

# Family Background I

## Excerpts from **Heinzi Tausk's** Memoirs

*"Deep is the well of the past" Thomas Mann, Joseph and his brethren*

We are all the aggregate of past generations. The implications and the numbers are mind boggling. Every individual living today had over thousand ancestors as far as just ten generations back. Who were they? Where did they live? How did they look? What kind of people were those one thousand and twenty-four, 17-18 th century men and women, from whom do I descend? The question in this form addresses barely three hundred years. How about trying to go back a millennia or two? And how about 300 generations, going back to pre-historical times? The myriad variations in individuality are the results of the abundance and combinations of genes in the pool. As such we may share characteristics and features with distant relatives, without the knowledge of a family tie.

Most of us do not know our ancestry, ascending for more than two or three generations. One of the reasons may be the fact that some of our predecessors may not have been educated people. As such we have not enough documentation concerning their lives. This may be connected to another of the reasons: the "Wanderlust" displayed by our Jewish forefathers. The term is in fact misleading, the peregrinations of successive generations were, more often than not, imposed by economic or political conditions. The nomadic way of life was mostly a consequence of outside pressure and oppression. Even as a youngster, when I did not yet see things in the light of my later experiences, I was wondering how come that the graves of the fathers are always in a different place from their offspring's? I also noticed that many parents of my acquaintances had names different from their grandparents. Typical of this is the story of my friend Tommy Gordon. Neufeld was his grandfather's name and his father became Ujhelyi. I hope his son - now in Israel - will stay with Gordon.

I myself have reasonably good knowledge about my ancestry only going back for two generations. Exception is one maternal line of educated people where information and tradition was perpetuated and documented from one generation to another, for at least two more ascendants. Almost all the ancestors about whom I do have some knowledge, lived in that corner of Europe which in-between the years 1867-1918 was known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire. That was the period of the fast emancipation of the Jews, ending the discriminatory and constraining, almost mediaeval, anti-Jewish legal and social practices.

My paternal grandfather was **Ede Tausk** - Ede being the Hungarian form of

Edward. He was born in the year 1859 in what is now the Slovak Republic, in a place called Jilina. At that time it was Zsolna in Hungary, and it was to become after 1867 part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I have no factual data on the family of Ede, only some vague oral information. His father **Joachim** supposedly had nine or ten male siblings, and it seems to me that I was told that all of them grew into adulthood - a rare event in those times. I have hard data only on one of Joachim's brothers, a man called Lezer - the Yiddish way of spelling Lazar. He lived in Kolarowice, and fathered a slew of children. One of his descendants, Robert Tausk, lives in Holland and doggedly pursued the family tree. He came up with an amazing number of names - and fates, all people distantly related, and not known to me. His task was made easier by the fact that Tausk is an extremely rare name. Family lore holds that it stems from the township of Taus in Bohemia. Today the place is called Domazlice and it is located in the Czech Republic. At any rate, in the famous old Jewish cemetery in Prague, there is a tombstone of a rabbi Tausk from the 17th century. In the adjacent Jewish museum there is an embroidered shawl, supposedly the handiwork of his spouse. In the book of Rafael Patai "The Jews in Hungary" I came across a Sender Tausk, a young Jew from Prague, who around 1680 was instrumental in trying to save the Jews from Buda, on the occasion of the reconquest of that city by the Austrian forces from the Turks.

In pursuing the ascendancy of different Tausks, Robert found that the name of Jilina cropped up repeatedly. I came once upon the family name in the hungarianized spelling as Tauszk, (in Hungarian the letter "s" is pronounced as "sh"; by combining s and z, one gets the sound of the English s), Ferencz by the surname, who was a well known physician in pre-World War I Budapest. Father knew him as a cousin of Ede Tausk. I have had contact with other people from the list of Robert Tausk, like Dr. Silfen in Israel, Mrs. Haimovici in Cleveland, Ohio or János Gáti in Queens NY.

*(I insert here the translation of a letter written in German by Tomas Tausk from Prague to Robert Tausk - the official family-chronicler):*

Prague, July 16, 1989. Dear Mr. Robert:

I have received your kind letter over a month ago, but I temporized with the answer, in order to be able to collect the more information.

