

OK, tell us about this, please. The picture I see front of me, on the right is my mother and her sister, Yanka. And I have no idea when it was taken or where, but judging from the picture I imagine must have been in the time before they were married. And it might have been in Budapest.

And your mother is the one standing. Mother standing and the aunt is sitting, yes. And my aunt is the one where my brother was living at the time he was waiting for my uncle from New York to come back. And I also lived with her and stayed in the yellow star homes in Budapest with her.

You aunt's name?

Yanka. And her daughter is the one who I was living with in hiding part of the time. And her son and the Servansky, Andrew Servansky, is who saved both of us, her daughter and myself.

This is a picture of my father, and judging it from the appearance of the photo, must have been taken during the First World War. And I do not know where and what year.

This is my mother. I believe she was recuperating from one of her surgeries. She was at home in our home in Szentes. What year it might have been I have no idea. That's all I know.

But it was before your eighth birthday.

Yes.

So before 1934.

Yes.

This is a picture of my father, and judging from his citations it looked like he was going up in ranks because now he has three where he only had one before. But it must have been during the First World War, and I have no idea where it was taken or when.

How did you happen to have all these pictures?

Well, I had some of the pictures with me and some of them were retrieved in the home where we lived that became the ghetto. And somebody collected it at the time they were robbing the house. And when I returned to our community, they gave it back to me. But I had some of the pictures with me in Budapest, and it survived. I had them, of course, not in an album but just in a box.

This is my grandfather, my mother's father. It looks to me like it might have been some kind of a passport or some kind of official paper, judging from the four corner stamp on it. But I have no idea where it was taken or what year. But he lived in the outskirts of Budapest in Kibana, where I understand he had a liquor business, wholesale or liquor. And I have never met him. I didn't know him.

This is my grandmother, my mother's mother. The previous picture was her husband. And I don't know where the picture was taken or when. I might have obtained this picture from her granddaughter who was Elizabeth, became the wife of Servansky.

And which is your father?

This is a group picture from my father's military life. It must have been during the first war. I have no idea where it was taken and what year, but I know he was drafted and had to be in the First World War. He's the second one, looking at it from the right, sitting.

On the bottom right?

Correct. Sitting in the dark top uniform. The uniform is dark.

This again is my father some time during the First World War. There was no date on the back of the picture and I have no idea how I obtained it. I presume after my family died and everything was divided I was the one who received all these pictures.

Again this is my father, but judging from his uniform he must have been just a private. There are no stars on his collar. And I don't know when it was taken. Must have been the beginning of the First World War.

It's again a group picture of my father in the service, but I don't know any details about it. He is on the second row. Must be kneeling, judging from the height, and the first one from the left as I am facing the picture.

So he's in the middle row.

Yes. He does have a mustache and he's sort of standing away from the third body there.

This is my father again with his uniform. I have no idea when it was taken or where.

Where did he serve in the First World War?

I don't know. My 90-year-old aunt here, she could have told you in detail.

This is another picture of my father in uniform. He sure had a lot of them, didn't he. Looks like a different hat. I don't know what it means. He looks younger here.

This is my uncle, one of my father's brother, and his first wife. They are the ones who took me into their home after my parents passed away. And they lived in Mindszent, Uncle Josef, and his wife was Elizabeth.

This is my aunt by marriage. The right is Elizabeth and her cousin, who she was very fond of. I suppose they grew up together. She lived in a nearby community. Her last name was Polgar. They had a shoe factory in the town where I was born.

This is my Uncle Josef and his first wife, Elizabeth, with their new baby whose name was Judith, and myself in our garden in our home in Mindszent. I don't have any idea when it might have been taken. I imagine I might have been in the vicinity of 13 or so years old.

This is my Uncle Josef again with his first wife. She was very ill here. She had cancer and had a mastectomy. And this was after her surgery, not too much time before she passed away. In our garden in Mindszent.

This is my Uncle Josef sitting, and the gentleman who was standing next to him must have been a buddy of his, but I don't know who he is. He also was during the first war. I don't know where it was taken.

