Bartha Károly aks.

Ludovika Akadémia
cső.ti.jelölt
Körmendi atatás 1944.ll.15.
/vitéz Temesváry Endre cső.vörgy. előtt/
F. TOKODi NAG/ MAGDOLNA/Szolnok, Aglu/

Charles Bartha 131 Woodbridge Ln. Battle Creek, MI 49015

## Kedves Zoltán!

Örömmel olvasom részletes beszámolódat, melyre -- míg élek és látok -- ígényt szeretnék tartani.

Viczián Béla évfolyamtársa vagyok. Mi valójában nem voltunk rendes csendőrök, mivel csak karhatalmi beosztásunk volt. Nem is kaptunk és nem is volt fejünkön kakastollas csendőrkalap.

Egyszer, ha jól emlékszem, 1962 őszén Baksy Tibor volt sárospataki osztálytársammal felkerestük Édesapádékat. Neki említettem, hogy 1940 Karácsonyakor legátus voltam, mint hetedikes gimnazista, Nagyapád egyházánál Edelényben (vagy Gesztelyen?).

Szabad legyen pár oldalnyit csatolnom visszaemlékezéseimből, talán érdekelni fognak. Főleg a katonai, akadémiai és csendőrségi élményeimet mellékelem. A postázási, sokszorosítási, stb. költségekhez szeretnék hozzájárulni szerény adományommal.

Bajtársi szeretettel üdvözöllek, Feleséged kezét csókolom,

Barka Karoly

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Just before our graduation, word got around that all able bodied will be inducted into the army. Then, after receiving basic training, they will be sent to the Russian front.

Before taking the strenuous final examinations, I visited a lady fortune teller--in her trance to be called Brother Joseph--for advice. For a silver coin, she (or he) predicted that I'll pass my exams, and in due time, I shall become a high ranking officer. But before that, I'll emigrate to the USA.

Heeding her (or his) advice, I didn't put too much effort to study, yet I received passing grades.

After my father advised me to apply for admission to the Royal Military Academy in Budapest, I complied. On his recommendation, I selected the Gendarme branch of the military, a noncombatant armed police force. According to my dad, the war should be over in four years. Receiving free education, I might even acquire a degree in criminal law.

He was partially right. The war was over in four years, but it was still raging on when I got my premature commission, and I never received a degree in law.

Successfully taking a battery of tests, which lasted for two days, I was accepted as a cadet of the Hungarian Royal Gendarmerie. But first, plebes were required to serve for a year as regular conscripts.

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After the war, the Academy and the Gendarmerie were abolished by the Communist regime.

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The basic training with the 26th Infantry Regiment in Dés, fifty miles away where we lived, was not a boys scout affair. Up at six, we drilled all day long. The food was bad and not nearly enough.

After eight weeks of training, those of us with high school diplomas had to attend the Noncommissioned Officers (NCO) course.

During a field exercise, I was assigned to carry a light machine gun (LMG), twice as heavy as a regular rifle, with its huge spare parts carrying case. When I jumped with it from a cliff, I chipped one of my metatarsal bones. Despite the pain, I still had to crawl 220 yards in the deep snow with the LMG.

Marching back to the barracks for lunch, we had to sing through the city. My leg hurting more and more, my strength started to wane. I began to see stars. My right-hand buddy noticing that my face turned white, gave me a slug of water to drink.

In the parade ground during the exercise evaluation, I barely could stand. The commanding officer, accused of being a sadist, who until now rode his horse ahead of us, finally noticed that I was swaying. He gave me an order to step out of the ranks. With my remaining strength, I refused his order. On his repeated command, I collapsed.

I still don't know how I got to my bed. Shaking all over my body, I woke up for the evening meal: the usual dried cabbage soup with a sliver of sinewy meat and a slice of bread.

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Later, when I returned from the hospital, I became one of the Captain's favorite students.

Early next day, on a gloomy, foggy Saturday, the regimental march was held with full gear. There was no sick call that morning.

Each step hurting, I dragged on. Luckily, we only covered 40 km (approx. 25 miles).

Toward evening, a horse drawn ammunition carriage passed by me. Instinctively, I grabbed a part of it, until a corporal sitting on the back hit my left wrist with his bayonet in its sheath. Now I felt another deep pain that did not appear to subside.

Monday morning, I finally had a chance to go to the infirmary. Stupidly enough, I just complained about my swollen, black and blue right leg. The doctor sent me immediately to the garrison hospital in Kolozsvár, where I looked up my parents first for a few hours.

At the hospital, the X-ray clearly showed the fracture. Because I was accepted to the Military Academy, I was assigned to the officers' quarters. The food was superb. I spent the most enjoyable four weeks of my military service there.

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For ten additional months, I did all rifle exercises with my broken wrist. No wonder my classmates called me: the fakir (an ascetic person who can tolerate pain well).

During late summer of 1943, as pre-plebes, we participated with the upperclassmen at the Academy's grand exercise. This was held in a forsaken part of the Hungarian Great Plain, on a sandy desert terrain.

Marching through some wretched vineyards at the conclusion of the war games, we bought unwashed, questionable quality grapes by the helmetful from the harvesters. How heavenly it tasted because we were not only hungry, but exceedingly thirsty.

About half an hour later, many of the cadets, including me, had to stop, run off the road into the thicket, and go through the following torturous routine:

Throw down the rifle,
Remove the gasmask carrying case,
Take off the belt with the bayonet on it,
Remove the back pack loaded with the overcoat, a flap of tent,
and the blanket hanging on its bottom part,
Remove the bread sack adorned with the infantry spade and,
finally,
Take off the pants, etc., in a hurry.

Thereafter, put back everything in reverse order and try to catch-up with the company in double time.

By the time we did this manipulation two or three times, one cannot forget such an experience for a long time.

We finally exchanged our infantry uniforms to that of the cadets. Instructions started in earnest.

Our lecturers were mostly Austro-Hungarian colonels, extremely pedant yet boring. The younger officers, many of them wounded on the Russian front, were lively instructors: interesting but quite conceited. (One of them, for example, started his first lecture this way: "I, Rommel, and the other famous tank warfare tacticians...") A major from the Gendarmerie tried to introduce us to the labyrinth of criminal law.

There were several field trips interspersed with the classroom lectures. One of the most memorable was the month long winter exercise above Rahó in the eastern Carpathian Mountains.

For an arduous week, we underwent partisan training outdoors. We skied a lot and slept in caverns dug from a round central hole in the deep snow of a tall man's height.

The temperature dipped to -30 degrees at nights, but was not much warmer during the day hours. We were fed with a lukewarm meal once a day. If one didn't eat fast enough, his food froze to the aluminum mess gear.

It is a wonder we did not suffer serious frostbites during that frigid maneuver, full with shivering and chattering of teeth.

The classroom instructions came to an abrupt end in March of '44. Due to the frequent bombardments: methodical and predictable by the Western Powers, haphazard and indiscriminate by the Russians, the faculties of the Academy were dispersed to the proximate countryside of Budapest.

Needing new officers on the Eastern Front, the class above us graduated a year ahead of schedule. We, in the lower grades, were ordered to help with the fortification on the Tisza river around Szolnok, an important railroad junction.

The Tisza, second largest river in Hungary, offered a natural barrier to the unstoppable advance of the Russians, helped by Romanian troops.

Hundreds of farmhands from near and far were employed to build a series of fortification on the west side of the river.

Toward the end of September, there were rumors that the Anglo-Saxon forces might make a beachhead on the Balkan Peninsula. We would have put down our weapons immediately. Unfortunately, this never happened. Knowing very well that we were on the losing side, our government's obsessive revulsion and excessive fear of Communism prevented them from switching sides as the Romanians did a few month ago.

The discipline in the military ebbed. Our officers disappeared, one by one, with heart and stomach problems. We, the cadets, took over the command.

One day, a laborer approached me. He was an ethnic Romanian from the vicinity of Kolozsvár, under Russian control already. He asked for a pass to visit his sick wife and children.

When I handed him the document, I whispered to him: "Don't come back." Grinning, he asked for my parents' address.

A good month later, this poor farmer knocked on the door of my parents, and presented them with a live hen and a dozen of eggs, a veritable treasure in those famine stricken times. Expressing his gratitude, he assured them that I was doing fine. Then he disappeared.

He was the only one from whom my parents heard of me till the end of the war.

The bunkers and elaborate trenches we built were never occupied or used by the Axis forces. The Russians succeeded to cross the Tisza well above us. We were ordered to dismiss the labor force and flee before we were encircled.

The order came too late. A dozen of us wound-up behind enemy lines for three days.

Around midnight of our trek, we noticed a group of buildings that looked like a detached farmstead. Hoping to find something to eat, we approached it cautiously. Suddenly, we were greeted by a salvo of mortar rounds fired in our direction.

Most of the shells fell behind our group, except one that exploded near us, injuring two of us. My wound was superficial: a piece of shrapnel tore through the right leg of my trousers, lodging against the shinbone. Luckily, I could continue to walk with the pack, limping, into the murky night.

We could hear the rattling of weapons as the front advanced before us. Moving only at nights, we ate sunflower seeds and sugar beets, keeping away from inhabited areas.

