

Golda Salamon Just After The Release From The Lager



This photo representing me was taken soon after I came home from the lager.

As soon as I got home from the lager, a boy called Hersi Ilovits, Herman Ilovits started to court me.

We spoke Romanian, as he didn't speak Hungarian. He came from across the border [from Ukraine, from the east of the River Tisza], when this became a Hungarian land [in 1940, see: Second Vienna Dictate], he came here.

This boy wasn't religious after he came home [after the World War II]. He was a serious suitor, but I didn't want to marry him, because we were almost the same age.

I thought one could not live on love. I didn't know what he was doing for a living. He kept it secret.

Since he was doing business with currency, and this was forbidden those times. I found this out when I got married.

He came to me that day by fiacre, as there weren't taxis then, in 1947, and he told me, 'It doesn't matter now, you are going to get married, but at least tell me why you didn't want to marry me.'

'Well - I said - only because we are the same age, I didn't know from what could you support me, as a wife.'

The poor boy answered to this: 'I thought of everything, except that you were afraid that I couldn't ensure you bread and butter, I wouldn't have thought of that.'

After that he took out a lot of money, and showed it to me. He didn't stay for the wedding, he left.

There were several Zionist societies here [in Maramarossziget], the Mizrachi, the Betar, and there was a kibbutz, some young men also lived there, who didn't have any parents, didn't have anybody.

I don't know more about all this, because I didn't want to participate, I didn't go there, I only heard about them. Later Hersi took away a girl from the kibbutz, they got married, they had a child, left for America, and his wife became deranged.

He [Hersi] became very religious, he died in America.

Well then, I got married, I knew this man, Jeno Simonovits, as his [first] wife had been my cousin. That's how it had to happen, it was fate.