

## Karoly Krausz



This is my second husband Karoly Krausz in Gyor in the 1960s. Soon after the war I met my second husband in Gyor. In fact, I had known him before the war. He was born in 1903. The fact that he was the last man who was with my first husband, and he could tell me about him, put us in touch with each other; and we got together somehow. He was alone, and I was, too. He had been married as well, had two beautiful daughters, who were very pretty and smart. At that time they didn't admit Jewish girls in high school anymore [because of the numerus clausus in Hungary], but one of his girls was so intelligent that the teachers of the Jewish school went with a delegation to the high school headmaster, saying that this girl must be admitted. She already spoke English at that time, though she was only ten years old. And they did admit her. But she never started it because we were deported in June, and that was when she finished elementary school. His wife died, and his two beautiful daughters, too. So, we started life again, together. I had never liked Gyor, and after that I particularly disliked it, because so many horrible things had happened to us, yet we remained stuck there. My second husband finished higher commercial school as well, and after the war he was the chief accountant at a big county company, and before the war he had been a manager in a relatively well-known mill, the Back mill, which belonged to a baron. We got married in 1947. My son Andras was born in 1948, and Peter in 1949. Then I stayed home with them for years and didn't work. We lived in Gyor until January 1977. My husband was already a pensioner and I had just retired; and my sons got married here, and my sons and daughters-in-law insisted on us coming to Budapest as well; thank God, because I couldn't have gone through it all alone. The poor soul lay in bed for a year and a half, though he had been an awfully strapping fellow. He ran rings round his sons even when he was 70 years old. As he was a sportsman, he did everything, including skiing, which was a big deal at that time. My husband died in 1983. After his death we took my husband to Gyor because he wished, as his father is buried there, to be buried in the same grave.