Not to be noticed, we slept in the middle of huge tracks of still standing corn stacks.

One rainy afternoon, we were surrounded by friendly light tanks reconnoitering in the area. Having picked us up, they crossed the front line at dusk. We were shot at by mortars only. Thank God, none of the tanks were hit.

Eventually, we found our unit and were shipped, by train, to Körmend on the Austrian border. There, we were measured for officers' uniforms.

On October 15, 1944 (nearly sixty years ago), we were commissioned as second lieutenants.

Our class was the last one to leave this old institution as officers. And the first one to receive field uniforms only, devoid of embellishments, except a golden star to denote our rank.

Instead of presenting us with swords, as used to be the custom, we were issued Spanish-made 9mm caliber pistols, called Star.

On the order of the military Chief of Staff, I was to report to the Hungarian Royal Gendarmerie's training battalion in Galánta, currently in the Southwestern part of the Slovak Republic.

To get there, I had to travel by horse-drawn farm carriages, occasionally by military vehicles for a few kilometers, and mainly, by "pedes aposolorum," i.e. on foot. The travel took three days which normally would have taken four hours by train. But by then, there were no trains running in that direction, the bridges over the Danube having been blown up by the Germans.

In Galánta, I shared a small room with another young officer at the home of a childless physician couple. We ate in the military compound at the officers' mess.

My first assignment was platoon leader to the battalion bicycle company. We supposed to be reconnaissance scouts, but because of the snowy roads, we spent our time dismantling and putting back the bicycles, day after day.

A month later, I was appointed company commander.

Each day, at the morning briefing, I had to announce that whoever wished to serve in the glorious German Army, as a member of the élite Waffen-SS, should step forward. That individual will be promoted one grade immediately.

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We knew the meaning of the word "élite" very well: a notoriously ruthless shock troop, a cruel fighting force.

None of us ever volunteered to serve with them.

In November of '44, events started to change for the worse in a hurry.

Our German allies formally occupied Hungary and set up a pro-Nazi regime. Even the salute in the military was changed to the fascistic way.

Before the morning orientation, the puppet ruler's name had to be invoked. Because I didn't swear allegiance to him, I let the first sergeant do the saluting and the greeting: "Perseverance! Long live Szálasi!"

After the ceremony, I appeared from the building and gave orders for the day. This continued for about two weeks.

On one, for me almost fatal day, a huge Mercedes, painted khaki and flying the arrow-cross (Nazi) flag, rolled into the compound. A few minutes later, I was asked to report to the visiting dignitary.

The interrogation itself was in a private room. The colonel wanted to know if it was true that I didn't greet the company in the morning and I was reluctant to do the German-type salute. Somebody must have reported my actions (rather, my inactions), there was no reason to deny them.

The officer gave me a long argument to obey the law, however unpleasant it was. Do I want my parents to be harmed, do I want to end up in a concentration camp, forever ruining my career, he wanted to know.

Under duress, I capitulated. The punishment phase was in the presence of the corps of officers. The colonel severely chided me for insubordination and commuted my sentence: confinement to my quarters after duty hours for a month.

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The outcome of the investigation could have been worse, indeed, tragic for me. Frankly, I expected at least a demotion in rank. The confinement was merely a symbolic punishment. There was nothing to do, really, in that sleepy, small town, except to get drunk on rum, the only available drink in the lone tavern.

In mid-January of 1945, Budapest was already encircled by the Russian and Ukranian forces. They occupied about half of the country and one-third of Slovakia.

Induction-age youth from the Galánta area and of upper Transdanubia were called up into a gendarme training battalion. The conscripts were called by the name of line-gendarmes. I was assigned to them as a platoon leader.

When I learned that one of my subordinate's name was Corporal Eisenreich, I rejoiced. Our platoon needed a German speaking translator. My happiness was short lived: the corporal spoke not a word of German, despite his Teutonic name and appearance.

On short order, we were packed and sent toward the West by train, to receive instructions in the use of the much heralded "Wunderwaffen" (i.e. wonder weapons).

It took us a week to travel through Czechoslovakia and the eastern part of Germany, due to the frequent air raids. Once, we had to get another locomotive because the original one was hit by a Lightning (did you notice the capitalization?). Eventually, we arrived at our destination: Hildesheim near Hannover, in Lower Saxony.

Our company was the only one having been quartered within the city limits. The others were housed in the surrounding villages. Actually, we occupied an old hotel with a non-functioning restaurant, on the hill called Wilhelmshöhe, overlooking the city.

What were those promised weapons, we never found out, we'll never know.

Maybe, they were the spades and shovels issued to our troop to help with the repair of the railroad tracks which were damaged by the bombers during nights. We often worked alongside Jewish concentration camp inmates, some of them speaking our tongue. They even kidded us occasionally for our unusual armament.

During a work detail, I noticed soldiers behind barbed wire fences wearing khaki uniforms looking at us. As I approached them, an elderly guard tried to chase me away. Telling him rudely: "Kannst Du nicht sehen dass ich ein Offizier bin" (Can't you see that I'm an officer), he relented, especially after I gave him a few cigarettes. By the way, cigarettes were used in barter, instead of the worthless reichsmark. There was nothing to buy with that money, anyway.

The soldiers turned out to be Nisei POWs captured in Italy around Monte Cassino. I told them who I was, and threw them the remaining cigarettes. Sadly, I could not take any of their names.

There were two German NCOs attached to us as military advisers. Sometimes, we did not see them for weeks. They never bothered to supply us with weapons. Our recruits never fired a single shot with a rifle.

The company thus remained unarmed, save the NCOs who carried WWI issue carbines, and the officers pistols. We received verbal instructions while in Hungary yet, not to fight the Western Powers, only the Russians.

After the provisions brought with us from Galánta were exhausted, we were at the mercy of our German hosts. The meager grub that we received from them was barely edible and inadequate. Their only excuse was that they did not eat any better.

Pity the American POWs, who were fed even worse than us by their captors. They still had enough wit and energy to parody the Nazi hymn: "Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles. Ein Kartoffel, das ist alles." (Germany, Germany, above all. One potato, that's all or that's it, i.e. to eat.)

Our innkeeper came to our rescue. Somehow, through connections, he bought a huge horse head on Saturdays, from which he prepared a nondescript colored soup of indefinable taste. A sliver of meat floated in the brew, enhanced with a few kernels of corn. We ate it with gusto, especially that the landlord sold us thin slices of coarse bread, generously sprinkled with sawdust. This was the special event we were waiting for all week.

The hunger compelled me to be a hunter there, for the first and last time in my life. With a target pistol, I shot four squirrels that were feeding on pine seeds, high above us in the forest.

On the spot, having skinned and disemboweled them, we fried the tiny animal carcasses on wooden skewers. They tasted resin-like and were rather chewy.

We ate them, nevertheless. A famished person cannot be choosy. (This is not a Chinese proverb, I hope.)

Because of the regular bombardments of nearby Hannover, we chose to sleep in trenches dug in the forest, covered with boughs of pine and dirt, rather than in the relatively warm building that was visible for miles.

One day, during broad daylight, we had an ideal place from where to observe an armada of planes releasing their deadly cargo above us. They dropped incendiary bombs glittering as they fell, interspersed with regular bombs to discourage the work of nonexistent firemen.

We watched, helplessly, as the phosphorous bomblets ignited the buildings of the inner city, which were constructed in medieval times from wood and mud. Everything, save the spire of St. Andreas church, burned to the ground within an hour.

We would have surely perished in that inferno, had the company commander not insisted that his unit be moved from the briefly occupied converted movie house in the congested center of town, to the outskirt of the city.

Nobody has an exact number how many died in the fire that day, but close to twenty thousand by some estimates.

That frightful and unforgettable day was March 22, 1945.

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One of the bombers blew-up above us, parts of it falling toward the blazing city, in graceful arcs. No-one parachuted from the wreckage. We never learned the cause of that accident. There were no antiaircraft artillery units in the vicinity, and we saw no German fighter aircrafts attacking the bombers.

On one balmy spring day, returning from a railroad repair detail for lunch, the quarters duty NCO brought a line-gendarme belonging to my platoon front and center. This youngster reported sick in the morning and was caught in the act as he stole one of his comrades daily bread ration.

Citing such-and-such an article of the martial law, the company commander ordered me to execute the fellow on the spot, in front of the company, saying: "Lieutenant, shoot this man!"

Looking at the ashen faced, trembling youngster, not thinking of the consequences, I said calmly: "Captain, Sir, you have a pistol, too. You shoot the man."

"You mean the lieutenant refuses my order?" demanded the officer. "No, Sir," I answered now sarcastically, "I just let you execute this pleasurable act."

"The lieutenant depart to his quarters!" bellowed my superior. In my room, I listened for the sound of the pistol's bang. I heard none.

Later that day, the captain ordered me to write a record of my refusal, typed. He also imposed upon me thirty days of solitary confinement to my room, after duty hours. At least, I had plenty of time for the report's preparation.

Never having typed before, I must have made numerous mistakes. Each report I painfully prepared was handed back to me for corrections, clarifications, etc. I still would be typing if a turn of events would not have occurred.

