

# Ibi Krausz With Her Two Sons Andras And Peter



This is me with my sons Andras and Peter Krausz in Győr in 1955. Andras was born in 1948 and Peter in 1949. I stayed home with them for years, and didn't work. In September 1952 I felt that I needed to leave the house. We had a domestic help. We were on very good terms with the deputy manager of the local OTP Bank [the Hungarian National Savings Bank], we were old friends, and he invited me to work three months at the OTP. And the three months turned into 25 years, and I retired to my pension from there. This was my only serious job: I was an internal auditor. In the meantime the children went to school; in those days, there were times when there was nobody to be with them, there was no domestic help, and they were quite independent at that time. There was a sort of school daycare; they ate there, they had a key and in the afternoon they came home. My elder son is an engineer, he finished technological university in Germany, while the younger one finished the University of Economics in Budapest; but both of them have several diplomas, and speak foreign languages. Peter has been in Switzerland for ten years. He has four daughters: the eldest is a 3rd-year law student, the 20-year-old attends the Academy of Fine Arts; and there are the twins who attend high school. His wife is a lawyer; she is from Budapest and comes home every month because she has an office here in Pozsonyi Street. Andras works at a German company, which makes sanitary articles and porcelain. He's an economic consultant there. He lives here in Budapest, and has two daughters. The boys are called Krausz, their children too; none of them changed their name. My poor husband and I would have liked very much for them to have Magyarized their names before graduation, but no. They said that if the name Krausz was good enough for father, then it was good enough for them, too. Both of them were raised as Jews. At that time it was very fashionable that the parents kept this a secret, because they thought it would be better that way, but this wasn't for us; they knew it from the first moment we could tell them. They frequented religious instruction for a while in Győr, but then it stopped. So, they knew they were Jews, but they weren't religious; neither were we, which I still regret, thinking that I should have been a little bit more religious.