

1956 Nov. 8.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Revolt Forecast By Green Candles

By Drew Pearson

A little man from beleaguered Hungary came to see me the other day. On his left arm was tattooed the number



Pearson

"B. 12305," a cruel reminder of his slave days in Hitler's Auschwitz concentration camp. He did not show me the number on his arm. I learned about it by accident, just as I learned other things about him by accident.

Dr. Bela Fabian, exiled leader of the Democratic Party in Hungary, first came to see me a good many years ago.

In between, a lot of things had happened. Among them, Arkady Sobolev, Soviet delegate to the United Nations, recently denounced Dr. Fabian as "the leader of the anti-popular underground movement."

What he didn't know was that Fabian's underground preparation began long before June 27, 1956. It began even before the first time I met him in 1950 when he tipped me off to the fact that the doctor who administered the drug to Cardinal Mindszenty at his trial was now Hungarian Minister in Washington. The campaign I waged to force the recall of Dr. Emil Weil from the Hungarian Legation was the result of Dr. Fabian's underground intelligence.

Green Window Candles

For years Dr. Fabian had been telling me: "The Hungarian people will revolt. Hungary will be the first country to challenge its Soviet masters. I know my people. I know the unrest among the peasants, even in the army. With a little help from you Hungary will burst into flame."

"But how do you know this?" I pressed him. "You have been away a long time."

"I will give you one clue," was his reply. "The green candles in the windows. Green is the color of the peasants' party. It has become the symbol of freedom, the symbol of protest, of revolt. All over Hungary you will see green candles in the windows. The Soviets can't stop them."

"You will also see green paint on the walls—slaps of green paint. It's a symbol. Your crusade for freedom has helped this. Your balloons have helped. They have carried messages which keep the spirit of freedom alive. They have spread green all over Hungary. You do not believe me, but the Hungarian people are stirring. They will rise up when the time comes, and then they will look to you for help."

World War III

Over and over again during the past five years, the gnarled old refugee from Hungary warned me what was coming. He came back last week to remind me of his warning—and to ask for help.

"What can the United States do?" I asked.

"You can risk a little blood,"



he said. "Risk a little blood now, and you save a great deal of blood later.

"This could be the beginning of World War III," he said, "or it could be the way to head off World War III. It all depends on you. If you let the Hungarian people down there will be no more revolt behind the Iron Curtain. Poland is watching Hungary. Czechoslovakia is watching Romania, Bulgaria, Albania — all are watching Hungary.

"You would not believe me when I told you several years ago that the Hungarian people would be the first to rise. But it was true. I told you about the green candles. It was true. I have always told you the truth. I told you about Dr. Weil. You exposed him, and he was recalled. He is now dead. They purged him.

"Now is the time for you to help your friends behind the Iron Curtain, if you don't want the Soviet to become a juggernaut which some day will rise up and crush you too."

The old man sat stirring his breakfast tea—stirring it, but not drinking it. He was too wrought up, too impassioned to drink. He was thinking back over the years—years of imprisonment, years of sorrow. There had been three stretches in Russian-Nazi-Communist prison camps; one when he fought in the Hungarian army in World War I, again when he protested the Communist tactics of Bela Kun, and finally Hitler's Auschwitz, when the

number B.12305 had been tattooed on his left arm as we tattoo a cow's ear on my farm.

He had survived the snows of Siberia in 1917-18. He had weathered the mass brutality of the Russian revolution. He had written, written, written—warning of the dangers, the tawdry sham of both communism and fascism. He had become the Democratic Party's leading member of the Hungarian Parliament, served there for 17 years. Exiled by the Red regime in 1945, he had continued to write, continued to preach freedom.

"But what can the United States do to help?" I repeated. "What can we do without getting into war? President Eisenhower has been campaigning on the issue of peace. After reminding people how he ended the Korean war, he cannot now risk war in Europe."

The old man finally sipped his tea.

"You win nothing in life without risking something," he told me. "If you take no risks for friends you keep no friends. If you take no risks for freedom you lose your freedom.

"You have heard the cries of the people of Hungary. You have heard their appeals for help. I have told you the truth before—always the truth. I tell you the truth now. If the Soviet crushes the flaming spark of freedom in Hungary—if you let it be crushed—then you and I, as we sit here, are witnessing a new Russian march of conquest that can lead only to World War III."