

Henrik Mestitz



'Darko - one of my father's friends - and Kovacs lying on the floor, I'm sitting on my bed.' 6th January 1915, Perecseny - That's written on the back of this picture. It was probably taken at a guesthouse where my father, Henrik Mestitz, and others were working, but I have no idea where this Perecseny is. His friend then returned to Budapest, because he was from Hungary. When he returned to Sokoliki after several years, he wrote to us, 'I'm here again, where we spent those joyful and peaceful years of war.' My father went to Galicia as a captain during World War I. He was sent there, to the outskirts of Lemberg [Lvov, Ukraine], because the enemy had destroyed fourteen sawmills, and they knew he owned one here in Marosvasarhely, and he had the proper competence to repair those there. Dad was stationed 80 kilometers from Lemberg, and he had a lot of people under his command. There were many officers, and they were building, as well as repairing the sawmills. Although I don't remember, I'm quite sure there were other Jewish soldiers there, as well.