

Adolf Weisz, Dezso And Rozsi Eisikovits, And A Friend



This photo was taken in my grandfather, David Weisz's house. The one sitting is Adolf Weisz, my father's older brother.

Those standing, from the left: my father Dezso Eisikovits, my mother Rozsi and a friend of the Weisz family.

My parents got acquainted in Szamosujvar. My father, as a soldier in the Austro-Hungarian army, had the accommodation there.

My late paternal grandfather lived already in Szamosujvar then.

They knew the Eisikovits family from Nagyiklod, so when my father got to Szamosujvar, he wasn't a stranger to them.

Thus he ended up at the Weisz family, he got acquainted with one of the girls, with the eldest one, with my late mother, and here I am.

They married approximately in 1919. They didn't relate about the wedding, but surely it was a religious marriage, there was no other possibility then, and my grandfather was well off then.

My mother was a beautiful woman and a very, very kind soul and a good housekeeper.

She took part in the Jewish Zionist organization, she was a leader of the WIZO group from Szamosujvar.

Beside this we had a blue-white money box at home in the 1920s and 1930s, the KKL [Keren Kayemeth LeYisrael] money box.

At different occasions my parents used to put a sum in this money box.

My mother wore shawl only when she went, very rarely, to the synagogue, mainly on high holidays.

My father's dressing was very orderly, but he wasn't a gentry type, he was far from it.

He had very elegant shirts, I have stolen many times shirts from him, and when he saw me, he used to ask: 'So, where is this shirt from?' He knew where from.

He taught me to tie a tie. I was fourteen and half, fifteen years then. I have many nice memories of my poor late father, because he was an example.