

MAGYAR FRONT

VOLUME X - ISSUE 3



SUMMER 2008



**LT. COLONEL
CAESÁR
DE SGARDELLI**

MAGYAR FRONT

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Membership in the
International Hungarian Military History
Preservation Society is \$40.00 annually,
and includes both the *Magyar Front* and
the *New Hungarian Voice* periodicals.

*The original Magyar Front was the
weekly newspaper of the Front-Line
Fighter's Association, and was published
from the early 1930s until the end of
the Second World War.*



On June 15th, 2008, I resigned from my position of MHBK Vancouver Chapter Leader, after nine years of voluntary service. Ten years ago, after becoming involved with the Miskolc Chapter of the Don River Veterans' Association, I learned that there once was a Vancouver Chapter of the World Federation of Hungarian Veterans (MHBK), and after getting to know one of its former members, I contacted the organization's leadership to ask if it would be possible to resurrect this local group and to try to breathe life into it once more. The leadership of the MHBK was pleased at my interest, installed me as the local commander, and gave me a free hand in order to try to get things going again. I was welcomed with open arms, as my elders believed that "young people weren't interested."

I was well aware that military history is a somewhat obscure subject, but I have always believed that the study of it is of paramount importance – even if only a small number of the populace immerses themselves in it, the understanding of its elements are crucial to the well-being and enlightenment of future generations. The MHBK was born after WW II, and flourished in a great many English speaking countries, so I began the publication of an English language newsletter - the *Magyar Front* in 1999, and over the years I did my best to organize historical displays and do whatever I could to make this part of our history accessible to the offspring of Hungarian immigrants and interested English speaking people.

In 2004 we created our website, and found that there were people all over the world who were interested in our military history. Some contacted us as they searched for an ancestor, others were collectors, or history buffs. But the majority were people frustrated by the lack of available English material.

The MHBK would rarely promote our English language projects, yet our chapter now had members from across Canada, the USA, the United Kingdom, Australia, Chile, Russia and Hungary. We not only breathed life into this once defunct chapter, but among us there were active and dynamic historians, writers, academics and respected collectors. Despite this renaissance, I would still often hear my superiors' erroneous aphorism – that the "young people are not interested." I tried to assure them of our interest and intentions, but I was unsuccessful in convincing them – our publications, and the news of our members' accomplishments weren't evidence enough.

We concentrated on the scientific aspects of military history and its objective study. I have always felt that when we have come this far from the event, emotional rhetoric and political agenda only muddy the waters, and turn most people off. Racial and political feuds, seemingly inseparable from the immigrant experience, do not attract serious minded enthusiasts. I have always refused to allow politics to enter into any of our efforts, and perhaps this may have distanced us from our immigrant elders. The MHBK was created at a time when there was a need for Hungarians to fight against communism, and in the turbulence that bore it, the most important tenet of the original post-WW I Hungarian veterans' association was forgotten – that a members must never mix politics with soldierly camaraderie and remembrance.

I believe that the study of military history is a key factor in the true understanding of the importance of peace, and that our highest and most idealistic hope should be for the day when all nations will stick to defending their own soil, and will never again resort to sending their young to die in foreign lands. Indeed, our human race has suffered enough – and even though we are currently far from world peace, by embracing such idealism we may hope to inspire others, and be responsible for sparing those that come after us from past horrors that can so easily be forgotten.

Among the artefacts of the old Hungarian Veterans' Association is an emblem with the words *Uj Front* on it. The exact purpose of this unusual membership badge remains a mystery to this day, yet we can guess, since it was instituted between the First and the Second World War, that it was to be for members who did not see active service in WW I, but who might have been needed for a new front, a new conflict. Today, the guns have long been silent, and the number of war veterans is dwindling, yet many of their children want to learn about their ancestors' pasts – and to come to terms with the violence that still affects each new generation.

Our "New Front" is a global one, and the goal of the International Hungarian Military History Preservation Society is to do our best to ensure that as many people as possible can learn about our culture and past, and that our Hungarian experience and suffering in war will educate people about the value and importance of tolerance and peace.

