

## Haim And Klara Walter



This was my uncle, Haim Walter and my aunt, Klara.

The originals were taken before the World War II, and a photo was found with the man and one with the woman after the war, and they put them together, next to each other. I have only this copy.

They lived in the neighborhood, in front of our house.

Haim Walter was the oldest brother of my mum, Berta Malek.

He was a shoe-maker, his wife was called Klari, Kajle in Jewish. Haim had four sons and a daughter: the oldest was Sandor, in Jewish Szedl, then Nuti, Nute in Jewish, there was Mojsi [Mojse], Szruli [Szrul], I don't know the last son's name.

The girl was called Malka, Malcsi, her husband was Jenö Simonovits, who became my first husband.

They lived together ten years, than the children and Malcsi were deported and never came back.

They had two children. The girl, Sari was 5 years younger than me [she was born in 1931], but she was slenderer and taller than me.

Tibi, the little one was three years younger than his sister [he was born in 1934], so they were quite little children, when they were deported.

Three boys came back from Haim's family [after WWII]: Mojsi, Nuti and Szruli.

Sandor was the oldest, he didn't come back, nor did the girl. Szruli went to America, he stays in Brooklyn.

In 1973 I visited Israel, and in 1975 America. In Ceau's time [Ceaurescu, see: Ceaurescu, Nicolae] they would let you out [from the country] in every second year [see: Travel into and out of Romania].

In those times a return plane ticket to America cost 13,000 lei, to Israel 2,500 lei.

America is very beautiful, it can't be even compared [to Romania].

First I visited Israel, and I thought there couldn't be a more beautiful country than Israel, as it is indeed very beautiful.

But after going to America I noticed a huge difference. It seemed to me that Israel could be related to America as Romania to Israel.

Well America... one could not even tell what a country it is. The people, the buildings, the employments, everything, it can't be compared.

In America I arrived in Brooklyn. Brooklyn is so big, as three towns together in Romania.

I visited there a cousin too, Sizruli Walter [Haim Walter, the son of one of the mother's brothers], but I stayed mainly at an acquaintance, who had sent me the invitation letter.

And they would come by car, and take me to Philadelphia, to New Jersey, I visited several places at my cousins.