



We were very sad to hear of Tom Endrey's passing the middle of February. Tom began working in the Great Gull Island office in 2003. He mainly did data entry, but in addition, volunteered to pick up the Linnaean Newsletter from the printer, then organized a group to mail it to Society members. He also organized the program mailing for Linnaean Society and the Birdathon mailing for the Great Gull Island Project.

Tom realized that most things in our office had been salvaged from other offices in the museum, or from things we found in the corridors of the museum. One day he walked in carrying nine beautiful wooden hangers that someone in his building was throwing away. I was delighted and it gave us hangers for all volunteer coats, even on our busiest days.

Everyone enjoyed working with Tom and we all miss him.

I thank Andrew Porter for the following obituary about Tom and for forwarding Tom's grandnephew's memories of Tom.

Helen Hays

Thomas Endrey, 77, New York City science fiction and gaming fan who attended numerous Boskones, Lunacons, and other local conventions, was found dead at home in Manhattan in mid-February after failing to show up for a gaming group meet-up. He is survived by a sister, Elizabeth von Riesenfelder, of Manchester, Vermont.

Born on January 12, 1940 in Hungary, I believe he came to New York from his native Hungary following the events there of 1956. Tom was retired from CitiBank in NYC. In retirement, he

was an office volunteer on the Great Gull Island Project at the American Museum of Natural History in NYC.

He also volunteered in the late 1990s as an assistant editor on my *Science Fiction Chronicle*. He refused to take payment in cash, but I would give him books, and pay for his lunch, at a local Polish-American restaurant where he would enthusiastically consume Lazanki, a Polish dish which he relished.

Andrew Porter

He was my grandmother's youngest brother. My grandmother is now 93 years young, so he is survived by two of her sisters (they were eight siblings, from Hódmezővásárhely, Hungary). He had totally the same good and kind spirit as my grandmother has. There are not so many true people on this Earth like them and I am thankful that he was / she is my family.

So I met him a couple times thirty years ago when I was a little kid and he was home in Hungary, but later he didn't come anymore due to some issues with flying. Luckily I made it to NY nine years ago and I met him a couple times, we also had some beers together, and then I realized that he was a great person, and that we were kindred spirits. Maybe accidental, maybe not, my grandmother always calls me "Tamáskám" (my 'little' Thomas) unconsciously. He was happy when I told him I was open minded about UFO and alien topics, and we had a great chat next to a beer. This was when he opened up to me and I really got to know him. And I am very sad I never made it back to NY since then, and now, I will never meet him again.

He left Hungary after the '56 happenings, maybe a couple years after, I think the beginning of the 60's. It's important to know that our family has noble and aristocratic roots, and that's why in communism we had – as I know – an X classification/labelling which meant that Thomas (Tamás) could have not study (theoretically) in University, and was a persona non grata. Despite this thanks to his father's connections due to his helpful and noble heart, Thomas (Tamás) could go study to a University, but after graduation he did not get a job of his profession in Hungary, so with an excellent economic university degree in his pocket he loaded coal with shovel into cargo trains. With the help of his older brother, Endrey Antal (Anthony Endrey) he left Hungary. They escaped through the border, which was a very dangerous act, could have been shot easily, and they were climbing through dangerous and steep slopes. Thus he went to the west, and later to the USA with the help of her sister, who was already married in the US. Luckily he found himself a home in the US where he was treated the way he deserved, and made a lot of friends, but I believe he remained somewhat lonely forever. I know he missed his family, but I also know that he could not face that endless evil that was spread over his homeland. Despite all those hardships he had to go through I believe he remained a warmhearted, selfless, happy and kind person. He retained everything he received back in the big family house from his lovely parents

and lovely brothers and sisters, which was taken from them and they all were forced in a two room house. Please remember him always, and try to draw strength from his story. I hope this is a nice farewell to him. Sleep well, dear Tamás bácsi (Uncle Thomas)! Balázs