First of all, I had no inkling about the letter exchanges between my brother and your father, and as such your letter was a big surprise. I would like hereby to excuse my brother for not answering your query; you have only partially guessed the real reason. He has indeed changed address, but he had moved to a land that does not allow return. On May the 3-d of last year he had passed away at the age of 61 years, as a result of a brain tumor. Although you had no occasion to meet him in person, please think of him with compassion, he was a very decent man.

Presently I would like to give you some information on our common name. In the way it is written, it is extremely unusual in our republic, may be even unique. As far as I have been able to ascertain, there are presently four people in Bohemia and Moravia, who bear the name: my cousin Pavel (63 years old), my grandchildren Jakub (8 years old) and Simon (8 month of age) and myself at the age of 56. The family of my father comes from Ivanovice na Hane, a Moravian village close to the town of Vyskov (in case you want to check on a map).

Watch out, now comes an information, shocking for you: the name is Jewish. At any rate this may be the reason it is so rare here: almost all of my relatives did perish in the concentration camps; even before the war the name Tausk was so unusual that practically, all of the Tausk's were kinsfolk. Only my father and my uncle did survive, because they were somewhat protected by their "Arian" spouses: they came into the KZ-camps only at the end of the war. To-day they are both dead. Not to forget my cousin Pavel, who miraculously survived 3 years in Auschwitz. Upon his liberation he was down to 28 kilograms, and it took 3 month for him to remember who is and what his name is. He returned home in 1945. Presently he is still alive and retired.

Returning to our name: it is almost sure that it comes from a locality, Domazlice (in German is Taus) sited in Western Bohemia. In the old Jewish cemetery in Prague (which, by the way is the second oldest Jewish burial place in Europe), the first tombstone by this name dates to 1531. It belongs to Jehuda, son of Meir Tausk, and there is a poetic inscription (obviously in Hebrew, and I give you the approximate German translation - *translated in to English by me*):

"A true man is buried here, all his deeds were based on the truth. Devotedly he prayed, in his piety he was brave as a lion, deflecting ire and anger. Juda cherished the law of the Lord, and used to do good in Israel. Straight was his way in service; he joined his people on the new moon of the month of Marcheschvan 292 by the count, and his soul should be mentioned in the bund of life, and he died on the fourth day"

(Jehuda, son of Rabi Meiir tausk, died on October, 11, 1531).

The next tombstone that most probably covers one of our for-fathers, originates from the year 1546, and belongs to Jakob Meir Tausk (died on September 22, 1546) the son of Jehuda. His epitaph is similarly poetic:

"There is nothing akin to this position of Jakob, since it was him to create it. Stormy moves my heart as my father died, my lord, Jakob Meir Tausk, son of Jehuda, blessed be his memory, on the 26-th of the month Tishri, 307 according to the minor time reckoning, and his soul should be included into the bund of life."

Apparently, in-between the different pogroms, the Tausk family occupied an important position in the Prague Jewish community. In the Jewish Museum of Prague, there is an magnificent collection of Synagogue-textiles (it is the largest in the world); it contains a splendid synagogue-drape, offered by Meir Tausk and his spouse to the Alt-Neu Synagogue. Another synagogue-drape from the year 1683, comes from

Reichl, the spouse of Leb Tausk. In the year 1683, a certain Isak Tausk, became the chairman of the Jewish community. His role was later taken over by his son, Samuel Saxl, who managed to obtain a number of reliefs for the community. He was so active in his position, that he even managed to get jailed ( based on a calumny) in 1704. To commemorate his coming out from the prison, he has had composed a Megilla, probably by his kinsman Chaim Tausk (Megilla Samuel). It was finished around 1720, and the manuscript was still extant before the war in a library in Frankfurt am Main.

But enough of family history. As far as professions are concerned, the chemistry became a family-curse of the Czech Tausk's ( apparently it seems to me of the Dutch ones too). My father, my brother and myself, we had studied chemistry at the Prague Technical University.