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Would you believe that the young man who spoke Hungarian with a marked accent, his father being a Slovak, never approached me later. In fact, he shunned me for what I did, rather for what I did not do to him.

A simple "Thank you, lieutenant" would have been enough of him.

The event I mentioned was the urgent order to assemble all companies into a central village. To accomplish this, we had to travel over well camouflaged trails in the forest. To reach another forested area, we had to rush through an open field, squads at a time, hoping that we would not be noticed by the observation plane circling above us.

After three platoons reached the other forest, we started to hear the rumblings of tanks on the nearby highway leading into the city.

My captain wanted us to go to the nearby weapons depot, get some weapons, and put up a good fight, on the recommendation of the military advisors.

Lecturing my superior, I told him we were here for three months and our hosts did not supply us with any arms, not even a rifle. Would he fight with recruits who never even saw a weapon. I also dared to remind him that we had orders to fight the Russians only.

The captain turned red in the face and reached for his pistol. By then, two of my sergeants behind me aimed at him with their loaded carbines.

Putting away his pistol, the captain handed the company over to me, saying that he'll fight alone and departed with the German NCOs.

Shortly after the trio departed, we heard through a loudspeaker, in German: "German soldiers, give yourselves up. You'll be treated humanely."

The same message was repeated twice more. As we made no movement, shooting started immediately with Howitzers from the rear (later, we saw the spent shells) and by machine guns from the tanks about 200 yards away.

One projectile fell on a neatly stacked wood pile of the forester, around which we took cover. Miraculously, nobody was hurt even though we were covered with fire wood. The first sergeant begged me to do something, else we'll be surely killed there.

Waving my handkerchief wildly, I burst out of the thicket and began to run toward the tanks. To my surprise, there was an instant cease fire.

At the second tank, I reported to a tall, German speaking captain who happened to make the calls. He asked me why we didn't shoot back, and, secondly, why we didn't give-up at once, when requested.

My naive answer was, that our unit was unarmed consisting of recruits. Didn't he call over the Germans, I noted. I also pointed out to the captain that the spotter plane's pilot could clearly observe our uniform being khaki, rather than grey.

The captain then inquired if we suffered any casualties. My answer was negative. Whereupon he asked me to climb into his tank, and pushing a certain button on the microphone, call over the company from the two forests.

Relinquishing our weaponry, we were sent back, in formation and without escort to the next village, maybe a mile away, called Diekholzen.

The day of my surrender was April 7, 1945.

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Did I forget to mention that my pocket watch, a slim Doxa--graduation gift from my parents--is in the possession of a WWII veteran, who forgot to give it back to me, after he asked for the time.

I did not care a bit, having survived the Second World War.

In the middle of the village, a Military Police (MP) corporal lead me to a German speaking sergeant for interrogation.

The intelligence NCO wanted to know the situation in the city. All I knew that the town was to be declared a free city, due to loss suffered during the bombardment three weeks ago.

Noticing that his name was Jewish, I told him that we worked with concentration camp prisoners a few days before. I also mentioned to him that I saw Nisei soldiers not far from there. He asked me to show both of their locations on a detailed map. Within hours, we learned later, they were liberated.

After the interrogation, I joined the company in one of the larger classrooms of the school building. There were 50-60 German POWs sitting on the floor with us. Two MPs, in opposite corners of the room, watched us.

Maybe half an hour later, long lasting firing erupted outside. The Germans were convinced that the prisoners in the courtyard were gunned down. Not believing it, I peaked through the lowered blinds secretly. They were still standing there. The shooting was apparently directed to low flying enemy aircrafts.

As I was looking out the window, whenever the MP sentinels were not watching, I noticed one of our companies marching by on the road. Immediately, I signaled to one of the guards, who took me to the interrogator. Pointing out the marching unit to him, he released us to join the rest of the battalion.

Have I not noticed them, our destination would have been May-le-Camp, in France, an infamous POW camp guarded by equally mean foreign legionnaires.

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It is a shame that I do not remember the names of the Captain and of the interrogator. What if he was Henry Kissinger?

Following our other units, we were assigned to barracks of factory workers who fled a few days earlier. A company of policemen from Kolozsvár also joined us. Quite a few of them I recognized, having directed traffic in my adopted city.

About a week later, the company commander appeared unshaven, his uniform in shreds. Bragging, that he didn't give himself up, he tried to get back the company from me. He was driven off by the NCOs. We never saw him again. His name was Captain István Martélyi, doctor of criminal law.

We were in the English Zone of occupation. The military governor of Hildesheim, however, was an American colonel, named Smith. He served in Budapest, as military attache, for two years before the war.

The Colonel learned about our unit, and after we were checked for lice (only our left armpit was examined, obviously they looked for SS members among us, who had their blood type tattooed there), we were issued white armbands. For two months, we furnished guard duty for his office complex in the city.

Among the Colonel's subordinates, one was of Hungarian stock. This GI came to me often to dictate letters to his parents who, obviously, could not read and write English. I also read his parents' letters to him, because he could not decipher their writing, being in Hungarian. How I wish now I would have jotted down his address, especially that it was in Detroit.

The camp was in a forest. Beside us, there were Poles and Ukrainians who worked in the factory, neatly dug in the hill, as forced laborers.

We roamed the forest gathering luscious mushrooms. We also felled trees that were dead, for firewood. Otherwise, there was nothing to do, the war was still raging on in the Pacific.

Colonel Smith made a proposition to the battalion commander shortly after they met.

If the commander can organize a regiment, he'll see to it that it will be taken over by the U.S. Army en masse. After eight weeks of training in the States and another eight weeks in Hawaii, the regiment will be thrown in against the Japanese.

Due to lack of communication (there were close to a quarter million of us throughout Germany and Austria), we could not persuade enough soldiers including our recruits who wanted to go home. But going home, right after the war ended, meant a certain POW status by the Russians, especially for the gendarmes, albeit they were only conscripts.

Disappointed, the Colonel still inspected us on Saturdays and loved to watch us, as we marched passed by him, goose-stepping to the sound of bugles.

In the spring of 1946, all displaced persons in the area (we, too, got that status despite the fact that we were the last satellites of the Germans) were gathered into a centrally located DP camp.

Our next place of stay was in Holzminden, a charming small city on the Weser river.

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Only God knows what would have happen to us, had we been taken over, with ranks. One thing is sure: we never would have seen action due to the surrender of the Japanese in August.

Our battalion, with company of policemen and the staff of a Hungarian military hospital, began bidding time in a high-school complex converted to our lodging.

While in Holzminden, I received a post-card from my parents through the international Red Cross. Apparently, they heard of me from those who dared to return: mostly women, elderly men, or youngsters.

The text was short, containing a mysterious advice: "Stay in the hospital as long as possible." Why would they write to me such a message, I wondered, since the last slight wound I suffered was in Hungary, two years ago.

An older officer solved the riddle for me: I should not attempt to return home for the time being. That "time being" lasted twenty-seven years.

The outlook in the camp, indeed anywhere in Germany, looked bleak for us. We could not go back to our native land unless one fervently desired to spend a few years in Siberia as a POW first. We had no chance yet to emigrate anywhere. Even the English (St. John) Red Cross, who supplied us with provisions, could not secure employment for us.

We played cards for days at a time, then more cards. We had to occupy our minds somehow.

One notable event occurred, when one of my cousins, Ferkó, an eighteen-year old former military high school student, looked me up on the way to go home. The only useful thing I could give him for the long trip was a pair of Italian-style boots.

Not finding his family, he visited my parents and was adopted by them to take my place. A year later, Ferkó located his father, but decided to remain with my brothers.

Having nothing to do in the camp, some of my more daring friends started to scout around in the U.S. Zone of occupation, later in the French.

There, to their surprise, they found entire Hungarian units in the service of the Foreign Legion. For some mysterious reason, our government forgot to declare war on France.

Returning from of their excursions already in French uniforms, my buddies painted an unbelievable picture: nice garments, salary in francs, ample of food with a liter of wine a day, and a ration of cigarettes, called Corporal. (I must hastily add that I sold my wine and cigarette rations, months at a time, to an alcoholic legionnaire.)

Some fifty of us hopped on a train toward Saarbrucken, in the Upper French Zone, to be processed into an auxiliary guard unit, an offshoot of the Foreign Legion.

After having a fiery dispute with a peppery little Corsican adjutant (a grade higher than a master sergeant) because I claimed I had no profession, he pronounced me an active officer. True, I still wore my gendarme uniform with the star and insignia.

He told me, then, to eat at the officers' mess that evening. Next day, I became the company clerk, with the rank of corporal, due to my neat and nice printing.

Eventually, a year later and at another installation, I became the battalion postmaster, as a sergeant.

Our unit's duty was to guard German POWs as they took-up the mines laid by the Germans, French, even the Americans. After the area around Saarbrucken was cleared of the mines and the German fortifications, part of the Siegfried Line, were destroyed, we were transferred to Trier. Next, we moved to Bad Kreutznach, to process and release the POWs.

To see the world, I volunteered to be on one of the slow-moving convoys that took 2000 prisoners to be released in the Hamburg area. I am still convinced that I got the yellow jaundice during that trip, eating only cheese and very little bread.

