

## Hedvig Endrei With Her Husband Istvan Endrei



I am in this picture with my husband, Istvan Endrei. One of my husband's aunts was a photographer and she took our picture on 18th March 1942. We wanted to give it to my mother, who wasn't really happy about this marriage. We wanted to reconcile her somehow. 'For mom with love. Hedy Pista.'- we wrote this on the photo. At that time this checked wool, my dress is made of, was in fashion. It was pure woolen fabric. 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 a professional seed examiner at the Corn Exchange. This meant that people brought wheat or some kind of produce to sell at the Corn Exchange, and he controlled the produce they had in their sacks. They put a long pipe with a hollow end into the sack, and a certain amount of the grain fell into it, and there was a hole on the upper end of the pipe, and he examined of what quality the grain was. He determined whether the produce was first class, second class etc., and how much could be paid for it. His uncle organized him this specialty course, because he also worked at the Corn Exchange. This uncle was hipshot, he walked with difficulty, but he also went to the Corn Exchange every day. Their apartment was very close. And the Corn Exchange was where the television is now. That was the Corn Exchange Hall. 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.