Finally, I would like to convey a couple of words about myself: the relation in-between height and weight is less favorable than 2:1, I am a smoker and a temporary non-tippler. My first (and only one) matrimony is going on since 1956; my spouse Hana (Roman-catholic, and in addition a chemist too) tolerates patiently this situation. Unfortunately we have just one child (I patently envy you). Our daughter, Sabina, has a Ph.D. in law; she kept her maiden-name even after her marriage, consequently both my grandchildren are carrying the name Tausk. I live in an huge apartment-block, in a quiet street, not far away of the airport and the bus exit-route. As of this writing they do repair-work on the water-pipes; it should not cause possible uneasiness about handling my letter, I do diligently and often cleanse myself, in water heated on the gas-burner.

I just hope that the length of my letter, will not cause dread and will not keep you further correspondence. In case you may be worried that you will have to do with the results of my grapho-mania, I have to calm you, I promise that I will better myself.

Best regards, yours

My address is: Ing. Tomas Tausk; Mozambicka 622.

160 00 Praha 6-Vokovice. Czechoslovakia.

Ede Tausk seemingly did attend a teachers seminary, because the first official mention I have of his name is in a school certificate from 1889. The name appears already in the Hungarianized form, Tauszk (in fact both my father's birth certificate as well as mine was in the "Hungarianized" form; the letter "z" was omitted by the Romanian authorities when new personal documents were issued under communism in the year 1949). This document is a high-school certificate of a grandson of Lezer Tausk, Victor by the name, and as such a relative of his teacher. Victor Tausk later acquired notoriety as a disciple of Freud; he had a falling-out with him and committed suicide.

It was one of the early controversies surrounding psychoanalysis and there are contradictory opinions in the specialty literature concerning the blame. As recently as the 1970-s, a book by Roazen, "Brother Animal", as well as one by Eissler, "Talent and genius", dealt with the affair.

**Victor Tausk** had two sons: Hugo and Marius. Hugo was a lawyer, he lived in Brazil and came home before his death to Graz, Austria. Marius studied medicine, as a young doctor he moved to Holland and became there an endocrinologist. As a scientist, he progressed on, to be the director of research at the Organon company and university professor in Utrecht. He lived in Nijmegen, I entertained a correspondence with him and we visited his home twice. Marius had published as a book the writings of his father Viktor, and he kindly gave us a copy. Marius passed away some years ago, and I continued to exchange letters with his oldest son, Hein (Dutch for Henry) a retired chemical engineer, and I even visited him in the French part of Switzerland; he has since passed away. Niels, the youngest son of Hein, is an accomplished jazz trumpet player, he stayed once with us while visiting New York; I have information on him via the internet. I met Robert a couple of times, and he keeps me posted of every new discovery on the family tree. I also met the son of Robert, Otto Tausk, a conductor, who has recently become the music director of the Vancouver Philharmonics; we had attended the concert he had conducted with the New Jersey Symphonic Orchestra in October 2018.

At the time of the meeting of Victor and Ede Tauszk, the latter was teaching religious education in the Sarajewo high school and in the biography of Victor there is a mention about a disagreement he had with his religion instructor. I was not able to ascertain if that conflict involved my grandfather. Ede did meet a young lady by the name of **Josephine Raschovsky** who came to visit an aunt and he married her. Afterwards they moved to Lugos (named later Lugoj, during Romanian sovereignty), a mixed Hungarian-German and Romanian township in the Banat - the Southeastern corner of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Ede became a teacher at the local elementary grade school, and at the same time he functioned as the secretary of the Jewish Community. (...) Father told me once that grandfather Ede was a better than average chess-player, and that he had spent many hours in the "Kaffeehaus" sitting at the chessboard. The Kaffeehaus was one of the important establishments in the social life in Austro-Hungary. It was a males only institution, one could sit for hours with just a coffee, reading the newspapers, playing chess, cards, billiard, or just talk to friends. On the few photographs we possess, Ede Tauszk is an earnest-looking, bald man, who looks through old-fashioned glasses straight into the viewers eye. A dark goatee and the than-fashionable twirled mustache, are partially hiding the face. The attire is a dark suit, with the stiff, high collared white shirt, worn at that time by aspiring middle-class people. I know from the narrative of Father, that the collar, the cuffs and the breast-part of the shirt were made of white celluloid. They were the permanent part connected to a detachable soft undershirt. That cotton shirt was the only component of this assembly which got washed on a regular basis. The celluloids were worn winter and summer, until they got yellowed and frayed. Sometimes in 1920, grandfather Ede got sick, had painful abdominal cramps and swelling of the

