

I was born in 1922, graduated from Gynnasium in 1941. I attended the Academy of Fine Arts for two and a half years. Much in our lives in the past ten years was determined by the fact that my husband comes from a gentry family, ~~whose~~ ^{and his} father not only was mayor of Szolnok, but he also owned several factories there. This was a major handicap and at war's end he was kicked out from the Foreign Ministry where he worked and since then worked in a dozen different jobs, ^{and} was jailed on several occasions. Work for me then was essential not only to make money, but also to create the impression of a reliable and competent worker.

One day, a friend of ours heard about openings for draftsmen at the City Sewerage Works. He urged me to apply, although I had never drafted anything in my life. My husband, however, was unemployed and he was facing a trial by the People's Court. Although I had no chance of getting hired, I went.

I had to see the head of the Section who was looking for draftsmen and without much fuss, they gave me a drawing to copy. Somehow it turned out very well. I was in the room with all the draftsmen, I took my time and watched what they were doing. The section chief was satisfied and he then asked me several questions. I got very upset and I started crying hysterically, right in his office. He was amazed at this and when I quieted down, I told him that I very much wanted the job and I very much ^{now} needed it, but, I can't get it because of my middle class background, my poor husband, and all the damaging circumstances of our family. Immensely relieved, he explained "well you are a

reactionary then"! He assured me that I would certainly get the job since they were only afraid that they would be sent some AVO informer, but that they meant to protect the quiet and peace of the office. With his recommendation I then had to go to the personnel chief. To my luck he was on vacation and the assistant chief interviewed me. He asked me some questions which are worth quoting. (That was in 1950, when the deportations got under way). He asked: "should an industrious, skilled worker, son of a capitalist be deported?" I told him, I did not think so, whereupon he accused me of petty bourgeois emotionalism, saying that I was not aware of the basic unreliability of a man who was educated as an enemy of the worker. His next question was whether I thought the police to be a suppression force. By saying 'No' again, I aroused his wrath. He told me that the police in America suppresses the workers and the police in Hungary suppresses the capitalist reactionaries, therefore, it is a suppressive instrument. After this brilliant exchange I was told to wait in the hallway, while he decided my fate with my future section chief. Outside I found a little old woman crying in a corner. She was waiting to talk to someone from personnel. I tried to talk to her and found out her story. She lived in the maid's room of the Count Battanyi, renting a room there. I presume by doing a little house cleaning. The reason for her grief now was, that the family was being deported from Budapest and she, as a family member, was deported with them. Actually, like many others, so these aristocrats sublet a room and registered the tenant as a member of the household and the family. That way

^{were} they ~~entitled~~ to the extra space. Her main trouble was, that although she wouldn't mind sharing the exile with the aristocrats, ^{to be confined to} they were ~~confined~~ /one room for all of them in the country and she, the old woman, would die of shame because her presence would, no doubt, embarrass the countess. At this point I became curious what made her come to the personnel section of the Sewerage Company. This was very easy, she noted, since she was ^{the} /ladies' toilet attendant in the West side Railroad Terminal and since all the public toilets were under the Sewerage Companies' control, this is where she belonged.

I got the job. I was to work from 8 to 4 and was to get paid 660 forints a month plus premium. The way the premium was figured was most enlightening; the entire plant was scheduled to complete 100% every month. This meant that we, the productive force, were to produce for the non-productive force as well and so above and beyond my own 100% quota, I perhaps had to produce 50% worth more to pay for the work of a non-productive worker. This could be the porter or the personnel chief or Party personnel or anyone not directly concerned with production. So in order to earn my 660 forints, I had to produce 150% of my quota. If I produced more than that - say 175% - the difference of 25% over-production was made the basis of my premium. In this case I got 660 forints plus 25% of 660 forints or another 165 fts. Altogether, I produced perhaps 5000 fts. worth of work, covering my salary ^{and} /say the Party secretary's 2000 fts. salary and then earning premium for myself, the percent on my 660 fts. as well as premium for the Party secretary, the same percent on his 2000 fts.

