little hideous woman, and we didn't like being there at all, but we had to stay there, we had no choice. When we got used to the town again, we went to school.

My paternal grandmother was a very strict tiny little lady. Her father was a corn merchant in Bratislava [today Slovakia]. She didn't speak Hungarian well. They weren't religious, at least my grandmother wasn't. She wore a Grätchen hair-cut, she braided her hair and rolled up the braid on the top of her head, and she wore long black dresses with small pattern. She was 82 or 83 years old when in 1942, right at the beginning of the war, she fell ill of pneumonia, and as lucky as she was, it killed her. She didn't have to live through what came afterwards.

This villa was owned by my father's sister and her husband. A beautiful, neat garden belonged to it. All along the path there were beautiful roses. There were a lot of fruit trees in the garden.