My last place of duty was in Freiburg, close to Switzerland. There, we guarded the military airport. After rainy days during the spring, we were asked to gather snails, preferably from vineyards. They tasted superb, prepared with parsley-leaves and butter, served on a plate covered with hot salt.

Then one day, we received a huge dose of medication, injected of course, against malaria, typhus, etc. I suspected we might be sent to Indochina shortly.

The proverb, in Latin: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" (Sweet and dignified/meritorious/befitting is to die for one's country), was carried out too many times by countless true patriots. Somehow, I felt that this aphorism did not pertain to me: France was neither my mother country nor my fatherland.

Because I was weakened by the yellow jaundice, I applied to emigrate to the USA. My mother's relations, living in Detroit, set the procedure in motion. In due time, I received the affidavit and sailed out of Bremerhaven on the S.S. Gen. Charles Muir, a troop carrier. The trip lasted eleven long days.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

I still wore my French uniform (the only clothes I had), when I set foot on American soil, in New York harbor, on August 13, 1949.

By now, I could converse haltingly in English, with an accent, of course. (Even today, fifty-some years later, I have a noticeable one.)

My next door neighbor, an elderly Italian immigrant, learned the language of his immediate vicinity: Hungarian, with an accent, of course. He spoke very little and very bad English, living in Delray for thirty years.

Not wanting to follow his example and having no job outlook for a while, I decided to sign-up with the Army. A foreign-born had to have his green card to join, which I had by then.

Although I was almost twenty-nine years old, they took me. Interestingly, recruits in Detroit were taken to Fort Custer, in Battle Creek. At that time, I would not have thought that I'll be living there. The Fort was a booming, busy installation at that time, housing in excess of ten thousand soldiers. The day of my enlistment was Jan. 21, 1952.

After getting our uniforms, equipment, and going through a series of indoctrination, some of us were bused to Fort Knox, in Kentucky, for basic training.

The inductees took a battery of tests to determine their capabilities and aptitudes. I must have done all right, because a dozen of us, mostly college graduates, were asked to report for another series of tests next day. Those, who passed this test, could attend the Officers' Candidate School (OCS), if they desired.

Diligently working on all questions, I went back several times to the ones I couldn't solve at once, thus losing precious time. I simply could have skipped the difficult questions or could have given the wrong answer, concentrating on the easy ones, completing more questions.

Even this way, finishing only three-fourth of the test, my score was 118, two points below the cut-off point.

Eventually, I was assigned to an infantry training company.

Because there weren't enough NCOs, due to the Korean conflict, and because I was (at least 6-7 years) older than the regular inductees, the company commander appointed me as acting platoon leader.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Had I known how to take tests, I would have surely passed that of the OCS. Maybe Brother Joseph's prediction would have come true. But at what price: I probably never would have met my wife.

Truthfully, I am satisfied the way the course of my life evolved. In fact, I wouldn't want it in any other way.

During a drill session, something went wrong. I felt, I had to punish the platoon by doing a series of "on your stomach - up" exercises, which I executed with them.

Unnoticed to me, a jeep pulled-up behind me. A few minutes later a raspy voice addressed me: "Soldier, report to me!"

Turning around, I saw a full colonel by now standing in the vehicle.

First, I gave order to the platoon to fall into formation, then to present arms. Only then did I report to the officer. Looking over the platoon, the colonel told me to put the platoon at ease.

The colonel inquired if I served in the German army. I told him, he was not far off, having been trained similarly in the Hungarian.

The officer then remarked, that if he'd have one thousand soldiers like me, he could conquer half of Asia. "However," he added almost begging, "these recruits should be handled with care, as if they'd be boys scouts, else they write to their congressman, and I'll be in trouble."

After his remarks, the colonel shook hands with me and departed. Later, I found out that he was responsible for the conscripts' training.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Hopefully, it does not sound like bragging if I tell you, that toward the end of lengthy marching practices, I carried two M1 Garand rifles on my shoulders. Most of the trainees, namely, had difficulty marching for extended periods.

Couple of weeks into basic training, a well decorated master sergeant came to the company office and wanted to talk to me.

When we were left alone, he asked in my native tongue if I were a "Magyar" (i.e. Hungarian). "So am I," he replied to my "Igen" (i.e. Yes) answer, shaking my hand.

Not only that, but his last name was the same as mine. He happened to be the personal chauffeur to the commanding general of Fort Knox.

Sergeant Bartha wanted to know if I'd like to meet his family in Dayton, Ohio. How could I say no, when this meant several weekend passes which, normally, were not available to rookies.

He drove me to Dayton a couple of times. I even attended church service with his family in a Hungarian Reformed Congregation.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Finally, I can remember the name of an American serviceman.

Recently, while reliving old memories, I decided to call Sergeant Bartha in Dayton. Unfortunately, I could not locate him. He either retired somewhere else, or departed for the eternal hunting ground.

Toward the end of basic training, I was made general-for-a-day. (Brother Joseph was right, after all, even though for a fleeting moment in my life.) Touring with the commanding General, we inspected the troops. Sergeant Bartha drove us around the enormous camp.

At the conclusion of our training, I met Brigadier General Williamson again. He was the one, who introduced me to the new group of inductees in the base auditorium. The General praised me for my exemplary leadership, choosing to serve my new country as a private, having been an officer before.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

The company I trained with got the order to be shipped to Korea. My order specified a tour of duty in Europe, as a translator/interpreter. Previously, I passed three language tests, administered by the Army: Hungarian, German, and French.

This time, I returned to Germany what I wanted to be years ago, an American soldier. As an irony of fate, my group was one of the last to be awarded the Army's Occupation Medal of Germany. I also received the National Defense Service Medal at my discharge from the armed forces.

My first assignment was: interpreter to the commander of a tank company, attached to an infantry regiment in a small village, near Augsburg.

During maneuvers, our tanks often caused considerable damage to the fields, orchards, and forests. The loss sufferer had to present his grievances through me. The captain not only understood everything, but his German was far better than mine. He never would divulge that he spoke their language.

Learning that I used to be an officer, the captain said to me in German "Du kannst mir ruhig Du sagen." Translated loosely: "You can call me by my first name." Provided, of course, that we were the only present.

The NCOs of the company also heard that I served for the French, in a similar grade. We became buddies, being of the same age even. Consequently, I didn't have to serve as a KP (kitchen police), working an arduous twelve-hour shift.

After I finished a six-months long course in radio repair, I was promoted to corporal and became the communication chief of the company, later as a sergeant. I had my own half-track vehicle, with a driver. The captain used to sleep in the hind part of the truck on maneuvers, sharing it with me (rather, vice versa).

Because the tanks could not be moved readily by rail, at times, we spent two months away from the barracks.

On such a lengthy bivouac, a jeep came one day to take me to the American Consulate in München (Munich). The reason: to obtain my citizenship.

My only regret is, even now, that I had to appear in fatigues for the ceremony, on Aug. 26, 1954.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Not too many naturalized citizens can claim that they received their citizenship overseas.

The Christmas season of 1954 approached quickly. Those of us who enlisted in the month of January were offered to be discharged a month earlier.

We traveled by train from Munich to Livorno (Leghorn), in Italy. We sailed through the Mediterranean Sea by another troop carrier ship, saying good-bye to Europe, passing around Gibraltar.

We took a train-ride from New York, this time to Chicago. We were discharged there, on Dec. 17, 1954.

Four of us from the Detroit area hired an idle sailor to take us home by car. We were dropped off, one by one, at different parts of the city, despite the pitiful state of the wintery roads.

My friend and former classmate at the Academy, Béla Gergő, didn't expect me to be back that early. A few days later, he introduced me to our landlord: the pastor of the Hungarian Evangelical Lutheran Church in Delray.

To my surprise, I recalled not only the minister's face, but his name also. Rev. Julius Asbóth, namely, conducted religious worships at our Academy occasionally. He was the protestant military chaplain to our rival, the Technical Military Academy.

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

It was at that fateful occasion, that I met the minister's daughter, a high school student named Ilona, who became my wife three and a half years later.



Hung. Royal Gendarmerie No. 79033

## CERTIFICATE OF IDENTITY

2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Károly Bartha is an active member of the Hungarian Royal Gendarme Battalion.

> Galánta, Jan. 1, 1945. (signed) Col. Barabás





Note:

Károly, my baptismal, Christian, or given name in Hungarian, is given last, without a comma, preceded by the family name.

It is derived from the Latin Carolus and is the basis for the German Karl or Carl, and the English or French Charles.

In French Uniform

My U.S. Army ID



Bartos Ödön őrgy. /Bartsch/

1943.05.01. /1928.évf./

Cső.hiradó oszt.pság. pk-a

1943.05.01. 1906.10.09. 1928.08.20. 1928.

+ München /Né.o./ 1974.10.17. bélrák

a Rádió, telefon, géptáviró szakértője



BARTOS ÖDÖN

Bazsó Lajos dr. szds. /Ring/

1942.03.31. /1935.évf./

VI.cső.ker. Gyulai szárnypk.

F.: Szentiványi Klára /1941/Jászberény

Gy.:- Ildikó Mária Klára /1942/

+ Hősi halott, 1944. Gyula

A. BALINT MARIA

Bayer László dr. szds.