The work was measured by the section chief. He would assign a theoretical point per hour value to each job or blue print. These would be piled up in a drawer and as we completed one job, would simply pick the one on the top of the pile as our next assignment. Whenever we completed the work piece in less time than his estimate, we over-produced our quota and earned some credit toward our premium.

The boss turned out to be a very likable man; just accidentally he happened to be an engineer, because the rest of the new leadership was composed of the old Sewerage workers who now emerged from underground. After several months on the job, my boss suggested that I enroll in a new course of technical studies, then being started for city employees. Since my husband wasn't working most of the time, this was possible and after working from 8 to 4, I went to school from 4.30 till 9 p.m. for 12 months. Since I was given advance standing on the basis of my previous ^{one} art education, I completed a two year course in ~~that time~~. Each city agency sent its students there and the variety of students was amazing; from our office the mechanical division could send two students, the Party secretary perhaps four and the Trade Union secretary perhaps three. Of course, each of these sent people to school on the basis of future usefulness to themselves. Thus many very uneducated and dumb sewerage divers, at times with completely blank minds, ~~were~~ Sent to these courses, and most of them got lost in the shuffle after a few months. As my boss suggested, I was glad to have become a technician in construction and me-

chanical drawing.

Some time later, the Bridge Construction Company of the city had to complete a rush job and I was left out for several weeks to help them. While there, I worked with a very decent guy who was a Party member, but not a Communist at all. At heart he was a cartoonist who made some beautiful renderings of architectural or engineering concepts. He taught me a great deal about bridge construction and I made some skin-cream, which his wife was very grateful for. I think his personality is best explained with the fact that he was a complete coward which, in turn, made him to be an opportunist and being a talented artist, he wanted to feel himself secure and comfortable.

In his spare time he made perfectly beautiful political posters for the Party or other mass organizations.

At the Sewerage Co. discipline and morale were continually and growing worse. Personally, I am punctual and disciplined, I was always on time. I recall once, in the beginning of the ten minutes movement, I was only 5 minutes early, which meant I was 5 minutes late because I wasn't there 10 minutes before the work starts. After I explained my delay to my boss, a woman came in from the personnel section, calling me to task for my delay in a nasty tone. When I told her a piece of my mind, she left and soon thereafter the personnel director himself came to bawl me out. I sent him off also until finally the Party secretary came in too. I told him that by this time it was 11 a.m. and I didn't get any work done nor would I be able to continue for I was so boiling mad. He agreed with me and at least

I was left alone. They wasted my day, but they achieved their aim for I was never late again. The whole Sewerage Plant and Office were quite radical, everyone was comrade in contrast to my later places of employment, where people were just "szaki", standing for colleague.

One day, my friend from the bridge people, the artist, called me up, telling me that he got a much better paying job at the Subway Construction Company and wouldn't I also like to come over. In a way I was letting my boss down who was so decent to me, but I did not see how I could continue to work for that little money. I took the job at the Subway Planning Co. as a technician which paid me 1300 forints plus premium. I worked there at the planning office of the Subway Construction, which was one of the three companies in charge of the whole project. The other two were the Finance Co. and the Construction Company proper'. The Sewerage Co. would not let me go but with its great prestige, the Subway Construction Co. forced my transfer. I was assigned as a technician to one of the engineers on the project. Every engineer had his own technician and she did a lot of work because the engineers were also politicians and they did a lot of negotiating instead of planning. Each engineer was assigned two subway stations and I worked on the two ~~from ~~at Battyanyi~~~~ ^{at Battyanyi} and the Square ~~to~~ Kossuth Square Station, the two stations between which the underwater tunnel link was to be done under the Danube. Besides us there was a secret section, working closed off from the rest of us and people working there never told us what they did. If one wanted to talk to someone from that section, they

had to call the person out to a little conference room and when I asked a friend of mine who worked there what she did, she got most irritated and scared and refused to talk about it. In the very first days of my working there, I asked where ^abranch-off at Kossuth Square would lead ^{to}. I did not realize that the head of the Secret Department was standing behind me. I didn't know who he was. He overheard my question, silenced the engineer I asked and told me that is none of my business. Of course, this way my curiosity was aroused. I knew there was something secret going on.

