

Jozsef And Erzsebet Barsony On An Excursion With Friends



This is me with my second husband, Jozsef Barsony and friends. The photo was taken in Hungary in the 1950s. My second husband was a single young man when we met. At this time there were many men and women who wanted to marry, because in the deportation many of them had lost their wife or husband. But I didn't want to marry someone who had had a wife and child. I didn't want to hear all the time about what his wife or children had been like, or to raise his child as poorly as I was raised, because my mother didn't raise me. I had several suitors, but I chose whom I chose because he had never had a wife or a child, and had no desire for a child. I wasn't in love at all with my second husband either. He loved me in his own way, married me, but he still lived his own life, which didn't bother me at all. My husband liked to entertain. I was rather inclined to recall my memories, and it was very good that he was able to raise my spirit. I always went along with him, because he didn't go anywhere without me. He was known everywhere. At the Moulin Rouge the crowd was standing outside, they couldn't get in, but if he saw us, the doorman waved at us. I had to watch every show, whether I liked it or not. When I met my husband he had been a taxi owner. At that time the taxi license could be inherited from the parents, and his father had three children and three licenses. Every child got a license. My husband rented his older brother's license and his older sister's license, so he had three cars running. I had no reason to complain because I wasn't lacking anything materially. But soon after, he became a class enemy because of his taxis, because he didn't hand in his cars to the co-operative, and they took his license earlier, and he could hardly find a job as a taxi driver. I was at home until 1953. My husband didn't want me to work, but I told him that I wanted to have my own pension later. It didn't matter to me at all what I was doing, or how much I was paid. I went to a co-operative, which was very close to our house. I worked there for ten years. We made toys, plastic toys and carpets, and we cut painter rollers as well. I went to work even after I retired [in 1963], because I had a possibility then to run a knitwear works, the Reitter knitwear works.