

Etela W.



My mother Etela W., nee Kohane. The photo was taken in Pusovce in front of our house, most likely in 1936. I took the photo when I was a student.

My mother was born in what is today Poland, not far from the town of Tarnow there's this village that's called Gruszow Wielki. How she got to Slovakia and how she met my father, I don't know..

My mother was an Orthodox Jewess and dressed accordingly. She always wore a wig or a headscarf. On normal weekdays she dressed normally, like the other farmwomen, but during holidays she always dressed up. She also kept a kosher household. Despite her religious convictions, she wasn't a fanatic; she always said that we're all people.

I also have to mention an important thing, which is why my mother got along so well with the locals. She quickly became familiar with Saris [Saris dialect: one of the dialects used in the territory of Eastern Slovakia - Editor's note], and spoke it fluently. At home we spoke Yiddish, with the neighbors in Saris, but she also learned German. She even learned grammatically correct Slovak. She was also very interested in culture. There was an amateur theater group in the village, boys and girls would put on plays. My mother attended the performances and wrote reviews or critiques. She was also self-taught in health sciences. She was quite well versed in pills and medicines. When someone fell ill, she went to help them. She was terribly kindhearted. My mother was an exceptionally good person, and that's why they liked her very much.