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# Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

PART ONE

Here is the full inside story of the glorious, tragic Revolution of 1956, in which a desperate people proved that not even Soviet frightfulness can break the spirit of man.

By JUDITH LISTOWEL



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Judith Listowel was born in Hungary and, at the age of seventeen, served as hostess at the Hungarian Embassy in Rome, where her father was counselor. Ever since, she has known people who have made history and she also has had a distinguished career in journalism, both in her native country, before the communists took over, and in other lands. In London to cover the World Economic Conference in 1933, she became the wife of William Francis Hare, the Earl of Listowel. (This marriage was dissolved in 1945.) As this article indicates, Lady Listowel enjoyed unique opportunities for observing and interpreting the birth of this year's Hungarian revolution.

## THE EDITORS



Inspired by the statue of a hero of 1848, spirited Hungarian youths take an oath to fight for freedom.

This is the authentic story, never told before, of the events which led to the Hungarian revolution of October, 1956. Their root cause was the imposition, by Soviet armed might, of the communist system, abhorrent to the Hungarian population. Revulsion against Soviet exploitation was first voiced by "the party-member intelligentsia"—the only people who, under the communist police terror, could express the feelings of the people. But by last spring discontent was so general in Hungary that the regime authorized "controlled discussions" in a communist literary circle. In no time, these "controlled discussions" degenerated into the expression of Hungarian national demands.

News of the statements made by writers and artists—until then pampered pets of the regime—spread across the country like wildfire. They fell on fertile ground among the stu-

Devastation in Budapest: Knocked-out Russian tanks are grim souvenirs of the battle that lightly armed Hungarian patriots waged against Soviet armored might.







Savage gestures of revenge—like this partisan demonstration against the corpse of an AVO colonel—demonstrate the pent-up Hungarian hatred for secret-police terrorism.

dents, whose mass demonstration in Budapest on last October twenty-third was the curtain raiser to the revolution. But the revolution was actually triggered by the secret police, when they fired on the student delegation outside the Radio Building. When a Hungarian regiment, sent to discipline the students, fraternized with them instead, Stalinist Ernő Gerő called in the aid of the Soviet armed forces. By November third the unarmed population of Hungary had defeated the three Soviet divisions stationed in Hungary. Then, gaining time by faked negotiations, the Russians poured in eighteen divisions and drowned the Hungarian revolution in blood.

I am in a position to tell this story for three reasons. First, for ten years—from October, 1944, to October, 1954, in London—I pub-

lished a weekly newspaper called East Europe and Soviet Russia, in which I personally reported the chronology of events in Hungary. Hence, I was aware not only of the feelings and sufferings of the Hungarian population but also of the disgust of many Communist Party members because of the ruthless exploitation of Hungary by the Soviets. Second, on November 3, 1956, the International News Service sent me to Vienna with the assignment to report on the situation in Hungary, thus giving me a chance to speak to the leaders of the insurgents. Third, being Hungarian by birth, I could speak to Hungarians in their own language—because I was familiar with the developments of the last eleven years, I understood the background of what they reported to me. The professor who organized the students'

demonstration of October twenty-third knew me by name and reputation. On his arrival in Vienna on November eighth, he told me the details of what had happened at Hungary's universities.

Anyone who wants to understand the Hungarian revolution must make a great mental effort to put himself into the shoes of the average person in a communist police state. The secret police are all-powerful, and can, in the last resort, count on the support of Soviet bayonets. Any criticism of the regime, any indiscreet question, any loud complaint may lead to the disappearance of any individual. Almost every family in Hungary is related to somebody who has been in the clutches of the secret police. Except for a handful of artists, technicians and

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# Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

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skilled workers, a Hungarian working a twelve-hour day does not earn enough to stand his wife two square meals a day. He has to do a "night job" if he wants to feed his children. His wife also must take a full-time job if she wants to clothe them. The peasants are either driven into collective farms, which they hate, or they have to part with most of their produce, owing to crushing taxation. Everyone leads an intolerable existence. And everyone knows that the cream of Hungarian produce, industrial as well as agricultural, is being shipped to Soviet Russia with very little return in payment.

If you can visualize these conditions, you will understand why the feelings of the Hungarian people were first voiced by the Communist-Party-member intelligentsia. Only men and women who were in the good books of the regime lived under sufficiently privileged conditions to have the time and the opportunity to meet and to discuss what was going on in the country. Only party members or fellow travelers could have their writings published, their plays produced, their pictures exhibited, their films made. No matter how talented an actress or how brilliant a pianist, unless he or she stood in favor with the regime, he or she had no chance to perform in public. Because Soviet Russia decrees that "culture" is important, writers or artists of the regime are well paid and granted a certain freedom of speech.

After Stalin's death, when police terror eased somewhat in satellite Europe, strange discussions began to take place in the editorial offices of Szabad Nep, the official daily of the Hungarian Communist Party in Budapest. Szabad Nep was a true-blue communist publication, dull and humorless, "the voice of the party," which accurately reflected the latest instructions from Moscow. Perhaps because of this, the most intelligent writers on its staff were the first to voice "heretical views." One of these was Endre Szabo, a poet of note, novelist, journalist, and film-scenario writer. In 1953 he was twenty-three years old. He is of medium height, stocky and broad-shouldered. His gray-blue eyes are slanted under extraordinarily broad black eyebrows. They are so black that they give the impression as though he had a black ribbon tied across the lower part of his forehead. He speaks a rich Hungarian, using many word pictures and underscoring his points by gesturing with his artistic hands.

Endre Szabo joined the Communist Party in 1945, at the age of fifteen, because he believed that communism would secure a better life for the masses, and that eventually it would bring freedom and equality to all. It was the trial of the Titoist Hungarian communist, Laszlo Rajk, which forced Szabo to face up to the facts and learn what communism really is. But fear of the secret police was so great, even in the editorial offices of the official communist paper of Hungary, that at first he did not dare to discuss his ideas with anyone.

All this Szabo told me on last November ninth in the quiet of a hotel room in Vienna. He did not know who I was; a mutual acquaintance brought him along and introduced me simply as "Ilona, who twenty years ago married an Englishman and since then has lived in London." When our friend left us, we started talking in Hungarian.

Szabo described how, after Stalin's death in March, 1953, he and one of his colleagues gradually began to exchange their real thoughts. Szabo told me:

"At first we talked in riddles—you know the sort of double talk one must resort to in a communist state, just in case one's friend one day fell into the hands of the secret police. But this time we admitted to each other that we both hated everything communism stood for. A magnificent feeling—a kind of mystic elation—overcame both of us. At last we could talk honestly to a fellow human being."

Gradually, Endre Szabo and his friend discovered that the "party-member intelligentsia" sympathizing with their views were growing rapidly in numbers. Discussions and arguments became more and more heated—truths and insults were flung about ever more freely. Eventually the staff of the official Hungarian communist daily was divided into two camps: "Those of us who had again become true Hungarians, and those who had remained Moscow's agents."

By February of 1956, the situation in the Szabad Nep editorial offices had progressed to such an extent that Endre Szabo and his friends were planning to strike in the open. "We wanted to bring out an issue of Szabad Nep in which the real demands of the Hungarian people were to be printed in bold type on the front page," he told me. "We wanted the secret police to be dissolved; free elections to be held; the Russians to get out of Hungary; freedom of speech and of writing to be assured; and so on. We felt that this was our special duty because we had enjoyed privileges under the communist regime. We believed that we should speak up on behalf of the millions who had suffered and slaved and who could not open their mouths. . . . This would have been the last issue of Szabad Nep," Szabo concluded, laughing ironically.

