

Albert Bozoky



This is my father, Albert Bozoky, in 1953. The photo was taken at a spa, but unfortunately I don't remember which one it was: Herculane maybe, but I'm not sure. He went there alone for some treatment, his health was already bad, but back then we had no idea he had cancer. He told us the photo was taken when the hotel manager gathered all the guests and told them about the schedule, when the treatments took place, the meals, and so on.

My father died in 1954, exactly ten years after the war, and, poor soul, he kept saying that he wouldn't die until he saw Budapest one more time, he was in love with the city, but he didn't make it. Our financial situation wasn't good enough to afford a trip there, and he fell ill quickly. He was

buried in the Jewish cemetery in Miercurea Ciuc. After my father died, my mother went on living there but she would come in the fall to stay with us, and she would stay until May or June, until Eva finished school; then she would go back and stay two to three months in Miercurea Ciuc.