Fanus Farkas

This is my mother, Fanus Farkas, before she emigrated to Israel.

My brother Imre had very hard work in the factory in Torda, and with three or four of his colleagues he began drinking. He became quarrelsome, and had many problems. When he came home drunk, he used to say he would take the knife because he wanted to drink 'Valachian blood.' My mother broke down, of course, when she heard all this. She called me on the phone from Torda - I lived in Des already - and she asked me to go to Torda because Imre got drunk again and I was to solve the problem. And I went right away.

Then the family decided, after my sister immigrated to Israel, to send him to Israel, because it was too hot there for drinking. And so it happened. He immigrated with his family on 26th March 1966, and they settled in Kefar Sava, 15 kilometers from Petah Tiqwa. My mother immigrated with my brother to Israel because she lived with them in Torda, and there was the grandchild whom my mother adored. And my mother died in Israel after six months and six days, because she couldn't tolerate the climate. She's buried in Israel, in Kefar Sava.