

In A Park With A Friend



This is a photo of me, Alexander Singer. I've got the coat slung over my arm.

Standing beside me is my friend, Schönfeld. He was from Nove Zamky.

During the war they deported him from Budapest, and he died, alas. The picture was taken in 1938, in Bratislava.

The way I got it was that a friend of mine sent it to Prague.

In 1939 I left for Budapest, because I couldn't stay in Samorin. Some people were yelling at me: „Csehúny, miért nem jött haza szeptemberben?“

["Czech, why didn't you come home in September?" After the First Vienna Arbitration Samorin was granted to Hungary, and at that time Mr. Singer was on the territory of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia – Editor's note].

Suddenly my parents wrote for me to immediately return, because my sister Edita needed our help. We organized an illegal crossing from Bratislava.

I came for her to the border, where smugglers brought her over onto Hungarian territory by the town of Miloslavov.

She didn't even go home, but got on a train heading for Komarno and Miskolc. My sister could have been living there to this day, because no one knew her there.

They didn't know where she was from, and neither did they recognize the kid. She returned in 1944, when they were preparing the deportation of Jews from Hungary.

They deported her along with our parents. They went straight into the gas.

To Samorin, to Dunajska Streda, and to Auschwitz.