

Editorials

Just What Does Matter?

When it comes to elections, Peter Fishburn, Elections Committee chairman, believes "all that really matters is who won."

At least that's what he told a Collegian reporter Sunday night. It seems the reporter asked for the number of votes each student received in seeking a spot on the Lion party slate.

Fishburn's statement is one of those which sounds good at first. However after a closer look it's a different story.

We believe some people do care to know more than just who won. Who cares to know more? We hope everyone, and especially the students who cared enough to vote for either candidate.

Do we really only care that President Dwight D. Eisenhower won? We hope we care about more than just that. Don't we care about how much he won by? We think so.

We hope Fishburn does not take the same attitude when the freshmen and sophomores go to the polls to elect their class officers.

We believe they want to know more than just who won.

A Week for Indies

A 6-day program, celebrating Indie Week, is offering independent students a round of social events—from last night's talent show to the Penn State-West Virginia football pep rally Friday.

The Indie Queen will be crowned Wednesday night at the Hallowe'en dance in the Hetzel Union ballroom. There will also be a game night on the ground floor of the HUB.

The Indie Week program is a varied one and has been well planned. Independents should support the activities and show some enthusiasm for this is the only full social program during the year for non-fraternity students.

Independents often feel they are neglected. However, projects that are sponsored by the Association of Independent Men and Leonides are usually not supported as they should be.

This year we hope that campus as well as town Indies make a genuine effort to attend as many events as possible so that the program will be successful.

Those Poster-Snatchers

Poster-snatchers are at work on campus.

It has been called to our attention that some posters publicizing events of clubs and organizations have been removed from bulletin boards of late. They are being removed, we're told, soon after they are put up.

Much work goes into making posters, and often an event can be unsuccessful if posters are removed before students can see them.

The only explanation given is that students take them to hang in their rooms. If this is the reason posters are being taken, why can't these poster-snatchers wait until the event is over before taking them?

Gazette

TODAY
American Society of Agricultural Engineers, 7 p.m., 206 Ag Eng
Collegian Business Staff Candidates, 6:45 p.m., 305 Sparks
Collegian Business Staff, 7:30 p.m., 202 Willard
Collegian Promotion Staff, 7 p.m., 209 Willard
Football Films, 8:30 p.m., 10 Sparks
Gamma Sigma pledge meeting, 6:45 p.m., 119 Osmond
Hat Society Council, 7 p.m., 218 Hub
Hillel Yiddish Course, 7 p.m.
Hillel Conversational and Intermediate Hebrew, 7:00 p.m.
Psychology Club, 7:30 p.m., Pine Cottage
Gamma Sigma Pledge Meeting, 6:45 p.m., 119 Osmond
WSGA Judicial Board, 8 p.m., 218 Hetzel Union
Young Republicans, 7 p.m., Headquarters
UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL
David Anderson, James Andrew, Neil

A Student-Operated Newspaper

The Daily Collegian

Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887

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Hungarian Student Remembers Bloody Revolt for Freedom

By MIKLOS KOLUMBAN

On Sunday, Oct. 21, 1956, I made an excursion to the woods with my closest friends. We built a fire, played soccer, and sang folksongs. As we came back, walking through the autumn trees, I saw reddish-yellow leaves in the gay twilight. The tired sun was the painter, but the colors were shiny and bright: red, green, yellow. We thought strongly and involuntarily of the liberty and of a revolution which must come.

The colors, the bold twilight, nodded.

At 5 p.m. on Oct. 23, a big crowd moved from the statue of Petofi, Hungarian patriot poet, and from the statue of Bem, Polish general,

About the Author

A year ago today Miklos (Nick) Kolumban, freshman in hotel administration, was fighting in Budapest for the freedom of Hungary. Leaving his family in Budapest, Nick came to the University last March. He was given a room and board scholarship by Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Before coming to the United States Nick studied journalism at the University in Budapest.

to the building of the Parliament. Two hundred fifty thousand excited, embittered men looked up at the Red Star on the tower of the Hungarian Parliament.

"Down with the Red Star, comrades," we shouted, and each one of us wanted to be the first to present personally our demands to the Red government. Our mouths opened, our screams became louder, we forgot the silence of the 12 years.

And what was our desire, what did we want from them? Three words only: liberty, independence, and neutrality. The same neutrality as Austria and Switzerland enjoy. But before all this, the Russians must get out of Hungary, faster than the flight of the eagle.

At 8 p.m. the Communists shut off the light before the Parliament to stop the revolt. Our answer was to burn torches from newspapers, about 60,000 at the same time. The whole night became fire; Budapest had had enough; the terror subsided.

