

## Izidor Bauer And His Family



This picture was taken around 1938-39, but I don't remember where. Everyone, who belongs to the immediate family is in it, in the first row sitting first from right is my father [Izidor Bauer], behind him stands my husband [Mor Fenyés], I stand next to him and Pubi [Ervin Fenyés] is in the center, next to him is my sister [Margit Bauer], next to Margit is Helen [Eckenfeld], who was the wife of my brother Arpad [Bauer], in front of her is my stepmother [Janka Bauer, nee Schwartz], with Gyurika Bauer, Helen and Arpad's son in her arms. Everything is all right as yet. Even though we had heard enough about Austria [the Anschluss] and Hitlerism, it didn't affect us that closely. But when my husband was drafted into forced labor in 1939, we started feeling it on our own skin. He had to go to forced labor for a couple of months in 1940 and in 1941, too. After he left in 1942, he never came back. My last meeting with my first husband is a story in itself. My husband was in forced labor in a small place called Iklad near Aszód. One day someone came shouting into my shop, saying that the forced laborers from Iklad were being taken out of the country. I left everything there, rushed home and told my mother to pack me up everything that was at hand, because I was hurrying, going to Iklad. On the way I saw a train which was going toward Pest, and I was going towards Aszód. I saw that there were many laborers on it; I was desperate that I was late. Aszód was completely empty. Then I met a soldier, and tried to bribe him to talk. Finally he told me that they were at the railroad station in Józsefváros, and that I could find them there. When I arrived I knew immediately that I was at the right place, because there were very many people at the railroad station and a lot of shouting. From the shouting I found out that the train was about two kilometers away on open track. High above there was a passage, and I went up there, crossed to the other side and set out for the place where the train was. I kept walking and walking, and I thought that I would find a broken spot in the fence where I could creep in. I did find a great big hole, where I could have slipped in, but two soldiers were standing there. I told them, 'God bless you, don't look, turn away, I must go in here.' They let me in and I started looking for my husband. I stopped at every car and shouted, 'Miklós Fenyés, Miklós Fenyés!' There were people who knew where he was and they showed me the car my husband was in. They told him, 'Come, your wife is here.' But he wasn't willing to come out, and told them not to pull his leg. Finally I shouted to him,

'I'm here!' He was beside himself. He asked how I had got there, how come I was there. I don't even know myself how I got there. My journey started in the morning and I found my husband at 9 in the evening. This was our last encounter. I never saw him again. He died, even though he had promised to come home. He told me that he would be okay, that I should take care of myself and then everything would be alright.