1943.08.01. /1937.évf./

II.cső.ker. Érsekujvári szárny pk-a

1943.08.01. 1912.08.10. 1943.08.01. 1937.

1945 után a BM ben dolgozott

IGAZOLVA! BUDAPEST, U. ZOLTÁN-U. 16.5%. M.K. 1946. 192.5%. 143. SOR. &. BA/20. + ? TART. VEZ. ERSEKULVARI SZÁRNY PK-

Bálint József III. oRosz Higgi alez.

1942.05.01. /1920.évf./

X.cső.ker. Marosvásárhely ea.ti.

1943.05.01. 1898.02.26. 1918.11.06. 1920. 1917.

F.: Jőba Sarolta /Nyiregyháza, 1942.10./

Gy .: - Katalin

+ ? 1917: 10. GY.E. TART HDGT. 1916. 08. 01 N.K. Bánházy József /Czirenner/

Budapest, III, Evezó-u. 6.sz.

Cs.Zs. 1944. Ø

Bánhegyi Béla /Berger/ szds.

1939.11.01. /1929.évf./

II.cső.ker.

III.cső.ker. Szombathely ea.ti.

1939.11.01. 1905.12.13. 1929.08.20. 1929

festősegéd

Ausztrália Rongwood /Victoria/

+

Bánhegyi István fhdgy.

1944.01.01. /1941.évf./

Nagyváradi cső.zlj.okt.ti. 1944.01.01. 1917.12.21. 1942.12.06. 1941.09.-i F.: Pálos Aliz Bánki László dr. szds.

1940.09.01. /1931.évf./

III.cső.ker. 8.nyo.aloszt.pk-a Kassa 1940.09.01. 1904.08.21. 1931.11.01. 1931.

Vág-völgyi harcokban táb.cső.og.

+ Kivégezték, 1954.08.21.2 1950.12.02. TEMETÉSE 1950.12.05., SZU.hdf. 298.XIX. PARCELLA 35.52.

Bánki László dr. szds.

Hollós Ervin: Rendőrség, csendőrség. VKF 2 352.0.
Szül.: 1904 Debrecen
napidijas a debreceni Munkásbiztositó Pénztárnál 1929-ig
áll.tud.dr.
Ludovika Akadémia
1935. fhdgy. ll.gy.e.
cső.ti-i tanf.
Gyula szárnypk.
őpk.isk.ea,ti.
1939-1942 kárpátaljai nyo.aloszt.pk-a
Alag, Erdély, Délvidék, Andrássy-lakt.

Schőnherz Zoltán elf.

A magyar antif.ell.áll. és part.mozg. Kislexikon. 237.o. Nyilt nyomozás vez-je Andrássy Laktanyában 1942.05.01.-től

A Hollio e

Kinset

Belügyminisetérium 11/8.0sztály.

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szigoruan titkosi

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Hollo's C

Esemeny - jelentes Budapest: 1998 szeptember 5.-on.

1956 augusztus 30-tól szeptember 5-ig tenjedő időszakban a csoportnál uj őrizetbevétel nem történt. Felyamatban lévő ügyekben az elábbi előrehaladás történt;

# 1./ Andrássy laktanysi nyomozási

Athaligattuk Tekacs Fal Syörmy Coves, alkalmazotti ssaraszasu, volt horthysta politikal covektivet. Vallamast tett
errol, hogy 1942 majusaban " Satiin napi parancsa " c.
Ujesten megtalalt röpecebla elapjan Mayand Ribor vesetesevel detektivek haskutatant tartottak több kommunista
tevekenyseggel syamusithate ujpesti ssamely lakasan.
Többek között elödintettak nesi narely, Sarasegi nevü
villamoskalaust, Sara istvant, nörömpüly istvant és
nugar Janost. Nessettek közöt mar nehany szeseliyt korabban
la figyeltek, tevekenysegükről adatekkal rendelkeztek.
Is figyeltek, tevekenysegükről adatekkal rendelkeztek.
A kinaligatások adatal, valamint a háskutatások során talált röpeédhidi és ceyéb sajtótermékek egyeztetésével
további fidel sekét vesettek be és ujabb személyeket vettek őrizetbe. Sak követően a Budapesti Főkapitányságon a
nyomoszas szinhelyén kezi nároly öngyilkos lett, sagar János
üngyikosságot kisérelt meg, esért újazászi vörgy. Az
alanvelelmi közpent vezetőjének utasítására a nyomosás
szinhelyéb az Andrassy laktanyába tették át. Ugyancsak

a nyomozást pánki László cző.czás. irányitotta. minden előallitott szemelyt először juhász és mayand kérdeztek ki. A kihallgatások tényleges vezetője azonban morváth sándor éső ftörm. és nékkői serene cző. őrm. voltak, ekik a legkezyetelenebb módszerekkel igyekeztek vallomásra birni a letartóztatottakat. Horváth és kékkői áltel készitett rövid kihallgatási jegyzetek alapján végeste keszitett rövid kihallgatási jegyzetek alapján végeste kenes miek a reszletes kikerdencseket. A vallomásokról noncs jegyzőkönyv fogslaszványokat koszitett, melyek noncs jegyzőkönyv fogslaszványokat koszitett, melyek noncs jegyzőkönyv fogslaszványokat koszitett, melyek noncs jegyzőkönyv fogslaszványokat koszitett. Belyek leső sándor éső nyom érm-hes kerültek, aki a kajcsolatos peldányokat egyestette. Juhász Antal kezelte az érizotszok letéti tárgyait, ezenkívül résztvett előállitásokon, utcsi találkozókón és kihallgatásokon is.

TORTENET! HIVATAL

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023

Tonesi Béla feladata volt az előállítási névjegyzék kezelése, az erkülcsi, vagyoni bizonyitványok beszerzése és

es eléallitandé esemélyekkel kapcsolatos eléjegysés kezdlése. Oser istyan, Gerel bése de boker cyule végezték a

külső nyomozati munkát.

Vallomást tett nózsa kerenc elvtára és schönherez voltan elvtars letartóstatása körülményeiről. Rézsa Perenc civtársat, Pål corgesz bulla vallomása alapján sikerült eliógni a veres utes és ayul utes serkén. Schönheres Zortén elvtarest coldmann Gyergynével tertény találkozója corán ca Acvinkusi museum kertjében fogták el. Vallomasában elmondta, hogy Rossa Ferenc elvtareat porvath Sandor 65 Juhász András a kolozsvári alosztály ayosozójá kinesták halálra.

Kihallasttuk juhász Antal 44 éves, ezegényparaszti szárma-zásu, volt horthysta csendőr nyamozó őrmestert, eki a nyonozás általános történeti leirásában megerősitette Takdes ral sydrgy vallomasát és a nyomosásban résztvevő csendőr nyomosák konkrét tevekenye gével kapcsolatban részletes vallomást tett. Vallotta, hogy Barsi Gésa, Caer részletes vallomást tett. Vallotta, hogy Barsi Gésa, Caer istván, Bokor Gyula és contantent Bartfai Sándor rendszeresen a felkutatásokat, őrib bevételeket, háskutatást és az ferzeteseknek a csemosó csoporthoz való kisérését végezték. De előfordult as 18 hogy ogyes jelentősebb ezemélyek, mint plú. Rózsa Forenc és Schönhercz Zoltán őrizetbe-vételőre ugyszolván as egész nyomosó állomány kiszállt. Alátámasztotta faldcs lúl György azon vallomását 18, melyeserint Herváth andor és Juháss András kinosták halálra Rózsa kerenc elvtáreat.

# 2./ 1943 townest coroksári nyomosás;

Kiholicattek Juhasz Antal elitaltet, aki vallemásában eldado, hely a sprokodri nyomozás részben a korábban lefolytatet erdélyi nyomozio adatain, részben esendér be-eugék jelentésein, részben ismertebb kommunisták telálkogójának leflayelősén keletkezett adatok alapján kezdődött. nychozás vesetője vallendsa szerint Fadgyas Lászlá cső. Magy. volt, a csendérsée réssérél <u>Juhass István</u>, koncs Nek, Rakó Sándor, Kékkől Ferenc, Norváth Sándor, elotás Yerenc, a mayand csoport réssérél <u>Szélesi Jenő</u>, <u>Mikszádi</u> Endre, Cselényl Antal, Témesi Béle, Kaszela Antal és Barsi Goza vettek reszt.

A nyomozás kezdetével kapcsolatban vallotta, hogy besngék jelentései alapján egyadsután kerültek gyanuba különböző budapesti személyek, majd 1943 februárjában és márciusában figyeldsen keresztül röpiratszórókat deritettek fel és osen adatok alapján az Allamvédolai Köspont elrendelte a nyilt nyomozást és jéváhagyta az elősetes őrizetbevételeket A nyomozás vesetője és tényleges irányitója ennél a nyomozdanál is Juhász Istvám alhásy. volt, aki minden előállitottal foglalkozott, mindenkit kiballgatott és kihellgatásairól pár szavás jegyzetet készitett sáját részér

TORTENETI HIVATAL

Vallomása szerint Juhász lstván a nyomozás sérán Demény Pált is le akarta tartóstatni, azonban erro Sombor Sweinitzer József, Kudar Lajos cső.esredéssel, az állam-Védelmi Központ helyettes vezetőjével egyetértésben engedélyt nem adott.

