

Dr Béla Antal János Török wrote this memoir for his two children Dr Béla Antal Sándor Mária Török and Katalin Klementina Judith Mária Csabai (Török) sometime in 1960's

PICTURES ADDED BY LESLIE (LÁSZLÓ) TÖRÖK



***Grandfather Béla
Török 19 April
1881-d1969***



Son Béla 6 Oct. 1914-d2012



***Daughter Katalin 17 Mar. 1917-
d1995***

Török Family

The Török family comes from the Vass County and the village of Nemes-csoó. We do not know who founded our family but it originates, about 4 kilometres, from the village of Nemes-csoó and our name is not of foreign source but obviously original Hungarian. We could assume that our family could have been one of the Turks fighting at the siege of Köszeg (1532) and, having been left behind, was thus of Turkish origin or maybe a Hungarian boy deported by the Turks and raised as a Janissary (Turkish elite infantry), and was given the family name "Török".

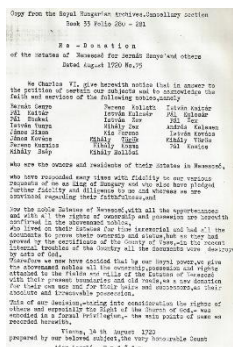
The family tree (that I prepared) can be traced back to 1720, when the family was divided into two branches, the György and Mihály branches. The nobility of the family is of earlier origin, because in 1720 this was confirmed by the nova donation document (copy in our archives). According to investigating officers the original documents were destroyed, along with the national archives, as a result of the Rákóczi War of Independence against Habsburg Austrian Empire (1703-1711); but there is no doubt about the old nobility of the family.

We come from the branch of György, but the description of our coat of arms does not match the heraldic drawing preserved in the archives of Vass County Depository. When I put this question to the director of the National Archives to clarify this variance, he reassured us that we could still use our coat of arms, (which we still use) "an arrow through a snake ", because it was customary in those days to acknowledge the fact that some families broke into several branches, and to distinguish this event by use of a new coat of arms. This coat of arms was also used by my grandfather's cousin Ignác Török, one of the martyrs of Arad in 1849, who, according to family traditions, presented my grandfather (Antal Török) with a ring engraved with such heraldry when he was in Szeged, where Ignác had opened the new fortification works in this area. In connection with him, I mention that the historical fact that in the War of Independence this fortified castle of Komárom was never taken by the enemy and thus, under the conditions of the surrender, General Klapka was free to leave the castle together with his troops. Ignác's intellectual greatness is characterised by the fact that in the mourning house the day before his execution he was reading the fortification works of Vauban, the great French engineer specialising in fortifications.

We only had these heraldic drawings left in rings and other jewellery, and we could only prove our Nemes-csoó origin from the baptismal documents of our fathers. My great-grandfather Antal Török was granted estates from the governor of Count Károlyi and his son also Antal, my grandfather, along with others, including the county judges of several prestigious counties sold these out of patriotic enthusiasm to strengthen the new Hungarian money with the Kossuth bank. After the defeat in the War of Independence, of course, this money, along with all our documents, was burned by the chest loads.



Nemes-csoói Török
Family Crest many years
before 1720



Estates of
Nemescsóó 1720



Török Ignác 1795-
1849

In 1904 a nemescsóói Béla Török was sworn in as a military lieutenant. My brother-in-law Captain Jenő Faragó approached him, asking if he knew of our family. He confirmed this and he sent us the family tree that they had preserved; this also included my great grandfather and even my grandfather, both based in Szeged. This is how we acquired the family tree, which we updated and which I sent back to him. This Béla Török died a heroic death in World War I, his father who was president of an orphanage in Szombathely, committed suicide as a result of his grief in losing his only son. Only two daughters survived him as he had no other sons, therefore their male branch of that family became extinct and so today we are the only existing nemescsóói Török (male) branch left. I hope that my dear grandchildren will live their lives in the footsteps of their father and their ancestors and that they will be worthy descendants of this commendable family until death.



Hermina Preiszler-
Ritter von
Tannenwald 1822-
abt.1900

My grandfather, Antal Török, was therefore, impoverished as a victim of the War of Independence. After the 1867 Compromise (with Austria), he took a position as a financial official. When he was married, by then a wealthier person, he held an honorary position of notary in Csongrád. His wife, Hermina Preiszler was the daughter of a Makó salt merchant Ritter von Tannenwald Preiszler, the head of a very successful business. From their marriage they had 2 children: János and Sándor.

I note incidentally that another Preiszler daughter was the grandmother of Lieutenant Colonel varasai László Vedres, so he was my second cousin and his daughter Maya, to you Bedakám (Béla) is your fourth-quarter cousin.

My uncle János (Son of Antal and Hermina) also became a financial officer and retired as head of the tax office. He moved from Szeged to Nagyvárad, from there to Dész and then to Besztercén (Now Romania). After the 1st world war, he escaped back to Hungary lived

in many places and died in Veszprém aged 87. A charming handsome man, straight carriage to his late old age with white hair by the time he was 22. However he never fell ill and even before his death he went on great walking tours, always dressed impeccably with a walking stick in his gloved hands. He never had a spot on his clothes. His wife was Teréza Koór from Péterfalva.

Aunt Riza, my mother's sister, died a couple of years ago at the age of 93 and was in full possession of her physical and mental health until her death.

They had many children, as seen in the family tree, but not a single son, all girls who died mostly in their childhood. -Only 3 girls grew up to adulthood: Olga, whose husband was György Polakovics, a forest engineer and Ibolya, married Zsombor Sófalvy, widower Councillor of Dési City, and Izabella, who married Miklós Török, also a forest engineer from Mátrafüred.



Antal Török
1815 -1886

nemescsó János [middle name?] Török

Born 1840 in Szeged [♀]

Son of [Antal Török](#) and [Hermína \(Preisler\) Török](#)

Brother of [Sándor Török](#) [add sibling]

Husband of **Terézia (Koór) Török** — married [marriage date?] [marriage location?]

Father of [Erzsébet Török](#), [Ilona Török](#), [Olga \(Török\) Polakovics](#), [Ibolya \(Török\) Sófalyv](#) and [Izabella Török](#) [add child]

Died 1927 [place of death?]



János Török and Klarika Sófalyv

Olga had a daughter: Magda, whom you (Bedakám-Béla) also met in the Lukács Bath, where I was staying for treatment of my rheumatism and where she also visited me with her mother. Magda married Dániel Gáspár a former army officer and now lives as expected of ex-army officers.

Ibolya was widowed early. She and István Tóth an army officer had one daughter Bözsi who married the son of a curia judge also called István Tóth. They are currently living in Székesfehérvár.

Izabella is in Budapest in retirement with her husband and a son named Bandi who is an engineer at the railways. Their other son Milkós now lives in Canada.

My father was an elegant good-looking man and his first wife was Anna Vadász. After a period of being a widower he married my mother, péterfalvi Etelka Koór, Aunt Riza's sweet sister. My mother was also a widow. Her first husband was a teacher Lajos Czettler. My half-brother was born out of this marriage, we all loved him - Gyula Czettler became a pharmacist. His cousin was Jenő Czettler, a professor, Member of Parliament, and then Speaker of the House of Representatives, who, although he kept his connection with the family and who, despite his great connections, refused to support the family.



Sándor Török 1844-1888

My half-brother Gyula Czettler married Lujza Czermann from Budafok the daughter of a wealthy resident of Budafok, who, after her husband Gyula died at the age of 36, remained a widow for some time and was later married to architect Kálmán Szabó from Mezőhegyes. I remember both of you (Béla, Kata) meeting her once or twice.

My father's children born from his first marriage all died, and from his second marriage with my mother the children were **Margit** / first married to Jenő Faragó

and after being widowed, then to Zoltán Pápay / **Sándor**, then **I (Béla)**, and **Etelka** /married to dr. Kálmán Falcione / and then **László**.

My father (Sándor) died of lung cancer in 1888 at the age of 44 when I was just 7 years old. So, I don't know much about him from direct experience. I only remember a moment or two. So, for example, when on a winter evening he arrived with a box containing Tyrolean marionettes,

nemescsoi Béla Antal János Török

Born 19 Apr 1881 in Szeged [♀]

Son of [Sándor Török](#) and [Etelka Josefa \(Koór\) Török](#)

Brother of [Margit \(Török\) Pápay-Faragó](#), [Sándor Török](#), [Etelka \(Török\) Falcione di Cardezza](#) and [László Török](#) [add sibling]

Husband of **Katalin Mária Emilia Ilona (Kiss) Hensch** — married 7 Jan 1914 (to 1923) in Szeged Hungary [♀]

Father of [Béla Antal Sándor Maria Török](#) and [Katalin Klementina Judith Mária \(Török\) Csabai](#) [add child]

Died 1969 in Szekesfehervar Hungary [♀]



Etelka péterfalvi Koór 1852-1917

ANCESTORS [♀]

DESCENDANTS [♀]

we children loved them and dad sat with his back to the hot stove and just admired us. I remember when he came out to our holiday home in Szatymaz, when Hector the hunting dog jumped up to him and when he gave my brother (Sanyi) and I gifts of little leather whips and when he, as president of the school board, appeared at my first elementary exam and finally when he promised me a pony horse for my birthday two days before he died. On Apr.18, he departed from this shadow world. A four-horse carriage took his body and I said, "Daddy, I didn't want a horse like that." I even remember the last time I kissed him at the funeral. However, I know more about him from narratives. So, I know that he was a highly sought-after, high-income lawyer who built his own house in Szeged. He purchased a vineyard in Szatymaz, he accumulated IOU's, but he spent a lion share of his income on his guests.



Recent photo house in Szatymaz

It is characteristic of him that at Szatymaz he had a silver service cutlery for 120 persons and that the annual harvest of Szatymaz of grapes did not cover the price of tobacco and sour water consumed at the harvest party. At that time, they did not yet understand how to handle sandy grapes. He sold the fruit for pennies as a Muscat and always brought his wine from Magyarád.

The poor man didn't think that he was going to his maker so soon, given that he left 5 orphans here in this world, the oldest of whom was 10 and the youngest being 4 years old. My poor good mother was left in a rather difficult situation. However, we must raise our hat to her for her heroism, with which she raised all her children, and even outfitted, however modestly, her 2 daughters for marriage.