But it was not to be. One of Szabo's most enthusiastic associates on the staff of Szabad Nep told a woman friend—a woman who had been wonderful to this man in the past. But he did not know that a few weeks previously this woman had married a high official of the secret police. She told her husband about "the treachery brewing among the Szabad Nep staff."

The secret police acted with their usual promptitude. Several members of the Szabad Nep staff were arrested, others were fired. Szabo was lucky—he only lost his job. That is why he has been unemployed since last February. But before that date he could still publish his poems, and a film he had written was produced. "I doubt it will ever be shown now," he said to me sadly.

The reason why Szabo was treated leniently may be that the secret police hesitated in February, 1956, to make a martyr of a popular writer. Then, too, Szabo had learned the knack of saying things between the lines, and in response to his last article published in Szabad Nep, the editorial office received over 5000 letters. This, among other things, indicated that by the beginning of 1956 the Hungarian public had become thoroughly restive, and people were beginning to talk more and more loudly about their economic grievances. Both workers and peasants were engaged in a slow-down—they knew as well as the secret police that 9,500,000 people could not be imprisoned.

Because of the passive resistance of the workers and the no-longer-disguised hatred of the entire population for the "Muscovites" and their Russian masters, the Hungarian regime found itself in a dilemma. If it made no concessions Hun-

garian production would decline sharply and they would no longer be able to deliver the goods demanded from Hungary. Moreover, the living standard of the Hungarian population would drop even lower, causing more bitter resistance. If, on the other hand, the regime did make concessions in the shape of "liberalizing life," there was no telling where "free speech" would end—in fact how the detested secret police themselves would fare. For, make no mistake, whatever the crimes of the communist regime in Hungary, ignorance of the attitude of the population was not among them. Both Budapest and Moscow knew what the population felt. The ruling tyrants had a good idea what would happen if the people had a chance to act upon their convictions.

Accordingly, the scandal in the editorial offices of Szabad Nep was hushed up as far as the general public was concerned. Naturally, the "party-member intelligentsia" talked about nothing else for weeks, running down the regime, coining unflattering wisecracks, declaring that things just could not go on as they were. The regime had to do something.

Matyas Rakosi, the criminal mastermind of the Hungarian Communist Party whom Moscow still backed, decided to

It's easy to put children to bed early; the hard part is keeping them there.

MILDRED SILVER

take a gamble. He authorized "controlled discussions" to be held in the Petofi Circle. This was a communist literary organization to which the young writers belonged. The important writers and artists, especially all who had won a Stalin prize, belonged to the Writers' Association, which had luxurious premises and facilities for entertainment. The Petofi Circle was a much looser organization—it meant as much or as little as the regime wanted it to mean. In the first week of May, forty writers were invited to have a "controlled discussion" on some literary subject.

On this occasion nothing of note happened. A few days later, though, at another meeting of the Petofi Circle, some 120 people were present. This time there was genuine animation. Much was said about writers who could not do any creative work unless they were allowed to portray the truth as they saw it—and "not as the party dictates it."

Then, on June ninth, last, there was another discussion at the Petofi Circle. Mrs. Julia Rajk, widow of the executed Titoist leader, Laszlo Rajk, attended. She got on her feet and with great bitterness described what had happened to her husband: How the secret police had tortured him and how the court had condemned him to death on faked evidence.

Julia Rajk ended by demanding that her husband's memory should be exonerated and "the base, lying charges against him nailed to their author." This open challenge hurled at Rakosi was greeted with loud cheers. Other women got up and spoke in sympathy with Mrs. Rajk. Somehow the subject of equal education for children came up. Some mothers shouted that it was a disgrace that the children of leading communists should go to privileged schools, while around 95 per cent of Hungary's children went to schools where there was such a lack of teachers that the pupils could learn little or nothing.

The next day the whole country knew that Mrs. Rajk had spoken her mind—and that, for the first time since 1945, women had voiced their real views about "educational inequalities." The next two meetings at the Petofi Circle were really hot. On June twenty-seventh the hall in Vaci Street was packed as early as 3:30 in the afternoon. Not only writers, poets, composers and journalists were present, but many young officers in uniform—in shiny boots and well-tailored breeches. Someone rigged up a microphone on the balcony and by 6:00 P.M. some 1500 people were crowded in Vaci Street. At 6:30, half an hour before the meeting was scheduled to begin, Marton Horvath, a much-disliked leading communist, stepped on the platform and tried to make "a party-line speech." He was howled down, the young officers shouting particularly lustily.

Then the poet, Peter Kuczko, got on the rostrum and declared that in the atmosphere of force and coercion prevailing in Hungary, it was impossible to do creative work. The loud cheers of the audience were echoed from the street. In this heated atmosphere, Elisabeth Andics, the leading woman communist of Hungary, stepped on the platform and tried to propound the Moscow line. She was given a sizzling reception.

"Get out of here, you bitch!" yelled the young officers. Miss Andics was hustled out of the hall amid catcalls.

Then the composer, Zoltan Kodaly, stood before the microphone and put into words the question foremost in all Hungarian minds: "What is happening to our uranium?"

"What indeed?" roared the audience. Until then, any person overheard by a secret-police nark mentioning the fact that Hungary had uranium deposits was promptly arrested and imprisoned. Every ounce of Hungary's uranium, mined in the area of Pecs—near the Yugoslav border—has been sent to Russia. Of course, everyone in Hungary knew this.

"When will our commercial treaties be published? When will we know what the Russians are paying for our best products?" Gyula Haj, a well-known novelist, then asked.

"Why are we being exploited like a colony?" someone else shouted.

And all of a sudden a young speaker shouted the following demands over the loud-speaker: "The Russians must get out of Hungary! Free elections must be held! The secret police must be dissolved! There must be freedom of speech for all!"

The roof nearly fell down from the wild roars in and outside the hall—the clapping, the stamping and the crying. This was the first time since 1945 that some 3000 people heard the real wishes of Hungarians put into words.

One must understand the horrible pressure, boredom and humiliation in which people live in a communist police state to gauge the effect of this "discussion" in the Petofi Circle. From one end of Hungary to the other, the grapevine went into action—people's eyes sparkled, they held their heads high. Somehow the atmosphere had changed—there was a new faith abroad that one day the hated Russians would get out and freedom would return to Hungary.

No one in Hungary was more thrilled and more elated by the views voiced in the Petofi Circle than the university students. Their term ended around June twenty-ninth, when they all went home; so they had little opportunity of demonstrating in sympathy with the Poles—the Poznan riots took place on June twenty-eighth, the day after the meeting at the Petofi Circle. Needless to say, this meeting was the last of the "controlled



discussions." But during July and August, while most of the students either helped on the land or took jobs in factories, they thought and talked of little else.

