

Zsuzsa Kobstein And Lipot Maszler



This is me and my father at his 80th birthday. My parents still lived in the same flat as before the war. We had moved there in 1942 when after a serious illness, the doctor told my parents that we should get out of our house in Pilisvorosvar. They survived the war in the ghetto of Budapest (while we, their two daughters were in concentration camps) and returned to the same flat after the liberation of the town. The whole house was empty, as everybody was deported or taken to the ghetto. The only living creature that survived was our beloved cat Zsubrika. The photo was taken by my husband on the balcony of my parents' flat.