

## Aron And Golda Salamon With Friends



A friend of my husband, Aron Salamon came to visit him from Canada, this photo was taken on that occasion.

In the front, on the left the person who is sitting is my second husband, Aron Salamon, to the right is me, Golda Salamon, at the back, in the middle is my husband's friend, to his right his wife, to the left his daughter-in-law.

I don't remember his name, but he was well off in Canada, and his wife was a Polish woman, they were religious.

The picture was taken by his son, who was an engineer, his wife, who is on the left, was studying to become a doctor.

But the Polish woman was so religious, that she would accept at my house a tea and a boiled egg, nothing else.

The young weren't, they ate, not meat, but cheese, they said that our cheese was better than the American cheese, which is too fatty, and our's isn't.

We met accidentally, I was going down to the town, they came up by car, the road is called the road to Kamara, and as if it would have been organized, they stopped me to ask where Salamon lived. I said: 'Of course I know, I'm his wife.'

After my first husband, Jenő Simonovits had died in 1970, I sold many things, I sold the horses too, but I got married for the second time, and he had a horse too.

My second husband was Aron Salamon, they called him Uri. He was 1 year younger than my first husband, he was born in 1908 here, in Maramarossziget.

We had only civil marriage, in around 1972. I had to get married, as due to our profession we had two drays, horses, I worked with drivers, who were very impertinent, I couldn't stay alone. Back then one had to get married early.

Among us, Jews, if a woman loses her husband, it is not a sin to get married even after four weeks.

Since our religion says that instead of fornicating, it's better for her to get married and have a family.

My second husband got married for the first time in 1936, his first wife was from Ermihalyfalva, I think she was called Juca.

He had a daughter, his wife was deported together with her. His wife returned, but in 1954 the poor woman died of cancer.

My second husband died in 1989, before the revolution. [See: Romanian Revolution of 1989]

I kept yet a kosher household. I wash the dishes together, but I don't mix the bowls for milk with those for meat.

One doesn't put sour cream in dishes with meat. It's interesting, none of my husbands was religious, they didn't have payes or beard, but they didn't like to mix things, to put sour cream on meat stewed with paprika or on stuffed cabbage or I don't know what.

Sour cream was used separately from the meat. That's what they got used to.

We don't have slaughterer anymore, after the shochet died, nobody came to replace him. But if I buy meat, I kosher it.

As I got used to it, that the blood has to be steeped out of it, it has to be salted, washed, and after that it can be cooked.

It's good for the health too. I don't eat pork even today, we are not accustomed to it. It is a sin, we learnt that it was a sin to eat pork. Pork is extremely unhealthy.

If you get ill, the first thing is that the doctor forbids you to eat pork, because it's very stodgy, and fatty too, it's not healthy.

But in order to eat pork, you have to be accustomed to in your childhood.

Well then, in my age, if I didn't care my health, how would I look like? Since I'm almost 77 years old.

But thanks to God, I'm fine. I don't eat what it is not good for me. I cook it, I prepare it, as I have guests sometimes, but I don't eat of it.

Just what I know I'm allowed to and it's good for me. I don't go to doctors, I don't take any medicine.