In communist Hungary, it was the law that 80 per cent of all students had to be of "people's blood"—that is, the children of workers or peasants. Istvan Pribeky, No. 2 Professor of Town Planning at the Engineering (Muszaki) University of Budapest, whom I saw in Vienna last November eighth—a few hours after his escape from Hungary—told me that at his university 600 students were admitted annually. Of these, 120 could be sons or daughters of professional people, intellectuals, technicians, and so on. Usually they had the heartbreaking task of selecting these out of some 350 to 400 names. But the 480 students who had to be of "people's blood" were not so easy to come by. Every year Professor Pribeky and other members of the staff had to scour the countryside to induce young men and women to enroll themselves at the university. (In 1955, when the professor had to flunk one young man for abysmal ignorance, the lad shouted, "I didn't want to come here! I couldn't care less who was a king or a general, or when! I want to go back to the country and work on the land!")

In September, 1956, when the Hungarian universities reopened, the students were in a rebellious mood. The ferment sown by the "party-member intelligentsia" had been very effective. Soon it was to bear fruit.

Early in October there was trouble at Szeged University. (Szeged is a town in the south of Hungary, between the Danube and the Tisza Rivers.) The students, as a body, refused to join the communist students' organization DISZ, and revived the prewar student association, MEFESZ, which had been banned by the regime. Then, within the framework of MEFESZ, the Szeged students called a mass meeting and demanded a 50 per cent reduction on their railway tickets, better food at the university canteen and better sports facilities. This mass meeting made an impression in Budapest, because the Szeged students had organized it without the knowledge, let alone the co-operation, of DISZ.

A few days later, in Budapest, the students of the Veterinary University called a "grand meeting," and demanded that Russian should no longer be the only foreign language they could learn. Their professors had, very cleverly, shown them British, French and German periodicals, placing them side by side with similar Russian publications. Noticing that the West published on very much better quality paper, the students gradually realized how much more knowledge and how much better illustrations the West had at its disposal than the Russians.

After the medicos and the economics students, the students of the Engineering University called a "parliament" for October twenty-second, at 2:00 P.M. The engineering students had always been known for their radicalism—in 1919 they were strongly anticommunist, in 1939 anti-Nazi, in 1956 anticommunist and anti-Russian. So, long before the appointed time, 4000 students crowded the big hall.

Professor Pribeky, a tall, handsome man thirty-seven years of age, had an important luncheon date on October twenty-second and returned to the university about 5:00 P.M. To his astonishment, standing under the staircase by the side entrance to the hall, he heard impassioned speeches still being made, punctuated by cheers and clapping. Just then, one of the students was shouting,

"It is no longer a question of our personal problems, but of the national problem! We must improve Hungary's position! We must find out what sort of commercial treaties have been signed!"

Another student jumped on the platform and shouted, "The truth is that the Russians exploit us worse than a colony!"

The 4000 students crammed in the hall howled their approval.

Now the university Communist Party secretary pushed his way on the rostrum and tried to say that the Russians were Hungary's friends and liberators. He was hustled out of the hall. Then new speakers voiced more and more nationalistic ideas. They praised Gomulka, the Polish Titoist leader. Then, at last, one student shouted, "We want to be rid of the Russians!" The roar of approval of the 4000 students was deafening.

The Communist Party's "agitprop"—expert on agitation and propaganda—a most unpopular female by the name of Margit Orban, grabbed the microphone and tried to defend the Russians. She was whistled down and pushed out of the hall. Then the communist dean climbed on the rostrum and insisted that the students give him a hearing. He, too, was howled down.

"What is happening to our uranium?"

"Why have our commercial treaties not been published?"

"Why are Soviet troops still on Hungarian soil?"

While these questions were shouted, Professor Pribeky stood by the door under the main staircase. A girl student came up to him and pulled out of her pocket a red-white-green ribbon—the Hungarian national colors. Pribeky produced his pocket knife, and with it cut the ribbon into little pieces. All of a sudden, many students had the national colors pinned to their lapels.

Suddenly a worker stood on the rostrum. "I am a miner," he shouted, "and I want to tell you that we fully back the national demands of the students! But don't forget, those responsible for our plight must be brought to trial! Rákosi must be tried!"

There were tremendous cheers. A worker from the Csepel heavy-industry works voiced similar views. Then a man from a precision-instrument factory did the same. Someone shouted, "We must have our views printed!"

"No, we must have them broadcast!" someone else yelled. "Let's ring up the radio station! They must make a recording and immediately broadcast our demands!"

A student shot past Professor Pribeky and dived into the telephone booth. The

radio people said that it was too late to send out a reporter, but if the students sent down their demands, neatly typed, they would be broadcast in the eight-o'clock news.

In the big hall, all sorts of suggestions were shouted. Some were important. Ones like: "We want an independent Hungary," or "The Russians must get out," or "We want to keep our uranium." Others were rather childish, such as "We don't want bean soup three times a week."

Professor Pribeky asked the student nearest to him, "Tell me, boys, have you no organizer?"

"No, we haven't."

Another student took the professor by the arm. "Please, will you organize us?"

Pribeky coached this lad what to say over the loud-speaker and offered to drive three students to the radio in his car—he had a small Italian Topolino. When he passed by the National Museum, which is only a few hundred yards distant from the Radio Building, Pribeky stopped the car and said, "Now let me see those demands of yours." He read them. "You can't take this mess to the studio," he told them. "Let's reduce them to ten points which matter."

In his car, Professor Pribeky compressed the thirty suggestions of the students into ten points: Hungary was to deal with Soviet Russia as an equal; Imre Nagy was to form a new government; all Soviet troops were to leave Hungary immediately; free and secret elections were to be held with the participation of several political parties; workers' wages to be raised; peasants' taxes to be lowered; Hungarian uranium to remain in Hungary; complete freedom of speech and writing to be established; the universities to have their own publication and to function within the framework of MEFESZ.

Because the professor had drafted the document in his car, among the students, it became known as the Topolino Demands. ("Topolino," in Italian, means "small mouse" and sometimes is used as a term of endearment.)

Pribeky took the three students to the entrance of the Radio Building, and they went in with their ten demands. Soon they were back, very angry. "The radio people will only broadcast five of our demands," they said. "They will not broadcast that the Russians must get out, that our uranium must remain in Hungary, that Rákosi must be tried, and so on. What are we to do?"

Pribeky drove them back to the university, where the students' parliament

was still on, although no one had had any food since lunch time. There was great indignation over the failure of the radio people to co-operate. At 9:00 P.M. one of the students suggested over the loud-speaker, "If the radio won't broadcast our demands, let's go to Premier Nagy."

"Agreed! Agreed!" shouted everyone.

Professor Pribeky drove the three students to Nagy's villa, situated on a hill, the Rózsadomb, on the outskirts of Budapest. The village was surrounded by secret policemen—known, because of the Hungarian initials of this outfit, as AVO men.

When the students tumbled out of the car, the AVO man at the gate asked sarcastically, "So you have come from the Engineering University?"

This meant that the AVO had sent out a round-robin report about the goings-on among the engineering students.

The students said, yes, they had come from the Engineering University: "And we want to put our demands before Premier Nagy."

"He can't see you tonight; he's very tired," one AVO man said with a leer.

"Maybe he'll see you tomorrow—if you're good," another said, jeeringly.

A third one took down the number of Professor Pribeky's car.

Furious over this treatment, the students returned to the university. They had noticed that an AVO man had taken down the professor's car number, so they promptly added an eleventh point to the Ten Points: "We will show complete solidarity to each other."

At the Engineering University the students concentrated on one problem: How to publicize their demands. The periodical of the communist students' organization, DISZ, agreed to print eight points, but not the demands that the Russians should get out and that free and secret elections be held.

