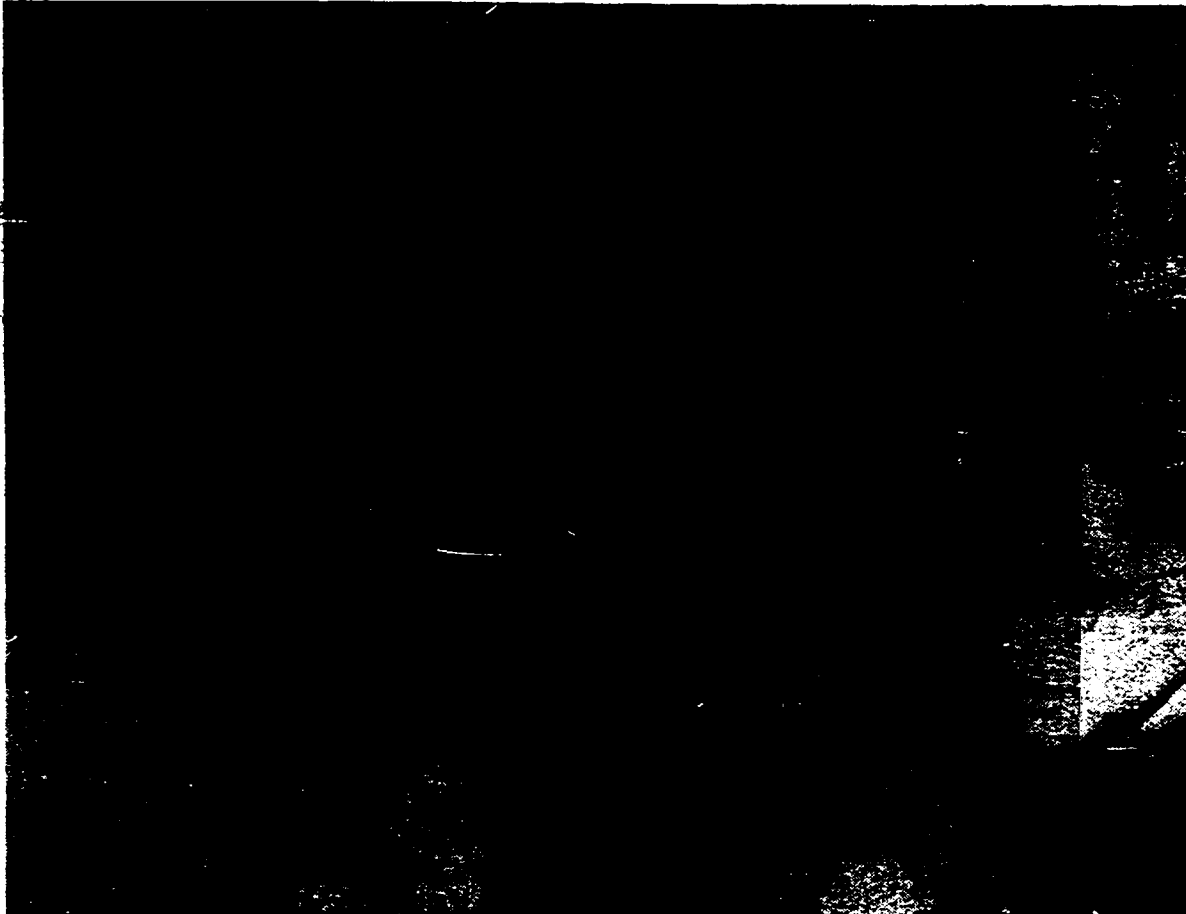


# First Refugees of Hungarian Revolt Arrive: REVOLT REFUGEES

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pg. 1



**TEARFUL REUNION** — Gaunt-faced Sandor Steuer stands in a daze at end of trip from Hungary as his wife is clasped in arms of Mrs. Lilly Neumann, her

sister-in-law. Nandor Neumann, right, fights to control tears at Union Station reunion. In the foreground are the Steuer children: Guyi, 5, and Miklos, 13.

Times photo

## First Refugees of Hungarian Revolt Arrive

It was a long way to come. The risks were many.

But their tears of joy—or were they of relief, too?—were heartfelt evidence that the worst thing a man can endure lay behind them.

For this Hungarian family, the future was already beginning to unfold. They had escaped.

It would have been interesting to plumb the depths of Sandor Steuer's heart yesterday when he and his wife Edith and their two children, Miklos, 13, and Guyi, 5, stepped off the Union Pacific's City of Los Angeles at Union Station.

### Dream Come True

But would Steuer's feelings have been any different from those of thousands of his countrymen who have been fleeing Hungary since the patriotic uprising started Oct. 23?

"This is the only dream we had," he said through an in-

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**FIRST LESSON**—Happiness radiates from face of little Guyl Steuer, 5, as he receives first English lesson from his American cousin, Yoletta Neumann, 9, after arriving yesterday with his family, refugees from strife-torn Hungary.

Times photo

## REVOLT REFUGEES

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from foot to foot and rubbed their eyes.

"It's good to see you," said Nandor Neumann, 34, a former displaced person himself, who hadn't seen his sister since the nightmarish days of World War II.

With him, just as pleased to be sharing in the reunion, were his wife Lilly, 32, and their daughter Yoletta, 9½.

### War Days Recalled

"Yes, it was 13 years ago," mused Neumann, a glazer, who lives at 141 N Williman Drive, Beverly Hills.

"It was in Budapest. Edith was confined to the ghetto there and I was working in a Hungarian labor force. They made Edith wear the yellow Star of David on her blouse. I had to wear a yellow stripe on my arm. That signified us as Jews . . ."

Drying his eyes, he clasped his brother-in-law by the arm.

"Well!" he exclaimed "What of your journey?"

It was, indeed, a journey. The train trip from New

York. The plane flight from Vienna, Austria. All of it arranged by the United Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society. Here, they are being sponsored by the Los Angeles Emigre Service Committee.

Steuer and his wife must have guessed they were the first Hungarian refugees to arrive in Los Angeles since the revolt by the number of newsmen, photographers and newsreel cameramen waiting to greet them.

But, once the picture-taking was over, they spoke calmly of their adventure, the escape that might have been lifted from a cloak-and-dagger thriller.

"In our town of Sopron, a town of about 40,000," Steuer said, "25,000 persons fled across the border into Austria."

Through his brother-in-law he explained that the Hungarian Communist government confiscated his business in 1950, although he was hired six months later to manage it.

Since then, he said, he and

his family thought many times of fleeing across the border, a distance of five miles from Sopron, but gave up the idea because it was nined.

Then, on Nov. 4, as the fighting and the lumbering Russian tanks reached the town's outskirts, they decided to leave, he said.

### Mines Removed

"The mines had been removed and there was no danger there," he explained. "So, early that morning we started out—with just the clothes we had on our back and a little food. We left everything else."

Mrs. Steuer and the oldest boy went first. Steuer followed, pushing Guyl in a baby carriage.

"While they were taking someone out of a car with a machine gun," he said, "I wheeled the little baby across."

Surrounded by their neighbors moments later and safe in Austria, they were given food and clothing and sent to Vienna, where arrangements were made for their flight to the United States.