P.Cz.



Elemér Kertész, Dr. György v. Bobory, Count József v. Takách Tolvay,
an unknown Italian officer, Caesár de Sgardelli and an unidentified Hungarian veteran

HUNGARIAN MILITARY HISTORY INSTITUTE AND MUSEUM PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES

LT. COLONEL CAESÁR DE SGARDELLI

Lt. Colonel Caesár de Sgardelli was born in Budapest, on June 28th, 1885. His military career began in 1903 as a cadet, and at the outbreak of World War I he was serving in the 29th Honvéd Infantry Regiment. As a Captain and Company Commander he was one of the first on the front lines in Serbia (where he was seriously wounded) and the Carpathians, and fought until he became a Russian prisoner of war at Uszok, on June 9th, 1915.

One of the key figures in the founding of the original post-WW I Hungarian Veterans' Association, de Sgardelli, along with the group's leader, József Takách-Tolvay, was keenly interested in working together with veteran's groups from other nations, including those of former enemies. He was the President of Budapest's VII District Chapter, as well as the official spokesman of the organization. This exemplary member was also a respected and prolific writer of military material, editing the annual *Frontharcos Zsebnaptár* (veteran's pocket calendar), the military periodical *Őrszem* (where he became the Editor-in-Chief in 1925), and many other publications. He also held the position of Secretary-General in the Hungarian Military Writers' Association.

Caesár de Sgardelli's decorations include the Military Merit Cross III Class with War Decoration and Swords, Bronze Military Merit Medal on War Ribbon, Bronze Military Merit Medal on Red Ribbon, Hungarian Bronze Military Merit Medal with Holy Crown, Karl Troop Cross, Medal for the Wounded with one stripe, Red Cross Badge of Honour II Class with War Decoration, Hungarian WW I Commemorative Medal with Swords and Helmet, 30 Year Officer's Long Service Cross, 20 Year Officer's Long Service Cross, 1908 Military Jubilee Cross, 1912-1913 Commemorative Cross, Knight's Cross of the Italian Order of the Crown, Papal Silver Lateran Cross, Marian Cross of the Order of the Teutonic Knights, Austrian WW I Commemorative Medal, Prussian WW I Commemorative Cross with Swords, and the Bavarian WW I Commemorative Cross with Swords.

P.Cz.



de Sgardelli Caesar

NEW INSIGNIA FOR A NEW FRONT: THE INTERNATIONAL HUNGARIAN MILITARY HISTORY PRESERVATION SOCIETY



Left: Our society's insignia is based on the old veterans' association's "Uj Front" badge, combined with our MHBK Vancouver Chapter badge. A members' blazer crest (in the size shown at left), will be available soon.



Above: Our Vancouver Chapter Badge will become the "Volunteer Correspondent's Badge." It will now be awarded to New Front members who regularly contribute articles and information about Hungarian military history.



Left: The International Hungarian Military History Preservation Society's Lifetime Membership Badge. It will be awarded at the discretion of the President of the organization to individuals for outstanding achievement and merit in Hungarian military history preservation and support of the IHMHPS.

Lifetime members are not required to pay membership dues.

THE MHBK CROSS OF MERIT

Péter v. Laborc, Hungary

For his consistent commitment and extraordinarily high level of work in Preserving Hungarian military history, and sharing his vast knowledge with all of us.

Zoltán v. Kőrössi, USA

For his life-long dedication to the preserving of Hungarian military artefacts, and his exemplary role in the preservation of the history of the Hungarian Gendarmerie.

Lorraine Weideman, Canada

For her outstanding dedication and work on all aspects and projects of the Vancouver Chapter, as well as her progressive and insightful wisdom and influence.



THE MHBK GOLD MEDAL OF MERIT

László v. Dinga, Hungary

For his outstanding and inspirational leadership and his dedication and support of Hungarian military history preservation.

Lt. General Dr. József Ferenc Holló, Hungary

For inspiring so many of us, and for his kindness and support of Hungarian military history preservation projects in Hungary and around the world.