Tell us about the prior photograph, when it was taken.

The prior photograph of my Uncle Josef sitting in the uniform with his friend is actually a postcard, and it was taken in the town of Szeged in 1913, July 15, written to his parents, addressed to his father. And he is telling his parents that he received the news with great sadness that his brother-in-law passed away. And he is informing his parents that he will be home come next Christmas. And then signed with love and Josef.

And this picture is my Uncle Josef's daughter, who was the baby in a previous photograph with her mother. I have no idea when it was taken. It was taken in the town where we were living, which was Mindszent.

This is again my Uncle Josef's daughter, Judith, and it was taken in Mindszent, but I have no idea where and what year. She was lost in Auschwitz at the time of deportation.

And you were about 14 when she was born.

Yes, I was 14 when she was born.

This is my Uncle Josef front of our house, front of the business, and with his daughter, Judith. This must have been taken after his first wife, Judith's mother, passed away because I'm fairly sure it was.

Didn't she die in childbirth? No, she died of cancer. She died of cancer, yes.

I was eight when I went to their home. And then she got pregnant soon after and the girl was three when she passed away.

This is Judith again. I don't know when and where the picture was taken. Thinking about her age and mine, I was eight years old when I came to the home of her father. And they were married 14 years before they had this child. And Judith was about three years old when her mother died of cancer. And I was about 14 at the time Judith's mother passed away. So she might have been seven, eight, something like that.

I remember when these photos were taken, but I don't remember the occasion. To describe her, she had pretty blue eyes and a brunette, not very dark, even though this picture shows it quite dark. And I don't know when it was taken.

This is my uncle Josef. This picture has a date in the back of the picture, May 13, 1943. And I don't know what the occasion and the reason of this photograph. And I do not know who wrote it, it's not my handwriting.

And what happened to Uncle Josef?

He was deported to Auschwitz and some people thought that he might have survived Auschwitz and on the way to Bergen-Belsen he could not keep up with the pace that they were expected to go and somebody claims that they have seen the Germans shot him. But I do not have confirmation of it.

This is my niece, Judith, again on our patio. We had a large patio that was built. Their house was built around it on three sides. And the front of it looked out into our rose garden. And I remember when this picture was taken. She was a cute little girl. She was a deer. I would like to correct the date of the previous picture of my uncle Josef. It is dated May 12, 1943.

This is a picture of my uncle Josef with his second wife, and with his daughter, Judith, from his first marriage. This was sometime after they got married. And this picture was found by someone on the floor of the ghetto, and that is where the discoloration comes from. And after I returned to Mindszent, where the ghetto was where my uncle lived, somebody gave it to me.

This is my sister, Anna. She actually is my half sister. Her father was my mother's first husband. He passed away after the First World War of tuberculosis. And my mother, entering of the second marriage, that was my father. I have no idea when the picture was taken or what was the reason.

This is my niece, . Agnes she's the daughter of my sister Anna. Her mother died in childbirth and she now lives in Budapest. She's exactly 10 years younger than I am. She's 60 and I'm 70.

And where she spend the war?

She was deported to a concentration camp in Austria and she returned from there after the war. And she went back to school and she became an X-ray technician and was head of the X-ray department in one of the big hospitals in Budapest. Her husband is the one who passed away a year ago, and she's coming to visit us this year.

This is my uncle Josef's second wife with her first husband who passed away. Had typhus fever and did not survive. And he was swimming in the Tisza River near where they lived, and the legend goes that there was a dead animal and he might have been infected by the water that caused the typhus. But anyway he passed away and then she became a widow and she married my uncle Josef. They both had the same business, which was leather goods and all the materials to make shoes and so forth.

This is my father and my sister and myself in our backyard. And looking at the bushes, looks like there are diapers there. Maybe I was two years old. Might have belonged to my brother. They would be drying diapers in the sun in those days. The picture was taken in Szentes, and that is to the back of-- Behind my father it's the room I talked about before that was decorated in the Hungarian motif.