My brother Sanyi (Sándor) was a railway officer. My brother Laci (László) was a bank clerk. The former died of bone tuberculosis at the age of 24, while Laci died a heroic death in 1916 at Izbugy Radvány in the Carpathians

(Slovakia).



Laci, Margit, Sándor, Béla and Etelka Török

Although my sister Margit was a clerk, she lived with a decent pension and lived a reasonable life, until the hard times happened (USSR occupation) and her son Laci's selfish behaviour created a rather difficult financial situation so that, even at the age of 79, although in my opinion it would not have been necessary, she collected twigs from the forest for the winter fire.

Laci's son became a soldier and retired as lieutenant colonel. My sister Margit's 2nd husband Zoltán Pápay adopted him (Laci) while he was at the Ludovika (officer College) and so he bears the names of Pápay Faragó. He (Laci) divorced his first wife, but was remarried, supposedly happily, in the opinion of

my sister Margit.

My sister Etelka's husband dr. Kálmán Falcione was a lieutenant colonel in the army, who after the First World War completed his law degree and became a lawyer. He was an extremely hard-working and focused man achieving much wealth. They received the gift of the vineyard in Szatymaz in perpetuity as part of Etelka's share of the estate, the grapes of Szatymaz were a deposit. In his hunger for wealth when we were visiting together with my wife and children, we in a house next door even though we all would have had enough space in the cottage and I asked Etelka to give me a blanket for the night, she gave me a quilt I had previously purchased with a request not to tell Kálmán about this.

Because of a lot of things like that, I didn't come into contact with him for 10 years; we weren't even in an acquaintance relationship. Then later he changed favourably, we reconciled and then have been in a good relationship ever since. My brother-in-law Kálmán had and still has extraordinary energy. It is characteristic of him that, after he fell into Russian captivity during World War I, he escaped from the prison camp in

Siberia and returned home on foot. It was a great advantage to him to have learned Russian well and as a result it was possible for him to escape.

He then graduated in law and became a practicing lawyer. However, his ambition was inexhaustible. He was elected a Member of Parliament in 1947, which became his down fall because he eventually broke down and was separated from his family for 5 years and reluctantly gave up his profession. (Died 23 February 1975) Lóránt's son carried on his office and with his good income, kept the whole family with an amazing sacrifice and also generously supported Eva but now he is very sick.

Poor Pimpi Kálmán (grandson) was a lieutenant in World War II and died a heroic death during the siege of Buda. Mario / Bábo / was forced by circumstances to move to USA and earned his living there as a doctor. He married a German lady and has a daughter (Deborah) in Poughkeepsie America.

Both Eva and husband Gábor Pap and Lóránt became ill and poor, just when the parents also needed support, they had 3 children to raise. For how long?

Now I should write about myself. Understandably, this is very difficult when there is hardly any outstanding event in my life.



**Place of birth 19 April 1881- 16
Zrínyi St Szeged**

My schooling up to the sixth grade of high school was completed in Szeged with the exception that when I was in fourth grade primary and then in second grade high school, I went to Dettán / Temesvár to learn the German language as an exchange student. For VI and VII grades I went to Esztergom in the seminary for young priests. I did not feel called to the priesthood, but I remember my poor father giving both my brother Sanyi and me a ride one knee each saying that Sanyi was to be a General and I would be a Bishop. When I reached the required age, I was enrolled there. However, later realising that the priestly profession was not for me, I left the seminary and entered the 8th grade at the grammar school in Szeged, graduating there. My inclination led me to a legal career. I attended the University of Budapest for two years. I passed the first two basic exams there. However, I realised for myself that due to the different interpretations of the many professors lecturing in the same department in the University of Budapest, the examination is bit of a gamble because the one examining you may not be the one who gave you the lessons. The examiner is selected by chance. In contrast, the University of Kolozsvár at that time had only one professor appointed for each department, so that if one worked well, one could pass the examination. So, after that I did my studies there. Even if not in the usual time, because in my youth I lived a fairly relaxed life, as a result of which I did

not always complete my exams at the earliest but I finally got my doctorate of law.

I started my legal practice at the court. First at the criminal district court and then a few months later at the civil court. I am proud that after one month in the criminal law phase and in the civil court because, within my written down submissions of cases that I handed to my examiners, the judges appreciated my ability and did not want me to spend more of my time with spade work. One of the most difficult hurdles was that many times my opinion did not match the court decisions and yet I had to provide a logical reason for my conclusions. I will never forget that on one occasion a member of the Board of Appeal came to us and congratulated my principal saying that "we left your argument in place, we disagree, but it was so beautifully justified that we decided to honour it by leaving it in the records." To which my principal fairly replied, "Congratulate my assistant because it was his justification."

I only spent a year with this district judge, then I went to general court where I worked on all my cases, then I ended up in the bankruptcy area. There they had a very excellent judge, who in a few years was elevated to the position of chief justice. It was his custom to pick up the papers on his desk and study them and then take them to the council.

One time my principal came up to me and asked me if I am familiar with one of the practices that the board has consistently followed? And when I said yes, he asked, why then did I argue exactly the opposite? To this I replied that I could say nothing other than what I had given in my submission.

My principal stated that my perception was very interesting and that he would take my advice because he was very curious about the board's decision, but he asked for my consent to drawing a line across 3 lines of the reasoning. Of course, he did this but so that it remained quite readable.

The practice of the board in this question had been around for decades. The perception of the old judges was later used by the succeeding panel judges - without any special consideration, as scripture. Now, breaking with practice, they had taken notice of the reasons for my order including the 3-lines crossed out which was left in place. Of course, after this my reputation in their eyes grew.

As I have already written, I lived a fairly cavalier life style and was thus full of debt, although my profession attracted me towards a career as a judge; I decided to become a lawyer instead so that I could settle my debts with a decent income. That's why I had to practice with a lawyer for a year. It is characteristic of my long 3- and 1/2-years apprenticeship with the court I never asked my legal-principal anything, but he instead turned to me several times a day.

After such a thorough and serious apprenticeship, I studied for the bar examination from March 15, to November 27 1909, from 5 am to 7 pm each day with a short lunch break. It went beautifully, took 1.25 hours instead of the allocated 2 hours and I already had the diploma in my hands. The whole of the examining body rose from their chairs and came to me warmly congratulating me. They asked me about my future intentions, and when I replied that I was going to Nyiregyháza with an older lawyer, the president said I congratulate your new partner. "

I did go to Nyiregyháza and although my senior partner carried me in the palm of his hands and bathed me in milk and butter, I became terribly homesick and after 3 months I went back to my hometown Szeged and opened my own office there.



Grandfather's Law office in Szeged.

My first case was successful. On finishing I wondered if I would dare to ask for 1,000 crowns for my job when my client, who was very satisfied with the way his case was handled, handed me 5,000 crowns, asking whether I thought it was enough. After this I had nice cases and earned well and managed to settle my debts from my income.

In the summer of 1913, I met my future wife, whose hand I asked for. My mother-in-law was willing to give her consent, but after a few months and after some intrigues she withdrew her consent. However,



Katalin Kiss grandfather's wife

after my wife persevered and insisted that we marry. We relied on the consent of the appropriate tribunal making up for the lack of parental consent and were married on 7th January 1914. My mother-in-law was angry with us for this, so that she was not even present at the wedding. The wedding celebration was arranged by my mother.

The first year of our marriage was, of course, undisturbed and very happy and on October 6, 1914, my very beloved son Béla was born. He was already a character for his age, he really loved me as much as I loved him. Interestingly, my mother-in-law did not even see my son until he was 2 years old by which time we had reconciled. She had a very cold personality.

I began my military service in October 1900 at the age of 19 as a one-year-infantry volunteer, and then as I passed the officer examinations with honours, I was immediately appointed as reserve lieutenant at the end of my first year as a volunteer. At the outbreak of World War I, my 12-year reserve service had expired. In August 1914 I was now already in reserves. In September of that year, I enlisted for military service as a lieutenant, but then my old, even going back to my voluntary years, joint ailments (articular cartilage) came to light, I was disqualified for all further military service after unsuccessful thermal bath treatment. The chief of staff of the Szeged District Command was looking for an officer with legal knowledge for the position of lecturer for the training of troops at the district and asked



Taken April 1912

and begged me to make a patriotic sacrifice by accepting this military position so I closed my law office again. I held this position until the summer of 1916, when I became a mobilisation lecturer. Then, in the autumn of 1918, after the lost war, I became a disarmament lecturer. Around Christmas I was finally discharged.

During my military service, I achieved the rank of a captain and the district commander presented me the "Knight's Cross of the Order of Franz Joseph" in recognition of my work, but this award was simply lost in the hands of a lieutenant colonel at the Honvéd (military) High Command, who was hostile to me. To repair this, the district commander issued a separate printed order in which he praised my work and awarded me 3 column merit emblems.



My military service has many coloured events. Amongst them was that in the summer of 1918, the Chief of Staff on behalf of himself sent me to an inquiry held at the Ministry of Defence with the participation of generals and officers, where I, the simple Captain had great success with my speech. In December 1916, my dear good mother died, who also loved my son Béla very much. Always, until her death, she recalled how the 1 and 1/2-year-old child was always lovingly near her sick bed. She was transported to Budapest for medical treatment. Unfortunately, the surgery was not successful because she was a victim of an inoperable liver cancer.

After my mother died –and after my brother Laci also died in the war, my sister Margit was away and our family house was in constant need of repair, we decided to sell the family house. The proceeds, and since Etelka had already received her share was divided into 3 parts, and my brother Laci's part was used to pay off his debts.

On March 17th 1917, instead of the long-awaited "Nicholas", my golden daughter Kata was born after a long labour. You were still asleep when I brought the news at 7 in the morning; I woke you up Bedakám (Béla) and whispered to you that your little brother had arrived, but it was not "Miklós" but Kata. You, who was also waiting for "Miklós" - replied sleepily that "I don't mind, just that she had finally arrived and went back to sleep.

Then time passed without any special events. In November 1918, World War I ended. First, we were threatened by a Serbian occupation, but instead the city was occupied by the French, who were exemplary in maintaining law and order. We were even supported by food from the French officer's kitchen which was set up in the house at 22 Deák Ferenc Street. You also saw your chocolate box for the first time. In December 1918, the severe Spanish flu broke out in the city. You, Bedakám (Béla, 4 years), escaped this without any trouble, but your mother and Kata (2 years) became seriously ill. Kata in particular suffered with a fever exceeding 42°. Every half hour for 48 hours, I washed them both with wine vinegar while lying on wet sheets. The doctor said that they were saved only by my almost superhuman care for them. I didn't lie down for 48 hours, but when they were out of danger, I fell asleep, too, but thank the good God, the disease passed without any complications.