belly. He was taken by train to the closest big city, Timisoara, admitted to the hospital (the Bega Sanatorium, run by a famous surgeon, Dr. Cindea) but could not be operated and died there shortly afterwards. It seems to me that he may have had intestinal obstruction, probably due to a malignancy of the colon. All the above information came to me third-hand: I was not yet born and Father at that time lived abroad, unable to come home because of the tumult of the post World War I years. Ede Tauszk is buried in the Jewish cemetery of Lugos, as a child I occasionally accompanied my father visiting his grave. There may have been a Jacob Tausk, a brother to Ede, but I am not even sure that he existed, and Mother had no knowledge of him. According to the data of Robert Tausk his descendants live in the USA



The Tausk Family in 1901.  
Left to right: Eugen, Ede, Jozsa  
(born Raschofsky)



Jozsa Tausk (born Rashofski)  
in 1934

Ede Tauszk was married to **Josephine Raschofsky**, known as Granny Jozsa to me. Her parents, my Raschofsky great grand-parents, lived in Nagyszentmiklos, later known as Sinicolaul Mare during Romanian times. Again, I have one photograph but no written documentation on them, all I know that they had a grocery store and augmented their income by making vinegar. Given that the area is agriculturally highly productive and cucumbers were one of the products, this may have been a lucrative business. Pickled gherkins were a favorite addition to the heavy and rich food consumed in those times. The Raschofsky's had two sons and a number of daughters and I don't know the chronological sequence. One thing is certain: all their descendants have in common a certain facial configuration which is called in the family "Raschofsky ponem" (ponem means face in Yiddish). Even as young people, they all

had two deep furrows descending from the side of the nostrils past the corners of the mouth. In addition all Raschofskys had the tendency to be overweight. Furthermore Ed thinks that the male family members died relatively young.

Géza Raschofsky was the elder son and his offspring Stefan (Pista) was a cousin of Father's. He was a student in Cluj when uncle Géza died and he was unable to continue his studies. Pista dabbled a little in journalism and philately, and finally made a living selling rare stamps. He met and married a young Jewish woman of very poor extraction, who was an ardent communist. Erzsi (the nickname of Elizabeth) was smart and had plain features. She converted Pista to communism, and after the war he made a career under the new regime. I do remember vaguely a visit of Erzsi to our home, sometimes during the war, it seems that she came to ask for financial help. Upon questioning it turned out that she wanted the help not for themselves, but for the underground "Red Action" and Mother wisely refused to get drawn into this illicit political activity. This rebuff did not leave hard feelings. Pista and Erzsi had no children of their own, sometimes during the 1950s they adopted a male child and Pista passed away in 1963. I heard later that the adopted son grew up to be a troublemaker, but I have no factual information about his fate. Ed had heard that he became a TV personality in present-day Romania, under the name of Rasovschi.

Ferencz Raschofsky was the younger son of my great- grandparents. He fathered two daughters by a first wife and a son by the second one. Ferencz died young, the orphaned children were raised by aunts and uncles. Elsa, the older daughter, was kind of adopted by my grandmother Jozsa and grew up in her home. She was beautiful and was lucky to get married to a well-to-do merchant. Sometimes in the early 1920s she had a baby who died in infancy. That loss and a puerperal psychosis made her "behave badly". That euphemism I did hear as a child, probably meant a sexually promiscuous conduct. Her husband repudiated her and in her later years she got married to another man. This mate was an anomaly, a Jewish man who made a living trading horses, and who could not write or read (perhaps only in Yiddish?). I knew Elsa and her husband as very destitute people, living in one room in a poor neighborhood. In the mid-1950's she was a sick old lady, wrinkled, edentulous and diabetic, a pathetic caricature of the beauty she may have been. I have no information on her demise.

