

Report of Miklós Derera

(Report of Miklós Derera was written and registered in the report-book No. 116.005 Sachsenhausen by Klára Kandel in the Office of Committee, caring Deported People - 2, square Bethlen, 7th district, Budapest – on 20 July 1945.)

My parents lived in Monor and my mother went to Budapest in 1919 to give birth to me. I spent my childhood in Monor, I went to a grammar school to Budapest. My parents changed their faith and I grew up as a Christian.

The law against Jews concerned me first after the German came in the country – in March of 1944. Till that time I wasn't considered as a Jew, but from this time vexations came. I lost my job. Before the German came in I had been a soldier and had been working against the German, in the last months of Kállay-government I had participated in preparation of an officers' putsch, the goal of which was to get Hungary to break-away from the war. I had to escape from the German because they wanted to find me. (My flat : 24/b, Street Angyalföldi, Budapest)

I saw that the situation is untenable, I went to my parents to Monor, but they were carried to the ghetto. I didn't leave them alone I went together with them. In the ghetto we fed ourselves. That's why I had a daily-work at the veterinary surgeon of the district. It was a moral humiliation because also me was a graduate man. Earlier we were good friends with the doctor but he forgot it. The situation stayed the same until I was called up to a forced labour camp in Jászberény. On 8 June 1944 we were loaded in wagons and carried to Bor. There we were accommodated in a so-called „Innsbruck“-camp. From there we went to work to a stone-hill, we had to break through the hill for a railway for the organization Todt.

People of Todt organization were more correct and better than the Hungarian. An István Balog-named man from Croatia gave us – for 50 people – easy work and sneaked in food for us. He was especially good for me.

At the same time the Hungarian guard was very impudent. One time I was tied out because I dared to whistle during work. Lance sergeant Szűcs (from region of Szeged) tied out me, naked for 2 hours. I was beaten, too. There was in the camp a sergeant named Zbranek – earlier he was an office messenger in the Ministry of Agriculture in Budapest – he got the deputy commander of the camp. His favourite activity was to steal our food and later he sold the same food for us 10-20 times more expensively than the real value was. The commander of the camp was Dr. László Nagy ensign (he lived in Ujpest in July 1945, he was confirmed), he hadn't got special crimes, but he nodded assent to everything what his sergeant did. He dealt only with his business and played a role of an indifferent observer. Cadets Nagy and Tálás slapped my face in Bor. There was also corporal Tusori, who always hit people.

Soldier Sándor (tailor assistant on Szentes) posted for lance sergeant Szűcs always kicked people. He tied them out and his favourite pastime was to kick them on the front and not back. He did these activities as private actions without any order of the commander of the company. He usually started to fraternize with a worker then a minute later he flew in the face of the poor man and beat him to a bloody pulp. Anyway he was an informer of the light colonel Marányi. Marányi, when came out to inspect, always said this would be a cemetery of the Jewish.

Later in the middle of August the whole camp was ordered to go to Bor and we stayed there in the so-called Süd-camp till 17 September, where we had got disciplining and similar exercises : somersault, creeping etc. Once when Marányi came to inspect he ordered to tie 100-150 people in such a way, that the barrack was surrounded by hanged people. Nails were beaten on the walls of the barrack and people were tied there. When there were no more space people had to wait, to queue up while their turn came.

On 17 September 1944. we were started. In the first stage 3600 people, who had Jehovah faith, in the second the so-called half-blooded and in the third stage the other camps. We had got false news about Hungary, i.e. in Hungary everything is all right, Lakatos-government opened the Jewish shops, deported Jewish returned from Germany, that's why also a boy from Máramaros – who had not got any relative yet – hurried home. Tito and his people proposed to stay in Yugoslavia, but Zbranek showed us newspapers about the good Hungarian situation, so we didn't try to join the partisans.

From Bor to Belgrad our situation was passable and we had got enough food. But we were carried through Belgrad at night because the guard was afraid of the demonstrations of people of Belgrad. Contrary to this „precaution“ in Belgrad the people made sympathy demonstration for us. They threw cigarettes and bread into our lines. The Serbian people behaved towards us fantastically and beautifully at all.

After Belgrad we marched to Zimony where we were accommodated in the old buildings of an industrial fair, which were full of louses. There we didn't get any food only after 8 days some black coffee and hot soup.

After this we were pushed towards the hinterland. Through the Serbian Bánát where fusillade started. First ensign Pál (from Szabadka) started to shoot, then the German Deutch Milicia (DM) – following us - and the other German military forces continued. Who fell behind or misstepped or wanted to go toilet were shot down. Ensign Nagy (confirmed in July 1945) lieutenant Pataki and the whole guard are responsible for these cases, they could have prevented these killings.

Once a big rain came and 10 people died because they were stood in a couloir and the running water caught and took them.

Certainly we still didn't get any food so we picked up turnip, raw potato, corn from the ground from the dirt. And we ate this as well as the food, thrown in by the Serbian people..

