

David Edelmann And Szerena Edelmann



These are my parents: Szerena and David Edelmann. My parents had this photo taken one year before the end of my father's service in the Czech army. My father came on leave to Kosice, and met with my mother right away, of course. My father took this photo with him, when his leave was over and he had to go back to his unit. My father kept it in his chest pocket till the end of his service. This photo was taken in Kosice in 1925.

My father studied in a Czech school and later - in a grammar school. My father was very handsome: tall and slender with big dark eyes and handsome features. He was also a decent, honest and noble man of principles. He hated lies. At the age of 18 my father went to work for a confectionery company owned by two Jews. The owners valued my father well and employed him back after his service in the army. He got promotions and was paid well. My father was recruited to the Czech army at 19. He served near Prague and had good memories about his service in the army.

My father met my mother when he was 18. My mother was 15. She was a pretty blonde with wavy hair, gray-greenish eyes, snow-white teeth and was lovely built. Her name was Szerena Klein. Since her childhood everybody called her 'Szozsi' My parents fell in love once and for all. My mother received the first awards at beauty contests in her town several times.

My mother had many admirers, but my father became number one. My parents got married on 14 July 1929. He was 24 and my mother was 20 years old. They had a real Jewish wedding with a rabbi and a chuppah. My father was working for the company. He rented a two-room apartment and furnished it.

My father began to write before he went to the army. At first he wrote poems inspired by his love of my mother. I read these poems, when I was a child, and admired their lyrical nature and beauty. The first letters in lines composed my mother's name or declaration of his love of her. My father wrote my mother poems of letters from the army. Regretfully, they got lost during the war. My father became chief editor of the communist weekly 'Mai Nap' ('Today') published in Hungarian where his writer's talent was fully realized. My father had to work a lot to support the family. Besides, the newspaper was also funded by its employees. My father was a convinced communist,

and it had nothing to do with his material situation.