Rozsi (Rosalie) was the younger daughter of Ferencz. She too was renowned to be beautiful, I remember her oval face, regular features and radiant eyes. With my present mind I would consider her rather pleasant and lovely, not a striking beauty. She got married to Marcell Plohn, an agile and smart businessman. He was disfigured by burns suffered as a soldier in World War I, as a child I was afraid of his scarred face. He was the manager of a big tannery in Sinicolaul Mare, he maintained his contacts to the owners when they emigrated to South America and he managed to get there with his family in 1951, via Israel. Rozsi is no more alive, on our last visit to Buenos-Aires we met their son, Nicholas Plohn, born 1932. Nicholas is also in the leather-business, specialized in alligator-skin. He is married, father of two daughters, and we had no further contact with them.

The son of Uncle Ferencz, Bertalan, was a young boy when he got orphaned. He stayed with his maternal relatives and in 1925, at the age of nineteen, emigrated to Argentina. Soon afterwards he was followed by his teen sweetheart and they got married in Buenos Aires. He changed his name from Raschofsky to Roberti and I knew him as Bartolome Roberti. Uncle Bercsi (that was the family nickname) started out as a peddler of house wares. He met a man from whom he learned woodwork inlay, started to sell his own handiwork produced in the evening hours and slowly worked his way up. When I first met him in 1983, he was already semi-retired, a well-to-do manufacturer of inlaid wood merchandise. He had a son named Francis and a daughter, more or less my age. In 1947, when Francis was in the army, he was hurt in the back during an explosion. He became paraplegic, he lost most of the function even in his upper extremities and is confined to a wheelchair. Francis proved to be a strong man, he went on to study, mathematics and actuarial sciences, and got himself a Ph.D. Presently he is teaching at the university, and does consulting for some major insurance companies. He was also active politically in organizing disabled persons. He lives an active life, with the help of a paid companion. The daughter of Bercsi, whom I do know only as Baby, had a bad first marriage, got a divorce and lives now with a second husband. She has two daughters, the older one was trying her hand as a budding film-actress on our last visit (1989), the younger one was studying. I had no direct news for a while from Bercsi and his wife, and lately (these notes date from 1996) we heard that they are both in advanced stages of Alzheimer's, both in a hospice-home. I have no correspondence with Francis and Baby.

One of the Raschofsky daughters called Sofia, Auntie Zsofi, married a man by the name Grof, and they lived in what became later Yugoslavia. The son, Oscar Grof, was an engineer by profession, and was functioning as a professor and later the principal of a technical high school in Sarajevo. My parents used to visit him and his mother, every time when they spent their summer vacation on the Dalmatian coast in the 1930-s. Oscar was a reserve officer in the Yugoslavian Royal Army, he fought against the German invaders in 1941 and was taken prisoner. Seemingly they never found out that he is Jewish, and he survived - miserably - in a POW camp in Germany. One of his relatives even met him on his way back home, at the train station in Timisoara, in the summer of 1945. The home he returned to did not exist anymore. The Jews from Yugoslavia were engulfed in the Holocaust, the mother, the wife and the younger daughter of Oscar never came back from the camps. We saw their names on the memorial wall of the Jewish Museum in Sarajevo. The older daughter lives in Tveria, Israel, married to a surgeon of Romanian extraction, we never met them. When we visited Sarajevo in 1980 we could have met the second wife and widow of Oscar. We missed the acquaintance of the "Grofitza", as she was called in the Jewish community by a mere chance. The older daughter of aunt Zsofi, Alice by name, became a war-widow during World War I, never remarried and died childless. The other daughter of Aunt Zsofi, Ellie, married a Serb officer named Avram Baruch. When my parents met him before the war he was a full colonel; they had a son, nicknamed Bratzo. It seems to me that Nicholas Plohn knew that Bratzo survived the war and lives somewhere in South America, but nothing more.



One of the Raschofsky daughters was married to a man called Friedman. There were three offsprings from that union. The son called Béla (Albert) changed his name to Farago, and I met him in my childhood whenever he came to visit my parents in Arad. He seemed older than Father and was always dressed with the meticulous care of a dandy. The trouble was that even as a child I was able to notice how faded his elegance was. The cut of his suit was old-fashioned, the tie was threadbare, the cuffs of his shirt were frayed, his shoes were worn and shabby under the polish. It seems to me that he seldom had a steady job, and often Father had to help him to find an employment. In later years he got married to a gentile woman of the working class, and lived in her house in the suburb of Mikelaka, adjacent to Arad. One day she was found murdered, her head bashed in with an ax, and uncle Béla was the prime suspect. I do remember that there was a trial, and the family collected money to hire a lawyer. Uncle Béla was found guilty and was sentenced to a long jail term. He disappeared in one of the local prisons and soon passed away.