50mil died from Spanish Flu 1918

Then it was 1919. It was at this time that I met and befriended Count Pál Teleki, with whom my friendship remained unchanged until his death. In the national elections that followed these times, Teleki unanimously became the representative of our city without another nominee. He stood as a candidate in the 1st district in 1922 parliamentary elections. His Liberal candidate opponent was István Bárczy, the former mayor of Budapest.



Teleki Pál

Turning to me in trust, I became the manager of the Teleki party, that is, I took full responsibility for the party's election work. So conscientiously did I work that I didn't even put my foot in my law firm for 3 months. The hard work paid off, because despite the fact that we only had a total 150,000 Korona available for costs and allegedly Bárczy had spent 10,000,000 Korona in the campaign Teleki was elected by an almost unbelievable-large majority of 1,000 votes. My honour was great. As a reward, Teleki then offered me the position of chief adviser for the government, but I averted this from myself by saying "if my character is lacking dignity, you are wasting the title, but if it is, it is unnecessary." Teleki embraced me and kissed me saying "from today onward I appreciate you even more." (Teleki was

Prime Minister twice, from 1920–21 and 1939–41). (Grandfather's son Béla published a book about Teleki's 1941 suicide.)

When I got married, Count István Tisza, who was good friends with my wife's foster father Baron Béla Podmaniczky, promised for me a notary position. But the war intervened and Count Tisza died and so nothing came from this offer. But I didn't need this job either, because my law firm was very lucrative, so I could buy valuable furniture, Persian carpets and oil paintings after covering current expenses and to also buy shares in the Szeged-Csongrád Savings Bank which was the leading financial institution in the region. I was well off financially. I also had an interesting case such as: a partly ordinary and partly a land tenure court case relating to the Petényi Land Reform from which I earned at least 30,000 pengő. My children were also well looked after and many rich Christmases took place.

The following description is a reflection of the years after 1922. I highlight this because I divorced my wife this year, there was no sharp disagreement between us, we just didn't understand each other. I supported her financially and helped her to get married again but this time to Béla Hensch. I had a warm friendship with her husband. He spent every Christmas Eve with your mother, our children and me surprising each other with gifts. Not many understood this situation, many misunderstood but then others understood with utmost respect and esteem that this was for the spiritual lives of the children.



Béla and Kata aged 3 and 1

During this time, I contracted an au pair to look after house and children. After several unsuccessful attempts, I remember Józsa Steinwasser among them, who made Kata so nervous with her horror stories that it still affects her. We finally found a suitable lady in the person of Olga Grillwitzer, an Austrian woman who also spoke a little Hungarian. Although she couldn't get very close to the children, I tried to balance that myself, she otherwise took care of our household in an appropriate way. It is true that like all saints, her hand leaned towards herself, so that she, who came to me in a single garment, when I rearranged my household in 1932 and when her service, was finished, she left loaded with fine clothes and jewels.

Then, after sending all my superfluous belongings to your mother in order to preserve them for you, I moved myself into a 2-room, comfortable bachelor's apartment, at 4-6 Deák Ferenc street. Bedakám (Béla) then became a university student and I enrolled him in the college, and my daughter became a boarder of the high school. However, I did not think the food at the university college was adequate. After half a year I took you Bedakám to my apartment. You also had a separate little room there, we had lunch in the Kaszino and we ate breakfast and dinner at our home in abundance, and satisfactorily. As a result of your valuable work and under this new arrangement, during your university years you passed with honours one exam after another and also won 4-5 course awards. It filled me with great pride, as did my grown-up girl's high school diploma.

At that time, the calendar already marked the years 1932-1935, this is the time you wanted me to record our life history – Bedakám (Béla).

From earlier years, I think it is worth noting that my dearest, selfless friend was Elek Kaszó, the city treasurer, with whom we had a warm friendship and whose son Sityi was one of your best friends. My education system for you with immeasurable love was pursued with rigour in educating you to be modest to "learn to accept a NO with a smile". By that I mean that you were different to many other kids who to get their way by continued protest, if I refused something to you both, you never bound yourself to it - you almost immediately forgot your desires.

Anyhow what else can I say about this time? You studied diligently and to get the best possible foundation in the first years of high school I kept an instructor with you, Aladár Varga, a university student who is now a chief dermatologist. Béla, you graduated from the Piarist (Pious) Catholic high school for grades I-to IV, your teachers all supported you, only Hantos amongst the teachers misunderstood you but he soon changed his mind and admitted this mistake. In the upper grades of real high school, I myself introduced you to the mysteries of words and taught you the importance of style selection (eclectic) but at the same time you must also be clear. Perhaps, I therefore contributed to your brilliant style today.

In the meantime, of course, there was also fun, many of which you may still have vivid memories of. Even when you were a high school student, you were Bedakám (Béla) a German speaker in Vöslau and you my golden daughter near Vienna. You didn't really want to speak German with the au pair Olga Grillwitzer, so I thought it important that you establish a good foundation for your German language skills.

In 1932 our former Sheriff, Károly Aigner lost his position as the Bethlen government failed. Feeling that he could not leave my public contribution without recognition and knowing that I was always withdrawing from all awards, without my knowledge wrote down my profile and submitted it for the position of Hungarian Royal Government Councillor, in recognition of my public merits and which was to be decided in August 1932. - This, of course, would have been offensive to refuse.

Prior to that, I was also a member of the legislative committee of our hometown for about 10 years. I took an active part in the administration of the affairs of our city, and was always asked to deliver appropriate speeches on festive occasions. Outstanding among these I consider to be my speech at the extraordinary general meeting held on the occasion of the death of Count Albert Apponyi which I can say, without modesty, was talked about in the city for weeks.

But I also said goodbye to many of my good friends at their coffins, so I received the naive honour by the writer of the history of our Kaszino (club) in his book as the "The Kaszino's Classic Funeral Speaker.", even though at every other time and every celebration I was again the speaker. The word "funeral" could have been left out of the title.

By the way, when I was a "young giant", I wrote portfolios, poems and later articles on current issues in the Szeged newspapers. In my young age, under the pseudonym "Weak Souls" I wrote a social drama, which I sent to Imre Pethes, the father of Sándor Pethes who was in his time a most famous actor (star) and whose obituary was in all the city's newspaper and was in very close relationship with my mother. He gave a detailed judgement of the quality of my work, to summarise he said that "this piece of yours is better than what is currently dished out to the public but it's still not good enough, write better." Despite this, at the request of my friends and the Szeged theatre director, I handed over this piece for performance, the first act received a noisy acclamation and I, as an author, received a special ovation. I was already confident of total success when, from the 2nd act onward, I noticed that some of the actors didn't know a single line from their role, causing the piece to start weakening and ending up poorly.

This then discouraged me from experimenting any further.

I still have a copy of this play as prepared for the production. Perhaps the most realistic critique is that even after some decades I still dare to own up to it to be mine.

My other manuscripts, although in terms of literary history they are not important but for personal reasons were unfortunately lost as a result of the events of the war. However, a poem, still vividly in my memory, is recalled here:

***We forgot each other.
My path turned left, hers right.
I thought she was happy and she couldn't have thought anything different,
Yet years later, she wrote a letter to me,
There was no sign of her sadness,
She just wrote I don't know what's wrong with me; I just had to write to you.***

I also gave many toast speeches (tributes) on different occasions. I will never forget that one time when I gave one for an excellent dinner friend, the criticism was that it was more than a toast, it was already an essay...

I lived in Szeged, practically on the Tisza river and the regatta until 1925, when I left the club with a lot of members after a palace revolution. Both of you, too, spent your childhood there each summer. I

Officer of the Szeged-Belvárosi Casino from 1899 to 1929.

Compiled by: Gyula Baranyak.

Ev	Elnök	Alnöveg	Kapitány	Titkos	Ugyas	Menegye	Előadó	Előadó	Előadó	Előadó	Előadó	Előadó
1899	Pályi Erőss	Székely-Farkas	Dr. Nagy János	László Béla	Dr. Gyertyán	László Béla	László János	László Béla	László Béla	László Béla	László Béla	László Béla
1900	Dr. Gyertyán
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929

Lawyer for the Kaszino 1918-1929

taught you to swim. I will never forget that when you were 6 years old, Bedakám (Béla), you had already swum across the Tisza! Kata loved the water too; every time I dipped her in the water she just shouted - "**not my head**". Do you remember?

I will mention here that in a swimming competition in Kisbér, where you, Bedakám, were called a swimming phenomenon, you had a university student opponent and yet you still won the competition in a canter at the age of 14 and Kata also won her competition.

Satisfied with life on the Tisza, I did not go anywhere else on holidays until I finally did a 6-week tour of Italy in 1925, while you and your mother were on holiday at the Balaton in Zamárdi. I went to Venice, Viareggio, Pisa, Carrara, Genoa, Florence, Milan and Lake Como. My plan was to get to know Italy south of Florence the following year, but unfortunately, due to obstacles, I was unable to implement this plan. Instead, I spent my summer vacation with you all as a guest of Béla Hensch, because after the economic crisis (Great Depression) that broke out in 1932, during which daily some lawyers in the country committed suicide, I would no longer be able to go on such expensive holiday tours.

From this time on, my office became weaker and harder, I had a hard time until I was finally appointed notary on December 24, 1938. You know the course of my life after that very well, Bedakám, here I end recording my life story. All that is, since 1932, the public opinion was that I should nominate as a candidate for sheriff. Thank God this could no longer happen due to my notarial appointment. It is true that Teleki, when he became prime minister again in 1940, asked me to take over the position of Chief Sheriff of Szeged, but he kindly understood me when I justifiably avoided it.

Koór Family

After this I will inform you of my mother's family.

My maternal grandfather comes from the village of Péterfalva in Ugocsa county and his name is Péterfalvi János Koór. Interestingly, I was never able to obtain his baptismal certificate because he was baptised in one of the neighbouring villages and my research yielded no results.

His wife, my maternal grandmother Terézia Lachmann, a German girl from Buda, married my grandfather at the age of 15. My grandfather was a doctor in Jászberény and owned a property of about 600 acres. Due to his medical occupation, the problem of managing the estate fell on my grandmother, who did so conscientiously that, according to narratives, she often went out to the estate in a manure cart at 4 o'clock in the morning to inspect the farm works.

