

Magdolna Palmaiz's Document For Hungarian Naturalization



This 'Decree' was needed so that I could get my naturalization papers in Hungary. The decree was issued in Nyiregyháza on 11th March 1959. With this the authorities certified that on 29th August 1945 I lived in Hungary. So I couldn't be a Soviet citizen automatically. I got the Hungarian citizenship based on this. This was the last proof for my Hungarian citizenship, and for being able to travel home. The Soviets arranged this with the ambassador in Moscow of that time. My husband could only come a year after I came home to Hungary because he was a Russian citizen, we had to apply for uniting the family again. Since I was working, but lived in a rented room with my daughter, my two brothers took it on officially to provide her with everything, because they had a house and possessions. I wanted to go to Budapest instead of Nyiregyháza because everyone was here, my friends, my acquaintances, and when I went home they told me in Nyiregyháza that I could go to the country to teach Russian. But I wasn't really interested in that. In 1959 Jenő and I went to the Jewish community, because we had been told that there were old people who rather went to rest homes and left their apartments to the Jewish community. We thought that it might be possible for me to register for one of these apartments as a tenant, or to buy it, and then part of the money for the apartment would have gone to the Jewish community. So the Jewish community knew about this, I didn't come up with the idea, the secretary of that time confirmed it, too. So we went there with my brother. There we met the president - perhaps that was his position - I told him that I had just come from Beregszász, from the Soviet Union, after 14 years, and my brother told him that he would pay for the apartment. This man stood up and said, 'I object to this, I am not a horse dealer!' Then I became very angry and I said, 'How quickly you forgot Auschwitz!' I didn't tell him many nice things, that's for sure. He climbed down a little, and told my brother to take his sister along, because she was in a very bad state of mind. I answered him that I wasn't in a bad state of mind, but that he wasn't human. And I left. Then he went to his poor secretary, who was called Uncle Keller, and tore a strip off him for letting us in. That's why I say that I didn't get much from the Jewish community. Not many of my good memories are connected with my kind, besides my father, my family of the time and my immediate milieu. It was for nothing that my father was a good observant Jewish man. It was horrible that one came home after 14 years and got this from others. I can't forget as long as I live. After this I didn't really want to go to the Jewish community.

What would you have said? You wouldn't have taken even a step. I didn't take even a step either.