

Janos Rona



This is Janos Rona, the husband of my father's younger sister, Margit. The photo was taken in Budapest in 1943. My father's younger sister was born in 1901. She also completed middle school, and then she learned stenography and typing. In 1924 she married Janos Rona, who later became an associate in our shop. He went to the shops in the country and sold the goods there. He was a cute nice man, the typical traveler who was always in a good mood. He was very good with his hands, he made me toys. Their only child, Bandi was born in 1925, and he graduated from Bocskai high school in 1943. Janos Rona didn't survive the war. He fled from the work service, he hid, and he died during an assault in 1945, a bomb killed him. When we found out that the garage where he had been hiding was hit, my father, Bandi Rona and I went to the Kerepesi cemetery with a pushcart to take him. They carried the dead there. The bodies lay in an open grave, my father climbed down into the grave, he looked for him, and he noticed his socks. He recognized him that way. On the way home Bandi stepped on a mine, which exploded. He got seriously injured, we didn't.