

Viola Rozalia Fischerova At The Age Of Eighteen



This is a photo of me. It was taken on the occasion of my 18th birthday. The photo was taken in 1940 in Lucenec. I was born in 1922 as Stern Ibolya Rozsa, but after the war the Tótok renamed me to Viola Rozalia Sternova. Up to the age of six, I was brought up by my aunt Irenka in Heves. She and her husband had a large six-room house. They lived very well. I grew up in a very nice family. When one of my parents' siblings was in need, all the others would help him. Once, when I was already a little bigger, I saw these very nice shoes. I showed them to my father. They were relatively expensive. My father told me: "Little girl, I can't buy them, because I've got obligations

towards my sisters. They've got children that I've got to take care of! I started attending school in Lucenec, I and my brothers, too. My entire family was intellectually inclined. All my male cousins had a university education. There were lawyers, engineers and writers among them. When I was already in high school, I met one boy, a Jew. His name was Alojz Markovics. He fell very much in love with me. He used to walk with me to school. He even bribed the school principal to call me out of the class during a period, so he could talk to me. At that time in school they called me 'Stern Ibolya Rozsa and the whole flower garden.' [In Hungarian, ibolya is a violet, and rozsa is a rose.] The principal came into the classroom, and said: 'Stern Ibolya Rozsa, your cousin is here again.' We were going out together, but then those bad times began... After the war we ran into each other in Prague on Wenceslaus Square. He walked over to me and said that tomorrow he was flying to the USA. He wanted us to get married and fly away together. That evening he came to see me, and brought me a bouquet of red roses. He was trying to convince me to go with him.