

Gyorgyike Hasko With Her Parents



This is my father, my mother and I in Erzsebet Square.

My father traveled to Abbazia [today, Opatija, Croatia] by train in the early spring of 1928. Abbazia was the resort of the Hungarian middle-class of that time, and among other things it was famous because they were known for performing operations on deviated nasal septums. My father had that problem so he went there to take care of it. In the meantime, my maternal grandfather decided to take my mother, who was 22 years old, to Abbazi. She met my father on the train, and in May they already got married. My mother told me that my father looked like a university student even though he was already 38 years old.

My parents got married in 1928 in Miskolc, in the courtyard, under a chupah, despite the fact that my paternal grandfather couldn't give a big dowry. My grandfather couldn't afford this, but my father was a gentleman, and anyway, he didn't care. My mother brought a bedroom furniture into the marriage, which consisted of two beds, a wardrobe with hangers and one with shelves and two nightstands, and perhaps the kitchen furniture, too, and the dishes and bedding, which she had sewed and embroidered, there was a monogram on everything at that time. And these were all taken to Pest, because my mother got married to Pest, where my father lived with my paternal grandmother in a three-bedroom-apartment with all modern conveniences.

My brother was born in 1929, and three years later I was born. Both my brother and I were born at the Siesta, which is now the Oncological Institute. The Siesta was a private sanatorium, and since my father got married quite late, and my mother was much younger, my father thought that we had to be born at the best place, and this was such a place.