

The Friedmanns On Excursion



This photo was taken on an excursion somewhere near Eger in the 1940s. My Mom Aranka Friedmann, nee Pollak is in the middle - she is peeling something. My sister Bozsi Spiegel, nee Friedmann and her little daughter Julika Spiegel are on her left. We went on excursions every Sunday on a big wagon. It's the kind of flat wagon used for transporting furniture. You can still see them, but they are not much in use any more. Gyula Krausz had such a furniture transporting wagon and every Sunday we went to Belepatfalva, Ostoros, and to many other places. Once the family went on the lake in a boat and the boat turned over they fell into the water. It was an adventure because the boat was full; we had many children with us. We were standing on the shore watching this with Dad and Bozsi. We didn't get into the boat, because I didn't like boat rides. And the lake was rather dirty, too. But they went, and the boat went swinging and hey presto, suddenly the whole company fell into the water. Fortunately everybody could swim. In Eger everybody could swim. So, we had a good laugh. But everybody had wet clothes on and we were thinking how to dry them. They undressed and we had a few rugs with us but they had holes in them. My brother-in-law, Gyula, put on a rug that had a hole on the back where it shouldn't have one. So, it was big fun, trying to see what could be seen from him. Bozsi married someone from Pest. Pal Spiegel was recommended -matchmaking was common in those days. Spiegel had a pickle-producing workshop. It was a family business. Bozsi didn't work. In those days not everybody worked. Her husband provided for her. They got married in 1937, but they lived together for a relatively short time. Their daughter, Julika, was born in 1939. The troubles started in 1944 and by that time Pal was already dead. He committed suicide because he had asthma and couldn't sleep at night, so he jumped out of the window. He was buried in the Jewish cemetery, but I don't know the details how this could have been arranged. I don't know, someone must have managed to get the permission, probably the relatives. The whole family was shaken. Nothing like this had ever happened in our life. He was a very intelligent nice man, only he wasn't healthy. But we didn't know that when Mom married Bozsi to him. [After his death] Bozsi returned to Eger and lived with Mom and Dad and sewed clothes for others. She had to make a living from something. If Bozsi had remained in Pest, she would have survived, but she wanted to go back to my parents in Eger. And

off they went to Auschwitz together. Bozsi and her daughter were gassed immediately, just like my parents. Julika was six years old. She was a beautiful little girl, smart, intelligent, she was to go to school that year. They would have never thought in their worst dream to what place they were being taken. Who would have thought that such an evil thing could happen in civilized Europe.