

The Friedmann Family



This is my family photographed in Eger. The picture was taken for Mom's brother Hermann Pollak and sent to him in Budapest. The first on the left is my sister Piri Deri, nee Friedmann, next to her is my dad Ferenc Friedmann, behind him is my mother Aranka Friedmann, nee Pollak. In front of her is my sister Bozsi Spiegel, nee Friedmann and the girl on the right is my other sister, Rozsi Schwarz, nee Friedmann. Since I'm not on the photo, it must have been taken before I was born, so around 1913-14. Dad was a master tailor, and a gentlemen's tailor at that. There was another tailor opposite us, he was a peasant tailor, as it was called back then. A gentlemen's tailor made

proper suits. My dad was a very accurate, meticulous master tailor, he turned out beautiful work. Dad had his workshop in the same house we lived in. We could only go down to the workshop when Dad didn't see us because he didn't like it when children were hanging around there. Dad was a very strict person, but he was a good man; he loved his family and he was very fond of children. Mom was a housewife, as all women at that time who had many children. This [four children] was already considered many children. I don't know how my parents met; they never talked about it. Mom was 17 or so when she got married and she gave birth to Piri soon after. I was born in 1915, Bozsi in 1910, Rozsi in 1908, and Piri was born in 1906. She was a very beautiful girl. Piri always ran away from home. Once she ran away to the neighbors and they were standing over her at a loss, wondering who she could be. She was a nice blond little girl and she could already talk, only she couldn't tell what her name was and who her father was. And finally they found out who she was because she kept saying, 'He is always ironing, he is always ironing'. And so they realized that if he was always ironing, she could only be the tailor's daughter.