

Imre And Ibolya Farkas With Jozsef Farkas



This is me, Jozsef Farkas, on the left, sitting next to me is Ibolya Farkas, my brother's wife, while in front of us is Imre Farkas, my younger brother. We are in a park in front of their house, this picture was taken there, in front of the heroes' monument [the monument of Israel's soldiers] in Kefar Sava, in the 1980s.

My brother was a little bit unruly, like our mother. And he was also incredibly witty. He finished four elementary grades in the confessional school, and four grades in the Romanian middle school. That was after 23rd August 1944. But he never wanted to study, and became a tractorist, and later he studied the art of a locksmith, and welding. He had just turned 18 when he got married. His wife Ibi Fisher was two years older than him, she was my age. She was born in 1929. She was 16 when she was freed from Auschwitz, and she came back to Turda.

I know that when my brother went home and told my mother he had gotten married - my mother threw him out of the house. Then they went away and I think they lived for a while in Kolozsvar near the Tranzit house in a room of a poorly built house. Then, after a while, my mother accepted them in the family house and they moved back to Turda. My brother worked in the fire-brick factory called Proletarul. It was near the cement factory. He worked in the maintenance department. He was a locksmith-welder until 1966, when he immigrated to Israel.

My brother was a blocker, pneumatic blocker in Israel, at the metallurgic department of a factory. He had an accident in 1981 or 1982. The brake of a relief press failed and crushed one of his hands. After that he couldn't use his hand in his profession as two of his fingers were numb: he wasn't able to bend them. He did easier work until he died. First, I think they hired him as a guard in the same factory, but later he got away from there.