

The Perl Family



This is a photo of my mother's sister, Greta Perlova, with her husband, Artur, and their son Tibor, around 1929. The photograph was taken at Bock Studios in Bratislava.

My mother's sister Greta lived with her husband, Perl, who was a typographer. They had two children, a son named Tibor, and a daughter, Olina. They lived on Dunajska [Danube] Street. They deported them all. My cousin Tibor was sent to Bergen-Belsen, where he luckily survived the war. My mother's sister Greta was also lucky, she survived the concentration camp.

The following few sentences are related to this part of our family, from the period of anti-Jewish persecution during the war. Relationships in our family were always on the level. Our parents always told us what was happening. For example, I knew how much our father made in the store, I knew about his relationship with the Aryanizer. We knew what the political situation was. Many people and family members used to come to our place. They played cards and at the same time discussed politics. Actually, we knew about everything. My two uncles, Perl and Fischer, worked in typography, as typesetters. They worked for the underground. They printed flyers and various exhortations against the regime. My father wrapped goods in these flyers. So besides persecuting us for being Jews, they were also after us because of this.

These people met at our place daily. Practically every day we also experienced banging at the door, kicking at the door accompanied by loud shouting. The Guardists were arriving. Our visitors would be sitting at the table playing cards, and the Guardists would say: "Do you know that you're not supposed to be meeting?" Well, then they'd have a shot, take an envelope and leave. But they were insatiable. It would happen that they'd even come more than once a day. If there was an

arrest warrant out on someone present, they'd take him with them for interrogation. Those were perilous times.