In addition, she did not neglect her motherly profession. She gave birth to 21 children, but only 6 of them survived because of the great infant mortality rate at the time. One boy, a hussar officer, whose first name I don't remember became a victim of an "American" pistol duel in which he drew the black ball which then ripped into his brain.

Of the girls, Eva was the eldest, whose love was an army officer named Csörner, who meanwhile I think fell in the war against Italy - she could no longer make amends for her hasty action and so her child was baptised József Koór. His children were military officers Gizi and Jancsi Koór who were also known to you as they visited us several times. Jancsi later committed suicide as a result of his lifestyle. They also had several sisters whom I barely knew and who had been living, married in Italy for decades.

Aunt Eve, like my maternal Grandmother, her mother, died at the age of 94. Both of them were considered beautiful women in their old age.

Then came Aunt Flóra, my godmother, who married my godfather Nagy Sándor, a Szegedi Híradó szerkesztője, Sándor Nagy, a lawyer from Szeged, and who, according to the public opinion, would have been destined to replace Petőfi (Most celebrated Hungarian poet) with great literary skills. Of course, this was an immeasurable exaggeration, even if it was well written. He was the editor of the daily newspaper Szegedi Híradó. He was also known as Senex until his late old age. In a really beautiful article, which, unfortunately has been lost since, referred to my brother Laci, who died a heroic death with the Arad Martyr Ignác Török embracing him and taking him to heaven. Due to his writing activities, he neglected his legal profession



*János Koór &
Terézia Lachmann*



Ibolya Nagy

and was supported by his daughter in his later years: Ibolya Nagy, a life member of the National Theatre Company. My godfather was also a great hunter, and he loved me especially. On one occasion in Szatymaz, where they were vacationing with us, he showed me his little godson his gun, pointed it at me and fired. Luckily, my mother pulled me away at the last second and so I was not hurt, but my poor godfather's hair turned white from this event after all he was convinced his gun was unloaded.

When I was a lawyer, I had lunch with them all the time when in Pest, they ran a great kitchen.

They were both close to their 90s when they were called away by their God. Similarly, their daughter Ibolya Nagy also approached this age. He maintained a great friendship with the famous artists Mari Jászai and Kornélia Prielle, who, when I was sick with appendicitis, also sat with my godmother by my bed countless times, nurturing me.

In order then, aunt Eszti was the wife of mándoki and szentgyörgyi Móricz Bathó. In my lawyer years I had dinner with him many times. As a result, while I was an easy-going young man, I never starved. Her husband, I know, was the municipal chief clerk. Two children were born from their marriage: Sándor and Béla.

Béla, who became a pharmacist, died of pneumonia at a young age. Sándor, on the other hand, left this shadowy world at the age of about 62. We wanted to visit him once. When the statue of Ignác Török was unveiled in Gödöllő. We went to Gödöllő in the city's car and I informed Sándor, who was living in Mátyásföld and arranged to meet him at a certain place. Do you remember Bedakám? He didn't come to the meeting place and he never excused himself. Unfortunately, sometimes the spirit goes out. His son, also called Sándor, was on the other hand at the basilica at your wedding and appears in the group photo.

My pictures, as they don't fit in our apartment, are stored in a crate in the attic, I will on occasion find one or two and send it to you.

Then I come my dear good mother Etelka, and then the youngest: Aunt Riza, about whom I have already told you in the history of the Török family.

I note here that my cousins, Olga, Ibolya, and Bella, are actually equal relatives of my siblings, since both our fathers and mothers were sweet siblings. Moreover, both the Török and the Koór families were good looking. My mother is also a famous beauty, and the Török girls and Török boys were generally regarded as attractive in appearance by their contemporaries.

Kiss Family

I know only a little about the ittebei Kiss and ebeczki Blaskovich families, perhaps because of our harsh relationship with my mother-in-law. What I know is from the stories from your mother and Aunt Clemmy, these have always been about something topical. To tell you the truth, I was hardly interested in their affairs, but I can give you some idea from these stories.

First, I will write about the ittebei Kiss family.

Your mother was the daughter of ittebei Elemér Kiss and ebeczki Gizella Blaskovich. Her father, Elemér, in Torontál County, in Begaszentgyörgy, owned 40,000 acres and whose father's cousin was Ernő Kiss a martyr of Arad in 1849. Your mother was therefore similarly closely related to Ernő Kiss as I was with Ignác Török. It is a historical fact that eleméri and ittebei Ernő Kiss a land owner of 80,000 acres holding, at the



Gizella Blaskovich



Elemér Kiss

outbreak of the War of Independence, outfitted an entire hussar regiment with horses and uniforms.

Your grandfather Elemér Kiss and his wife, my mother-in law – ebeczki Gizella Blaskovich lived an incredible, carefree life, which resulted in the loss of their huge property and in his old age Elemér Kiss was kept by his father-in-law, István Blaskovich.

To characterise their extravagant lifestyle, I would like to tell you one story. Once on reading in the newspaper that Patti, the famous Italian singer was to appear in Vienna, they sent many telegrams requesting a box seat in the concert hall, finally settling for one for 5,000 forints. For this, there were no cars at the time, a special heated train was hired, on which, they brought with them a large number of butlers and maids, and a four-horse carriage. They rented out the entire first floor of the Grand Hotel and then they thought that they should go to Abbázia (Opatija is a Croatian coastal town on the Adriatic Sea) with a few servants and butlers. They went - for a few days, this was then increased to a few weeks, but the rest of the staff and the four-horse carriage were forgotten in Vienna at the Grand Hotel. You can only imagine what this little excursion cost.

Your grandfather Elemér may not have understood budgeting, but it is certain that he did not care. The end result was bankruptcy, after which his solicitor, who had not been paid for years managed to save 5,000 acres of the estate for himself. He also received a glass and porcelain service with a beautiful burnt-in coat of arms from the legacy of ittebei Kiss Ernő, one of the martyrs of Arad. These are, in part, now in Kata's (Fabian) possession; she received them at her marriage. Some of these services can also be seen in the Museum in commemoration of the 1849 Martyrs of Arad.

The brother of your grandfather Elemér was Miklós, who lived in Vienna and who married Kata Schratt, the famous drama actor from Vienna, from the Burg Theatre. This Kata Schratt later became a close friend of the Emperor Franz Joseph. Your uncle Miklós (Antal) was later elevated to the rank of baron by Ferenc József. We do not know what has happened to them since.



Katharina Schratt

From the maternal grandparents according to age the following children were born.

1-Clementina Kiss, married szlavniczai Sándor József, a stud farm captain, who ended his career as a colonel and stud farm commander in Kisbér and died a few years ago at the age of 80. He was an upstanding, kind, realist, whom you (Bedakám) also knew and loved, just like his wife, Aunt Clemmy, who grew up in an exclusive company of English ladies in a convent with a somewhat aristocratic manner. She did not seek your mother's company because she did not consider your mother's second husband Béla Hensch (as brother-in-law) noble enough. Life taught her to have a better attitude and she is now an affectionate, kind, lovable relative After World War II, apparently because of her unfavourable resume she was interned (by the new government) for about a year, during which time she was supported by your mother with food despite the financial difficulties of the time. She is currently working as an administrator at the Kisbér hospital, but before that she was washing dishes in the kitchen of the kindergarten for her daily bread. Heroically, with a real great soul, she fought through life and kept, nurtured and cared for her good husband, your Józsi bácsi till his death. She consistently remembered the time when you were two years old, you folded your hands behind your back and with your head down was complaining saying, "Bedaka is sad".



Klementina Kiss

2-Uncle Ernő Kiss Neszti completed his schooling partly in Szeged and partly at the famous Theresianum in Vienna and at the end of his career he was a hussar squadron leader. Indeed, he lived a very easy-going life style compared to his



Ernő Kiss

assets and did not fit in with his wealthy comrades and thus, after World War I, he had already completed his career and was forced to retire. He later married, a lady who owned a fashion salon, whose name I do not remember, with whose help he lived a tolerable life but from whom however he later became separated and divorced. He then found various jobs for sustenance until he finally died a few years ago. His body was cremated as requested by him and his ashes were buried in Budapest. He was always an elegant, good-looking person, on whom one could see, from 100 paces, his cultivated origins.

3-Your mother Katalin Kiss, I know that you have many memories of her from your childhood so I have little to say. Maybe that as we separated from each other and keeping in mind her precarious financial situation she thought it better for you that you should stay with me, the caring father of the family. But her mother's heart clung to you and seized every opportunity to see you in her new home. I also respected this wish and agreed for you both to spend the vacations with her. I even allowed my (little Kata) my golden girl to be with her during her primary schooling but when she was in high school, I brought her back with me again. I don't know if at that time you didn't love your mother more than me, my strictness against her leniency?

She was always full of goodwill, but because of her inherited nonchalance she was constantly struggling with her financial affairs. To help my children's mother, I often made many sacrifices for her, even after she was remarried. You must know that despite my support, after the death of her husband, even the items that I sent to her for safekeeping she sold. She did not spend it on herself, but because of her lifestyle she was always stretched beyond what the blanket allowed. She rented a large house and created debts on top of other debts with the accumulation of sizeable interest.



Katalin Kiss

The result of our relationship is that our love had become part of the past, but a love still continues to live in both of us and now I still receive it from her today (1960's) in my retirement. She takes care of me today with really touching attention, even though she knows that I'm not short of anything. She's trying to attend to all my desires.

4- Miklós Kiss, Uncle Niki (bácsi) - completed all his schooling in Szeged and then in the Ludovica (Officers Military Academy), from where he graduated as a lieutenant hussar. He was "a soldier of peace only for a very short time because after less than a year World War I broke out. He immediately entered the battlefield but found the role of the hussars and the modern weapons not to his liking so he applied for a position in the infantry. His bravery was, in fact, legendary, so that as a lieutenant he was soon appointed to lead an assault battalion. As such his assault cry was never "forward men," but only "follow me". He had an assault knife in his mouth. a hand grenade in one hand and a revolver in the other leading his men into action. He accomplished one daring action after another. He had received many honours and as a lieutenant, was also awarded the "Iron Crown Order" which was an



Miklós Kiss



Gold Medal

exception amongst the staff officers. He was even nominated for a gold medal for valorous action but was not actually awarded due to the collapse (of the government). At the end of the war, he was a lieutenant and, after the defeat he served in the newly re-formed army, but then it became obvious that he was the ideal front line fighter but was not a good peace time soldier and so he resigned.