This is my aunt on my father's side. Her name is Mariska and Hungarian, I suppose Maria, and she was a widow lady who lived with my grandfather on my father's side. And they had a grocery store business. And her son, who immigrated to Israel in the early 30s, still lives in Israel. His name is Ari Kadar He lives outskirts of Tel Aviv. And she was deported to Auschwitz and never came back.

This is the husband of my aunt on my father's side. His name is Caroy Lobl. His wife and two daughters were deported also along with him to Auschwitz. He did not return, but his wife, my aunt, did return with her two daughters. They lived in the community not too far away from where I lived. I don't know where the picture was taken and when, but I presume it was during the First World War.

These are two of my cousins. Their father was the one the picture we saw just preceding this. They were the ones who were deported to Auschwitz and survived the ordeal there and returned with their mother. And I spent a lot of time with them during my growing years. I don't know where this picture was taken. I presume for some school graduation in the town where they were born, which was Szegvar, the community between the town I was born in, Szentes and the town that I grew up is Mindszent.

And their names?

Rosie on the right who's facing the camera, and the side view is Elona. She was the older one of the two. Elona passed away due to natural causes after a stroke. And my cousin Rosie lives in San Jose, California with her family.

He is a cousin of mine. His name is Laszlo. He and his sister were very dear to me all through my life. They are actually related to my mother's first husband's family. This young man, Laszlo Nagy, the family name, he was the son of my mother's first husband's brother, so my mother's brother-in-law's son. And he also had a sister who became a physician. And she was one of my dearest cousins. She did survive Auschwitz. She worked in the hospital with Mengele. But she passed away. She came back and lived in Budapest but passed away since then.

And this gentleman is the father, my mother's first husband's brother, the father of the young man we saw just before and the father of my cousin the doctor I talked about who was in Auschwitz. I have no idea when it was taken or where. I presume during that first war. His name is Albert Nagy. And they lived in Szeged. And I became very friendly and very close to them at the time I was apprenticing in my sewing classes. And I used to go to their home and spend holidays and many evenings with them. They were very good to me and very supportive.

The group picture I'm not familiar with as to who they are except for the young man on the extreme right as I view the picture. He's the one who is near Tel Aviv. His mother is my aunt, my father's sister, so he's my first cousin. And this was in the grocery store where he used to work in the community where he lived. And I have no idea what year it was. And I presume the picture was taken in Szegvar in the grocery store that he was working in. He was sort of an apprentice there.

This is the last family group picture that was taken after my parents passed away. The little boy is my brother. The lady holding him is Mrs. Szekely, my uncle's wife. She and my uncle Joseph from Flushing, New York, came back to Hungary and adopted my brother. The gentleman standing behind her is my Uncle Josef, and next to him is his wife,

Elizabeth. The gentleman sitting next to my aunt from America is a cousin. He and the young lady next to him are brothers and sisters and they are the daughter and son of the people who are standing on the extreme right and the lady next to him. They both are standing. And I can't remember their first names.

Is it an uncle?

She was related to my mother's first husband, and the lady next to her and who standing with the dark hair and the gentleman in the light suit, are also a sister and her husband to my mother's first husband. And the young woman in the black is my sister and the gentleman next to her is going to be her future husband.

Do you remember his Name that's Anna and--

And my brother-in-law. Can I come back to this?

When you remember, we'll add it.

And I'm sorry, the first young man next to my aunt is the boyfriend of the young lady in the light dress, who is the daughter of the gentleman standing and the last gentleman standing and his wife. And the brother is next to me, and I am the last figure on that right. So the young woman sitting in the light dress and the young man I have my arm around are brother and sister, and the other gentleman was her friend. I got them mixed up.

And the person between Anna and the brother?

That is my sister's husband. They might have been married by then. I really don't know. Might have been because the marriage took place rather quickly. And my uncle who was from America was the one who took the picture. That's why he's not in it.

This is again my cousin Ari Kadar, whose picture we saw earlier in that grocery store where he was apprenticing. This picture might have been taken in Israel already. He is the son of my father's sister, Mariska or Maria, I presume, who was deported to Auschwitz. He immigrated to Israel and was with the English Army and was captured by the Germans and was interned in one of their camps in Germany. But he survived it and he's now in Ramat Khan, near Tel Aviv.

