

**Prof. Dr. Endre Dömötör (university teacher, retired department leading head doctor)  
His records, written about his father in October 2004.**

My father, László Dömötör was born in Bölske on 21 October 1891., in a Calvinist pastor family. He went to school first in his village then in the Calvinist Grammar school of the street Lónyai and he got his teacher degree in the Calvinist Teacher-Educating Institute in Nagykörös in 1910.

His first working place was in Érsekcsanád as a Calvinist school-master and cantor. In 1914 he went to the Italian front as a second-lieutenant, in the fights of the region of Doberdo he was taken prisoner. He could return home after a 4 year long captivity in the region of Napoli. After that he got a school-master and cantor job in Monor. In 1922 he got married, his wife was Ilona Berta Nagy. In 1923 their older son, László was born, and in 1928 me, Endre.

Beside his teacher profession my father dealt also with farming. He played a very big role in the social life of Monor. He established and led an orchestra and a chorus and took part in the management of the Farmers' Union. My brother, László became a journalist, he died in 1974. I live in Kecskemét.

My father died on 24 April 1959. in a serious chest casualty after a bicycle accident. He was buried with great compassion in Monor. My mother died in 1996, she was 90 years old.

According to my remembrances my father was called up for military service in May 1944. He was ordered to the post of commander of the company of Jewish inmates of forced labour camp No. 101/309., established in Monor. In the company there were mainly people from Budapest but also 8-10 people from Monor. I remember some names from Monor:

Jenő Kaufer notary, Vilmos Kugel blue-dyer and farmer, István Szántó. From Pest Brück, a tailor, Hirsh, a leather manufacturer and more factory owners and businessmen. Oscar Aschler performer, the church servant of the vall synagogue of O street from Pest was there, too.

My father communicated confidentially with the members of the company through Jenő Kaufer company clerk, he reassured them that nobody will be troubled until he is the commandant of the company. And this has happened. Among the members of the skeleton staff there were Levente Thury, sergeant, journalist and small-holder-party representative from Budapest, Knerczler sergeant from Vecsés and Bugyi lance sergeant from Vecsés. First the company was ordered to work on the airport of Zanati near Szombathely then on the airport of Munkács.

The company arrived to Nógrádverőce in November 1944. and stayed there till disbanding of the company. There I visited my father several times so I have got some personal remembrance about the life there. In the company every man was equal, independently from his origin and position. It was very important in the life of the company that Oscar Ascher organized literary evenings very often and they could have got religious services. As the Russian front was coming my father disbanded the company at the beginning of December, and stocks of the company were distributed among the people equally.

Before the encirclement around Budapest was closed he had left for the military hospital No. 11., situated on Buda.

We survived the fights for Buda on the street Németvölgyi with him and my mother. On 13 March 1945. we returned to Monor to our destroyed, burglarized flat. My father was certified with praise, but for his activity he never got any official thanks or appreciation.

**Records of György Kugel upon his father's remembrances, written in October 2004.**

According to my father's memory - Vilmos Kugel - the company had got an open command to go the a camp of Austria. That time László Dömötör had decided he would cancel the command and start to the opposite direction. I hardly remember now how my father said with what tricks the commander could lead his company towards the inside of the country without stopping them. But finally they got to Nógrádverőce where their march finished. I remember my father came home with a horse-cart with István Szántó from Monor and Pál Riesz and Ödön Riesz from Albertirsa.

**Selections from the book of Oscar Ascher: Secrets of all the poems  
(Belletristic Book Publisher, Budapest, 1964. Page 245-268.)**

(...) On 6 May I and Dr. Gál got SAS-call-up paper, a call-up paper to a forced labour camp to Monor by 10 May! (...) The commander of our camp was the Calvinist school-master and cantor of Monor László Dömötör; a stoutly built, jovial person, good-look and good-drink man with his people, sergeant Knerczler from Vecsés, cadet sergeant Németh. The others all were people, we never heard the word „Jew” from them. The fortunate chance helped us to have such superiors with whom we were protected against the brutish hate, raging around us. Every rigorous and revenging order coming from above and outside was broken by the protecting wall of these people! This was the first easing and pacifying feeling which helped to bear unchangeable fate.