He married and with the help of his father, he took up a position as a bank officer. The front-line fighter could not stay in this position, resigned and also left his wife and

divorced. With his knowledge of German and French he went to Ibusz as a tour guide, where he enthusiastically told the foreign visitors of Hungary's unfair treatment after the war end and stressed the 'truth of the Hungarian treatment'.

At the outbreak of World War II, he was reactivated with the rank of Major and returned to the front line but with lighter duties. Soon he returned home due to his lung illness acquired during his wartime adventures and in 1944 he went to the Budakeszi Lung Sanatorium where he died.

I note here just for interest that Uncle Niki (bácsi), as one who on so many heroic battles, was never wounded except that on one occasion received a small grenade injury on his leg - but after a few days returned to his post on the front. On the other hand, in peace time while on a journey in a cart his revolver which was in his back pocket went off due to the shaking of the wagon and thus wounded him on his thigh, he received blood poisoning and they could barely save his life.

5. Judit - Although Aunt Judit was not strictly a Kiss descendant I mention Judit as she was born from the marriage of her mother to Béla Baron Podmaniczky, a lieutenant colonel and the stud commander at Mezőhegyes.



Béla Podmaniczky

She had already lost her father at the age of 5-6 and was raised exclusively by her mother, who had lavished her with everything. We thought that by her mother's bad example she would not be able to manage by herself and it is amazing how smart, frugal, and organised she now lives, despite her relatives' inherited inclinations. Wow, life is the best teacher!



Judit Podmaniczky

Blaskovich Family

Your great-grandfather was **ebeczki István Blaskovich**, whose wife was zombori Amália Rónay. Your great-grandfather owned land in Nagykirályhegyes / Csanád m/7777 acres holding.

Children:

1. / **Gizella Blaskovich**, your Grandmother.
2. / **Jolán Blaskovich**, whose husband was baróthi Béla Huszár a landowner had following children...
 - a / Tibor Huszár who inherited the trust estate,
 - b. / Elemér,
 - c / Aladár, was sheriff, then mayor of Budapest and finally president of OTI. (National Social Insurance Institute)
 - d / Miklós.
3. / **Aladár Blaskovich**, about whom I will write in detail.
4. / **Erzsébet Blaskovich** whose husband was gyergyószentmiklós János Kövér a landowner. Their children were.
 - a / Amália Kövér, whose 1st husband was kislapáti Juhász a hussar officer, 2nd husband was an infantry major whose name is now unknown to the family, 3rd husband Frigyes Kállay, a nobody who lived from his name, connections and wife's assets.
 - b. / Vladimir Kövér, a magistrate who committed suicide,
 - c. / Aladár Kövér,
 - d. / János Kövér,
5. / **Margit Blaskovich**, whose husband was gyergyószentmiklós Lajos Kövér whose children were,
 - a. / Margit Kövér,
 - b. / Eszter Kövér, was the wife of Kossa Magyarai,
 - c. / Károly Kövér,
6. / **Ilona Blaskovich**, I will report later,
7. / **Borcsa Blaskovich**, married zombori Aladárné Rónay, her husband was a landowner and their children were,

a. / Mártha Rónay, whose 1st husband was a rich German factory owner named Kippert. Her 2nd husband was Kázmér Vay.

b. / Béla Rónay, who married Francit Schiffer, a wealthy Jewess,

8 / Erneszt Blaskovich, a landowner and husband of Elza Urbán had children named,

a. / Mártha Blaskovich, her husband was Károly Lázár. Her husband was the commander of Horthy's cavalry bodyguard throughout the war.

b. / Péter Blaskovich, whose wife was zombori Magda Rónay

c. / Ernest Blaskovich,

These two boys were ultimately the heirs of the Blaskovich's estate and Péter is currently the driver at the Belgian embassy.

Aunt Clemmy knows no more than the information provided here, details that I have are as follows:

1. / Your Grandmother Gizella Blaskovich, wife of ittebei Elemér Kiss and after becoming a widow married Béla Podmaniczky. Now just the way I saw it I will describe some events for a better understanding of her character.



SITTING:		AUNT	AUNT	UNCLE
MOTHER	GRANDMOTHER	JUDITH	KLEHENINA	ERNO
STANDING:		UNCLE	UNCLE IN LAW	
B. PODMANICZKY	Miklós		J. SÁNDOR	
step grandfather				

I have already mentioned the frivolous nature of their lifestyle with her first husband Kiss Elemér. This lack of financial discipline accompanied her throughout her life. Her father, fearfully finally satisfied her with her expected share of her inheritance, and, in return, she renounced, on behalf of her two descendants, all her share of her father's expected inheritance.

Even in her second marriage, she lived well beyond her means, ordering her spicy delicacies only from Budapest, but then forgot to pay for them. Again, in her widowhood she had to settle most of her debts with the help of Aunt Clemmy and Uncle Józsi who sold all their valuable belongings, and then she moved to Szeged with her children. However, even though she could only count on her widow's pension,

she soon left the more modest apartment that aunt Clemmy had rented for her and moved into a much more expensive 5-room apartment. She continued to harass her father for more and more money.

Brother Aladár, who managed his father's estates, seeing that in the hands of your Grandmother the money simply continued to flow out, becoming nothing. In the name of their father, only purchases of meat, flour, etc. was financed. Of course, this did not satisfy her needs and thus the accumulation of debt began in Szeged as well. Despite the fact that the relationship between us was still tense even after our reconciliation, she pumped me for more and her cook even came to me every day for some money for the markets.

When their father died and the will was read out, it turned out that their father's entire estate was inherited by the two sons, Aladár and Ernest, and the girls, with the exception of your grandmother, who had previously relinquished her share of his estate were given some money.

The women challenged the will with a lawsuit, and even though, as explained, your grandmother had no legal title, your grandmother claimed that the wavers made by her were under duress and she referred the matter to me. I therefore intervened in the lawsuit on behalf of your grandmother with a barely provable claim.

The daughters reconciled with their brothers during the lawsuit, and the brothers did not let the Grandmother continue her lawsuit, which was obviously hopeless for her, and also gave her the 200-acre land which the other sisters received. I don't want to waste a lot of words on the outcome. It's just that in 2-

3 years, none of those 200 acres was left - none. We, of course, but with the exception of Judit, her other children did not benefit from this.

Soon after, she moved to Budapest in a modest apartment with Uncle Niki and Judit, where now they were well over 70 years; she lived on her widow's pension for a few more years, so I think she was 80 years old at the time of her death.

I haven't seen her since she moved to Budapest.

We were never close to each other, which was due to her brittle, frosty demeanour. She was arrogant and had immeasurable selfishness. Honestly, for me, who lived in a warm family relationship, her behaviour towards us hurt for a long time, going so far that she wasn't even curious about her grandchildren for a long time. How you, or your sister reacted to her when she changed at a later age you know better because you and your mother did visit her in Budapest a few times.

By the way, according to narratives, even in her old age she was a breathtakingly famously beautiful woman. Among her children, she loved Judit the best, then Uncle Niki, then Uncle Neszti, Aunt Clemmy, and least of all your mother, who with her brilliant beauty, grandmother wanted her to marry to some very rich man. Your mother chose me and therefore defied. Maybe it was this disappointment that caused her attitude towards me and it seemed to me she could never forgive. Yet I, who, without a maternal blessing, had a hard time believing in the happiness of our marriage and if your mother had given in to her mother, I would have deferred.

2. Aladár / I can also provide some information about Aladár, your mother's uncle.

He, who, like your Grandmother, was good looking and a very refined young man, who lived in London for a long time, he fell in love with Baron Gizella Fejérvári whose father was Baron Géza Fejérvári a general, and the former minister for the military. She, however, chose Baron Ferenc Gerliczy landlord of a large holding. According to narratives, this circumstance affected his whole life, he blamed himself. He went home to his father's estate, and literally became a peasant. He completely neglected his appearance, he took a completely rustic approach in his lifestyle, and he was completely satisfied with his relationship with a hired woman.

It is characteristic of his Puritan lifestyle that he always had his breakfast of a cup of coffee and rye bread in his office, and when the cows got sick, Ilona, his sister, who lived in the household, and was responsible for the farm, could not send him coffee and instead sent him tea with muffins purchased from Gerbaud in Budapest. Aladár, who ultimately was the beneficiary of half of the 777-acre his father's estate and was in fact administrator of the entire estate while his father was alive, sent the muffins back with a note saying "thank you, but it's very expensive for me."

When I was getting married, my mother and I, in a letter, announced my marriage, to which he replied in such an arrogant manner that we didn't approach him anymore. Thank God! we were fine without him.

Perhaps my first and last encounter with him was in 1916, when I worked at the District Command as a lecturer to the troops which also included the administration of deferral claims cases.

On one occasion, when I reported to my chief of staff, he told me that he had just been visited by someone who said he was Aladár Blaskovich, but whom he did not believe because he looked like a truck driver. That is correct I said, that is what I have heard about him. My Chief of Staff said that Aladár asked for a deferral for one of his employees and so he instructed me to act as the case officer.

He visited me a short time later, but despite the fact that my name was written on the front door and despite the fact that he undoubtedly knew that he was talking to his relative, he played "ostrich politics" and avoided mentioning his own name, eventually he was forced to as the claim was under his name. I searched the file with the utmost care, I studied it. There was some reason why the claim could not go smoothly so I communicated this to him and said I would discuss the matter with my chief of staff and ask for his consent to the waiver. This is what happened, the claim succeeded and he acknowledged this with the words "thank you very much, Lieutenant Sir" and "thank you very much" and without acknowledging our relationship backed out of my room. He continued his ostrich policy, perhaps fearing that I would someday take advantage of the relationship and it would cost him. Everyone thinks with their own heads, if he had known me, he would have known that something like that had not even occurred to me for a moment.

After the inheritance lawsuit, I saw him a few times, and of course, as distant strangers we passed each other showing no recognition of each other.

A few years after his father's death, he inherited from his uncle ebeczki Ernő Blaskovich, the Tápiószentmárton estate of 10,000-acres comprising the "Kincsem" racing stable, and then he transferred half of his father's estate to his brother Erneszt's son. He completely forgot about the rest of the relatives. It may have been a family policy on his part, to keep the estate undivided in the name of the ebeczki Blaskovich family.