In order to check the proper construction and the use of adequate materials, we had to supervise the construction sites continually. The men even had to go down to the pressurized areas to check the construction there. I noticed that they were planning a standard gauge rail in the tunnel, although the subway was planned for a narrow gauge train. Rumour had it that the full-size rail was meant for war purposes to connect the South Station with the East Station in case the bridges were knocked out by enemy action. As a technician I had millions of details to work out, helping design escalators for every station and all sorts of similar technical problems. At the work, of course, we had a seminary obligation and although I was too tired, I was forced to go. After a while I was enrolled in a one year course in subway construction. This meant three evenings a week, but at least I could drop the seminary, claiming that we had political instruction during our lectures. While in the seminary, we also had to attend movies and we had to evaluate them afterwards. 95% in our class

when asked a question, stood ^{up} and blushed and stammered .

Work at the Subway Construction Co. was much more casual than at the Sewerage Co. ^{though} if one was one minute late for work, one had to report to the personnel division for a bawling out. At the Sewerage place, we were paid for production completed, at the Subway Construction, however, we had a schedule set up which we offered to ~~break~~ ^{overflow} by completing that part of the work at an earlier date. Whenever this happened, we received a premium. The schedule itself was made out by the Ministry. The whole Subway Construction went through the following official agencies: After originating it by a Party Headquarters, the Council of Ministers gave its approval and commissioned a number of experts to work out a plan within the Five Year Plan for the construction of the Subway. The plan was then approved and handed to the Transportation Ministry who gave its overall instructions to the Subway Finance Company. This then broke down the plans and started scheduling the work, assigning the planning to the Planning Company and the construction end to the Construction Company. Within the Planning Company we had a coordinating division exactly patterned on the Subway Construction Organization in the Soviet Union. The coordinating division then assigned work for ^{the} several divisions within the Planning Company. Shortly after, the coordinating division was abolished in the Soviet Union, ^{so} our was abolished too and like there, the construction division took over the coordination, handing out assignments to the other divisions. At that time I was transferred from the coordinating

division to the construction division.

My boss, the engineer, whose technician I was and I were mutually afraid of each other for a long time. His wife worked at the AVO and he was not only a Party member, but he was member of the Party Control Committee of the Subway Construction Co. This committee was responsible for the Party work in the plant. He was of Jewish descent who was filled with hatred against everyone at the end of the war and went to work for the Hungarian Police to revenge himself. He met his wife there who was working for the AVO and they were soon married. Gradually I found out that he hated the Party now and was completely disgusted with it, but was unable and unwilling to take the risk of going into open opposition. He was sorry and remorseful for ~~his~~ ^{this} past misdeeds and he tried to compensate for them partly, I guess, by helping me as much as he could. Professionally he was a lousy engineer, a fact which all his colleagues admitted, but he was Party secretary while at the University and thus he graduated. We spent a lot of time talking later when we got to know each other, since no one worked very hard at the subway plant except at peak periods just before the dead-lines. Then we threw in overtime and everything to get our work done and collect our premium. My boss's wife was having troubles at the time and she was desperately trying to get away from the AVE. She had several nervous breakdowns and at long last they finally let her go. First she got a job with a planning company, designing something in the Castle and, of course, I don't know if she worked as an informer

