

## Margit Kaufmann



This is my second eldest sister, Manyi [Margit Kaufmann]. The photo was taken in Carei in the late 1920s or early 1930s.

Manyi was born on 26th June 1910. She had a Christian suitor, Micu Fluch. He was a charming, blond boy, and was originally from a reduced gentry family. He was a sweet young gentleman. He had a sister, Iren Fluch, later Mrs. Pecsí and she had a daughter, Kati, who was very ugly. The eldest brother, I don't remember his name, was a champion runner. Micu used to come to our house with flowers. I remember the others made up a poem, 'Manyi, Micu's eyes are shining.' Because they saw how in love they were. In the same circle of friends there were also Feri Niedelmann and Pisti Niedelmann. They were my elementary school teacher's sons. I don't know about Pisti, but Feri was older than my sister. Feri was very bright, he became a writer. Pisti was bright, too, and handsome, and I think I met him after the war, he was in Nagykaroly, but then he moved to Szatmar. Pisti also became a writer or something like that. Anyway, they were all brains.

Back then there was no such thing that one is a Jew, and the other a Christian. It was natural that Manyi was with Micu. I don't mean they lived together, not at all, because Micu was too considerate for something like that. It was also natural, for example, that we bought pork at the butchery. Or, for that matter, if a Christian slaughtered a pig, they always sent us some. On Purim we used to send them pastry, as we did with many people. Later, the Fluchs moved to Hungary, after the Romanians came in, and they didn't hire Hungarians for work, and Micu wasn't able to find a job. Micu had to leave and we all wept so much. Micu and Manyi loved each other so much. I don't know

what happened to him after that.

Manyi learned photography when she was 18-19. There was a photographer called Schmidt Fridrich in the yard, and that's where she started. Schmidt was a very decent man. His wife called him Fritzl. His wife drank heavily, she was German, but she drank like a fish. Poor Schmidt died suddenly and his wife moved to Prague to her younger sister. Then Koziarszky took over the photo studio. We didn't have enough money to buy Manyi a camera, we were poor. She took and touched up pictures, and the boss used to take her to weddings and different events to take pictures. The photographers were very nice people, and didn't exploit their workers, but paid them a decent wage. My poor sister helped us out with her pay, instead of saving it or buying some clothes or something for herself. She put it all into the family's budget.