3. / Ilona Blaskovich a few more words; about who also remained single as a result of some love disappointment. I know from stories that she really could have suffered hyper religiosity. In the family chapel she put all her jewellery on a statue of Mary and lived in her father's household until his death, after which she moved to the Blaskovich Palace on Reáltanoda Street in Budapest, where she ran a very simple household. She was your mother's godmother; I know you have visited her several times and saw the silver statue of "Kincsem" the famous racing horse.



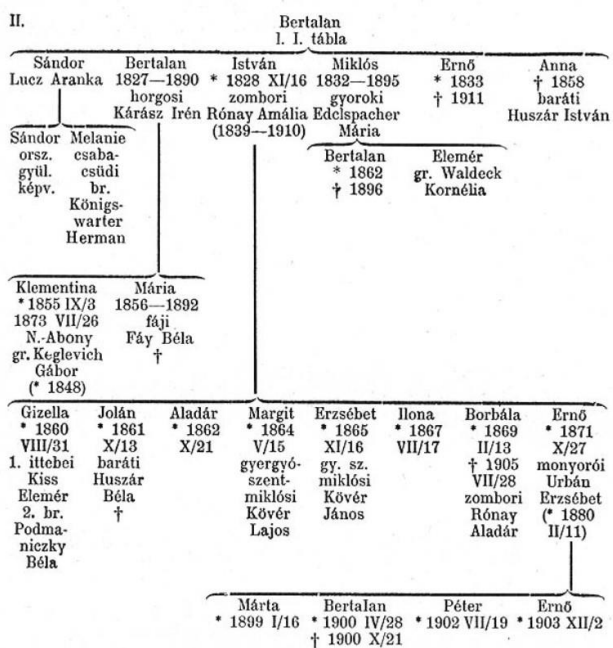
Kincsem

She was basically caring, but prickly in nature, characterized by the fact that when your mother was already engaged to me and when your Grandmother lost her temper and withdrew her consent to our marriage, Ilona sided with us and took your mother with her to Nagykirályhegyes to your grandfather's estate to test our love is it strong enough, even if we have to live separated from each other for the time being. However, when she found out that I had once gone down to Nagykirályhegyes by car and met your mother at the border of the estate, Ilona was angry, and sent your mother back to her mother. Since then, we haven't contacted her anymore, only your mother visited her later, when we were divorced and living in Budapest.

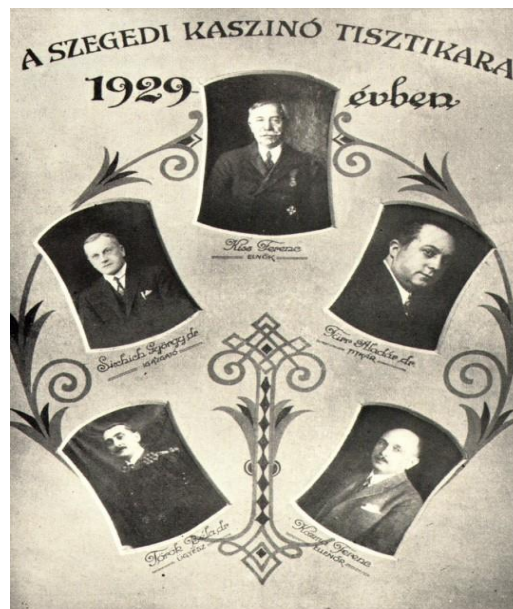
Ilona also received her 200-acre share of her inheritance. She lived frugally and preserved her very modest fortune, and she bequeathed it partly for ecclesiastical purposes, and partly to her maid, who cared for her faithfully, I understand she rewarded her with 20 acres of land.

4. / Erneszt, from the description by Aunt Clemmy I can only write that he was an agile, talented man, but petty and weak-willed.

I know nothing more about the other members of the Blaskovich family, either directly or from narratives.



Blaskovich Family Tree



Grandfather a Long-time officer of Kaszino Club

(Extracts of Club records included below)

My Friends and acquaintances

Of course, I will only write about those whom you have known or may have known.

1. So I will start with the oldest. The first friendship group was made up of the four members of our 4s rowing team.

In this team in the 1st position was Lajos Bába, the 2nd was Laci (László), my brother, who gave his life in the war, the 3rd was Tivadar Sümegi, the 4th position as leader was myself. The coxswain (responsible for steering) was usually my friend Feri Milkó. **233. Ferenc Milkó is a manufacturer.** *(as recorded in Kaszino history.)*

Our group of rowers were very close to each other, we were constantly rowing together, including a 130-kilometer tour from Arad to Szeged. The result of this total dedicated work was that although we never thought of becoming professional rowers or lived a training-type regime, at the request of our association, we entered a national rowing competition organized by the Tisza Regatta Association.

Our rowing association was so confident in us that they ordered for us a new fours racing boat. However, someone who had rarely sat as our helmsman unfortunately steered us onto rocks and the boat broke into pieces.

Nevertheless, our association insisted that we take part in the race and so we took our relatively very heavy excursion boat to Szolnok, which as a consequence was laughed at by the other rowers gathered there. They mockingly asked us what we wanted with this boat, surely, we didn't expect to row all the way down to Szeged?

We were, of course, very deflated and so as not to lose all our self-confidence when we were to getting to know the course, we decided to row the full length of the way. I asked the boys to pull ourselves together and show them we could row well. All the other oarsmen stood on the shore in a laughing mood, and we stroke at rate of 15-20 a minute and saw them watch our great style. They huddled together and after serious consultation decided that the two teams from Szolnok be merged entering their strongest combination of the two teams and the next day, we matched our strength with them.

Unfortunately, the bad luck persisted with us. At the start, Lajos Baba exclaimed "**Oh! I fell off my seat, what should I do?**" I called back harshly "**sit back**" As a result we had already lost 3 boat lengths at the start. Despite this handicap, we had caught up with Szolnok team at the 500 meters mark, and by the 1,000 meters mark had passed them. Due to the lost start and the heavy boat, we were under enormous pressure (under the pump) when we were in line at the 1,500 mark. From then on, the boats were exchanging the lead depending on who had the last stroke. Bad luck again at the finish line they were again ahead, we were 1 meter behind.

However, our performance was so appreciated by those in the know that, at the banquet afterwards, we were celebrated all evening, and sports commentators of the capital's newspapers wrote many columns describing our brilliant performance and the enthusiasm of the race spectators.

You did not know my brother Laci, who died a heroic death in 1916 (1st World War), you may have known Tivadar Sümegi, he died in 1925, Lajos Bába, who still lives today (1960's), you knew well, just as is Feri Milkó.

Tibi Sümegi had a great ear for music but never learned to play, he didn't even know how to read sheet music, but he played lighter operettas on the piano flawlessly after hearing it once.

Lajos Bába, a MÁV manager retired, he had a son who was my godson, and is now married and lives with his parents. They are still in Szeged.

My friend Feri Milkó, who was a very rich boy who ended up penniless, died of melanoma a few years ago. I always remember him fondly.

2. Elek Kaszó My best friend, **152. Elek Kaszó is the city treasurer.** who in good times and bad was always by my side. It is true that it was based on reciprocity, but I could always count on, in all circumstances. Elek Kaszó, a warm-hearted man, whom you already know well, was the treasurer of the city of Szeged. He was honest from head to toe, willing to sacrifice self if necessary. His son, Sityi, was once your best playmate, who still fondly remembers you today.

You loved Uncle Lexi and you might have envied Sityi because he was more understanding if not softer, in his upbringing methods. I remember that one time when you were misbehaving together and

when I punished you both sternly, Elek did not fuss and Sityi did not receive any greater punishment than a scolding.

Uncle Lexi was always, in all circumstances, a man of peace. Any kind of quarrel broke out e.g., in the regatta, he was able to size up the situation to settle the dispute and concluded with his well-known phrase "let's love one another".

He was a faithful Calvinist elder from Sirig. And on the social side, he was a tireless member of the ice-skating club, the Kaszino (club) and the Rowing Regatta treasurer. In general, he was rightly appreciated for his part. In money management his skill was exceptional. Even at the time of super inflation, when billions were spinning in his hands every day, he was handling the money with devilish speed and incredible security and accuracy.

He fell ill with kidney cancer in 1935. It was only recognized late and it was already full of metastases when he underwent surgery. On August 1st he died at 4 p.m. in my presence and I wept sincerely. By his coffin I said good bye on behalf of his friends.

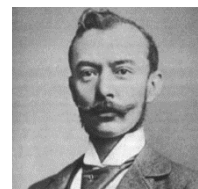
3.Dr. Endre Taschler, your godfather, Bedakám, who died in 1925 while the chief notary of the city *Taschler Endre főjegyző 1925. évi május 18-án 63 éves korában örökre letette kedvelt* of Szeged, was a wealthy man with a highly-paid job. He was highly educated, having the ability to read scientific and literary works in their original form in both German and French. In addition, a real bohemian who, for example, when he attended a farewell dinner at the regatta (club) in preparation for his upcoming holiday trip outside of Hungary and when at 5 o'clock in the following morning he headed to the cross road bridge in a jolly mood he distributed all his trip money among the hurrying Hemp factory workers of Újszeged. He then returned to the club and announced laughingly "I have already come back from abroad." He then spent his holiday time at home.

He was not an arguing spirit and he did not want to divert anyone from their opinion. However, if the city assembly passed a resolution with which he disagreed, he dropped it in a desk drawer, did not submit it to the Minister of the Interior, and when the authority rethought their earlier decision, he laughed and pulled the file from his desk, saying "I thought so. I have not put it up for action. It will be easier now to make a new decision. "

When the position of Lord Mayor became vacant and the general opinion was that he should seek that position he deflected this by saying - "look, I am a bohemian man who can afford to do things a lord mayor cannot do and I will not sacrifice this independence, not even for a Lord Mayoral position. "

Perhaps the best characterization of what I highlighted in his valedictory is that he himself was the "Magister Elegantiarum."(master of elegance) He was a wonderfully balanced harmonious soul, who, when he had a heart attack, and I expressed my sorrow, smiling he said, "Don't be sad, Béla - I'm paying for my life of fun. It's only natural." Of course, his worn-out heart eventually killed him.

