

Istvan Endrei In Military Uniform



This is my husband, Istvan Endrei, right before he was drafted into the army. The picture was taken in Budapest, on 8th April 1940. He wrote for me on it: "With love, Pista." My husband was born in Budapest in 1914, but he lived in Debrecen with his parents. He was of Jewish origin but he was raised as a Roman Catholic. His father magyarized his name from Edelstein, my husband was already Endrei. My father-in-law was called Laszlo Endrei, my mother-in-law was Katalin Roth. My husband's father died in World War I. My mother-in-law remarried and remained in Debrecen with her second husband throughout. I was at their place once after our wedding. My husband moved

from Debrecen to Budapest quite early, where one of his uncles took care of him. The uncle's last name was Foldes, his wife Etel was the sister of my husband's father. They wanted to adopt my husband, but his parents didn't let them. They treated him as if he was their child. They had a sick child, but he was in a mental institution. They loved my husband very much. They cared very much for him. I got married in 1941. I only had a civil marriage, because my husband was Roman Catholic and I am Jewish. We made an agreement that our children to be born would be Jewish. That's how my mother was willing to give her consent to the marriage. She was terribly sad, because she would have liked a big wedding at the Dohany Street Synagogue, and it wasn't possible. When I got married I moved to Karoly Boulevard, and I still live here. My husband was called up right after our wedding. He had to go to Godollo. He was a cadet, but they had him change his clothes there and deported him from Godollo. One of my cousins met him at the end of April 1942 and gave him some underwear; we don't know what happened to him after that. I have a notification issued by the Red Cross in 1943, saying that he was missing. Then I got the death certificate, he died in Zhytomyr. We didn't have any children, because we didn't live together even a year. After I became a widow I preferred to stay at my mother's, but I often came to my own apartment, so that they wouldn't rent it to someone else.