

HUNGARIAN FAMILY WELCOMED HERE

Manufacturer Guarantees Job and 500 Workers Aid With Money and Furniture

One question was uppermost in the minds of welcomees shuffling their feet nervously as they watched the airliner bearing the Hungarian refugees roll to a halt before Gate 9, Lockheed Air Terminal:

What sort of man is this Andrew Gintli?

"All I know," said Joseph N. Kearney, one of the welcomees, "is that he is 20 years old and some sort of aircraft mechanic. He has a wife, Irene, 23, and they have a year-old daughter, Martha."

That meager information was all that was forwarded by the State Department and the International Rescue Committee before Gintli and his family began their flight from the Camp Kilner (N.J.) refugee center to a new life in Los Angeles.

Family Sponsored

Their new life here was guaranteed when Frank E. Hooykaas, president of an East Los Angeles manufacturing firm, approved a suggestion from his executive assistant, Kearney, that the company sponsor a refugee family.

When the news got around that Hooykaas would guarantee a job to a Hungarian refugee, his 500 employees asked to help. An employees' committee raised \$1500 cash and began collecting furniture and appliances to furnish an apartment for their new fellow worker.

Now Americans, awed by news reports of a courageous people defying tyranny, waited anxiously at Gate 9 for their first glimpse of this man they had elected to sponsor.

Last to Leave

Gintli was last to leave the plane. He appeared at the top of the gangway in heavy work shoes, blue denim trousers and a Marine Corps issue overcoat. He carried his daughter in his arms. The child, bundled up against the chill, smiled and waved but her father stood uncertainly, a little frightened.

He descended the gangway and waited for his wife who carried a small shopping bag containing personal possessions they had taken along when they walked out of Hungary.

At the foot of the gangway

Mrs. Gintli, a thin-faced but attractive brunette, paused and fussed over the child, tugging her wraps into place. Then the Gintlis turned to face the committee. It was apparent that they spoke no English.

Welcome Sign

A welcomer held aloft a large sign which, translated from the Hungarian, read: "God welcomes you, Andrew Gintli and family."

Frank Varga, Hungarian speaking member of the employees' committee, stepped forward and spoke something in Gintli's native tongue. The young man's face lighted up and he grasped Varga's hand, turning to introduce him to Mrs. Gintli.

Gintli was introduced to Hooykaas and Kearney and then to Mr. and Mrs. John Balogh, 2630 Norton Ave., Lynwood. Balogh fled Hungary in 1951 and Kearney had arranged for the Gintlis to stay in the Balogh home until their new apartment is ready.

Escaped Described

Finally, seated on a bench in the terminal, his wife and child beside him, Gintli was questioned about himself. In rapid fire exchanges between the young man and the interpreters he explained that he escaped Nov. 11, hiking eight miles from a small town near Budapest to sanctuary in Vienna.

Did Gintli take part in the Budapest fighting?

"No," said the interpreter. "he was in prison for two months before the fighting began and fled as soon as he was freed by the rebels."

Why was Gintli in prison? Another burst of Hungarian. "For trying to escape," the interpreter said. "He tried three times to escape. He wanted to escape since he was 10 years old."

Reasons Given

Balogh asked Gintli why he wanted to escape. Then he translated Gintli's answer.

"Because of political and material circumstances . . .



REFUGEES ARRIVE—Andrew Gintli, 20, Hungarian refugee, seen with his wife Irene, 23, and year-old daughter Martha when they were welcomed at Lockheed Air Terminal by representatives of manufacturing firm which is sponsoring them.

Times photo

my wife and my baby were hungry."

As Balogh translated this, Gintli looked questioningly at committeemen out of eyes in which hope was not yet fully reborn. He seemed like a man asking approval for what he had done.

Someone urged Balogh to take the Gintlis on to his home for a Hungarian-style dinner. There didn't seem to be any need for further questions.