

The Molnar Family



This picture of my family was taken in Budapest in 1948. From left to right: my father, Miklos Molnar, my brother Peter, I, my other brother Janos and my mother Iren Molnar, nee Katz. We had our picture taken before I left [Budapest], so that the entire family would be in it. After the liberation I continued to go to high school where I got in contact with the Shomer. To tell you honestly, I wasn't really interested in it. It was boring, too; it wasn't as interesting as scouting. I only went there because I had had enough of this and I wanted to immigrate. I was in the 7th grade of high school at that time. They asked me if I wanted to go to Israel. My parents wanted me to go to Australia, but I answered that I wanted to go to Israel, and I thought that if I went there I would decide where to go. We had discussed with my parents that I would wait in Vienna and that they would come after me. I waited and waited and waited. They were supposed to come with a transport just like this. That was the last transport, and it was caught. Peter Molnar's account From the time that Tamas had emigrated the only topic in the family was when we would follow him. In 1949 we had an unsuccessful attempt. My younger brother, my mother and I were let go home the next morning. My father came to get us a couple days later. They didn't make a big deal out of this. The 2nd emigration happened so that in 1950 my father met a man called Davidovics who smuggled people. Davidovics told us that that was going to be his last trip, and that he was going to take his family too. Then my father said that if he was going to take his own family, he would trust him completely. One day a covered truck came, there were 15-16 people on it, and we set off. Davidovics's family was up there too. This was an AVO truck with fake papers. Outside the town Davidovics changed in a uniform and we went towards the border. On the way they stopped us several times, but we went through all the identity checks. The children got a sleeping pill, so that there would be silence. We arrived at the border, and there was an identity check there, and we went through that, too, and we went on towards no man's land. Two border guards with machine guns noticed the truck from somewhere, and they wanted to stand in front of it. Davidovics didn't stop, and they started to shoot. Davidovics stepped on the gas and he almost hit the two border guards, but there was mud on no man's land, and the car stood in the same place, because its tires

were spinning round because he gave too much gas. Davidovics got frightened, jumped off the truck and they shot him dead at once. There was silence for a while, then cars came and took us to Rajka where there was a very small police station. They separated there the adults and the children. Then they took us to Csorna. From Csorna they called Kalman Koves to come and get Jancsi who was 5 years old at that time. I was 13, they didn't let me go. From there we got to the prison in Gyor. I was there for six weeks with 18 juvenile delinquents, still separated from my parents. From here they took us to Kistarcsa. They took there my parents, too, but I still couldn't speak with them. In Kistarcsa they put me in a cell with an agent provocateur for a while, and then they took me to my father's. Then the time of my parent's hearing came, and once they just let me home. My father got 4 years and 8 months, and my mother 3 years and 8 months. In the meantime my brother Jancsi got to the Jewish orphanage, and I lived at the Koves's. Uncle Kalman was my father in place of my father, and Aunt Gabi my mother in place of my mother.