

Miklos Braun With His Family



My family: my wife Veronika, and our two sons, Gabor and Janos. Vera Wexler, before she became my wife, worked in an office at the Electric Motor Factory on Csengeri Street. There, a girl sat in front of her who kept telling her that she herself had had a suitor who was handsome and was a gentleman and all. Although they had broken up, she always remembered him fondly. This gentleman happened to work in a branch of the Coffee Importation Company, a big corner building on Szent Istvan Boulevard. Well, that was me. Vera lived on Sziget Street and on her way to work she passed in front of the shop, so we took quite a good look at each other. And one time she came in to buy something. Then I asked her out, she agreed, and that's how it began. This was in 1941. I had already been drafted into forced labor once and had been sent to Transylvania. On the 19th of

March, 1944, the Germans came in, and on the 15th of April we got married, feeling that nothing mattered anymore. We went to the registry office between two air raids. We had only a civil wedding, and didn't have one in the synagogue. (We are going to celebrate our sixtieth wedding anniversary in a synagogue. That'll be in three years' time.)