

## The Back Of Moric Weinberger's House



This is the back of the house of my maternal grandparents in Turda. The photo was taken in 1945, after it was damaged during WWII. My grandmother, Franciska Weinberger, died in 1932 and my grandfather Moric never got married again. He lived in this house with his bachelor son, who was a lawyer, and with his yet unmarried daughter. His other daughter Ilona was my mother. That's how it was until 1940. I have quite a lot of memories from this period. There was a huge fenced veranda, where we used to eat in summer; at a big table with ten people, not including guests. There was a dining room as well, which you could walk through, then came the so-called salon with a piano etc. and with furniture typical of the beginning of the century. There were fringed draperies on the walls, little armchairs. Sometimes there were organized salon parties, musical evenings, because my mother's sister finished a conservatory. There were two bedrooms in the house. My grandfather had a double bed, in which he slept alone. The house had a big yard and there were lot of things in it. At the front, there was the liquor still and store, at the back there were the apartments, among them Uncle Jenó's three-roomed apartment: the waiting room, his lawyer's office, and his own room. Our apartment, which consisted of three rooms, a kitchen and bathroom, was further back. Opposite there was a summerhouse with a garden. At the rear of the house, there was a large space, at least 90 feet, with a coach-house, warehouse and stables, because there were horses, too. During the World War II, my maternal grandfather was still alive then, Aunt Zita and Uncle Jenó were also in Turda, living in the same house, while my family had already moved to Cluj Napoca where we were deported. After the family house in Turda was damaged during the war, they moved to the house of the paternal grandparents, who had already died. I returned to Turda in the summer of 1945 and my grandfather died in 1946. I was still under the pressure of memories so dreadful that the memory of my grandfather's death was suppressed. The event passed me by.