on the side or not. Later she got a confidential job at the News Service "M.T.I." as a secretary and was obviously relaxed to have her AVO experiences behind her. As I mentioned above, my boss tried to help me as much as he could and he warned me of the several informers employed at the Subway Planning Co. Actually, there were very few of these, surprisingly few, and the joke had it, there was only one Bolshevik informer in Hungary ^{only} and nobody knew who he was. One day my boss invited me and my husband to his home. My husband refused to visit them, but in the end he came anyway and we spent a very strained hour in their home. We invited them back and we spent a strained time again together at our home and then I tried to cut off our social intercourse. I think they were quite lonely people and he mentioned once that his wife did not appear in certain public places. I think they really wanted to make us friends and in fact talk very reactionarily, perhaps to gain our sympathies.

The subway construction started to have its troubles in the Spring of '53. By then a dozen or so Soviet engineers had spent close to a year supervising our operations and by then, the Soviets began not to trust us, although this was before the first Imre Nagy Government. This lack of trust was obvious in many small details. When our team of engineers travelled in Russia to see subway construction there, they were never shown any construction, only the completed stations. We, of course, had to follow all Soviet patterns and we had to have ^{even} our lorries based on Soviet patterns. We built them, and the Soviet engineers

were amazed, for they never saw this sort. Obviously they didn't trust us with their own designs or else they had had some other motives for misleading us. Once the engineers left, the work started slowing down. It was understood within the office, that the Russians no longer thought us reliable and that a bomb-proof railroad connection was not such a good idea if it is used by the enemy. This seems to have been the main reason, although they turned it around and made political capital out of stopping the work. They announced that under the new Imre Nagy regime, the large scale general plans would have to give way to helping the individual worker and peasant with private home construction and other investment for the little man. To give a set of subsidiary reasons, they let it be known that the construction ran into much trouble due to soil difficulties. They found a lot of water around Rakocsy Ut, and they froze the soil before. To stop the work, they had to de-frost the soil and for this they started circulating warm water in the pipes. As a result, a lot of the soil started sliding and several houses nearly collapsed. Of course in this day and age, no engineering problem is so great that it could not be solved. It perhaps costs a lot of money, time and material, but a solution can be found. When our work petered out, the following parts of the subway were completed: the terminal at the South Station was completed except for the decorations. One road bed was also dug. The Szena Square ventilation shaft and equipment was also completed. The same work was completed on the Battyanyi Square Station. The Kossuth Square Station was finished. The Deak Square Station was

about half finished. The station at the National Theatre was the place where they had so much trouble and they had to freeze the soil. The tunnel itself was only started under Rakoczy Ut. At the Deak Square station they were planning to connect this subway with the old subway, running under Stalin Street. An escalator was to connect the two stations and for this reason half of the old subway system was not used because of the construction.

Officially, the subway shall be taken up in the next Five Year Plan and for the time being, maintenance work is carried out. Apparently some planning is still going on, but instead of the 6-700 people, now there may be 20 to 50. Not long before our operation slowed down, we moved into our new headquarters. We were very cramped in our old ones and they put up a brand-new building for us. As the wag would have it, there is one less office space in Budapest than there are companies, and so one company must always be on the street moving.

The director of the planning company, a man called György Istvan, has been a failure all his life. He was not talented and he was unpleasant. He was universally disliked in the old days and now. But now he had an opportunity to build himself a career through stringing along with the Party. Before, he was an insignificant failure. To his co-workers he was known as the 'rat'. He disgusted us completely when he subscribed an absurdly high figure to the Peace Loan campaign. When he noticed this, he apologised phlegmatically "well you know, I make this offer on the basis of my 12.000 forints monthly salary". This man