We crossed the Hungarian border at Titel through Bánát gladly. A gunner lance sergeant was standing on the way and asked: Why did you take these Jewish home, why didn't you kill them?

From Titel we went to Újvidék then to Cservenka. We didn't still get any official food we had to buy 1-1 slice bread from the guard at one hundred more expensive price for our remaining valuables. In the meantime we were always hit and consequence for the smallest thing was shooting down. As far as Cservenka the Hungarian guard shot down and beat to death abt. 80 people.

In Cservenka we were accommodated in the brick factory and when we wanted to go farther SS surrounded us and kept there for some days. Then they started us in 500 people transports. The SS guard carried people to work but they didn't bring them back, the Hungarian guard carried them to the mine to shoot them dead.

From Cservenka we went to Veprőd, on the way there was no problem, moreover we got hot potato soup there at 10 o'clock at night. Next dawn we started again, the guard was angry and rude. When we reached the main road of Zombor we met first German or Swabian escapees. The SS guard got fully wild and pushed us to the roadside ditch and we had to run there to Újszivác in 5-people lines with lower heads. During running SS guard as well as Swabian escapees could shoot our groups with their gun machines. In Ószivác our group was pushed into a side street we had to lie on the ground, to stretch our hands out and then they started to shoot us down..

Our fellow named Lorsi – a violinist - was shot first on the back of his neck because they liked his violin. Then those people followed him whom they didn't like. SS soldiers were walking on the backs of the people. They took away my pullover, shoes, blanket and left me in a shirt and trousers. An SS soldier pushed his gun machine to my back of neck and when the order of „los” sounded I jumped up. He shot but missed me and I threw myself into the lines. Young 14-15 year-old Swabian boys hit us with gunstocks, clubs. Who was hit on the head, died immediately. Who marched only one step farther out than the line was shot down. An SS soldier drove there with a motorcycle, stopped for a while and shot into the lines with his gun-machine.

With more or less stoppages we were pushed running towards Zombor..

There we were placed in the slaughterhouse of Zombor stayed for 4 days and then with new guard with commander SS Oberscharführer we started to Mohács. The commander did his best to get food for us. On this part of the way one man was shot dead because when an SS soldier called him he started running away. We marched towards Mohács not too fast – walking 15 km a day.

I must mention that in Kiskőszeg, the Hungarian pioneers and sailors of river fleet, posted there and the pilots of Újvidék behaved correctly, gave us food and cigarettes. Moreover when we started again they gave us their whole-day bread ration and food (They were pioneers and river-fleet crew, coming from Alföld). Certainly the SS didn't allow that they could give us their food.

In Mohács we were accommodated in a leather factory for some days. In the first days we were guarded by SS but later – after two days – Hungarian guard, camp gendarmes changed them, they were cruel and rough . From Cservenka to Mohács, till the day of reception abt. 1400 people were killed and abt. 1200 stayed alive. These people started from Mohács to Austria.

We spent 2 weeks on Szentkirályszabadja, from there we went on foot to Magyaróvár. On the way we got a half loaf bread and some hot food a day, it was 3 decilitre. People weren't shot down but beaten to death by the Hungarian guard, namely soldier Lackó and lance sergeant Karakai.

Karakai beat me with gunstock in Zirc untill I fell down. Why, I don't know.

At Hegyeshalom they passed us to the German, they loaded us in wagons on the railway station, 7 km far. There we got the first food from the SS. From there we were carried to Sachsenhausen very fast.

On 11 November 1944. in the Sachsenhausen camp the usual prison life started. I lived in the barrack No. 11, which was a so-called Jewish block. I had got block-work and sitting work because of my weak health. On 18 december I was sent to the forced labour camp of Förstenberg am Oder, where I was together with 250 Hungarian and Slovakian Jewish people. This place is near Frankfurt am Oder. On the third day I got ill, I had got encephalitis, I was unconscious for 4 days. I hadn't got medicine. I lay in the sick-room. The camp commander came in every day to give us slaps in the face - this is due to us, he said.

On 1 January 1945. we – forty people – were sent back (with the transport destined to crematorium- as turned out later) to Sachsenhausenba..

When I returned to Sachsenhausen second time, our group was placed again in the block No. 11. A man (from Sátorajújhely) dr. Miklós Weisz doctor helped me to escape from there because he knew this transport was

destined to crematorium. He hid me in the hospital, and in the morning he arranged my admission, too. The other 39 people lost.

From 3 January to the day of liberation I was lying in the hospital where a correct and self-sacrificing Norwegian and a Belgian doctor helped a lot of people to survive. These two doctors deserve everything. The name of one of them was D. Delaunois Albert, he did everything in the favour not only his patients but every Jewish and every other prisoner. He rescued people from the transports of crematorium, hid them in the hospital, risked his life for them.

I was still ill when the Russian set the camp free on 21 April 1945. Then my health recovered soon with the help of the good feeding and I became the leader of the laboratory of the hospital-camp. When I returned to Monor I didn't find my parents, who were old people and were deported from Monor to Auschwitz. No any news came from them..