This concession was not good enough for the students. Someone rang up the editors of Young Engineer, who said they would print the eleven points, but only if the dean—a communist—gave them the key to the room in which the duplicating machines were kept. After an acrimonious argument—mainly between the dean and Professor Pribeky—the dean handed over the key. Then the students set to work.

They rang up all the universities of Budapest and asked all typewriters to go into action. "Type one top copy and four carbons."

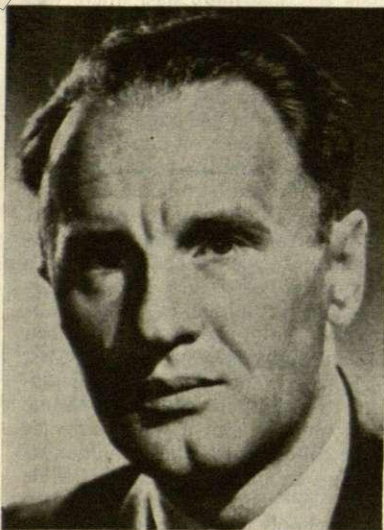
By the morning of Tuesday, October twenty-third, the eleven points had grown to fourteen points, and by Tuesday evening to sixteen points. In the early-morning hours of October twenty-third, the students took batches of the demands to every factory in and around Budapest, and demanded that they be pinned up on the walls—for all workers to read. Only in Csepel, at the center of the heavy-industry plants did the Communist Party secretary throw out the students. But even there the workers came out one by one and asked for copies of the fourteen demands.

Other students pinned or tied a copy of the fourteen points to every tree in Budapest. People read them in great excitement—many crying unashamedly. "At last here it is, black on white, what we feel—what we want—God bless the students . . ." this was what was being said on all sides.

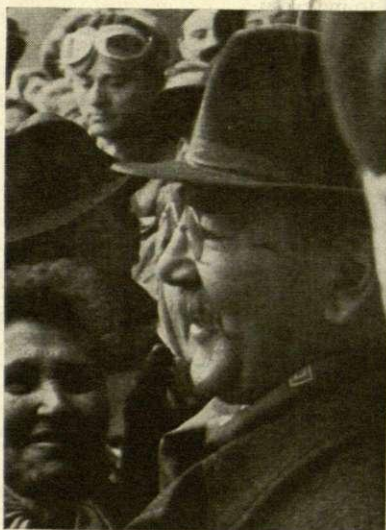
Professor Pribeky took a batch of the fourteen points to the Engineers' Union, and was cheered to the echo.

On Monday night the "parliament" of the

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Pro-Soviet Janos Kadar warned rebels: "Capitulate or we will crush you."



Premier Imre Nagy, deposed by the Soviet bosses, was replaced by Kadar.



(Continued from Page 62) Engineering University also had decided that the students would stage a demonstration before the statue of General Bem, a Polish leader of the Hungarian insurgents in the 1848-49 Revolution, on the next day. On Tuesday morning telephone calls came from all other Budapest schools, "We, too, will march with you."

Professor Pribeky advised the students to march in rows of ten, and not to let any stranger slip in among them. "Beware of *agents-provocateurs*."

Students ran to factories, to workshops, to offices, to ministries, to tell workers, clerks and officials of the demonstration and to invite them to participate in it. Meanwhile, a student delegation of three, driven by Professor Pribeky, went to the Minister of the Interior to ask per-

mission to "hold a silent demonstration." The minister, Laszlo Piros, a tough Stalinist, gave a short and pungent reply, "I forbid you to demonstrate." Professor Pribeky tried to argue with him, but the students butted in, saying,

"Mr. Minister, you cannot stop our demonstration. You must give us permission to march."

"I will not!" shouted Piros. "If you disobey, I shall call out the military!" "We will march even if you shoot at us," the students said stubbornly.

Half an hour later, Piros gave in and permitted the demonstration, provided the students marched in silence.

Professor Pribeky drove the students back to the university and watched the demonstrators set out. Somehow, from somewhere, a prewar Hungarian flag was

produced—a flag with the old Hungarian coat of arms. And in front row on the right of the marchers, on the right of the flag, walked the communist dean of the university. On the left end of the file the university Communist Party secretary marched. Professor Pribeky and three members of the staff drove to the Bem statue and acted as traffic policemen.

The 4000 students of the Engineering University were followed by the students of all the other universities of Budapest. And when Pribeky thought that the demonstration was nearly over, truckloads of workers arrived, and they, too, marched in rows of ten. More and more marchers came—men and women, young people and school children. By evening 200,000 people—one fifth of Budapest's population—had filed past General Bem's statue.

And it had been a silent demonstration—except for two words which the marchers chanted rhythmically to the beat of their steps. Without shouting, without raising their voices, they repeated the two words—three when translated into English—as though they were taking a vow: "*Ruszkik ki. Ruszkik ki. Ruszkik ki.*" "Russians get out. Russians get out. Russians get out."

These three words, chanted by the marchers before the Bem statue, in Budapest on October 23, 1956, constituted a vow taken by the entire Hungarian nation. It was the curtain raiser to the Revolution of Youth which was to break out a few hours later.

Editors' Note—The second and final article by Judith Listowel, describing the dramatic fighting in Budapest, will appear in next week's Post.

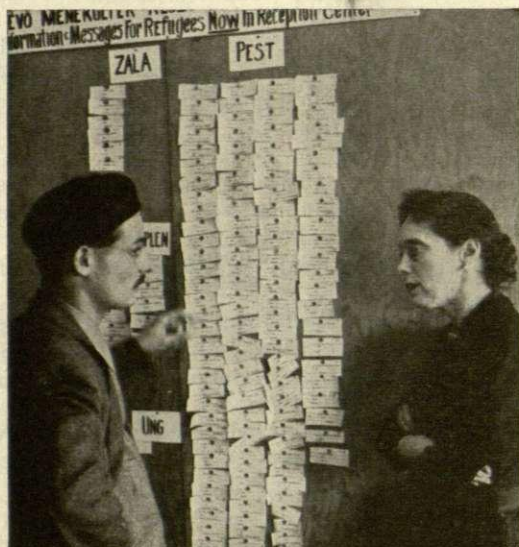


# Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

CONCLUSION

The revolution was progressing peaceably. Then, on that fateful October 23, 1956, the Reds began the blood bath that shocked the world.

By JUDITH LISTOWEL



The author (right), who was born in Hungary, with a refugee at the Camp Kilmer, N.J., reception center.

Four years ago, in my weekly paper, *East Europe and Soviet Russia*, we published an article called *Leaderless Resistance*. Had anybody then told me that Hungary would provide the classic example of how leaderless resistance suddenly transforms itself into leaderless revolution, I would have brushed aside this prophecy. In our article, *Leaderless Resistance*, we said that in East Europe every man, woman and child detested the Moscow-imposed communist police regimes, and resisted them in any way they could—big or small. But, we added, owing to the ruthlessly efficient, Soviet-trained secret police, this national resistance could have no leaders. All persons who showed any ability for resistance leadership were whisked away before they could prove themselves.

