

The F. Family



This is a photo of our family on my father's side. It was taken in Bratislava in 1928. The first on the left is my father's brother, Alexander F., standing beside him are my grandfather Heinrich F., my mother, Helena, my father, Julius, and I, Henrich, am in the baby carriage.

My grandfather was already in his golden years. I met him only a few times, because Dunajska Streda, to which Nyarasd belonged, was taken over by Hungary during the war [1]. My grandfather, like his children, was completely modern, including his observance of religious customs. The family observed mainly the holidays. During holidays they would visit the synagogue on Dunajska Streda. My grandfather didn't survive the war.

Uncle Alexander worked as the superintendent of a sugar refinery in Dioszeg, now called Sladkovicovo [the town's Hungarian name of Dioszeg was changed to Sladkovicovo in 1938. Since 1989 two names have been used for this small town: Sladkovicovo in Slovak, and the Hungarian Dioszeg - Editor's note]. They had one son, Herbert. During World War II, Herbert did munkaszolgálat [2] in Budapest, and later hid out on the grounds of the sugar refinery, where he survived the Holocaust. He died much later, in Bratislava. Uncle Alexander died before the deportations, in 1942, of natural causes.

We didn't visit Uncle Alexander often, because Dioszeg was a part of Hungary [1]. I actually remember only one visit. My uncle was the superintendent of a sugar refinery that belonged to the Kuffner family. There was a set of railway tracks that led into the sugar refinery, on which they transported sugar beets, and we arrived on those tracks when we came to see my uncle.