An extremely interesting person was his younger brother, Dr. József Taschler, a criminal district judge died in World War I, whom you will not have known. Despite the fact that their father (a German) came to Szeged in the Bach era as a police chief, not only did he become fully Hungarian with his whole family, his son could not have been more rooted in the Hungarian culture, as if his ancestors had come in with Hungary's founding father Árpád. He was fluent in the language of the people. Just like István Tömörkény, who also responded to the name Steingasser. It is characteristic that József had become so assimilated with the people that his judgements were hardly appealed, the people accepted his judgments. I was his clerk for a while and I am reminded of one of the many cases that characterized his methods. József's negotiations took place in such a smooth and cheerful atmosphere. Behold: The peasant was accused of stealing a wheelbarrow and the defence presented a detailed argument when my friend Jóska suddenly said, "Not even one word is true, because you stole it. And if I put in everything that you claim, I might even have to summons the wheelbarrow to give evidence. But do you know what Tatam? I will confine you for 3 days and 'As God is holy in the high heavens', the matter is done." To which the peasant said, "No, no, the learned judge is right because I really did steal it, but I can only come in to do my time after Pentecost, because then I have been asked to be " best man" and if the judge allows it, I'll then take my punishment."



István Tömörkény

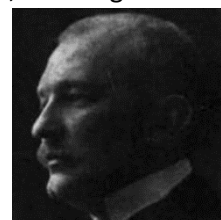
He was also a great joker and they were always kind and never harmful even when he singled someone out for a joke. Once he found the company of the chaplain of Bikety at his table and recounted his Roman journey, saying; "There I was one day walking in the Vatican Garden when someone shouted 'Jóska!' I looked around but I don't see anyone so I moved on, but I heard the cry again and then a third time. I looked up one floor and I see Pius, the Pope. I knew him from when he was a chaplain here in Bácska. Pius invited me up. He brought out a 'bumzer' (1 litre of wine and soda water) and we started having spritzers. Then Pius asks me, Jóska, can you still bowl (nine pins)? To my affirmative answer, he led me to the garden, it was beautiful, full of marble pins. I took a-ball and-knocked down five, Pius throws, knocks down 3, then I knocked down 7, Pius knocks 5 and then I hit 9, Pius misses then throws a ball and curses "that dog Lord God! I have even forgotten how to bowl here in the Vatican! " By that time the chaplain in Bikety, who up to now believed everything so far, said, "The holy Father could not say that!"

He was almost a wild Hungarian, who no longer knew a word of German. He attended every patriotic celebration with a patriotic kuruc (freedom fighter) spirit and recited patriotic poems.

Our nephew Gyula Wagner, 398. Gyula Wagner ny. m. out. technical advisor. a river engineer, was a friend of mine and whom you knew well. From head to toe a fair Hungarian gentleman, who loved you Bedakám very much and who, when he came to me, always admired your portrait painted by Margit Balogh. The only thing about you and him is that when you got a scholarship to go to Berlin and I decided to sell some shares to cover the costs of this trip and when I met my friend Gyula at the bank, who when he found out the reason, I was there he immediately withdrew the amount in question from his own account and gave it to me saying that as your godfather you Bedakám are heir to part of his estate and so he is giving it to you now. He did this in such an elegant manner that I could not refuse his noble gesture. He, too, is now without assets and earning his living with his engineering skills.

4. Dr. József Boros Boros Jóska you also knew well. A brilliant, nationally well-known surgeon who as a Christian was still called by the Jewish disciplined surgeons as one of theirs. Specialist magazines reported as new revelations things he had been doing for many years. He was a cheerful, amusing man who, by his own admission, did his most beautiful work when he was already in a good mood. He had extensive literary knowledge, his favourite reading being *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which he knew virtually word for word. He was a fan of rowing and we rowed a lot together.

Sadly, it was interesting that when at dr. Endre Taschler's coffin, I said his eulogy on behalf of his friends, he, in the prime of his life came up to me, squeezed my hand warmly, and asked that if he died, would I say a few words for him. To our greatest shock, 2 weeks after the funeral of Endre Taschler, in 1925, on Pentecost Monday, he died, a victim of a plane crash, of course I fulfilled my promise made light heartedly at the time but my heart almost broke. The whole town escorted him to the cemetery, and then his grateful patients erected a memorial to him in front of the hospital.



Dr. József Boros

5. Dr. József Szakács 327. Dr. József Szakács lawyer, v. nation representative, etc. city attorney general is my "friend" who is also well known to you. I put the word "friend" in commas because I don't know if he was really a friend, I believe today that he just showed friendship to me, but he was really spiritually distant from me. As young men, together we struggled with debts. He used my friendly services on countless occasions, but when, by his marriage he became legal counsel to Count Pallavicini, he no longer cared about me. He lived a completely selfish life, and his spending was not diminished but on the contrary, he no longer knew any boundaries. I characterized his wealth in such a way that, due to this position, the gold was literally pushed towards him in wheelbarrows, which he scattered from his window with a shovel for women, drink and cards. Nevertheless, seeing that unlike him I diligently looked after my family, as a good father and yet grew my business, he visibly envied me. This was perhaps because of the influence of his conscience; he had neglected his children Kata and Magda who had lost their mother early on. He also neglected their moral upbringing and entrusted his maid, with whom he had an affair, in their upbringing.

Due to his way of life, which Pallavicini finally objected to, he lost his job. In the meantime, he was a Member of Parliament and the once terribly rich man ended up in his landlord's apartment and in that state he died. The poor man left very bad memories, not only for me, but in everyone else in general.

6. Péter Polgár my friend **277. Dr. Péter Polgár lawyer, etc. city councilor.** you may also remember.

Just like with Lajos Baba, I went to school with him in the first elementary school. Lajos Baba later fell behind, but I graduated with Péter. He had an extraordinary head, his perceptual ability and memory were amazing, something he had read once, he never forgot. Despite his extraordinary abilities, however, he lacked self-confidence. When he did his exams, he always achieved a distinguished mark but he always dreaded the ordeal of the exams, he graduated from university. Because of his fear he only won his doctorate and passed the bar exams after a long time.

In fact, the characteristic of his "impotency" is that when he received his doctorate and came home to Szeged, recognizing his abilities, he was contracted by a Szegedi Newspaper to write their leading editorials. On entering the editorial office, he chewed the quill for hours, but did not write down a line, and then left and went to the cafe. The editorial staff were desperate to see an issue with an editorial from him, then one of the newspaper clerks wittily went to Péter's coffee shop, raised a topical question during the conversation, and Péter began to speak unaware that what he was saying was transcribed. And then the next day the text appeared without any corrections and everyone was delighted with the brilliant editorial of the paper.

At the Kaszino club we were constantly in the company of university professors who when in the company of Péter, who was a passionate debater, did not dare to open their mouths. On the other hand, they appreciated his knowledge greatly and they asked him to give lectures at the University Friends meetings on given topics. Péter did this without notes in front of him; he gave great lectures for hours. He was then asked to choose a university department of his choice, to which five teachers would be invited, and he was required to write an essay of at least 100-pages because a written submission was a requirement. This never came to fruition. His law firm which he ran with (Uncle) Pali Bokor did not produce any profits. Uncle Pali Bokor didn't care about the office either; he didn't need it either because his father took care of everything.

Péter, whose parents no longer lived, lived with one of his pensioner sisters at no cost as a man without obligations. He spent his entire life in a cafe where his friends constantly paid for what he consumed, hid in newspapers, held political exposés, and smoked 70 cigarettes a day. The end then was lung cancer and death.

I mention here that I was in a good relationship with the university professors too, not on the same scale as Péter, but they also elected me to the University Friends as a member.

I won't deal with Péter's partner Uncle Pali Bokor separately. All I want to mention is that he was a good friend who enlisted in World War I as reserve private, but his medals explained his appointment as an officer and when disarming was a lieutenant general.

7. Dániel Pálffy **Daniel Pálffy (1928)** did not study and worked as a foundry worker in his father's workshop. He joined the State Stud-Farm Estate of Mezőhegyes and then did 3 years of military service. His brother was dr. József Pálffy, who later became the excellent mayor of our city. Incidentally, he was a wise man who later trained himself and set up a prestigious machine factory from the original small iron foundry of his father. He made a nice income, but his passion for hospitality by wining-and-dining 8-10 guests at his table at the time finally caused his business to deteriorate. He himself cooked well and considered himself a great gourmet. His fish paprika was famous, which he served to 30-40 guests. But not only were his guests encouraged to eat heartily but he himself ate an incredible amount. On one occasion e.g., he ate 100 pcs. of nicely developed crucian carp, which is well known to take up a lot of fat during cooking and when I clapped my hands in shock asking how he can do that, for a bet he ate another 100 saying he was now about satisfied. This is coupled with his tremendous muscle strength. On one occasion, he broke a piece of marble off a round marble table with his bare hands at Kass Café while in a sitting position. At another time, when two louts attacked him behind the town hall one night, he grabbed their heads and beat them until they lost consciousness. He carried them with his hands around their necks for about 100 meters to the police station.

As the president of the industry association, he took a lively public role, as a result of which, he became a member of parliament for our city for one term and then secretary of state for trade. He created a career from a simple blue-collar worker to the office of secretary of state.

He had a beautiful decorative Hungarian outfit. Like all his furniture all his other possessions were massive. They symbolized his individuality. From the first minute of our acquaintance, we became friends, he was also my best man at my wedding, who remained my friend to the time when he was taken away from the ranks of the living in 1926 (8) by stomach cancer. At his coffin, and once again, I said the eulogy.

8. Gyurka Sirchich 321. Dr. György Sirchich out. notary public. my friend, Bedakám, was also your confirmation sponsor, his appearance was like the rocks of Trenčín, the countryside where he came from, which hid immeasurable treasures in their depths. He presented himself as a hard and even rigid person but his heart was very understanding warm and friendly. He was a descendant of a very noble highland family, whose family tree traced its origins back to the Árpád House. Among his ancestors, many also held important public positions.

He also moved to Szeged as Royal Attorney and took Emilia Fabiny for his wife, the daughter of the then president of the Judicial Panel, after which he gained the position of Royal Notary. He held this position first in Bácska and then, after his transfer, in Szeged.

His married life was not happy and he trusted me to represent him in the divorce lawsuit. The courts of Szeged, whose members were apparently still influenced by the memory of their former board president, rejected the divorce lawsuit in the two lower courts, describing the divorce grounds as irrelevant, but in the end, the Curia classified 14 of the 16 reasons valid and dissolved the marriage.



His divorced wife later lost her mind, but my friend Gyurka covered her nursing expenses for the sake of his children, even though he was not legally obliged to.

