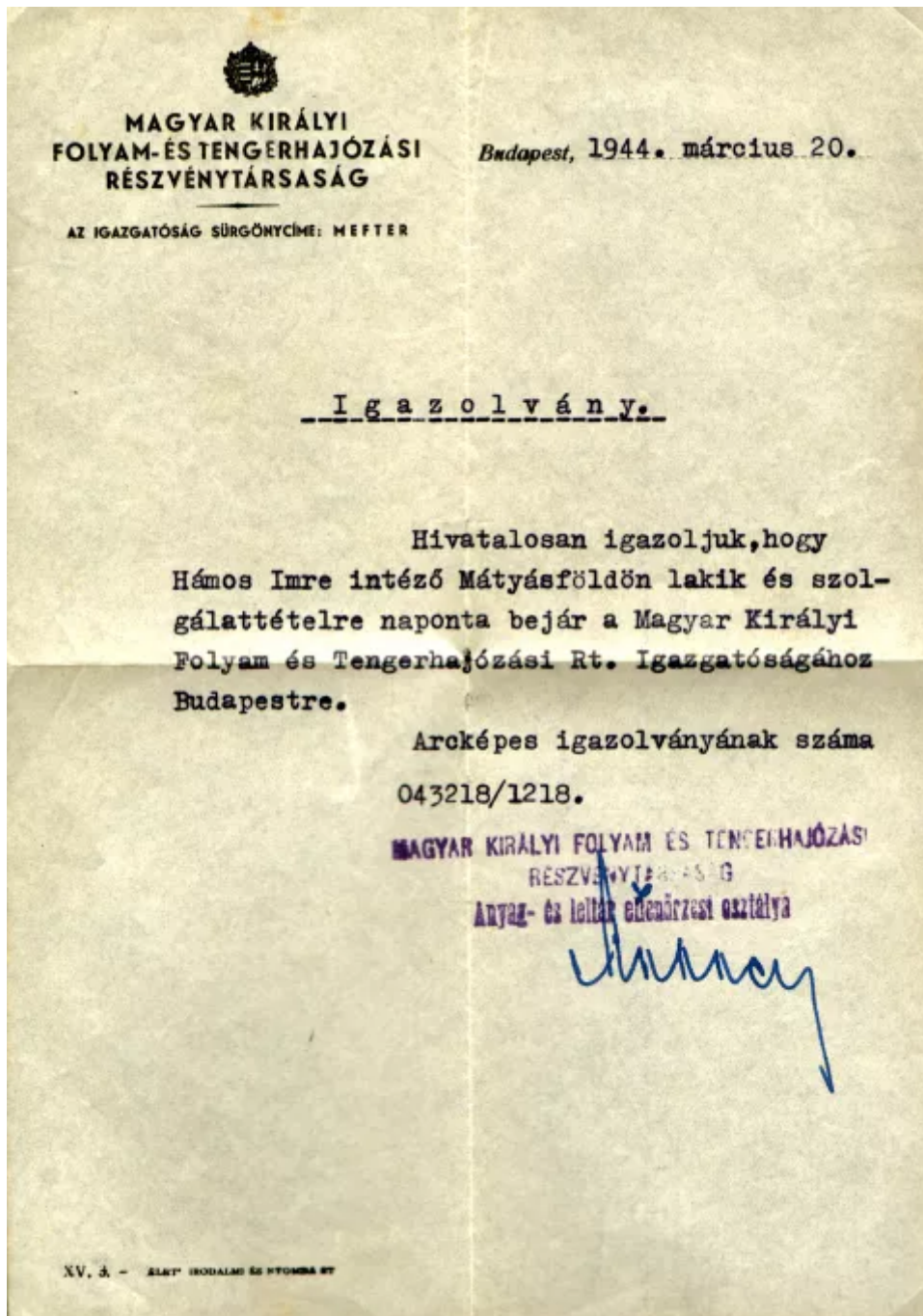


Travel Pass Of Imre Hamos



My husband worked for the Hungarian Royal River and Sea Shipping Stock Company. This certified that he could use the HEV (Suburban Surface Railway), he showed this if he had to identify himself on the train. This was issued on the 20th March 1944. He was still working at the time. My husband was taken [into forced labor] many times; he was in Budapest for a while, but he died in Balf. What they did in Balf, I don't know. He didn't write from there, and I wasn't at home either, anyway. He wrote one time, from somewhere on the way there, and I heard that he was sick from a fellow laborer who came to visit me. They were next to each other, on plank-beds or on the floor, I don't know. He probably found out from my husband, that we lived in Almassy Square, because when we moved away from Matyasfold, we moved away from my parents. He told me that my husband had become sick, and the sick ones, those who couldn't go on, had been shot dead. So my husband was also shot, into a big hole. This, according to his fellow laborer, was on the 31st March 1945, a day

before the Russians' arrival. I heard this in 1945 or 1946. Beforehand, I had made enquiries through the newspapers. I think it appeared in Nepszava or Nepszabadsag. [which was called Szabad Nep, at that time,] because my step-mother's relative had some connection, through which I could make an announcement there. We never received any [official] message that he had died. I had his death registered. This was because of the house in Matyasfold. It was in two names: that of my husband and his mother. It had to be cleared up because of my daughters. That's when I had his death registered. My mother-in-law had two daughters who could also have inherited it, but they declined, so it was put in the names of my two daughters, but I was the legal beneficiary. There is a memorial in the Jewish cemetery here in Kozma Street, and who those are buried here, were identified. There is a big long grave, but everybody has their own little plaque. There are nine of them in one grave, and my husband is named there. I didn't know about this exhumation in Balf, I only heard about it when the coffins were already being buried here.