

Women of Martyred Hungary Get Much Credit in Country's Stand

Editor's Note: Ilona Nyilas, resident correspondent of the United Press in Budapest and mother of two small girls, lived through the anti-Communist uprising, the Russians' onslaught and the grim general strike that still paralyzes her country. In the following dispatch she tells what life in Budapest means to women of the shattered Hungarian capital.

By ILONA NYILAS
United Press Correspondent

Budapest (U.P.)—Let me, a woman and a mother, ask you, women of the West, to join me in paying tribute to the girls and mothers of martyred Hungary.

I have seen them—teen-aged girls fighting tanks and mothers letting them fight, a woman worker patrolling the narrow streets around the Kilian barracks hugging a tommy-gun. . .

I saw them bring in hot food, ammunition and primitive bandage made of torn up sheets to the "front line" on Moscow Square. But what impressed me perhaps most is how women of Budapest ignore the Russian tanks now that the fighting is over.

Because teen-age girls who destroyed them during the war were "soldiers," they were trained to fight tanks and handle sub-machine guns by the Communist regime which never thought its plan would backfire and the youngsters use their skill to kill Reds.

But the woman on the streets today is a housewife. Most of them still tremble when recall-

ing the dreaded memory of post-siege days in 1945, the first time the Russians occupied this city.

And still they ignore the T-54 monsters, run carelessly under the muzzles of their guns and if they look at all, there is only cold hatred in their eyes.

I recall Juliska, only 16, her obsolete army rifle as tall as herself, guarding the end of a street near the Kilian barracks. There was immense determination on her young face, a face that had never known powder.

And the pugnacious, typical "proletarian" woman in another street of the same area, a Hungarian version of Dolores Ibaruri, La Pasionaria of Spanish civil war days. She was brand-

ishing a huge pistol and ordering us out of our automobile despite its foreign license plate. Her less warlike male freedom fighters induced her finally to let us go as reporters from the "friendly West" . . .

And the ugly little redhead of 14 who headed a gang of three boys that blew up an armored car on Moscow Square with a "Molotov cocktail." What a little she-devil she was . . .

And the angel-faced prostitute with the hennaed hair who walked nonchalantly on the same square with a cigarette dangling from her mouth, bandaging the young workers and students while bullets whistled around her head.

It already is a hackneyed phrase that the revolution unified this nation in a way unknown in Hungarian history.

When the guns roared in Budapest's streets my male colleagues shoved me back saying "this is a man's job. You look after the kids," so I retired to the nursery where my two daughters, Julie, 10, and Kati, 9, rule.

I admit we didn't look after them too much during the past few weeks. We frantically typed our stories, quarreled with phone operators and devoured some food when and where we could in Russian besieged Budapest. The children didn't bother about us, either. It turned out they were busy, too.

Two days ago a messenger brought a typed invitation from the nursery asking us to attend a performance of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, produced by Julie-Kati and their friends.

Grownups from the neighborhood—all in typical postwar attire, women in slacks, men in overalls—sat while the children, all between 8 and 12, recited Shakespeare. The small audience, crouching on the floor, sitting on the few chairs, packed the nursery, forgetting for two hours the horrors of the past weeks, the problems they have to face—and the T-54 monsters on the corner with their crew of Asiatics with their blank looks.

Three Brothers Meet In Maternity Halls

Camden, N.J.—(U.P.)—Three brothers who bumped into each other in the halls of Cooper Hospital's maternity ward, should find some significance to the number three from now on.

Within 12 hours after they met accidentally, their wives gave birth to three girls whose weights were within three pounds of each other.

Hospital authorities said the three couples, Mr. and Mrs. Allen J. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Fleming and Mr. and Mrs. Foryce Fleming, had not known they would be at the hospital at the same time.

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