

## Izidor Weiss With His Siblings



This is a picture of my uncle Izidor Weiss and his sister and brothers. My mother's brother Izidor is standing. My mother Helena Akerman (nee Weiss), is the second on the left, her sisters Janka Ostreicher (nee Weiss), second on the right, and Piroska Rot (nee Weiss), the one on the left. On the right is my mother's cousin whose name I don't remember. The photo was taken in Mukachevo in 1909. There were seven children in my mother's family. I don't know when they were born but I know who was older and who was younger. My mother's brother Meyer was the oldest. Then came Izidor, his Jewish name was Srul. Izidor was deaf and dumb. After Izidor came Moshe. Then three daughters were born. My mother was born in 1885. Her Jewish name was Hinde and in her passport she was Helena. Then came Hana, Janka, as was written in her passport, and Perl, Piroska in her passport. The youngest was Fishl, Fulop in his passport. They had Hungarian names written in their passports. I don't know why, probably, it was common practice at that time. All the boys studied in cheder and the girls had classes at home with a teacher. Afterwards they studied in a Hungarian secondary school. My mother's sisters and brothers were deeply religious and observed all Jewish traditions. Izidor was a typesetter in a printing house. He was the most handsome of all brothers. In the 1920s Izidor and his brother Moshe moved to Budapest. Izidor was single. He perished in the ghetto in Budapest in 1944. Hana got married. Her husband's last name was Ostreicher. I have no information about her husband. Perl got married, too. Her husband's last name was Rot. Her husband owned a paper factory. He was a rich man. Perl had a daughter, Ilus, who lives in Israel now. Her last name in marriage was Shronek. When we travel to Israel we meet with her. Ilus lives in Jerusalem with her family. She is very religious. Hana and Perl were housewives. Perl, her husband and Hana perished in a concentration camp [Auschwitz] in 1944. Well, if one started counting how many of our people died! I'd rather switch to a different subject. This one is too hard to talk about. My mother's youngest brother Fulop didn't work. He was very ill. He died of tuberculosis when he was young, in 1932.