And yet, we also said, this leaderless resistance was the nightmare of the secret police. They knew it was there, they felt it at every turn, they saw traces of its deeds in workshops, offices and farms. But they could not deal with



Hungarian General Paul Maletier: He showed teenage freedom fighters how to cripple attacking Russian tanks with no weapons except gasoline-soaked rags.

it. Whenever they thought that they had laid hands on "it"—"it" evaporated. Some secret policemen went as far as faking incidents—reminiscent of wartime resistance—such as derauling a train, blowing up a bridge, beating up some Jews, because by advertising "the arrest of the criminals," they hoped to create the impression that they had taken the measure of the resisters. The publicity they gave, especially in Poland, to "bandits still hiding in forests," served the same purpose. The communists wanted the people of East Europe and of the free world to think that they had the situation well under control.

There was one vital question mark in the minds of both the oppressed people and the cunning secret policemen: What would the West do if it came to an armed showdown between the Soviet-backed communists and their East European victims? Many people imagined that the free world would support them, as it had supported the wartime resisters against

Solemn refugees, most of them able to bring out only the clothes on their backs, cross the Austrian border, leaving behind husbands and fathers who stayed to fight.





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Budapest, October 30: A band of Hungarian patriots was unable to restrain a mob of enraged fellow-citizens from taking vengeance on this Soviet-trained policeman.

Hitler. The communists hoped that Moscow, by threatening to unleash World War III if any Western power interfered, would frighten the West into withholding all help. Alas, the communist reasoning proved the more realistic.

The fate of the Hungarian revolution, which broke out on October 23, 1956, was sealed by three factors: The patriots received no help from the West; they lacked leaders and organization; their resistance centers had no means of keeping in contact with each other.

On October 23, 1956, in Budapest 200,000 people—mostly students and young workers—marched past the statue of General Bem, Polish-born hero of the 1848-49 Hungarian revolution. This was supposed to be a silent demonstration, but to the beat of their steps, the marchers chanted two words: "*Ruszkik ki! Ruszkik ki! Ruszkik ki!*" (Russians, get out!) The Stalinist Minister of the Interior, Laszlo Piro, allowed Peter Veress, a Leftist peasant writer, to address the marchers. The bombastic platitudes Veress spouted through a loud-speaker: "The glories of democratic youth . . . the all-out efforts we must make to remedy the

mistakes of the past . . . the wonderful future in store for us all," and so on, only annoyed the students. As he would not say that the Russians should get out and that free elections should be held, they howled him down. Veress disappeared speedily.

Then a young man read out: "Our sixteen points—our sixteen immortal demands"; starting with: "The Russians must immediately leave Hungary." He said that free elections had to be held, the secret police had to be dissolved, and so on. There were tumultuous cheers. The marchers and the people watching them embraced one another and became almost hysterical with excitement.

That is when Prof. Istvan Pribék realized that he was witnessing something far different from "a silent demonstration." By great good luck, he caught up with the engineering-university contingent, and appealed to the 4000 students to follow him. Driving his car very slowly, Professor Pribék led them back to the university in good order.

As the students entered the big hall—about 7:30 P.M.—the

(Continued on Page 88)

Soviet armored patrol: Red tanks blasted down the fronts of houses bearing the sign "Russians, Get Out!"—then shot up the rubble to be sure there were no survivors.





## Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

(Continued from Page 27)

radio was booming the speech of Ernő Gerő, Matyas Rákosi's tough Stalinist colleague. Backed by Moscow, Gerő was still the most powerful man in the Hungarian communist regime. He had just returned from a visit to Marshal Tito in Belgrade. Gerő extolled friendship with Soviet Russia. He stressed how much Hungary owed to the Soviet Union. He praised the achievements of communism. He demanded order and discipline to carry on the construction of the state of workers and peasants, and so on. In other words, he championed all the things to which the students objected most violently. A wave of anger swept over them as they heard these statements.

"Down with Gerő."

"The impudence of Gerő."

"We won't tolerate this."

"This is too much."

They shouted angrily. During a lull in the noise, someone screamed over the loud-speaker: "Let's go to the Radio—they must broadcast our demands—we must answer Gerő!"

"That's right! Let's go!" Everyone shouted agreement.

The students poured out of the building. The immortal sixteen points, written in big block letters on white cardboard, were carried by the twelve-year-old sister of one of the students. For the second time Professor Pribéky drove three students in his Topolino, his little Italian car, to the Radio. His car could scarcely proceed because masses of people were crowding the streets. Some were streaming toward Parliament Square to tear down the flags with the communist coat-of-arms. Others charged toward Stalin Square to knock down the Stalin statue, the symbol of Hungary's enslavement.

"We've heard Gerő; we're going to show him," was on everyone's lips.

Professor Pribéky dropped the three students outside the Radio Building and then drove to Stalin Square. Workers, with steel ropes and sledge hammers, had chipped off the head and arms of the Stone Man of Steel, but they could not move the body. Eventually, they had to blast the steel girders which had been placed inside it.

Thousands of people thronged the square. The jokes they yelled about Stalin's anatomy were coarse but funny. No vengeful curses against the communists, no oaths against the Russians were bandied about. The people only wanted the Russians to leave Hungary "at once," and their stooges to go with them "at once."

Suddenly, a young man grabbed Professor Pribéky's arm. "Professor—professor! Come quick! AVO (secret police) men are murdering students!"

"Where? How?"

"They're shooting them at the Radio Building!"

Pribéky and the young man leaped into the Topolino. As the professor drove into the narrow street in which the Radio Building was situated, an AVO man fired at him, but only damaged the fender of his car. While he and the student elbowed their way through the crowd, they heard what had happened. When the students with their sixteen points, carried by the little girl, had tried to enter the Radio Building, the secret police banged the heavy front door in their faces. There was a scuffle and the AVO man in command ordered the students to disperse. They refused. The AVO commander threatened to shoot at them, but the students still would not budge. The AVO man gave the signal to fire. AVO machine guns killed

three students and the little girl who carried the sixteen points. Many others were wounded. With these shots, the Soviet-trained Hungarian secret police transformed leaderless resistance of the population into leaderless revolution. It was nine P.M., October 23, 1956.

The cold-blooded murder of their colleagues aroused the students to a blind fury. They caught the AVO men who had fired the shots and wrenched the machine guns from their hands. They literally tore them limb from limb. Then they began to throw themselves *en masse* against the front door of the Radio Building. It creaked—it gave way. The students stormed through it and went for the rest of the AVO men. The machine guns they captured from them were the first weapons of the Hungarian patriots. . . .

At this moment, the people in the street heard the rhythmical steps of soldiers

... ..

### Waking City

By John D. Engle, Jr.

Before the day dawns,  
The waking city yawns,  
Moves with creaking joints  
At a dozen points,  
Flings off smoggy sheets,  
Brushes up its streets  
And runs a comb of air  
Through its sooty hair.  
The rising sun supplies  
It with a thousand eyes;  
Then. Clang! Jolt! Jerk!  
It rushes off to work.

... ..

marching from the direction of the National Museum. Sent from the Radecky Barracks, they came along with a colonel walking at their head. At the sight of the soldiers, the crowd tried to retreat. But where to? Then they heard the colonel shout in a stentorian voice, "Don't be afraid! We won't shoot at you!"

The colonel shouted again, "Tell me, people, what's happening?"

"AVO men are murdering our boys!" came the anguished answer.

"We'll deal with the AVO men!" roared the colonel. "To the Radio Building!" he commanded his men.

An indescribable scene followed. The soldiers fraternized with the crowd and shared their weapons with the students. Soldiers and students both rushed into the Radio Building and finished off the AVO men. Fifty in all were killed that night.