#### Konkrét ügyek:

- volt cső.ftőrm. tejkeselő, lovasberényi lakos vallotta, hogy 1926 -ba került a csendőrsőghez, különbőző Balaton-környéki őrsökön teljesitett szolgálatot, utoljára 1945-ben a Balatonboglári őrsön, őrsparanchokként tevékenykedett. vallotta, hogy a felszsbadulás után csendőri tevékenykesenysége miatt "zekletásnak"ne tegye ki magát, hamis születési anyakönyvi kivonatot allított ki sógora személyi adataival és letartóztatásáis ücrváth József álnéven Lovasberényben élt. Bünüs evékenységével kapcsolatban szóleskörű felderitő munkát indivottunk meg, ez szonban eredményre még nem vezetett. Malózati adatok szerint nevezett gyanusítható an 1944-es keszthelyi gyilkosságokbañ való részvétellel, ezett beszereztűk az emlitett per birósági anyagát és ennek alapján tanuk kihallgatásával kiséreljűk meg nevezett bűnösségének bizonyitását.
- 2./ Sárkőzi. Bola 49 éves, polgári származásu. Volt horthysta reddőr fogelmazó, debreceni lakos. Valiomást tett arról. begy a felszabadulástól letartóstatásáig azért volt illegafitásban, hogy ne szenvedjen hátrányokat horthysta detektív volta miatt. Rúszletesen kikérdeztük detektív tevenénységére és vallomása alapján személyeket deritünk fel nép ellenes cselekményeinek bizonyítására.

/: Cattled dyorgy :/
P. ords.
alosztalyvezető h.

/: Rózee László :/

Récault: 6 pld-ban. Gépelte: Fné. Nytes: 40/5 Bánki Zoltán hdgy.

1943.08.20. /1913.08.évf./

V.cső.ker. Ujvidéki cső.sud.okt.ti.

A.: Millig Gizella

+ 1945.03.04. Szombathely légitád.-kor

1943. 09.01. 1922.09.29. 1943.08.20. 1943.

Bánó Imre dr. fhdgy.

1941,11.01. /1939.02.évf./

IV.cső.ker. Mohácsi szárnypk.h.
1941.11.01. 1916.03.19. 1943.08.20. 1939.02-i
+ Anglia, 1987.

Bánsági Béla dr. Rishter

szds.

1942.03.31.

1935.évf.

Közlekedési szárny pk. Komárom

1942.03.31. 1913.03.13. 1939.01.01. 1935.

F.: Jovanovich Margit Szilvia Leopoldina MARTH/
/1942. Szombathely/ - Etus

Gy.: -Miklós, - Bela, - Heinz

+ Ausztrália, 1998.07.14., Victoria

"Pufi"





Fájdalomtól megtört szívvel tudatjuk, hogy szeretett férjem, édesapánk, nagyapánk, dédapánk

## DR. BANSÁGI

m. kir. csendőrtiszt életének 85. esztendejében, 1998. július 14-én elhunyt.

Búcsúztatása július 17-én volt a wantirnai Szent István templomban.

Gyászolják: felesége Márta.

fiai Miklós, Béla és Heinz, menyei Pam és Jenny, 11 unokája, 3 dédunokája, testvérei Magyarországon, illetve Németországban,

barátai, ismerősei.

NYUGODJON BÉKÉBEN.

17,1,92

Kedves Brno! Jobb keson, mint soha vegre valaszolok tartalmas leveledre. A karacsonyi nyusgés mellett még egy erős indoka a késésnek az a körülmény, hogy leveledben emlitett szemelyek, mint Korondi Béla es Madacsai Béla akiket Szombathelyról elegge közel ismertem, felkavartak emlekeket amiket kellett egy ideig leulepedni hagyni. Bar az en ottletem nem volt több mint nehany gövid ev, annyi minden emleket felkavartak ezek a nevek, egyenesen megrohantak és lenyúgoztak, erről köteteket lehetne irni, de ki olvasna? A Szemere Bertalan társaságról valamit hallottam, mindenesetre Lexitol nem kaptam semmit azokbol a jegyzokonyvi kivonatokbol, amit leveledben emlitettel. Valoszinuleg a mi kis letszamu Bajtarsi Kozossegunk reven akarja ezt továbbitani. Te emlitettél egy Pistat is leveledben. Nem tudom, hogy ez Jani Pita lenne-e, aki inkabb New South Walesben ismeros. En egyszer talalkoztam vele mult ev Januarjaban egy magyar osszejovetelen. Mikor en gepkocsi vizsgalat ürügyevel Muraszombatban jartam, a Pista ott szárnyparancsnok helyettes volt, de en mar nem emlekszem ra, Torbagyi Joska volt ott a szarnyparancsnok, akit viszont Szombathelyról jól ismertem. Mikor Hegedűs Miska felesegül vette Czigany Pannit es kivandoroltak Sydneybe, rovidesen Miska egy motorkerekpar baleset aldozata lett, ha jol tudom Panni ismet ferjhez ment. Sidney 1000 kilométerre van innen, en nem sokat tudok az ottaniakrol osszeköttetes hianyaban. Etukával levelezek, miut an en felfedeztem Oket 87-ben mikor Munchenben jartam. Munchenben el meg Boda Jóska orgy ozvegye is. Bad Emsben voltam velük együtt, mikor egy francia Mikuldottsegnel dolgoztunk, akik eltemetett francia hadifoglyok hazaszállitásaval foglalkoztak.Ott volt meg Horváth Arpad évfolyamtársam is, akonek a felesege Sziladi ezr.lanya volt. Sziladi ezr. levaltotta \* Tolgyesi vorgy-t es ott is halt meg Budavar ostrománal. Egyébként, mokor kiszorultam Komarombol, en is Szombathelyen voltam, ahol is az osszeszedett genkocsikkal futárszolgálat alakult ki, közrendeszetrol szó se volt.P ersze a benzin helyzet eleg fogas kerdes volt, nem annyira a benzin, ami volt, hanem ami kellett volna, nem is beszelve, gumikerekekrol. Mikor a helyzet mar tarthatatlan lett, a laktanya es a csaladtagok kitelepedtek a hatar fele egy erdobe es onnan csusztak ki Ausztriába. Végűl is ki hogyan Bayreuthban lukadtunk ki, ahol egy 3 emeletes iskolaepuletben voltunk, onnan pedig kibombaztak minket. XTOLOTES! ELDS + 1951 CANADIA

Zalaegerszegrol beszelve en csak Pasztohy alez.re emlekszem, aki ott osztalyparancsnok volt es akivel en Payreuth mellol Bodur Gyuszival, Peterffy Zsomborral együtt voltunk fogsagban. Orendy alez, is ott volt de ot onnan kiemeltek. Akik a Dunatol delre voltak, ahol a 3ik amerikai hadsereg mukodott, ott 3 nappal a hadifogsagot megus ztak ,mint pl. Batky Kazmer es Szaday Bela, de a Dunatol eszakra a 8ik amerikai hadsereg, azt hiszem azok szazalekra dolgoztak, mert ott mindenki fogsagba került, asszonyok es gyerekek is. Mi 9 honapig voltunk a ketrecben, neh z korulmenyek kozott kezdve. En sohasemjartam Zalaegerszegen, en Zalaban csak Zalaszentgrotig jutøttam egy tandestely volt ott, ahol a helybeli leanyzok tették a szépet, mint pl. a patikus lanya stb. A kiegeszito parancsnoka a kihordesra itelt nagy tarsasagibak volt oltozve, o volt az este fenypontja. Banky Laci fhdgy, csabotott engem oda.De a multbol mostbeleg ennyi.Ami engem erdekelne, vante vagy lesz e a Szemere Bertalan összejővetelnek gyakorlati erteke az elmefutta tasok utan, mert a kozbiztonsag korul ott, mint itt is vannak problemak. Persze rendőrségi működesek csak tuneti kezelést jelentenek, mert az általanos gazdasági helyzetnek es egy bekés közvelemenynek kell letre jonni, mielott a kozbiztonsag ismet megszilárdulhat. Mint latom otthon egyeni kezdemenyezesek szuksegesek nyugdij jogosultsag es jaradek folyositas eleresese erdekeben. Nemi megnyugvassal olvastam hogy iratel es biconyitélel hiéry Jann tanuvallomasok is elfogadhatok es Te sokakan segiteni tudtal ilyen iranyban, Remelem Te ki tudtad harcolni a Ti jarandosagaitokat. Vannak itt egyesek, akik avval a gondolattal jatszanak, hogyigényeket szeretnének tamasztani bevezetesul osszekottetesbe lepni igazolo bozottsagokkal. Ket okbol en ezt nem kezdemenyezem, előszót is az en igenyeim hianyaban több penz all rendelkezesre Nektek otthon maradottaknak.masreszrol nem tartom azokat illetékeseknek, akik a levitezlett rendszer emlőjen nevelkedtek fel, iteletet mondjanak az en szolgálatom elbirálására. En magyar királyi csendőr százados voltam es az is akarok meradni. Persze a nagy szammal itt kinn ezt en meg tudom engedni magamnak. Az otthoniaknak masok a körülmenyei es ezt en tis zteletben tartom. To otthon eltek es ehhez kell alkalmazkodni. Nem tudom azt az eneket elfelejteni, hogy szep vagy gyonyoru vagy Magyarorszag, gyonyorubb mint a Nagyvilág