passionately hated another chief engineer, who worked under him. This second person was a highly successful engineer in the past and György resented this more than anything else. They were both Jewish, but György of the lower class type and the other one the cultured middle class intellectual type. Under the regime, unfortunately, ^{and always} the lower class type Jew played the decisive role. The chief engineer in question also had good connections and, although after ^a knock-down argument, he was fired from the Subway Planning Company; he soon got a job as head of the ^{geodetic} ~~gaskakka~~ section of the city planning company in City Hall. My connection with him was also purely accidental, because I found out that his wife was receiving cosmetic material from America ~~in packages~~, which she blended to make lipsticks with, which I then offered to sell to my friends. They were very pleased about this and were most disconcerted when they found that I did not make a profit on it. Soon the dismissals at the Subway Planning Co. got under way and batches of twenties and sixties received notice from Saturday to Saturday. I was understandably worried until one night, this man from City Hall called us, enquiring whether I would like to join his crew in view of the lay-offs. I said 'yes' on a Friday evening and on a Monday morning I was called in to the personnel department and I was asked why I wanted to quit. I found out that my friend already had demanded my release. The personnel director at the subway office was the first person in that field whom one could call pleasant. She assured me that I would not be fired and I could keep on working at the Subway Planning Co.. I finally broke

down and told her that I couldn't live with permanent fear of being laid-off. She very nicely agreed in the end, that I should make arrangements with the city and if I liked the job, she would let me go. I went to see my friend, who took me to the director. In this office ~~BY THESE~~ the personnel chief was a non-city and the director made the decisions. I demanded 1600 forints and in the end, he offered me 1350 and I was hired. Automatically they wanted new questionnaires from me, but I simply told them that I refused to fill them out. They should get my old ones from the Subway Co. This was, as I found out, a cheap trick, trying to check people whether they forgot any possible lies put down on earlier questionnaires. Someone at the sewerage plant told me that whenever they wanted new questionnaires filled out, one just took the blanks and promised to hand it back soon. After a few days of pestering, one would change tactics and declare suddenly "I did give you my questionnaire, what are you asking me again". Since all personnel departments were hopelessly mixed-up and disorganized, they would never dare ^{to} dream that this righteous indignation was not genuine. Thus one diminished the daily troubles and difficulties one was exposed to. Talking of questionnaires, during the Revolution I was given my Kader sheet. I read it with great interest and I was surprised for it wasn't very bad. It noted that I was of bourgeois background and of bourgeois disposition and that I was cosmopolitan which was a bad adjective. I was dressing in a cosmopolitan way, because I followed French fashion as much as I could and I used pink lipstick, while the proper Communists, following the out-

dated Soviet women, used either red or purple. Of course, once pink became acceptable in Russia, we too could wear it with impunity. I also committed the error wearing gloves on the street.

Work in the geodetic survey section was also very interesting. Its existence goes back to the first Imre Nagy Government, when a one-family home construction programme was initiated. For this the worthier citizens received very cheap Government loans and were given the opportunity to acquire cheap building lots. It is here where our work started.

The larger tracts of land were easily nationalized and now they just had to be parcelled out between the applicants. In a short time, however, the great number of applicants exhausted these lots and people were looking around for more cheap real estate. The chairman of the City Council, a man called Pongracz, was a good enough politician to try to get these dirt-cheap lots for his supporters. Actually, to be eligible, one had to work, not be a MASZEK, and ^{give} an acceptable reason why he wanted it. In addition, he had to be recommended from his job. He then could apply ~~xxxx~~ in his own district or in the Central Bureau, but for some reason he had to pay more in duty stamps if he applied in the Central Bureau. Our job was to measure out the parcels and distribute them to impatiently waiting people. As we started to run out of land, people began to skin the building lot market. They would go to a desirable spot and try to establish its exact location and then try to prove it that this was abandoned land. Land was abandoned if the owners left for the West, if

no taxes were paid for a long period of time or if they died abroad, or were disowned by the State. A new rule was made, stating that absent owners lost their rights. Presumably, everyone was permitted to look at the land registers in the city real estate registrar's offices. We had to work with them to check the various claims made by the prospective builders. If the lot was really without a live, tax paying owner, they could be given away at nominal sums. A new breed of real estate hyenas developed who sniffed out absentee owners and followed up the ownership procedure for a considerable fee which the new prospective owner paid.