When Ernő Gerő and his fellow Stalinists in the Nagy government heard of the "Radio insurrection," they held an emergency meeting. At three A.M., October 24th, 1956, Gerő telephoned Moscow to ask for Soviet military aid to punish the insurgents. Thus did Moscow's Hungarian puppets reveal to the world that only Soviet armed might kept them in power.

If there was anything which could have incensed the Hungarian people more than the murder of the students, it was Gerő's appeal for Soviet military intervention. On Wednesday, October twenty-fourth, throngs gathered in Parliament Square because the people wanted to persuade

Premier Imre Nagy, who was in the Parliament Building, to form "a really democratic, all-party government," "to get rid of the Russians," "to hold genuinely free elections" and "to dissolve the secret police." Soviet tanks had appeared in the streets, but their crews, who had been in Hungary for some time, did not seem hostile at this point. Two Soviet tanks rumbled into Parliament Square, with students standing on them and the Soviet soldiers inside them grinning as though only amused.

Around 360 students were standing by a side entrance to Parliament, waiting to see Premier Nagy to protest against the murder of their colleagues and hand him their sixteen demands. Armed conflict might still have been avoided had not an AVO officer ordered the Hungarian secret police to fire upon the Soviet tanks whose crews were fraternizing with the students at this point.

The Russian soldiers returned the fire. The air was rent by shots, then screams and moans. AVO men turned their machine guns on the 360 students and killed every one of them. At least 250 others in the crowd in the square also were slaughtered. Maria, a Budapest nurse whom I interviewed in Eisenstadt near the Austro-Hungarian border on November fifth, told me that she personally had killed sixty dead in Parliament Square.

"I cannot get one woman out of my mind," she said, white-faced and exhausted. "The shot had carried away the woman's head and her arms. Her body was still wrapped in a fur coat, and her three children, miraculously alive, were crying pitifully."

After the massacre in Parliament Square, a fight to the bitter end between the Hungarian patriots and the Soviets backed by Hungarian Stalinists, was inevitable. But how were the Hungarian people to get arms? How were they to be trained to use them? How was the country to be organized?

Between October twenty-fourth and November third, the Hungarian patriots defeated the three Soviet armored divisions stationed in Hungary. Every Hungarian Stalinist was killed, wounded or fleeing for his life. The Hungarian patriots organized every town, factory and office through democratically elected councils. During these ten days the Hungarian revolution was gloriously victorious.

After the massacre in Parliament Square, the students and the young people of Budapest made for the various military barracks. This is how one freedom fighter described to me what happened: "We went to the barracks in Böszörményi Street and demanded arms. The officers knew what had happened; they sympathized with us. But they said that they could not give us arms. 'But we cannot prevent you from stealing them,' they added, and showed us where the arms were. We took them. When we asked them to show us how to use the rifles and machine guns, they replied, 'We can't do that, but if you watch us demonstrate their use to our men, we can do nothing about that.' So we watched them and then put into practice what we saw."

Other officers went much further than those of the Böszörményi Street barracks. Gen. Paul Maleter, in command of the Kilian Barracks—formerly the Maria Theresa Barracks—trained young people in batches of 300 in the rudiments of street fighting. A boy of fifteen told me of what he had learned. "Maleter explained to us that a tank could neither see nor shoot within a radius of eight meters. Therefore, if we managed to get close to a tank, we were safe. We were to jump on it, and then quickly black out its lookout

window with soap, or jam, or mud. Then we were to throw a bottle filled with gasoline (a Molotov Cocktail) into the space where the tank breathes. If we had no bottle, we were to dip a rag into gasoline, rub it on a piece of string and tie both to a stick. We had to set a match to the string before pushing the stick into the tank's breathing space. Either way, there would be an explosion—the Russian crew would have to come out. Then we could pick off the Russians one by one. Many Russians came out with their arms over their heads and begged for their lives. We did not kill them if one of them offered to drive the tank for us."

In Szentendre—a square in the hilly part of the Hungarian capital on the Budapest side of the Danube—youngsters were being trained by a Greek. One of his pupils, a seventeen-year-old student, told me, "This Greek had fought on the communist side in the Greek civil war, and was sent to Hungary to recuperate. After what he had experienced of communism, the Greek wanted to do everything he could to enable us to defeat the Russians and their Hungarian stooges."

All over Hungary, young patriots obtained arms and training in similar manner. They applied their quickly acquired knowledge courageously. They were so effective that half of one Soviet division actually surrendered to the patriots. The patriots then used the captured Soviet tanks to fight the rest of the Soviet forces. On October twenty-fifth, near the Pest end of the Chain Bridge, eight tanks with Hungarian crews engaged in a battle with twenty-two Soviet tanks. Every one of these tanks on both sides was destroyed. The patriots regarded this as the greatest victory for the revolution.

Yet even during the victorious phase of the Hungarian revolution, the Russians really used no kid gloves. Late in the evening of November seventh, on the road from Nickelsdorf to Hegyeshalom, I nearly fell over two little figures in the darkness, rain and strong wind. The older of the two I encountered was a boy about fifteen years old, wearing some sort of uniform. It turned out that he had been a pupil of the Varpalota Mining School. This is what Stephen S. told me:

"There were four hundred and sixty students at the school. On the first day of the revolution, all of us decided that we would fight; we were all between fourteen and sixteen years old. The soldiers in the Varpalota Barracks gave us arms and showed us how to use them. On October twenty-fifth, the Russians demolished our school with their guns. Many of us were killed, more were wounded. Then the teachers told us to scatter—to get back to our families:

"I was caught by a Russian, gun in hand. He took me and three other boys to Hajmáskér and locked us up in the camp there. Next day I escaped. Then I walked to Levél—you know, the village beyond Hegyeshalom, about five kilometers from here."

I asked him what he had done about food and shelter.

"Peasants fed me and put me up at night—how else could I have walked the hundred and eighty-five kilometers to Levél? They also told me how and where to avoid the Russians. In Levél, my friend Pista—he pointed to his thirteen-year-old, red-headed companion—"joined me. He, too, can't bear life in Hungary under the Russians, but he could have stayed on. I had to get out, for I would have been either shot or deported. The Russians got my name when they caught me with my gun."

On October twenty-fourth Premier Imre Nagy was freed from his AVO guards. He promptly formed a new government, made



up of National Communists, Smallholders (Peasant Party) and Social Democrats, Bela Kovacs, the courageous Smallholder, who had been in Soviet prisons for eight years, became Minister of Agriculture. Zoltan Tildy, another former Smallholder leader, Minister of State; Anna Kéthly, the veteran Social Democrat only recently released from prison, the Nagy government's representative at the U.N. But by the time she arrived in New York, Premier Nagy had sought refuge in the Yugoslav Embassy, and she could never take her seat at the U.N.

On October twenty-fourth, Premier Nagy promised to hold free and secret elections, to dissolve the secret police and to withdraw from the Moscow-sponsored Warsaw Pact. As for the Russians, he not only demanded immediate withdrawal of their troops from Hungary, but he appealed for the protection of the United Nations. (Between October twenty-fifth and November fourth, when Soviet might overwhelmed the Nagy government, the U.N. did nothing to help Hungary, in my judgment.)

