

## Magda Frischmann With Her Family



My parents, my grandfather and auntie Adel - she is one of the Frischmann-sisters, who lived in Vienna. she got married as well but there was no child there either. I think her husband dealt with plastic intestines for making sausages. On the father's side, I only knew my grandmother. But I remember the name of my grandfather. He was Sandor Frischmann. He came to Sopron from Deutschkreutz. I didn't know him at all. He died at the beginning of the 1920s, I think he is buried in Sopron. By the way, if I remember rightly, he had a shop that was carried on later by my father. It was a wheat wholesaler's shop. Peasants worked in the vicinity and they brought the

merchandise in to my father, and he distributed it around to the bakery and everywhere. My father was called Jozsef Frischmann. He was born in Deutschkreutz in 1887. He graduated high school, then he was called up to serve in the army. He came home with decorations. My father was a real local patriot in Sopron where we lived; he was a wheat wholesaler and he had a filling station as well. My father's family was Orthodox. I mean really Orthodox, with kosher kitchen and everything. At Pesach the shel Pesach dishes were brought down from the attic, there was the cleaning of the chometz. Well, everything was so what-do-you-call-it; the thing you do with a hen, whirling it around [this is the custom called kaparot, which is done at Yom Kippur ]. And there was Rosh Hashanah, and the candle-lighting on Friday evenings, and observing the Sabbath. My mother, Maria Weinberger, came from a completely different family. Everybody called her Mila. She was born in Zagreb in 1884. She graduated high school in Vienna, and I don't know where she learned it but I've never seen such housekeeping in my life. She cooked wonderfully, and kept everything very spick and span. I still remember that the bed sheets in the sleeping-room wardrobe were put in pink tissue paper. So, she was a real wife and mother. They were both killed in Auschwitz, two years after my brother, their only son, was killed.