Our work, however was not as simple as to simply establish the exact location of a parcel of land. We closely cooperated with the planning office, a part of which we were, to calculate in eventual road construction or widening schemes or any other State claims of eminent domain and then we had to set the price for the land to be paid by the prospective owner or the State. According to the regulations, the price was to be determined on the basis of the job and class belonging of the owner before 1945. This regulation, made with malicious forethought, was turned around by a friend of ours whose job was to actually assess the value of the land. He simply paid middle class owners more, benefiting all the "reactionaries".

I should have mentioned before that in the manner of the new grammar, our company was called "Eva'ci", which is the inane abbreviation of "Budapest City Construction Planning Office".

My boss at this geodetic section was the before mentioned chief engineer from the Subway Planning Co. He was a section leader of an engineering section at City Hall before 1945 already, but he maintained his connections after the war and when he was fired from the Subway Planning Co., his old friends got him the job heading the geodetic survey group. He was a very bright man and a perfect gentleman. His son met a Canadian girl at the 1949 World Youth Meeting in Budapest and the girl's family had him smuggled out in 1950 and they got married. The father himself received an emigration visa from Hungary and left for Canada on November 1st 1955. They are now living in Montreal. Before his departure, he suggested his assistant as ^{his} successor. This man, called Török, was completely a Party man and a careerist. Of course, an opportunist is a man who just wants to get along and secure his livelihood. A careerist is, who is willing to get ahead over dead bodies. This was an abominable type of the latter. Beside him we had an old mathematics-physics teacher, quite brilliant in his studies, who was well-known for his geodetic surveys. We also had a younger man, ^a teacher, and then a 47 year old old-maid, and myself.

Our new boss was much hated and by October 23rd 1956 he was properly scared. I should note that by then my husband was working in the most reactionary office in the country. This was State Ground Construction Co., a huge office which had a perfectly decent Party secretary. In the morning of the 23rd they were urged to get going and organize the demonstration. My husband called me, telling me of the afternoon demonstration

and instructed me to pass on the word in our office. He insisted we send someone over to his office to fetch a copy of the demands of the demonstration. When we got hold of this, we were all united in one opinion. We stood around the mimeograph machine and all the city employees, whom we didn't quite trust, came and stood with us. We all hated ourselves for having put up with so much for so long and cried as the demands were read point after point. Our boss Török saw what was going on and had the gates of the building locked, so we couldn't get out. We watched demonstrator masses go by and there was nothing we could do, we stayed in our office. Later in the afternoon, my husband called from the Bem Square, telling us that they cut out the Soviet emblem from the flags and that they sang the National Anthem with many thousands present. After work I went to attend my French classes at the Alliance Française. Very few showed up for class and no one could say what went on. The teacher prohibited all politicking in class. She ended the class early and we streamed to go home. Everything was electrified, everyone argued with everyone else in the bus. Later in the evening the Gerö speech hit us as a cold shower. During the night, a friend of my husband's called us, saying that dead bodies were lying around his house. We didn't believe him, we thought he was hallucinating and went back to sleep. Next morning I called my boss who warned me not to come to work, besides the Russian troops wouldn't let me in to City Hall. Down, below us, on ^{Krisztina} ~~Kristina~~ Circle, a truckload of boys, age 14 to 18, stopped and they were shouting slogans, demanding the people went on strike and that

the street below to us. This in the face of the Radio prohibition to go on the street. My husband who knew how these boys must have felt, grabbed the bread that we had just gotten and threw all of it down to the boys. In no time at all, all the windows were full, people throwing down food to these kids. On the buildings one saw little scrawled signs "we the pupils of the Madys Street School strike along with you." On street corners one often heard the yell that blood was needed on such and such a location. No one was afraid to follow the call and join the fight. While bullets whistled, everyone visited everyone else, helping each other. I stopped all foreign licence-plate cars, urging them to make sure, the UN will meet and consider our plight.