The Friedman's had two daughters, Blanka (Tana) and Rozsi. Rozsi got married to Julius Lederer, whom we called uncle Gyula. He was an employee of the taxation division and customs authorities in Sinicolaul Mare. By the time I knew him he was already retired, a street-smart wise-guy, and I suspect he was never above doing some little monkey-business himself. Sinicolaul Mare was located adjacent to Hungary and Yugoslavia, a corner of smuggler's heaven in the time before the war. Aunt Rozsi was about the age of my father (her first cousin), and she was the Raschofsky with whom I had the most contact in the family. Sometimes in the early 1950s she fell ill and was diagnosed to have pernicious anemia, complicated with some neurological degenerative features. Vitamin B 12, the prime therapy for this disease was not available at that time in Romania, and Uncle Bercsi from Argentina did send appropriate shipments of this drug. I was a medical student, earning some income by going to patients home and giving injections prescribed by doctors. As such I was asked to visit the Lederers once a month and give aunt Rozsi her maintenance injection of Vitamin B 12. They insisted on paying the same fee (it was 5 lei per visit) I got indemnified by my other patients. The Lederers at that time already lived in Timisoara. In 1942 all Jews had to exit from outlying villages and townships into the county seats. As such all the Raschofsky descendants had moved from Sinicolaul Mare to Timisoara. The Lederers managed to get a two room apartment in one of the poorer suburbs with a separate large kitchen in the courtyard. The parents and the two sons lived in the rooms, and aunt Tana in the kitchen. My monthly appearance was an event in the family, I was always served some sweets, had to sit down to listen to scraps of family gossip and talk politics with uncle Gyula. Occasionally I did go on a Sunday, and Father came with me, he called it a walk to Sinicolaul Mare. It was a big event for the Lederers, Father was a Raschofsky who had made it, his opinions were always respectfully listened to, and if Uncle Gyula occasionally disagreed with him it was mostly to show that he is not overawed by the successful Jenő (the Hungarian name of Father). In due time I took Judith, and later Vicza and introduced them, and they were accordingly welcomed into the family. Blanka Friedman, the sister of Rozsi was a simple-minded roly-poly, rosy-faced older woman. She stayed with the married

sister and her family, and while in Sinicolaul Mare, she tended the small grocery business which may have been an inheritance from her Raschofsky grandparents. She was the aunt Tana who moved with the family to Timisoara and stayed there with them, until her demise sometimes in the mid-sixties.

The Lederer's had two boys, Tiby (Tiberius), born in 1920 and Lacz (Ladislaus), born in 1925. Of all my second cousins in the paternal line, Tiby was the one with whom I had come in closest contact. He was a student at the technical middle school in Arad, and in his last school year 1937-8, he boarded with us. I remember him as a not too smart, soft spoken and benevolent young man whom I liked very much. In later years he became a communist party member and was employed at the railways company. He got married to a coworker of his, a gentile girl I barely knew, active in the security system of the railways. As such they were privileged, they made a reasonably good living, even got a new apartment, which was a big bonus in the 1950s. They never had children, and since we left Timisoara in 1961, I knew almost nothing of them. Ed visited them in 1997. Lacz, the younger son, was very good with his hands, he learned mechanics and made a good living in Timisoara. He emigrated sometimes in the mid-sixties to Israel. He married late, had a son, and lives in Haifa, Israel.

