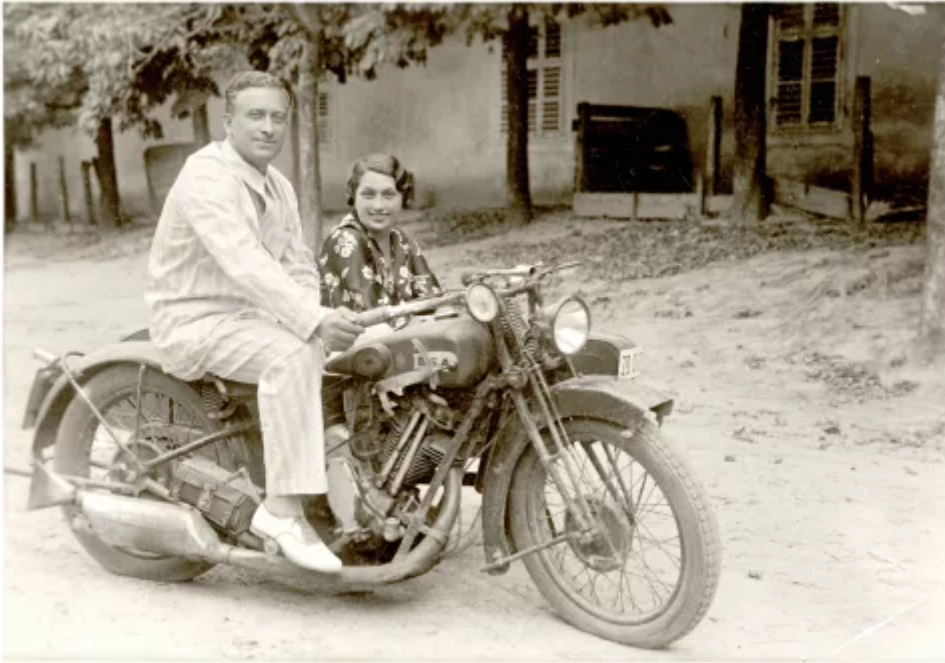


Miklos Molnar And His Wife On Their Honeymoon



My parents, Miklos Molnar and Iren Molnar, nee Katz on their honeymoon in San Remo, Italy, in 1929. My father couldn't drive a motorbike; they only posed like this for the picture. My parents met because they lived in the same house on Vorosmarty Street. My mother only finished elementary school. They were extremely poor. My grandmother was ill all the time; my grandfather was never at home. He was a painter. My grandmother raised her four younger siblings: one girl and three boys. My grandfather was a careless man; at least they told me so. My father went to elementary and middle school. After middle school they made him a confectioner's apprentice. Later he became a confectioner master. He took his confectioner's master exam on the 18th December 1939 in front of the examining committee. He was a soldier during World War I. We didn't have a car or motorcycle, but we could have had one. My father didn't want to buy one. His friends had a car. We always went with that on excursions or somewhere else.