We had most inadequate communications with our friends because the telephones were disconnected ^{on} ~~from~~ the first day of the demonstrations. As we found out by a sheer accident, the reliable Communists had their telephones re-connected immediately. For some reason, although our telephone and that of our neighbours was dead, we could hear conversations going on on other people's lines. Our neighbours and we started thereafter a round-the-clock vigil, checking on every conversation we could hear. We soon knew that certain meetings were being scheduled by certain peoples. We heard the name of one of the tenants mentioned in our building. We asked the superintendent what kind of people they were and she triumphantly announced "now I can tell you, they work for the AVO". So we had some important clues. We heard discussions on who should be pushed into the

new workers Council to represent the correct interests. We knew of the scheduled meeting to take place. We heard that the original meeting was to be held in two sections and we alerted the new National Guard to be on the lookout. Somehow our people got tipped off because before they were surprised, half of them escaped, but the other half ^{were} ~~they~~ arrested.

If anyone, the AVO were the enemies of the Revolution. Primarily, people who were lazy or dumb or both, but eager to make a very good living, joined this organization. During the revolt, they all ran around in brand-new police uniforms and one smelled them from a hundred miles away. During the revolt, they were given a blood price for each "counter-revolutionary" and they collected money ~~only~~ for their bloody activities. One AVO man, who was found with thousands of forints in his pocket, was lynched and the money stuffed in his mouth. Since nobody wanted to bury that, he was there for several days, but during that period, nobody took the money out of his mouth, no one could bring himself to that.

Starting with November 2nd and 3rd, one heard odd rumours that the Russians are coming. Someone I knew notified us that the Russians are digging themselves in in Újpest, a suburb of Budapest. In the first November days, there was very little fighting and calm returned most everywhere. November 4th started out with a bad omen. The previous night, Mindszenty gave his speech but it was not a re-assuring experience. Once the Russians came in, the fighting really flared up. We moved down to the basement all of us from the building. There were reactionaries

and AVO informers, Stakhanovites and declassées. We had a Stakhanovite miner living in our building, and these were very hated. As is, it was difficult in the plants to get rid of the title, but somebody had to accept it. I know of one family where the woman was ready to divorce her husband when he accepted the Stakhanovite designation against his own better judgment. We had a 42^{year}/old woman living in the house with three children. She was perfectly short-sighted and she was quite scared at first. However, one of her children started crying for food and she decided to brave it and go upstairs. By this time we had given permission to our freedom fighters - our 14 to 16 year old boys to shoot at the Russians from our apartments. This was the equivalent of having one's apartment ruined. Suddenly the woman decided to go upstairs and get some food for her child. The staircase was glass and she could be seen from a good distance. The elevator was locked up by the superintendent. She climbed up to her floor and when she noticed the kids fighting in her apartment, several of them wounded, she then and there asked to be taught how to use a submachine-gun and since she was half blind, the boys had to aim it for her, but she just couldn't stop and started firing wildly at the Russians. Soon she was wounded and the boys brought her down. She was immensely pleased with herself that she finally had her say. No one in the house denounced her, nor did anyone harm the AVO's who lived in our house and we all shared the same ~~xxxxx~~ ^{basement} throughout the fighting. Our apartment was destroyed, but we soon had it fixed up again, not expecting to leave the country. By December 12th, however,

we knew that we could not stay, especially because of my husband's revolutionary activities and on December 12th we decided to leave the country. We came through the border two days later.

Interviewer's estimate of Respondent.

Respondent gave the impression occasionally to mix up facts with fiction and it was difficult to trust her in all her details. Her mentality, her facts and her opinions indicated either an imaginative theatrical mind or else a person who wasn't entirely honest. Respondent gave the impression of being a very sensitive and intelligent person.