This is my Aunt Elizabeth's sister's daughter and her family. Her name is Jusza in Hungarian and Suzanne or Susanna and English. And her husband is Steve, sort of grayish, with their two children. Their daughter's name is Georgie. She is very successful. Her studies were in economics, and she lives in Budapest. Her brother lives in Switzerland and he is an oboist in the Swiss orchestra.

In their apartment, I stayed at the time I came back from the work camp. And their house where they lived in was an apartment house, so they rented their apartment, was under the protection of the Swedish government. And when I received my letter of release from work camp under the Wallenberg Protection, I returned to Budapest, and looking for them I found that apartment where I stayed. She has passed away but her husband and her children are still in Budapest except for the son who is in Switzerland.

This is a picture of my aunt, my father's sister, whose name is Gizella, and her daughter Elona and her husband, Steve, this picture was taken in their living room in Hungary. In Mindszent, my aunt and her daughter were the ones who survived and returned from Auschwitz with her other daughter. And Elona married Steve after the war and he's still alive but Elona passed away. And so did my aunt.

This is my brother with his new bride. He married her in Germany. He was with the American occupation there, stationed in Hamburg. Her name is Charlotte. His name was Theodore in English and Laszlo in Hungarian. His last name was Szekely. He was adopted by my uncle, so from Biro he became Szekely. We didn't set a date.

August 25, 1948 it says on the back.

Thank you.

This is my brother Ted again. This was this picture was taken sometime and Hamburg or somewhere around there during the occupation. And I really don't know what year or where it was taken.

I always thought of him that he resembled my mother, but looking at this picture I think he looks kind of like my father, too. In their marriage, they had a daughter, Carol, who now lives in Los Angeles.

This is a picture of my father while he was in the service during the First World War, obviously assisting the chefs in some capacity. And I have no idea who the little girl is or who the three gentlemen are. And I don't know what is in the pot either. Those are the pots used cooking outdoors. They put it on the open fire.

This is a picture of my mother, and I believe that is that picture is of myself. If not, then it's my brother, and I don't know where it might have been taken or what year. If it is of me indeed, then it might have been in 1923. If it is of my brother, then it might have been 1925 or later, sometime in that vicinity.

I don't know if you can see the pillow kind of thing that the child is in. When a child was very young they used to put their arms down and tie the whole thing together on the side with bows. And the whole thing is a long pillow and then it folds over at the feet. And it very easily covers up the arms so they can't scratch themselves. Then when they get older they leave their arms out.

This is a picture of myself when I was a small baby in a very fashionable carriage. And I believe it might have been taken in our hometown where I was born, Szentes. But judging from the size of the child, might have been 1923, 24. But I do not have a date on it.

We've already discussed this picture.

This is a picture of myself in our garden in Szentes where we lived with my parents. And if I can make it out right, there are two dolls in the carriage. Doesn't that look like two dolls?

Do either of them look familiar?

No. I sure buried my past, didn't I?

Yes. that's a beautiful, beautiful little girl.

It is a picture again of myself as a young child, but I do not have any recollection of my doll. Judging from the surrounding it might have been taken in our backyard in our garden, but I really don't know

Looking at the coat and the doll and the surrounding, it might have been taken the same time of myself. But I don't have any recollection of it. I don't know anything about the doll. I do know that some of the dolls came from my aunt, but whether this one was one of them I don't know.

Which aunt?

Well, from my uncle and aunt in America. I remember receiving a doll from them, but which one I don't know.

So this may have been an American doll. Can you tell by looking?

I don't remember the doll. And I don't remember the name either, whether I even named her or not.

This picture was taken of myself in a looks like a fur coat, but I can't remember the coat or the occasion or where it was myself.

Well, that's snow in the background, isn't it?

I think it's just a false backing which was customary in those days when you had your formal photograph taken that they put some kind of scenery behind you.

It's a photographer's backdrop.