The Hungarian people responded to Nagy's promises by promptly organizing themselves in a democratic fashion. In all towns in patriot hands, councils were elected with National Communists permitted to sit with members of parties the communists had previously outlawed. Most of them put in a young patriot as chairman, one dedicated to create "a free, democratic and happy Hungary."

In Budapest, the officers who had gone over openly to the revolution elected as chairman of the Revolutionary Military Council a writer called Attila Szigethy. He is a man of about fifty-five, a member of the Petofi Circle. Szigethy's election was telling proof of the alliance between the "Party-member intelligentsia" and the young fighting men.

In Miskolc, the new City Council elected as its chairman twenty-seven-year-old Miska Földvári, previously secretary of the local Communist Party. He did an excellent job. Miskolc had its own radio transmitter, which criticized the Nagy government freely. Later, it became an eloquent freedom station—one of the last to be silenced.

A man named Janos Boross, from a small town called Mór, who escaped to Austria on November seventh, told me what had happened there: "In Mór, we had a permanent Soviet garrison with tanks. When the revolution began, the Russians dragged some light artillery pieces up a hill opposite Mór and trained them on our town. Yet, under the very snouts of these guns, we arrested the entire secret police and locked them up. Then the people went to the local Communist Party headquarters and threw out of the windows every document they could lay hands on. Someone boxed the ears of the local Communist Party chairman, who said that he understood the situation quite clearly, and that he would be glad to leave immediately with the other comrades. They left with the Russians, complete with tanks and guns.

"All the people gathered in the main square of Mór and elected my brother-in-law, Márton Abele, as chairman of the new City Council. Then they elected the most respected citizens as members of the council."

Janos Boross had tears in his eyes as he went on. "But on November fourth the Russians returned—different Russians—they looked like Mongolians, and I now hear they are. The thugs are in power again. I wasn't going to stay to be deported—for, believe me, the Russians will deport every able-bodied patriotic Hungarian."

Between October twenty-fourth and November third there was a spirit of courtesy and tolerance abroad in Hungary the like of which had never been experienced before. In Budapest and other liberated towns, students and youngsters in their teens did police duty. A red-white-green arm band was their "uniform" and a rifle their equipment. They were polite, a little exuberant, and some had red-flaked eyes for want of sleep. When they asked someone for his identity card or reminded him of some rule, they did this quietly, with good humor. The most popular saying in Hungary at this time was: "Why check on the under-eighteens? All of them are reliable." So much for the results of Marxist education.

During the ten days of the victorious revolution, there was no disorder, no thieving, no looting in Hungary, so far as I have been able to learn. At street corners in Budapest, boxes were set out for contributions for the revolution. People put money, jewels and other valuables in them. As far as I know, not a single individual took advantage of these gifts for personal ends. I know that is hard to believe, but I have not been able to find any evidence to the contrary.

As soon as the patriots were in control of Western Hungary, they threw open the border—the first time since Hungary had been conquered by the Russians in 1945. There were touching scenes among Hungarian patriots and Austrian frontier guards. At last, all visitors from the west were welcome.

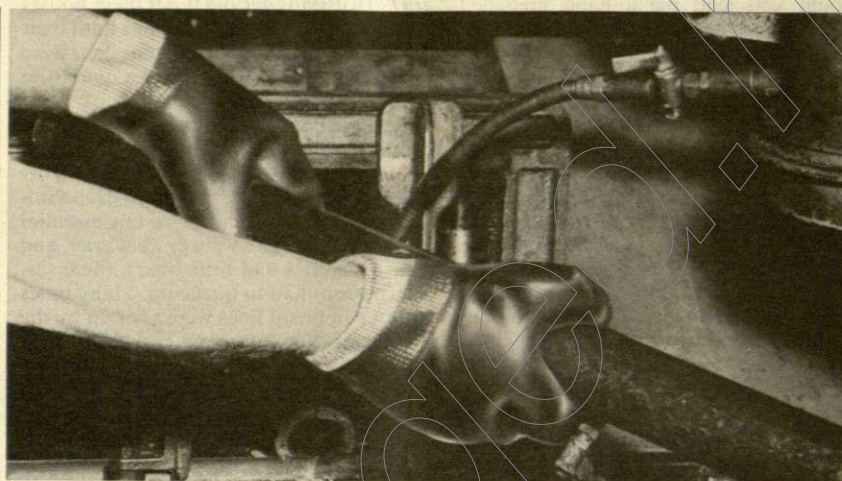
In all factories, workshops and offices, workers' councils were formed. These had the support of technicians and foremen. Men, women and children were prepared to work as never before, so that they could make good the promise of creating a free, democratic and happy Hungary.

The most sketchy account of the Hungarian revolution of 1956 would be incomplete without mentioning the part played by Hungarian schoolgirls. Two twelve-year-olds already have become legends, as you know. On October twenty-sixth, Professor Pribéky went to the South Station of Budapest. "to do social work"—a communist expression meaning unpaid work. Pribéky genuinely wanted to contribute his services this time, for he was helping a group of men and women in erecting a barricade across the square outside the station. They pushed cattle trucks into the square and arranged them in a line across it. Suddenly, a Soviet tank rumbled up and began shooting at the crowd. Men and women looked for shelter. On one side was the station, an easy target. On the other was a large field, called the Bloody Meadow because executions had taken place there in the Middle Ages. While the crowd stared at the approaching tank, horror-struck and not knowing which way to turn, a little girl of twelve, her golden hair in two plaits, her blue eyes glowing, ran forward waving a tiny Hungarian flag.

"How dare you shoot at me!" she cried in her high-pitched, childish voice.

The Soviet tank turned tail and made off. The little girl was nearly smothered to death, as everyone pressed forward to kiss her.

The other little girl had brown curls. A Hungarian friend of mine, a tough-minded man not easily given to emotion, told me about her, his voice breaking, "I was standing with a lot of people in Baross Street when we saw a tank drive up. There was no side street into which we could have escaped. People screamed; they did not know how or where to take cover from its murderous fire. A little girl next to me asked my companion, 'Uncle,



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1957

could you lend me a hand grenade?" "Here's one," he replied, and gave her one. The little girl took it firmly in her hands. Then she rushed forward and threw herself before the tank. It passed over her and took her life, but the grenade exploded and we were saved. The child had given her life that we might be saved."

On November third the Russians realized that their three divisions in Hungary had been beaten and that their stooges were in full flight. To defeat the victorious Hungarian revolution, they had to gain time to bring in overwhelming military reinforcements. So they faked a willingness to negotiate the withdrawal of their troops, through deliberate lies, and applied one of their vile ruses. It was a trick similar to the one they had played on the Polish underground government in 1945. They asked Premier Nagy to send military delegates to discuss terms and they made a show of pulling out of Hungary what was left of their three demoralized divisions.

The rest is history. Gen. Paul Maleter and his two aides, Kiraly and Szucs, were kidnapped on their arrival at the Soviet-rigged parley. Premier Nagy escaped arrest only by taking asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy. [Imre Nagy was slow to learn that the men in the Kremlin and their stooges are incurable addicts of the double cross. On last November twenty-first, the Kadar government solemnly agreed to allow Nagy and fifty-six other Hungarians to leave the Yugoslav Embassy and Budapest without being molested; they were guaranteed safe conduct. As soon as they stepped out of the Yugoslav Embassy, Nagy and the others were seized by Russians, and they are now prisoners of the Russians—The Editors.]

