

Ferenc Sandor As A Baby With His Family



My family: father, mother, older sister, and me. In World War One, my father was called up from Veszto to the Russian front. Then he returned and spent some time at home, and had the chance to see me as a baby of a few weeks old. I have no memories of him whatsoever. There is only one thing I know. When he came home from the front he said that one was not allowed to laugh any more. I have seen the postcard he sent home to my mother. On it was written: "Don't cry, darling. The country must be saved from the enemy." The poor fellow, he could not have suspected that during a 1944 death march, my war-widow mother would helplessly fall victim to this same country

he was trying to save from the enemy.