

## Party At Erzsebet Radvaner's Husband Vilmos Radvaner's Firm



This is me, my daughter and my husband at a party at my husband's firm, which was called FEKISZ in 1962. I married my husband in 1948. He was a private merchant, and he could trade with state companies. Then at the end he was an chief supervisor in a cooperative. He went around to supervise the branches, but he came home when he wanted. I was left in the flat in the Katona Jozsef Street and we lived there. My daughter, Julia, was born in 1949. We did not speak about religion at home after the war. My mother was observant and Vili, my husband was too. But I said that we could not educate the child in two different ways. If she was told something at school, we could not tell her any different. She didn't notice that the dinner was different and at a different time. And in 1956, during the revolution, the order came that beginning in September 1957, religious education classes would be started. The ones who wanted their children to attend had to sign for it. I did not want to, but Vili signed that she should attend the Jewish religion classes. Juli accepted it without knowing what it was. My husband died in 1969. We left home on a Thursday morning to go to (the spa resort of) Hajduszoboszlo with a referral. The next day we had lunch and he said, 'I'm going up to make a coffee, I will be back in 5 minutes.' I looked at my watch - I had been reading away happily - and I saw that one or two hours (had already passed). I went up and there he was on the bed, he had not had the time to make his coffee (before he died). He was finished. And I was there. (My daughter) Anna was due back from a nice holiday in Italy that day and we had arranged that we would call her at 9PM. I went into a motel and asked them if I could make a phone call at 9. (She picked it up) and she started to tell me how great the holiday had been. I said, 'Wait'. And I told her (what had happened). She arrived there the next day and I arranged everything for the body to be brought home. I told my party secretary - we were on very good terms with her -, 'look, Maria, it will be a religious burial. My mother had a religious burial not so long ago, he will have one too, if you don't mind.'