During the night of November third and fourth, the Soviets poured 5000 tanks and fifteen divisions—mostly savage Mongolians—into Hungary. Around Budapest they threw a steel ring of 1000 tanks. General Maleter had concentrated the bulk of his forces in the barracks of Budaörs, including his sixty tanks. (Budaörs is about ten miles from the Buda end of the Hungarian capital.) At four A.M. on November fourth, overwhelming Soviet forces and tanks surrounded the Budaörs barracks. The alarm was sounded at 4:15, but only a few Hungarian soldiers managed to get away. Those who surrendered were shot. All the war material of the patriots fell into Soviet hands.

This was the greatest single blow suffered by the freedom fighters. With the kidnaping of Maleter, in his way a military genius, and finding themselves left with only light arms and without radio communications between resistance centers, the patriots were in a hopeless situation. Yet they fought on with matchless courage, in many places. In Budapest, the two centers which held out longest against the Soviet battering were the Officer Cadet School—all its pupils were of "workers' blood," between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two—and the Military School. The boys of the Military School, between the ages of ten and eighteen, also were to become professional soldiers.

In Budapest, by November seventh, the Soviets were in control of all the main streets. Along these drove Soviet tanks, each one provided with a "guide" in civilian clothes. He was a member of the Hungarian secret police, for the crews of the tanks had no idea of where they were. Some Mongolians appear to have thought that they were in Germany, fighting the Americans, I was told by Hungarian refugees who had heard these tank crews trying to ask questions in pidgin German.

In the main thoroughfares of Budapest, many houses bore big notices: "Ruszkik

ki!" (Russians get out!) All these houses were fired upon by Soviet tanks until their fronts collapsed. Then machine guns were turned on the rubble, to make quite sure that no single person survived.

Another Soviet tactic was to shoot people "who formed a crowd." The puppet government of Janos Kadar issued an order that only one person from each family could go out—alone—to buy essential food. But, as there were few bakeries, and these bakeries had little bread, these single persons had to queue up. Many times people in bread lines were shot up by the Russians "for forming a crowd."

Thanks to the foreign journalists in Hungary, the world has learned all about the atrocities perpetrated by the Soviets and their Hungarian AVO aides. Let me

them into cattle trucks. This means that the deportation of patriots began on Sunday, November 4, 1956.

Since then, in Budapest, Soviet soldiers guided by AVO men have searched houses systematically and arrested all people under twenty-five years of age, regardless of whether or not they had participated in the fighting. With the arrival in Budapest of Gen. Ivan A. Serov, Stalin's highly decorated expert in genocide, it seems that the prediction of many Hungarian patriots will come true: "The Russians intend to deport all our young people. Not for two generations will we be able to make up for this terrible loss."

General Serov's Hungarian assistant in this crime against humanity is Maj.

garian revolution. Its explanation lies in the fact that the young patriots whom the Russians are either murdering or deporting are the sons and daughters of workers and peasants.

When the Soviet onslaught began on November fourth, the patriots sent out pathetic radio appeals for aid from the West. They took it for granted that the Westerners, who had for so long broadcast their sympathy for the plight of the East European peoples, would help them. And when no help came, and when, on November seventh, the U.N. "postponed" the debate on Hungary, the bitterness and resentment of the Hungarian freedom fighters were unbounded.

All the ones I talked to said things like this:

"The West has betrayed us. . . . All you gave us were words, but not a rifle, not a machine gun, not a cartridge. . . . God will punish the West for this—we fought for you as well as for ourselves."

As for the U.N., the harsh statements made by some Hungarian patriots about "that talking shop," would not bear printing. To one Hungarian patriot I tried to explain the difference between what the West could do in wartime, for the anti-Hitler resistance, and what it could not do for the anti-Soviet resistance in East Europe in peacetime. "If the Western governments, because of their diplomatic relations with Moscow and its puppets, cannot help us," he demanded, "why didn't they say so before? Why didn't they tell us through their radios that they couldn't and wouldn't help us if we fought the Soviets?"

He went on, "Had we fought for the communists, we would have received all the arms we needed; they wouldn't have worried about diplomatic relations and neutralities. But you in the West, you couldn't even organize any private gunrunning for us. You wait; the day will come when the West will need us, but by then we will not be here."

The revolution of Hungarian Youth has been drowned in blood. Devoid of leaders, of arms, of organization and of communications, it never had a chance against the military might of the Soviet Union. The miracle is that it lasted twenty days. The double miracle is that the workers, by their strikes, are still carrying on. And some of the freedom fighters, with their small arms, are still holding out in the hills as this is written.

It is too soon to evaluate the place of the Hungarian revolution in history. Milovan Djilas, Marshal Tito's erstwhile friend and now his prisoner, whose knowledge of communism cannot be doubted, said in *The New Leader* of November 19, 1956: "The Hungarian revolution blazed a path which sooner or later other communist countries must follow. The wound which the Hungarian revolution inflicted in communism, can never be completely healed."

My own assessment is that the Hungarian revolution of 1956 is historically as important as the Battle of Britain was in 1940. In 1940, the British proved to the world that Hitler's conquests could be halted. In 1956, the Hungarians proved to the world that the spirit of man cannot be broken. That is why the sacrifices shouldered by the Hungarians, and the sufferings inflicted on them, will not have been in vain.

In old days, a Hungarian cavalry regiment had the motto: "God, if you do not help us, at least look at us." O God, at least look at the Hungarian patriots, especially at the youngsters now being driven in cattle trucks to Soviet slave-labor camps.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Judith Listowel.



"Any time, Lindbergh."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

add three incidents which I can substantiate.

On November ninth, in Budapest, Leslie Gordon, a Hungarian-born Canadian, saw at the corner of Vaci Street and Fürst Avenue, six young patriots surrender. Headed by a girl of sixteen, they came out of a house, threw down their arms and put up their hands. All six were shot and killed by Soviet soldiers. Mr. Gordon found out the girl's name and informed her parents of her death. He has a photograph of her body, covered with a Hungarian flag.

On November eleventh, early in the morning, an Austrian journalist—Laetitia Dickerhoff—went up to Buda. She saw a group of about twenty patriots come out of a cellar and surrender—arms thrown on the pavement, hands up. All were mowed down by Soviet machine guns.

On November fifth, on the Hungarian border, I spoke to a Hungarian whom I cannot identify, because he has returned to Hungary. He could not bear to leave his wife and two children to their fate. On November fourth, the day of the all-out Soviet attack, he saw Soviet soldiers march a group of disarmed patriots to the East Station of Budapest, and there push

Gen. Laszlo Piros, former Minister of the Interior. He is the man who reluctantly agreed, on October twenty-third, to the insistent demand of Professor Pribéky and the three representatives of the engineering university; that the students hold a "silent demonstration" before the Bem statue. No wonder that, on instructions from Piros, AVO men are trying to exterminate all students of the engineering university.

The appeals for surrender the puppet Kadar government put out to the patriots were sheer mockery. Those who surrendered were either killed or deported. That is why the Hungarian workers staged a general strike which, at the moment of writing, is still going on sporadically.

And the reason why the Hungarian workers could hold out so long is that, for the first time in history, the Hungarian peasants are giving them food—literally they are feeding them free. They supply them with milk, meat and even poultry and honey. In starving Hungary, they could get fabulous money for this food. In view of the close-fisted nature of the Hungarian peasants, this is one of the most remarkable features of the Hun-