Didn't have fake fur then, did you?

No, this was real fur. I think it was dark brown, judging from the color and the way I vaguely remember. I think it was dark brown.

You look awful happy in the picture. And I think I have a muff, you know those old-fashioned muffs?

This is a picture of the three of us-- my sister, my brother, and myself sitting on the carriage. And it looks like the same carriage that my photograph was taken earlier that we have seen. But I really don't know anything about the photo. Judging from my brother's age, he might have been a year, somewhere around there.

This again is my sister, my brother and myself. And I do not have any recollection of the reason or where it might have been taken.

That obviously was taken before you were eight years old.

Yes, I'm sure. I think judging my brother, he might have been three, somewhere near there. My sister looks so much older there than we are, which she was, but she looks grown next to us there.

She's also heavier. That may add a few years.

This again is a picture of the three of us in the family, my brother, my sister and myself. But I do not have any recollection of the reason this was taken.

Looks to be in the summertime.

If I'm not wrong, if I would see that shot, the dress that I have-- That is the dress that's pink with the blue scallops. I thought that looked familiar, but I wasn't sure.

That's the one that you wore into the park? This must have been before you wore it into the park. But I look so much younger than they would have let me go by myself. Not all by myself, but without some supervision, so I could be wrong.

We have seen this before. This was in my uncle Josef's home with the newborn baby. And again this picture was found in the ghetto.

This is a picture of my niece, my sister's daughter, and myself. I remember making that blouse, by the way. And I received that four-leaf clover from my uncle's second wife.

And this is Agnes?

Yes.

And you remember where it was taken? About how old would Agnes have been?

Well, I'm just guessing I imagine around six.

Well, if you made the blouse that would be after you went to trade school. So that puts you at about 17, 18.

I would say in my mid teens or a little bit later. Maybe a little later.

And you can remember making the blouse.

Well, if I remember correctly, I think it was green. And her dress was velvet with a pink color.

Did you make the dress?

No, I didn't make her dress.

What fabric was your dress?

I think it was like a tunic, if I remember correctly. I think it was the light wool, if I remember right.

And where would the picture have been taken?

It probably was taken in the town where Agnes was living. Because I was usually the one who went to visit her and I don't recall her ever coming to visit me. And the distance was not very far, and I used to take the train and go and visit her. I still have those earrings.

What kind of earrings are they?

They are from my mother, a diamond earring in a gold setting.

This is a picture of Judith, my uncle Josef's daughter, and myself. It must have been taken in the community where we lived but I do not know the year or what the reason was.

You both look beautiful in that picture.

Judging from the appearance, I must have been at least 16 or 15. Maybe I look older here, I don't know. And also when I was growing up and then my preteens I was not allowed to wear lipstick, so I have lipstick on and that means that I must have been maybe 16 or 17. My uncle didn't believe in it.

So it was perhaps before you went--

Before I went to Budapest, yes. Or if not, maybe one of my visits back before Hitler's occupation, which could possibly be. But I really don't remember.

To repeat, you both look so happy.

This is my cousin, Elizabeth, and myself. I do not know what year this picture was taken or where. She is the one whose home with her mother in Budapest I lived with and we were together in the yellow star house. And then she was instrumental in bringing me together with Andrew Servansky, who helped my escape from the work camp. And she died in her 70s in Budapest.

And what are you wearing there?

I'm wearing the same blouse. It looks to me like the one that we had the previous picture. So it must have been that picture was taken on one of my visits back to our hometown after I was living in Budapest. So I probably was in my late teens.

And this would be before the German occupation?



Well, it might have been before or during. But I'm afraid I don't know the year.

But it's not after liberation.

Definitely not.

It's before she had a baby.

Before she even got married or pregnant with the baby.

What a beautiful picture. It's gorgeous.

A friend of mine who was a photographer in Los Angeles is the one who took this photo of myself. I might have been in my early or mid 20s. And the picture was taken in Los Angeles. He and his wife were my friends and he was a professional photographer.

But you have to start with something beautiful.

Thank you.

It really is just incredible.

