

Erzsebet Radvaner's Paternal Grandparents, The Kleins And Their Family



My mother's family, the Kleins. From left to right in the back are: her brother Artur, her father Jozsef, her other brother Mor. In the front: my mother Terez, her sister Berta and their mother Regina in Budapest in the mid-1890s. Jozsef Klein, my maternal grandfather, was born in 1847 or 48 in Szilagy County. I think it was Hadad. He was a stove-maker. He came to Pest, but I do not know when. He met my grandmother here, who was a widow then. She brought two daughters into the family. I do not know anything of them; they died. I don't know where grandmother Regina Bloch came from. There were a lot of sisters and brothers. I can remember an aunt whom we visited. I have only a few memories of Grandmother Regina; I was very young when she died in 1913. Grandfather died in 1920. There were four siblings in my mother's family. The eldest was Mor

Klein, who became Mor Karman. He worked in the money market and in 1932, when the market collapsed, he killed himself. His wife worked in the underwear-shop his mother owned. It was an elegant shop. People didn't go there to buy a shirt, they went there to order a trousseau. They had a son, Istvan Karman. He was taken away to a forced labor corps and he died there in Koszeg in 1944. There is one more daughter. She lives in America. She got married in 1936. Her husband was quite observant. They had the wedding in the Rumbach Street synagogue. That one was more orthodox than the one on Dohany Street; they had no organ there. Klari was not too observant as a matter of fact, but she kept all the observances with her husband. In 1938 when the Anti-Jewish law was discussed in Parliament, her husband said that he did not want to be a second rate citizen anywhere. They emigrated to America, to New York. Here at home they had had a child, but it died; there in America they had a daughter. Mor's wife was in my flat, which was in a protected house, and she emigrated to America in 1947. The next brother of my mother was Artur. He did not like studying, he wanted to be an actor. My grandfather did not like that and so he had to study to be a locksmith, though later he was a traveller. He wandered all through Europe from Moscow to Madrid. In the end he lived in Hamburg. He rented a room at the house of a Christian dancer, who was fourteen years his senior and had two grown daughters. He married her. If there was ever a good marriage, then it was that one. When my grandmother died he came home for the burial with his wife and a common-law son of theirs, who was the same age as I was. One more son, Ferenc, was born to them in Pest in 1914. They were living in the house where my grandmother's siblings lived. When the child was born, the neighbours went and registered him as Ferenc Jozsef Klein, religion Jewish. Grandfather took him into the stove trade. He needed a locksmith for work with cookers. My grandfather had a workshop in a cellar, in fact it was a storeroom, as they did not work there. They went to houses and were told everywhere that only uncle Klein would do. Only he was called to work at the Lukacs Cafe.