

Erno Fulop



This is my brother, Erno Fulop. This is actually a postcard he sent to our parents with the message: "A souvenir for my beloved parents from their loving son, Erno."

After he finished school, he couldn't find a job at home, so he left for Galati to look for work there. Eventually, he came back home and worked as a clerk. There was this doctor, Ede Schnabel, who was in charge of the miners; my brother helped him with administrative work. The doctor lived in

Cluj, but had been assigned to work at the mines.

Erno was a gifted boy. He sang, he was esteemed, he looked good, he was the center of attention wherever he went, and he was single. He married a widow from Dej who owned a store. She was a very nice woman and loved my brother a lot. As he was hard-working and intelligent, his wife wanted him to take over the store. He did such a good job running it, that the income doubled.

During the deportations, he was sent to forced labor in Germany. There he met a brother-in-law - his wife's sister's husband. The man was much more weakened than him. One day, the detachment had to go to work in another place, but this man couldn't walk. So my brother tried to carry him. He didn't abandon him; this is how things went in my family - we liked to help one another. As a result, they were both shot to death. The sick did not receive any medical treatment; if they couldn't walk, they were simply shot. My brother was killed too, because he was carrying a sick man in his arms. I learned about this from his fellow inmates who made it back. He died because he wanted to save another man. He died like a hero, only an unknown hero.