

## Tibor Szinetar With His Parents



This is my sister, Margit, her husband, Jozsef Szinetar, and their boy, Tibor. The one on the right is a fourth degree cousin, Mozes. They were out for a walk in Cluj. The picture was given to the boy as a gift. The back reads: ?Souvenir from Father for Tibi.?

It would take me more than one lifetime to say enough about each of my sisters. Margit was born in Aghiresu, in 1908. She was a loving person and she was the frailest of us all, always ready to catch a disease. After she got married, she had a little baby boy and the whole family was watching over her. She married an employee from a store in Aghiresu, Jozsef Szinetar. He was a hard-working and handsome man. He was sent to forced labor in Germany, but not to the same place where my brother was, and he died there. He sent us a standardized postcard: 'I'm well, I'm in Walsee', he had encrypted the name of the place. This is probably all they allowed them to write.

This young, robust boy was the same age as my oldest sister. He had been born on 31st December 1899, and she had been born on 2nd January 1900. We always made fun of that: they had been born only two days apart from each other, but in different years.

After she gave birth to her son, Margit became the strongest in our family. Her hands were very skilled. She learned the craft of tailoring from a very good lady tailor who lived in our commune. She was so good that, although no one had taught her - her 'teacher' was a women's tailor - she was able to make men's shirts and pants, underwear and overcoats. My oldest sister took her to Dej, so that she may improve her skills with the best tailor in town. She spent a few months there and learned what she had to learn. Our family had a friend here in Cluj, a luxury tailor, and she also taught my sister a few things. Margit was the one who did all the sewing and tailoring our family needed.

Her little boy, Tibor, was the only nephew my sisters and brother had. You can imagine how much love he got from all of us! He wasn't sure whom he loved most; was it his aunts, his mother, his father or his grandparents? However, his favorite was my father - at least this is what Tibor claimed.