

## Judita Haikis With Her Husband Adolf Haikis



This is me with my husband Adolf Haikis, photographed a month after our wedding, this was our first family photo. This photo was taken in Uzhgorod in 1954.

I finished school in 1949. I passed exams to the French department of the College of Foreign languages in Leningrad. I was accommodated in a hostel and started my study on 1 September. I finished the College of Foreign languages successfully. I studied French and English, and also, passed exams in German, that I knew since childhood to obtain a certificate for teaching it.

I met my future husband in Uzhgorod, when Rosa and I came home on vacation. There was an open-air swimming pool near the railway station. We spend much time there swimming and lying in the sun: Rosa, my sister and I. My husband Adolf Haikis was a doctor in the Uzhgorod military hospital. Returned to Uzhgorod in 1956 after finishing my college and we got married. Of course, we didn't have a traditional Jewish wedding. We registered our marriage in a registry office and had a wedding dinner for our relatives and friends. We lived with my parents. I went to work as a French schoolteacher. In 1955 our only daughter Ludmila was born. We didn't celebrate any Jewish holidays in our family even in my childhood. Since 1945 our family always celebrated Soviet holidays: 1 May, 7 November, Soviet army day, Victory Day and the New Year, of course. We always had guests and lots of fun.

In late October 1956 my husband received an emergency call ordering him to come to his unit immediately. This was all he knew any relocation at that time was confidential. In the morning my husband called me to inform that he was leaving. The only point of contact was captain Ostapenko in his hospital. I put my 11-month old daughter into her pram and ran to the hospital. I got to know that they were sent to Hungary by train. I read about the events in Hungary in newspapers. It was scaring. I feared for my husband, was sorry for the actions of the Soviet government and sympathized with Hungary. My husband called me from Budapest: they deployed a hospital in the basement of the Parliament building. My husband met a telephone operator. Her name was Judit like mine. My husband didn't speak Hungarian, but he spoke German. He told Judit about me and our daughter and she allowed him to call me every evening. Few months later the military in Hungary were allowed to bring their families there. My daughter and I joined my husband in

Hungary. I was happy to speak Hungarian and hear my native language around me. I served as interpreter for other militaries.