

Albert Farkas



In this photo you can see my husband, Albert Farkas. The photo was taken somewhere in Romania in the 1940s.

I met my husband, Albert Farkas, at a hockey match, in Miercurea Ciuc, in 1948. My husband's boss was an acquaintance and he introduced us. Albert was born in 1923 in Sandominic, he was a Jew, and he spoke Hungarian, just like me. He studied at the librarianship school in Budapest, but when I met him he was an officer in the Romanian army.

We got married in 1950; it was more because of my father's pressure, who kept telling me that a good Jew was hard to find in that town. It didn't matter to me if my husband was Jewish or not, because my family was very variegated, very mixed up. We had many Christians in the family, especially my cousins. We didn't have a religious wedding, because there was no synagogue in Miercurea Ciuc. There was a temple, but it was in ruins. And the Jews were so few that they couldn't afford to repair it, and I don't even think there were ten men for the minyan. It was demolished between 1940 and 1944, when the Hungarians were there, and all the things were stolen. More to the point, Albert was a party member and he worked where he worked, so there was only a civil ceremony.

After I got married we lived in Miercurea Ciuc for almost another year. We rented a house, it had a room and a kitchen, that's all we had, and we stayed there. Our friends were Romanians and Hungarians and Jews alike. There were few Jews there, because they had been deported, and the majority of those who came back left for Israel.