Csak a tortenelem ne lett volna olyan kegyetlen hozzank az utolso 1000 evben, vagy talan orszagunk foldrajzilag rossz helyen van? A nepvandorlas keresztutjan leven ez lett a mi sorsunk. Remelem a marha megalomanias szerbek nem rosszabbitjak meg a mi sorsunkat es bekeben hagynak minket Rackeveig meg vissza. Mint irtad a Ti sorsotok az utolso 40 evben nem volt kimondottan faklyas menet es sajnalattal olvastam azt a kimondhatatlan fajdalmat, amikor a saját gyermekeidet kell eltemetni. Itt lelki erore volt szükseg az ilyen tragediákat átvészelni. Idokozben az idő felettunk eljar es minden napert halasnak kell a sorsnak lenni. Meg szerencse, hogy sok kellemes emlékeink vannak, ha mar hosszu jovorol nem is lehet beszelni. Valoszinuleg irtam mar hogy en megkiserlem az exisztenciamat 2000-ig kihuzni, hogy a 21-ik szazadba beleszogelhassak. Ez a z irogep velem egyűtt megoregedett, ezert vannali nelezación vele. Most pedig halasan köszönom reszletes beszmolodat, remelem a hosszú tel meghozza Nektek es az egész országnak azt a kikeletet, amit Ti otthon olyan gazdagon kierdemeltetek. Mikor Antall 15 millio magyar neveben beszelt, gondoltam, ha nem lenne a karja a hatahoz kotve, talan tudna valamit esinalni a 15 millio magyar efdekében.Kinosan hosszu időbe kerül a konszolidálas.Mikor KOrosmezon voltam 39 Marciusaban az 1000 eves magyar lengyel hataron, a rutenek ott azt hittek, vagy azt beszéltek be nekik, hogy ok ukranok Most azok lettek le a Tiszaik Csapnal. Mi csak nem szununk meg a valtozó foldrajzot tanulni. Befejezésűl legyen szabad Nektek elviselhető es turheto egeszseget kivanni meg jo sokaig es ha Jeno baratommal, osszejossz, kerd meg, hogy o is irjon nehany sort nekem. En szetetnek Valaszt irni a Szabo Miklos utcaba. Most pedig bensőséges szeretettel és olelessel bucsúzik

Mola

Nalan 199; 8.10.9 12.14

Kedves Erno! Kedvesebb ajandekot nem kivanhatta m volna, mint nem vart leveled, engem olyan régi szép dolgokra emlekeztetve, ami (már majdnem felendőbe mentek, lehengerelve kesőbbi emlékekkel közel 50 ev gyűjtemenyével. Előszor is elnezésed kerem, hogy géppel irok, de amellett, hogy ezt talán konnyebb olvasni, a fo oka az, hogy elcsomosodott es enyhen fajdalmas izuleteim a gepelest konnyebben tudjak elviselni. A gepeles se hibamentes, mert mint gépirono en mar régen éhenhaltam volna. Mint az otthoni helyzetrol irsz ez nem egeszen ismeretlen itt, bar mint mozaik darabok csak reszleges adatokról tudunk. Nekem a legjobb szemnyitó volt az Alkotmány Birosaggal kapcsolatos cikk, azt hiszem az Toled eredt es en egy kis kerulo uton kaptam a kepmasolatat. Ott latom, hogy hogyan lehet cikornyas jogi csares csavarassal elmellozni egyenek jogos igenyeit karpotlas es elimmeres targyaban, nem is bezzelve arrol, hogy a Testuletunk rehabilitására vonatkozó igyekezetek elől kérlelhetetlenűl es mereven elzarkoznak, hala Keri es hasonlo hosok makacssaganak közel 50 ev tavlatabol. Itt tulajdonkepen 2 dologrol van szo. Itt a nyugaton vannak kezdemenyezesek a debreceni kormany otosz szuronyokra tamaszkodó rendelkezeseinek(ami a Testulet tagjainak egyetemleges felellosseget szógezi le kizarva annak minden lehetőseget, hogy nyugdij vagy karteritesi igenyeket lehessen tamasztani) feltetel nelkuli viszszavonásara. Itt jon Keri, aki szerint a közhangulat erre meg nem kész, evvel meg varni kell. Hacsak a Testuletunk tagjai nem ernek el egy Matuzsalemi hosszu eletkort, akoporsó ennek a problemanak véget vet. Valószinűleg ez a célja ennek az elhepzelésnek. Nekem ugy rémlik, hogy talan ez az egyetlen rendelkezése a debreceni kormánynak, amihez olyan gorcsosen ragaszkodnak. Igy Nektek otthon levoknek csak szetforgacsolt egyeni kezdemenyezessel kell valami sovany eredmenyt kikuzdeni, egyeni joindulatra szamitva igenyek elismerese vegett, sziklaszilard jogalap hianyaban. Ez teszi olyan bizonytalanna a Ti exisztenciatokat, mert csæk joindulatra van az egesz nyugdij jogosultsag epitve. Nekem szemely szerint nincs kedvem karpotasi igényt tamasztani, nekem sokkal fontossabb lenne annak a sértő debreceni kormany intezkedesnek a vissza

amilyen, ki legyen irtva az igazság szolgáltatás berkeiből, Válan 1991 elec 14-en

vonaso, vagy hatalyon kivul helyezese, hogy ez a Damocles kard jogtalan

Meleg erzesekkel toltottwel a regi jo szombathelyi emlekekrol irt soraid, talan emlekszel-e meg az Egri lanyokra, meg enm tudom ott voltale amikor Kazmerral meg a Poltary lannyal, az Egri lanyokkal, akiknek a nevere mar nem emlekszemes a kerületi GH fonok kerekfeju lanya kirándultunk az Irottkore(azt húszem) egy szép vasarnap délutan. A Nagy ależ halaszemlekei melle csak meg annyit, hogy mikor Pasztoy Zalaegerszegszól ot meglatogatta vadaszfegyver vetele ugyeben, o ugy begsulte az ovet, m ondván, hogy az golyót golyóra ló, mikor a hoségre való tekintettel meztelenül ültek Nagy alez lakasan az ablakban. O abban az utcaban lakott, ahol a kozkorhaz volt. Most egy kis szemelyes eletrajz, csak mutatni, hogy nyugaton hogyan zajlott az elet. Nagypenteken 45-ben egy Szombathely melletti erdőből hagytam el fatornyos hazankat a Pinka folyon atkelve 4-en ulve egy Balillaban, amit nekem valaki odaadott, hogy vigyem ki Németorszagba es ha a por leulepedett, majd o megtalal engem es visszaveszi a kocsijat. Ezt a kocsit Leobenben a nemetek elvettek tolem davajgitarral hangsulyozva ennek a szuksegességét. Aprils közepen amerikai fogságba estem 9 honapig befogva Heilbronn kornyeken. Kiszabaditva magam az ember sok mindent probalt igy orvezeto voltam a francia hadseregben(nem idegen legioban), majd fejes salata kertesz, francia habott kutato es repatrialo szervezet ben jo munkam volt.50-benfideertunk, ahol is en a postara ker itam / csakany lapattal telefonkabeleket fektetve, majd kitanultam a kabelkotozo tudomanyt, ami kis meretekben valami olyan munka mint a vasuti rendezo palyaudvar. Onnan be irodai munkara es az utolso 15 evemben nyogdijig az itteni statisztikai irodan dolgoztam. 13 eve nyugallomanyban vagyok es berozsdásodás ellen itthon műkodok a ház körül kint és bent, mert a felesegem azt mondta, hogy o is nyugalomba vonult. Azota mi csak letezunk, imitt amott hizlalva orvost es patikat. Ha a z unokak jonnek, akkor van itt nyuzsges es etetes. Karacsony, szuletes napok majdnem minden honapban vannam, az is az unalom ellen kuzd. En csak hálas vagyok a sorsnak, hogy megerhettem az oroszok kivonulásat, bár amint latom, otthon sok minden a regiben maradt, csaka cegtabla lett atfestve. Egyenlore ennyit az itteni eletképrol, remelem a jovoben ha egeszseged engedi, hallani fogok Rolad. Sok sok koszonettel goraldet enotingerseget kinning mindhett of tokuch olel ( whi perse, lung oray or new vestelli)

Bányai László dr. szds.

1942.04.01. /1938.évf./

B.M./csendőrségi szolgálat/ osztálya sgti.

1942.04.01. 1943.01.30. 1939.05.01. 1936.

szül.: Torda /Aranyos vm./

F.: Kőrösy Alice /Erma/ Budapest, 1941/,TRIKE.

A .: Fürész Ilona

Csendőrségi Lapok szerk.

