

Klara Karpati's Second Husband, Aron Karpati, Her Daughter Agnes Gabriella Karpati And Son Istvan Schachter



This my family. My second husband, Aron Karpati, my son, Istvan Schachter, and my daughter, Agnes Gabriella Karpati. The photo was taken in Budapest in 1967. My son Istvan was born to me and my first husband, Laszlo Schachter, in January 1944. His Jewish name was Shmuel ben Avrohom Yantev. I had an argument with my mother-in-law over his name, because she wanted to chose the Jewish name of the child, despite the fact this was the mother's right. The argument was about whose grandfather's name the child should have, mine or hers; when we realized that both grandfathers had the same name, Shmuel, the argument ended. For a long time after the war, I waited for my first husband to return from wherever he had been drafted into forced labor, but he never returned. Finally, my mother-in-law told me that since I was young, I should remarry. How old was I then, twenty-four or twenty-five? Of course, my son also missed having a father. My second husband, Aron Karpati, was from Pesterzsebet. My step-sister Rozsa, who was working in a sports shop in Pest at that time, had a friend who was from Pesterzsebet. The two friends talked it over and decided that they should bring Aron Karpati and me together. The wedding took place in Sip Street at the rabbi's. My second husband's original name was Aron Kraus, which he 'magyarized' in 1948 to Karpati. He worked with leather, and before the war had worked in Paulay Ede Street, which in those times was the street of the leather workers. Aron made quite a good living. In Russia during the war the men were taken into forced labor. They were gathered together and asked who could make harnesses. Aron said that he could, so they sent him to a plant and he made harnesses there until he came home. After the war, he worked in a ready-to-wear leather factory in Rakospalota. He was the manager of the finished product store. He was not observant. The place, Soltvadkert, and the family he came from, was observant. But he had left home quite young, lived in a rented room in Pest, and hadn't stuck to his religion. He didn't like going to synagogue. My daughter Agnes-Gabriella was born in 1953. She graduated from the college for foreign trade. At first she worked at the Metrimpex, then at the Konzumex. She left when they were still able to give

severance pay. Since then she has worked at different companies with limited responsibility. My son has a lot of Jewish feeling in him, as do his children. They go to Szarvas, the Lauder Camp. I reared my daughter in this Jewish atmosphere too, but seemingly, it did not get deeply into her. I might be the cause of this, because when she was small she told me that as we had neither Hannukah nor Christmas, she did not know either of those holidays. We are a happy family. My son loves Aron as if he were his real father. My two children, in spite of the fact that the difference in age between them was quite big, were very close to each other.