He was otherwise the business partner of Richard Rapaich, the brother of your friend Dezső. Your Gyuri (Gyurka) married the sister of Dezső Fabiny Lili.

At his coffin (1937), of course, it was me, who was loved by him, that on his death bed he asked me, out of all his friends, to say the final farewell.

9. Elemér Harsányi 124. Harsányi Elemér ny. out. Deputy Attorney General. was a hard-knit man and a friend, truly a character and individuality. He found it hard to make friends, but if he met someone who appeared to value him, he appreciated him. He was the Deputy Attorney General and then as Chairman of the judiciary (prosecution) in Szeged, was able to retire at the age of 53. The story of his retirement is very interesting and characteristic of him.

During World War I, there commenced in Szeged, as well, many lawsuits against army transporters of battalions with deterrent judgments. At the end of the war, the government's political perception weakened in each lawsuit, and so after the war, lawsuits that were still pending but dormant in several cases, were retrieved by the justice minister and left stranded. Our friend Harsusz (Harsányi), as we called him, was annoyed by this, because he considered this procedure unfair, and when the Minister of Justice ordered the referral of such a case, which was also pending at the Szeged Prosecutor's Office, he refused to do so. Of course, there was a conflict between him and the Minister. The Minister wanted to remove him from his position by calling for him to submit his application for appointment as camp judge, but Harsusz refused this so then he was asked to submit his retirement application, with which he then complied. Pál Teleki (Prime Minister) intervened at our request that the Minister refrain from requiring Harsusz to retire. The Minister promised him that, but he was so angry with Harsusz that, when the Prime Minister lost his position, his last act was to sign Harsusz's retirement.

From that time on, for about the next 20 years he enjoyed his nice, 800-900 Pengő pension. As an unassuming bachelor who lived in a furnished room, he could never spend his pension, however on principle he would not have a penny from his pension left over to the following month, which is why on the last day of the month he would spend all that remained on champagne parties with his friends.

He was gracious from head to toe and I enjoyed it from him many times. On one occasion to reciprocate his chivalrous manner somewhat, when Kata graduated, I invited him to a smaller dinner which included your mother. I wanted to pay after a very nice get together, but the waiter told me that the Attorney General had already settled the whole bill. So again, this time we were his guests.

He loved you (both) too, sometimes with a tie, sometimes with a nice writing folder, sometimes with cologne, etc. to be kind to you. Bedakám he followed your career with vivid attention and real pride.

After World War II, poverty fell on him. His pension was no longer enough for food he could not get heating supplies and I know that in the terrible cold of the winter of 1946 he suffered from pneumonia and died at the age of 75. I will never forget his memory; I always think of him with the greatest love.

10. Béla Olasz came from Nagyvárád (Oradea/ Romania), I think in 1928 to Szeged. He owned a house, vineyard and law office in the now Oradea which operated with 2 law clerks and a large auxiliary staff. The Romanian occupation then ruined his law office; he left his hometown and settled in Szeged with only about 20,000 pengő's from the sale of his property at the age of about 50. Of course, in the absence of acquaintances, he only just got by.

He had an unhappy marriage with his wife and asked me to represent him in the divorce lawsuit against his wife, which was a success, but he handed over his remaining money to his wife as a settlement. I, who was his lawyer, of course, did not ask him for a fee, he was honoured by this fact and knowing that you both longed for a radio, he bought you a radio. This was your first radio.

You must remember well the little fat man, who was also jokingly called 'New Year's piglet' because he resembled the Yorkshire breed of pig.

Of course, because of his financial situation he lived a very modest life and his greatest joy was when he was often asked to visit by his aunt and family, who also loved him. Today he still constantly mentions them as well as you.

When we (Hungary) got Nagyvárád (Oradea) back, I acted with Jenő Lutilszky on his behalf and managed to get him to the position of Chief Justice of Nagyvárád, his hometown. It became one of the happiest moments of his life. Unfortunately, this Pentecostal kingdom lasted only for 2 years and when Oradea was recaptured by the Romanians, he was expelled from this job without a penny of pension and was not given a chance to return to us (Hungary).

Since then, he has been literally begging to live, he had a small job in the parish of a Reformed Church but that in itself was not enough to ward off starvation and fortunately a niece who lives in America provides the balance to cover essentials. Today, he is 78 years old, with heart problems and at times writes to us about himself. Certainly, it will not be for long.

11. Elemér Korpássy (Gólya) 179. Dr. Elemér Korpássy deputy president of the city orphanage. was a friend, since his first year as a lawyer the whole city called him only by the nickname Gólya. He came from a wealthy, good family from Bácska. He was from a young age an elegant, very jovial, talented boy, who also was an excellent piano player. He studied music at the conservatory; unfortunately, he became bored of Fingerübung (apprentice piece) as he jokingly called it and thus did not take his art to the perfection that would have been expected of him.

Because of his kind manners and piano skills, he was called from one company to another. This hospitality then accustomed him to the drink, and he, the gifted boy with access to all opportunity, he eventually fell victim to it. He first served at the court as a clerk, but after a time his lifestyle made taking court exams hopeless. We elected him to the city guardianship department as an assessor, but although he always conscientiously served his office, when under the influence of the drink he started daily with "snack wine", he became rustic and neglected his appearance. In the end, his friends became uncomfortable with him because of his bad manners. (He was a substitute officer of the Kaszino in Szeged. (March 17, 1929))

I made my trip to Italy with him. He wanted to see it too, but his passion for the drink often prevented him many times from seeing all sights. Interestingly, even in Italy, he became famous for this, if not his charismatic personality. I remember that once in Viareggio, when I came out of the sea to go to my hotel for lunch, from a bar on the beach, there came much laughter and noise and when I curiously investigated, I saw Gólya at a table finishing his 12th bottle of beer. The 'dagos', who barely drank anything, had fun laughing at him. They then day after day looked out for him Gólya the beer drinker. On one occasion I went up the tower of the Duomo of Milan to admire the view. Gólya didn't want to come up with me, saying he would wait downstairs. By the time I got back, I couldn't see him anywhere. Looking around, I saw a restaurant advertising Munich beer, I went straight there and of course, I found Gólya there. Then I tried to encourage him to go with me on a trip to Lake Como which is only a short distance away, but he came up with the excuse that he had diarrhoea and so would stay. When I returned, I couldn't find him at home, but I found him at the restaurant next door on his third litre of wine.

The older he got, the more addicted he became to the drink, and in the end his friends, who were once very fond of him, were feeling uncomfortable in his company.

Apart from all this, however, he was basically a warm-hearted benevolent man, for whom it is an eternal pity that he became so lost. He died in 1946 or 1947.

A novel could really be written about the episodes of his life, but this would go beyond my strength and scope of this work and, moreover, it would describe a humorous character which would undermine his true worth.



12. Kálmán Shvoy was introduced to our group "golden youths" in 1904 by my very beloved brother, Captain Jenő Faragó. We didn't receive him with great sympathy, but with his really kind and flattering manner, my group accepted him but soon became aware of his delusions of grandeur. Because I could not stand this, our relationship soon collided. At times we were cool to each other and at other times it became very tense. It was in such a tense state that the First World War broke out, when, to my greatest surprise, he sent me some military equipment, and then went marching to the battlefield. He flooded me with volumes of letters, in which he described the course of each battle many times with drawings. So then our relationship turned warm again. That's why I didn't understand why when his brother István Shvoy became my chief of staff, he really treated me with animosity, I could only think that my friend Kálmán had provided him with unpleasant information about me.

At the end of the war, I wanted to disarm but he, who, on his way home, became his brother's successor, asked me to stay in my position until he found someone to replace me and was trained as my successor. I honoured his wish with generosity, for which he thanked me by refusing to give me the appropriate pay on the grounds that "You are no longer working". Outraged by this, I lodged a complaint with the Chief Military Protection Supervisor, who said that "53 million has already been written off by him so far and so this amount is no longer of concern" and he disbursed that amount to me. I disarmed due to the absolutely unjustified, malicious behaviour of Kálmán.

Then for a long time the relationship between us became tense again resulting in a duel in 1923 in which I injured him a little and then we reconciled again.

Again, as a result of his unfounded sensitivity our relationship deteriorated, then our relationship improved again and we are in a good relationship today. When his brother bishop visits Fehérvár, he always visits me and provides me with the latest news from Szeged, which, unfortunately, is always full of sadness, as he can only always report on the passing of our contemporaries.

13. Among my circle of friends in Szeged was your professor Albert Kiss, **Kiss Albert dr.** Bedakám, with whom I spent time in a weapons exercise as reserve officers and with whom I became friends; our friendship was revived in Szeged. My friend Vilmos Szigethy who on the occasion of my notarial appointment sent me a farewell letter. Pali Lehel, lawyer, General Vili Kircsfalusy, Bandi Rácz the father of Rácz Csöpi, who worked as a court president and who died about 1 year ago, and dr. István Magyarai a medical doctor. You have known all of these well after 1932, so if you want you can add more from your own memoirs. In the same way, you also remember Jacár Csikós and the young man Sándor Török, **Török Sándor városi közgyám.** who was called "relative" by the whole city, and whose occupation was caretaker but in fact was bácsi (uncle) Dani Pálffy's dependant. I will not write about Béla Csikós' father József Csikós, a lawyer, because he treated me so badly that he died in my eyes and already "de mortuis nil, nisi-bene" ("Of the dead, [say] nothing but good"). You can imagine what I think of him even, that for some I haven't been appreciative but, in his case, I consider him even less.

In just a few words, I remember my friends in Kalocsa, amongst them my friend Ernő Majunke, President of the Court, Pista Lantay Lord Mayor, Pharmacist Alfréd Saáry, lawyer Pista Száva, Notary Public Ernő Lovasy, etc. live in my dear memory. Of these, I still meet Majunke and Lantay occasionally and I still correspond with others.

Among my friends in Tarján, you will probably remember well Ármin Pollacek, a lawyer who died in April 1946, and Kálmán Varga, a lawyer **Varga Kálmán dr. kir. közjegyzőhelyettes.** who still lives today in his sisters' vineyard in Faddon, Tolna County. I still correspond with him as well.

I close this work having now fulfilled your wishes. I tried to be objective, I wrote everything down the way I know from narratives and the way I saw people and events. Of course, like any memoir, this is not without some subjectivity; no matter how much I worked, I tried to give you some photographs that I found.