We moved in the rooms of the school; fresh straw became our natural resting bed.; we got lunch and dinner from a kettle and added our food, brought from home. Some hour make-believe training on the goose-pasture of Monor, straightening of embankments as manual labour was nothing in comparison with the work we did at home. In the afternoon and evening we were our own master, we talked – as at home! And people of guard became our friends and the cadet was a bridge partner! (...)

The „beautiful” weeks lasted till 2 June , on this day we drew up in fiery hot to go to our certain working place . We didn't know where? Anxious fear, collective fear came again: What is the future? (...) On 4 June we arrived at Szombathely, then we went on foot to Zanat, a village 3 km far. It was a beautiful one-street small village! (...) Two further days and we felt at home there. too! (...) We had to build runways of the airport of Szombathely under German commandship. (...) The news coming from outside made us feel guilty conscience for our good life! How could we be so lucky? I thought several times that I could write continuation of the peace-time „diary of a volunteer”, we had got so many soldiering humour in the platoon as well as in the company! There were formed brigades of „truants”, „tricky”, „mugs” , which were good butts of jokes and the soldiers of guard couldn't do anything! What could our company commandant, the poor,good László Dömötör do, when „Fat” comrade, the big, fat, lazy malingerer ( his civil job was to sell drugs in dressing rooms of the theatres) said to the strict order: „You, Fat march out with the others!” „ No, for any treasure, dear second-lieutenant!” – What could he do? He opened wide his arms and laughed : here is nothing to do! (...) Really exceptional people belonged to our guards who were ordered to escort us, to make us work, to torture us! They guarded us and liked us as well as inhabitants of the village did the same! (...)

On 6 August 1944. something changed! (...) Within 4 days on 10 August we got a train and were travelling for 3 days. Finally arrived at the village of Munkácsváralja, where our work was: planishing of the airport, digging of wells in the neighbouring woods, filling of potholes. (...) 15 October came, beginning of terror of Szálasi; we had to demolish everything we had built before on the airport, because the Soviet troops came very close. We were carried to the village of Mucsony, to the limits of Szuhakálló, close to Miskolc, where German commanders led building of the airport.

(...)

We marched away on 5 November. We didn't know where we were carried, the news were bad, the scare-news even more! We started talking about we would escape, wouldn't go with the company because we were afraid we would be carried out of the country! (...)

When a snowstorm came at Homokterenyé and we were spreaded away, also I fell behind with 2 dozen weak horses and only next day (12 Nov) we found our company, we decided it was the time to escape! I went to the second-lieutenant Dömötör: „Mister second-lieutenant, you see how weak we got here, twenty-twenty-five people! Please let us go after the company separately, slower and with more stoppages!” – „But how will you feed yourselves?”– only this was the question! „Please give us tinned

food, then later we will reach the company anywhere” – „All right!” – it happened in Mátraszele. Next day the company left without us, 25 people! A lance sergeant of the guard came with us, too. In an hour also we started towards Salgótarján, in regular formation, the lance sergeant, Árpád Bánáti Fischer – the doctor - and me ahead. (...)

The big march lasted till 2 February, that time we arrived at the village Nemes-Hódos in the region of Csallóköz.. (...) We stayed there till 24 March. (...) When the Soviet troops divided Germany into two parts we were lug and chased with forced march ( 40-50 km a day) towards Sopron. We were planned to carried to Austria or to a death camp! (...) We marched through Győr then Csorna and Kapuvár.

(...).In the afternoon of 30 March we started from Nagycenk (...) and arrived at Sopron in the evening (...). Next morning we heard the command: „Fall in, without equipment!”(...) But when we wanted to start, the Soviet troops started fights with strong gun and mortar fire, the encirclement was closed.(...) And the killers of people already had to fight for their life in the afternoon. At eight o'clock in the evening (31 March, Nagyszombat) only one shout could be heard on the yard:

„Equip!” (...) When we reached the hills looked back to the burning town – and started home! (...)

At night of 7 April we slept in Budaörs and at noon of Sunday of 8 April we arrived at Buda from Farkasrét! (...) In the afternoon I had already got the keys of my flat on the street Pázsit! (...) A nearly 1 year long intermezzo finished and a new life started!