+ San Francisko /California/ USA 1984.09.27. siwinfarktus

Pacific Gas and Elektric, mernöki rajzoló iGAZOLVA! BUDATEST, Üllői-Ú766.32. M.K. 1946. 192.32. 100.3 or.32. BA/484.

B.L.1985.XXXVIII. £.10.0. dr. Bányai László

cső.szds., a volt m.kir.B.M. csőségi XX.oszt.nak sgti-je. egy ideig a "Csendőrségi Lapok" szerk-je szivinfarktust követő szivrohamban, San Franciscoban /Cal.USA/ 1984.IX.27-én váratlanul, 70 éves korában meghalt. Tordán /Torda-Aranyos vm./ született 1913 januárjában, Székesfehérvárott a cisztercitáknál érettségizett, majd Debrecenben végezte a jogot. Katonai szolgálata után belépett a Csőséghez, hol 1939-ben hdgy-á avatták. A háboru után visszatért Magyarosrszágra, ahol börtönbe került. Később az állami tervhi vatalban kapott munkát. A Forradalom után két évig Párizsban dolgozott, majd 1960-ba vándorolt ki és San Franciskoban helyezkedett el, mint müszaki rajzoló. nyug-ig. A temetési szertartás okt.l-én ment végbe, mely után elhamvasztották. Évfolyamtársa, dr. Papp Viktor bucsusz. Bloww Liszló dalmat, melynek letipráda után, mint volt cső.ti-nek és muskástsnács eln-nek, neked is menekülni kellett nyugatra és igy kerültél sok viszontagság után először Párizsba, hol két évet töltöttél. Ezután Montereybe, majd San Franciskoba vetett sorsod, szeretett feleséged, Terike oldalán, hol s Pacific Gas and Electric-nél, mi mérnöki rajzoló megalapoztad életed. Távozásoddal... /Dr.V.V. 1984.X.12. és XII.14./



Bangay Lasto

Bárczy Dezső nemes bárczaházi szds,

1942.03.31. /1935.évf./

VIII.cső.ker. C<sub>S</sub>ő.szd. Aknaszlatina pk.-a 1942.03.31. 1913.05.03. 1939.01.01. 1935.

Mátészlka

+ Sátoraljaujhely, 1995.03.05. szivbaj



Báró Béla alez.

1942.03.31. /1915.11.évf./

Kassai VII.cső.ker.pság ea.ti.

1942.03.31. 1897.04.29. 1918.11.30. 1915.11-i
Gy.:- Gyula

+ ?

1927.05.01. szds. /1915.évf./

III.cső.ker. Őpk.isk. Szombathely 2.aloszt.

Bátky József vitéz nyug.ezds.

Budapest, VII. István ut. -

Szül.: Kocs, 1890.

23.honv.gy.e.

1909.évf.

1940.05. VII.cső.ker. pk. Miskolc

Báthky Kázmér dr. felsőbátkai EZdE.

1942.03.31. /1935.évf./

Kh.o./Közlekedési és Hiradó Oszt./ 1942.03.31. 1911.04.28. 1939.01.01. 1935

Szill.: Kocs /Komárom vm./

F.: Kuti Etelka /1940. Szombathely

Gy.: Ibolya-Éva, - Zsuzanna/1941/

+ Unterchaing /Né.o./ 1970.08.21. fehérvérüség

Inn Münchem cipészmühely

egy svájci cég kirendelt vez-je

#### dr.Báthky Kázmér Inagy,

M.kir.cső.őpk.isk.jv.tanf, 3.szd. 1940.évf.

BBL. 1970.07-12.XXIII.évf.7-12.sz. 42-43.o. Felsőbákai dr.Bátky Kázmér szds. 59 é Né.o-i Unternachingben 1970208.21. hossyzu betegség /fehérvérüség/ után meghalt. Temetése uo.zajlott le igen nagy részvét mellett 08.24-én. 1911. szül. Kocs-on /Komárom vm./ Gimnáziumi é Dr. Bátby Kázmér rettségi után jegyzőgyakorlonként dolgozott

Ministrage és folytatta jogi tanulmányait, közben 1932-33ban katonai szolgálatot teljesitett. 1936 Ol. doktorált és elnyerte a jogi és áll.tud-i doktori cimet. 1937.01.01. lépett a Csőség kötelékébe tanulmányait a Ludovika Akadémia és a bp-i cső.laktanyában folytatta. 1938.12.01. avatták, mint hivatásos tiszt a közlekedési oszt-nál szolgált, utóljára Désen, mint közl.szárnypk. Kiváló

Paitárs volt, mind alárendeltjei, mind előljárói szerették becsi Összeomlás után a cső.közl.oszt. alkkulataival az Inn melletti Müncham községben telepedett le.

Nem tétlenkedett, cipészmühelyt nyitott és a cipész szakmában komoly gyakorlatra tett szert.





Később Rheinbrohban szállitó vállalatot alapitott, Később a Volkswagen és az Opel autógyárak képviselője volt. Utoljára Münchenben egy svájci cég kirendeltségét vezette.

Egyre erősödő betegsége migtt a munkát korán abba kellett hagyja.
igen sokat szenvedett. A bajtársi összejöveteleket szorgalmasan és lelkesen támogatt. A MKCsBK hüséges aldozatos tagja volt, ahol csak lehetett mindenütt segitett,

Temetésén özvegye, gyermekei, veje, unokája, rokonai, barátaiés cső bajtársaivettek részt. A MKCsBK hatalmas koszoruja a sir főhelyén feküdta gyászolő család koszoruja mellett. Személyében az egyik legértékesebb cső: bajtársunkat veszitettük el.

B.L. 1970.07-12.XXIII.évf.07-12.sz. 48.0.

B.L.1970.07-12.XXIII.évf.07-12.sz. 48.o.
Bátky Évának, Czupy Józsefnének, dr. Bátky Kázmér szds. leányának
1968.06.24-én megszületett Ágota-vilma leanya
Bátky Zsuzsanna dr.Bátky Kázmér szds. leánya jó eredménnyel érett
ségizett a Burg -kastlii magyar gimnáziumban és jelenleg egy néme
tanitóképző főiskolán folytatja tanulmányait. 49.o.

B.L.1968.01-08.XXI.évf.01-08.sz.62.o.

Bátky Éva Ibolyka angol, német és francia levelezőnp, Dr. Bátky Kazmer szkv.m.kir. cső.szds. volt, dési közl.szárnypk, es fe feleségenrk, keti Etelkanak leánya 1967.08,k2.0berachingben Né.o.házasságra lépett Czupy József Mihály okl. villamosmérnökkel. Czupy Bálint volt függ kisgazdapánti képv., jelenleg a "Szabad Európa Hangja" Bálint gazda szerkesztője és ea-ja és feleségeKéry Erzsébetnek fiával.

Am 21. August 1970 rief der Herr unseren Gatten, Vater, Bruder

### felsőbátkai Dr. Kázmèr v. Bátky

Hauptmann a. D.

gestärkt mit dem Abendmahl im Alter von 59 Jahren zu sich.

In tiefer Trauer:

Etelka v. Bátky, geb. Kúti, Gattin Zsuzsanna v. Bátky, Tochter Eva Czupy, geb. v. Bátky, Tochter József Czupy, Schwiegersohn Agota Czupy, Enkelin Dr. E. Stephan v. Bátky, Bruder Mária v. Bátky, Schwägerin

Beerdigung: Friedhof Unterhaching, am 24. August 1970 um 14.00 Uhr

Fájdalommal tudatjuk, hogy 1970. augusztus 21-én a szeretett férj, apa és testvér

### felsöbàtkai Dr. Bàtky Kàzmèr

szkv. m. kir. csendörszázados

59 éves korában, úrvacsorában részesítve, visszatért Teremtöjéhez.

Dr. Bátky Kázmérné, szül. Kúti Etelka Bátky Zsuzsanna Czupy Józsefné, szül. Bátky Eva Czupy József Czupy Agota Dr. Bátky Elemér Dr. Bátky Elemérné, szül. Szentlörinczi Márja

A megboldogultat 1970. augusztus 24-én d.u. 2-kor az unterhachingi temetőben helyezzük örök nyugalomba.

Báthory Géza vitéz alez.

1939.11.01. /1914.évf./ /PROSKE/

Közp.nyo.pság -hoz tart.vez.

1939.11.01. 1893.03.05. 1916.08.01. 1914.08-i

A.: Piroska Anna, +Szekszárd PROSCHKE ANNA BLASKO

Ujvidéki-per IV.r.vádlottja

Gy .: - László, Katalin

+ kivégezték, 1946.11.26. 6<sup>h</sup>30<sup>±</sup> Ujvidék

NK. NEMZETVEDELMI KERESZT

1945. Oh of LEFOROZAS ES KICSAPAS

Katonai perek 1945-1958. Kovács Zoltán András. 109.0. Csendőrök a Népbiróság előtt. Felkerült a Szövetséges Ellenőrző Bizottság /SZEB/ felügyelete mellett kialakitott és 1946. április 30-ra véglegesitett háborus főbünösök névsorára. A teljes lista 618 főből állt, melynek 5%-át /31 fő/ volt cesnőrök tették ki.