Another Raschofsky daughter was Juliska (Julia). Her only daughter Hajnalka, got married to a lumber-merchant by the name of Lorencz. John Lorencz must have been always hard of hearing since aunt Hajnalka did talk very loudly to him. It may have been the hard hearing, or the facial expression of the big, bald, red-mustached, bespectacled fat man, but he always looked lost and uncomprehending. He may have been indeed dimwitted, he was not successful while owning his lumber business. In later years while living in Timisoara, he worked as a night watchman and barely managed to provide for his family. Hajnalka was big, had a hook nose, unkempt gray hair, spoke with a thick nasal voice, and did not convey the image of a smart person. In Timisoara they lived in a one room flat in a basement, it reeked of poverty and failure. The two sons of the Lorencz's were Ivan, born 1926, and Öcsi (little brother in Hungarian - I do not know his surname) born in 1936. Ivan was constantly on my horizon during our years in Timisoara. He was big, heavyset, he had inherited the big nose and nasal voice of his mother. He unfortunately inherited a low IQ from both of his parents. Nevertheless he always tried hard to prove himself and managed to be mostly just awkward. The girls whom he tried to court ridiculed or evaded him. When in company of educated youngsters, Ivan was trying to show off, proving himself to be ludicrous. One of his additional handicaps was his stutter, and I was often embarrassed in his company. He had only an elementary grade education, and learned tannery as an adolescent. After the war, Ivan became for a while active in the Zionist Youth Movement. There he met a girl among the Chernowitz refugees. She was plain and not very pleasant, as such never successful with the boys. The couple seemed to be destined for each other, they got married and sometimes in the late 1950s had a daughter. In the meantime Ivan, who had a "healthy social origin", became enrolled in the Communist-sponsored Worker's Universities, and was sent to Bucharest, to study for a degree in the leather field. We never found out why, but

after a year or so, he left his studies and returned to be a worker in the leather factory in Timisoara. He claimed that they found out about his Zionist activities and repudiated him, as politically unreliable. We doubted the story, for he surely must have been whetted before being admitted to the Communist University. We rather suspected that he was not able to keep abreast with his studies, even in the undemanding settings of the Worker's University. My last meeting with Ivan proved once more, that he was basically a good chap, only difficult to bear because of his meddling. In 1961, when we were to emigrate to Israel, on the day we left Timisoara, Father was already very sick and train travel would have been too uncomfortable for him. It was decided that Mother and myself will accompany him in a cab to Arad, where all of us will board the international express train. Ivan who on the previous day was in our home in order to take his leave from us, made a big fuss about him knowing the only reliable cabdriver in town. He insisted on leaving the details to him, and we almost did not get a cab due to his well-intentioned messing around. Ivan emigrated with wife and daughter sometimes in the late 1960s to Israel, lived somewhere near Haifa, and died in 1992. The younger brother, Öcsi, lives in my memory as a child. When we left Timisoara in 1961, he was a young man, I did not have any further information on him or his parents, Lorencz and Hajnalka. Ed had met Öcsi on his 1997 trip to Timisoara, and told me that he looks like and is as smart as his brother and parents.

There was another daughter of the Raschofsky great-grandparents called Etelka. She married a man called Sebestyén and they had three daughters: Margit (Margaret), Jolán and Irene. Margit and her family lived in a Transylvanian city called Szathmar; their nineteen years old daughter Etelka was a house-guest of ours in Arad, sometimes in 1939. In April of 1944 the whole family got deported to Auschwitz, and none of them came back. Jolán married an Austrian man, Erwin Kohn, and they were lucky to escape to Palestine shortly after the Anschluss in 1938. They established themselves in Haifa, opened a bakery and pastry-shop, and prospered. Uncle Erwin and Aunt Jolán were extremely friendly and welcoming, when we arrived in Israel in 1961. When they retired around 1964, their married son, Johannan, took over and continued the business. The wedding-cake we ate on the occasion of Ed's marriage to Norma, was prepared by Johannan's skillful hands. I do remember how he endlessly elaborated on the advantages of using margarine instead of butter for such an occasion. Johannan is dark-haired, heavyset, a boring, good family man, with very typical Raschofsky facial features. He has one daughter Gabriella, and I did not hear anything from them, since we left Israel. Irene got married to a Mr. Deutsch, they somehow managed to survive the war-torn Yugoslavia fleeing to Bari, Italy. From there they emigrated to Israel in 1948, and lived close to Tel-Aviv with their daughter. When we arrived in 1961, the Deutsch's were managing a small "kiosk" in the old judicial district. The daughter was married to a sergeant-major in the Israeli Army. I do not know what happened to all of them thereafter.