"Revolt, revolution!" I enthusiastically told my family; and my 84-year-old grandfather shed tears of joy.

Later, we students occupied a Communist printing shop called "Spark" and we compiled pamphlets with the 16 demands. Outside about 3000 men anxiously waited for the first uncensored news. I stood at the window and threw out freshly printed pamphlets. I saw only arms, hands and fingers which stretched out for freedom.

Later soldiers came and distributed guns among us, in case of attack from security police. At 1 a.m. my silvery-haired mother came for me. She grasped my hand, and said, "You are my only child, I need you. Come." I put her.

In the same evening the revolution broke out. In front of the radio building the security police fired on the unarmed crowd. Next day barricades grew from the freedom desire. Many students fought against the tank captivity. Our family lived by the defense ministry, which the Russians occupied at first. A big T-34 Russian tank stood warningly before our house. I wanted to try to escape across the roof to join the freedom fighters, but my father locked the door and said: "I took part in two revolutions and two world wars. I think this is quite enough for one family. I don't want to visit your grave every Sunday."

I didn't agree with him, of course; therefore I got two slaps. Later two more. Then I calmed down.

The machine guns of the street strafed the windows. I counted five gift bullets on the wall. The Russian headquarters called upon the Hungarian revolutionists to surrender. But those who gave up and put down their weapons were executed. Many naive teenagers died this way.

The Communist radio played dancing music—rumba and mambo. Meanwhile the tanks made some structural changes in our house. The partition wall

of our apartment fell down. We moved into the kitchen, which was as cold as a beer cellar.

OCT. 26. We have no more food! The fight is still continuing, and the dance music, too. "Put down your guns, Hungarians. Don't fight against your own government!" Villains. We ate dry bread, softened in water. Grandfather, caught cold; he coughed; we were afraid he would die.

They still had trouble with me. My mania was to escape through the roof and join the fighters. Twice I stole the key, but they discovered it both times.

At last we won! It was Oct. 29. The gigantic Russian tanks retreated across the Danube beach and left the Capitol.

Budapest—how do you look, Budapest? Stretched-out rails, turned up trainways, ruins of disappeared buildings, stone barricades, and areas of clotted blood, looking like the rust of the period of captivity. Before a hotel we could see a burned-out armed car. Inside there lay two roasted Russian soldiers. Their bodies were now the size of dogs and their flesh was rose-colored, like fresh pork. Since then I have not been able to eat pork.

Beside this hotel a building had no front. From the first floor remained only a country picture on the wall and half a piano. Anything else—furniture, money, windows, a cradle—were in the dust of the street.

But the Boulevard was happy, entirely happy. Many young men sang and read eagerly the pamphlets on the walls. Everywhere, on the shop window glass, on the burned-out tanks, on the asphalt, you could read: "Russians, go home! Fast, fast. Leave, move out from Hungary, if possible, today."

In a square some metal workers were tearing off the hated Russian coats of arms with ropes. We split them, and tram-

pled on them. "Poor Communists, they must be very sad today. Men, let us sing the Soviet Hymn!" laughed a teenager behind me.

A group of soldiers and students released Cardinal Mindszenty from his prison and the Red Star disappeared from the Hungarian Parliament. The wind of freedom tore it off. Now we really have liberty, Hungarians; we are free. Can you believe it?

Nov. 4. The Russian occupation forces came back. The monsters shot everywhere that they found resistance. They broke the spirit of liberty, and bound her behind their tanks. They rumbled through Budapest. I myself became exasperated. I felt I had no purpose to fight further. My gun and the machine guns are only toys against heavy tanks and armed cars. Courage and boldness is just a feeling, but no ammunition.

I was meditating; I counted my 19 years and then the bullets of my gun. My years were more. And the tanks were more than my years. Therefore I escaped, and left hope behind me.

I had only a small automatic pistol in my pocket, in case somebody stopped me. I went to a Hungarian family to wait till the monsters finished their job.

In the next days the new-born liberty suddenly died. The youth closed their eyes. We were arrested, all of Hungary; we became the colony of an imperialist world power again. Nobody extended aid to us. Once mankind loved freedom. But the times change. The horizon remained uninterestingly blue and the sun shone in the same manner on the steel of the tanks as it did on my friend.

In vain begged the 4-day-old Free Hungarian Radio in five languages for help and sympathy: "Help, Help, Help; Hilfe, Hilfe, Hilfe." (Continued on page five)