He was a good photographer. In those days there was no makeup.

What do you mean by no makeup?

Facial makeup. Just lipsticks.

You have no makeup in the picture? I didn't start wearing makeup until about 10 years ago.

So when you met your husband you weren't wearing makeup?

No.

When you wore that beautiful dress, borrowed that beautiful dress and wore it New Year's Eve?

No makeup.

Just lipstick. Just lipstick. I remember when I came to this country and my eyebrows were thick and bushy and everybody was well groomed. I was very unhappy about it.

Who do you think you look like, your mother your father?

I think I resemble my father's side of the family, especially around the eyes for sure. I always thought of myself as resembling my father's family.

And the earrings? Anything special about them?

The same earring from my mother. At the time of my parent's deaths, I received that earring and it did belong to my mother.

Did you keep it with you when you were in hiding?

Well, I had the few jewelry that I had with me, and the Servanskys saved it for me. Bundy gave it to his parents and they hid it somewhere. And after the war they gave it back to me.

This is my displaced person ID card from Ulm on Danau. And the date on that card was July 4, 1947. There my hair still stated black.

This is the postcard I received from my family who were in the ghetto. They wrote it together, each person. My uncle Josef, his wife, my aunt, my father's sister, her two daughters, Elona and Rosie, and my niece, my uncle's little girl, before they were deported to Szeged from the ghetto where they were in Mindszent. And I cannot make out to date from the stamp.

Would this be about the same time? Danau.

They have a date on this but not a year.

I think the year is '44.

Yes. So it would be May 9, '44.

This is a postcard I received the handwriting is my cousin Elona. And she's telling me that they arrived in Mindszent, and they were going to be in the ghetto. And the ghetto was going to be in the same house where my uncle lived. And she said the whole family's together. I'm the only one who is missing. That is how she starts her note.

She's describing that the house and the surrounding houses are part of the ghetto. She's writing this note still from her home, which was in Szegvar. It was the next community, and she's saying that tomorrow will be the most difficult day of her life she thinks because that is when they have to go into the ghetto. She says the life is very hard, but we trust in God and have to accept his guidance.

This postcard was written by my niece, my uncle's daughter, Judith, and my aunt Maria, Mariska, and my uncle and he signs it here with kisses your father. He called himself my father. And I did address him as my father, not my uncle. And underneath his signature, if you please, there is a very faint pencil writing and the head of the gendarmes had written there saying that everybody had left fro, the ghetto to the ghetto in Szeged, where they were ultimately deported to Auschwitz. So he was the one who notified me and forwarded this letter. I'm sure that this was not a legal procedure, but he did it out of the goodness of his heart.

And this is the certificate. It's from the DP camp, I think. That you received in December, 1947. I think saying that you're free, that you're an OK citizen.

Oh, I see. I can't see from that distance.

You haven't been convicted of any criminal acts.

Well, before we were admitted into the United States we had to have teeth without cavities and examined and make sure we were not criminals.

This is also from the DP camp. It's also dated December 1947. And apparently it certifies that you passed the medical examination and your DP ID card, 156642, identifies you as well. The medical officer says you're kosher.

Judging the date, it must have been close to the time I left there. But you know I didn't tell anyone I was leaving except immediate few friends.

Was there any reason you didn't tell them?

Well, it was very dangerous, because people can do all sorts of things out of jealousy because people were just sitting in

the camp going nowhere.

Like doing what?

Well, they could have delayed my departure, if nothing else.

Just out of jealousy?

Because for a while there getting out of these displaced persons camps was extremely difficult. Even going to Israel was very difficult.

Are you suggesting there might have been foul play in the DP camp?

Well no, but it was a very difficult life in the DP camp. Lots of us lived under the very cramped quarters, was rather limited amount of food, and people would do anything to be the first one to get out from there. And they advised me not to tell anyone unless you really trusted them.

This letter was in response to Servansky's student who wanted to gather all the information and send it to Jerusalem to Yad Vashem so that they would give him the posthumous reward or remembrance that he was so helpful and saved so many people. So this is why he was collecting these.