John Keir, United Kingdom

For his inspirational support of our history, culture and cause, and for setting an admirable and energetic example for Hungarians and non-Hungarians alike.

Josef Lang VRNT, RVM, Germany

For his exemplary work in the preservation of Hungarian history and culture in Germany, and for his inspiring example of chivalrous and honourable behaviour.

Gergely Sallay, Hungary

For his diligent and commendable service in the preservation of Hungarian military history, and for his exceptional helpfulness, reliability and trustworthiness.

Lovice Mária Ullein-Reviczky, Hungary

For her outstanding achievements in Hungarian cultural and historical preservation, and her inspirational energy, kindness and support.



THE MHBK SILVER MEDAL OF MERIT

Major Dr. Tamás Bacsoni, Hungary

For his patience and helpfulness with English speaking enthusiasts around the world, and his distinguished contribution to the scientific study of Hungarian military history.

John Hajnal, USA

For setting an example to all young Hungarians through his leadership, and his earnest and innovative preservation of Hungarian military history.

József v. Kaszál, Hungary

For his distinguished service as a member of the Order of Vitéz to Hungarian military history preservation projects and organizations

William Kondor, USA

For his exemplary and trustworthy behaviour, and his sincerity in preserving the history of the Hungarian Veterans' Association.

Andris Kursietis, USA

For his many years of intense study of Hungarian military history, and for sharing his knowledge with English speaking people around the world.

George Hennessy, Australia

For his genuine care for, and preservation of, important aspects of the history of the Hungarian Veterans' Association, and for his inspirational kindness.

Norbert Máday, Hungary

For his exemplary and dedicated work in the preservation and education of Hungarian military history.

Dr. László Tóth, Hungary

For his outstanding work in bringing information about Hungarian military history and militaria within reach of enthusiasts around the world.



**OUR GRATITUDE FOR
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
FROM OUR MEMBERS
AND SUPPORTERS
2008.VI.15.**

REMEMBERING

Colonel General Emil Zách

1883-1949

Emil Zách was born Emil Nack on December 28th, 1883 in the city of Nagykikinda, in the County of Torontál of the historic Kingdom of Hungary. His father was a merchant of German descent who also spoke Hungarian and Serbian. His mother was a German speaking Croatian, and consequently, the language used in the family was German, however, Zách learned Hungarian in elementary school. Despite his multi-national background, he always declared himself to be Hungarian – his Hungarian language skills were flawless, but he also spoke German and was fluent in French, Latin and Greek. It is also said that he retained some knowledge of Croatian and Serbian from his early childhood.

Two of his brothers, as well as two of his sisters died during their childhood. Like Emil, his surviving brothers (two older and one younger) later became army officers. Zách started high school in Nagykikinda, and completed his last two years of studies at the Piarist High School in Szeged, where he graduated and matriculated with distinction.

Zách received a scholarship to the Ludovika Military Academy, where he graduated in 1904 at the top of his class, with the rank of Lieutenant. After completing courses in senior officer training, he continued his studies for an additional three years at the Military Academy in Vienna. In 1909 he began studying law at the Royal Hungarian University of Arts and Science, but due to lack of financial support from his family he was forced to discontinue his studies.

In 1908 he became First Lieutenant and two years later he was transferred to the General Staff. During the First World War he distinguished himself on the Russian front, first as a Captain (commissioned in 1913), then as a Major (commissioned in 1918). He rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in 1920, Colonel in 1923 and Major General in 1929.

When Zách became a member of the Order of Vitéz in 1934, he exercised his well-known humility by not accepting the land which was offered with his title. At that time he officially changed his name from Nack to Zách, in order to make it sound more Hungarian (Zách was his maternal grandmother's maiden name). In 1935 he was appointed Assistant Chief of Staff of the Hungarian Army, and in 1936 he became Deputy Chief of Staff and was commissioned Lieutenant General in the same year.

At the end of 1936 he was appointed Presiding Judge of the Military Court of Justice. During the nearly two years as Presiding Judge, he did not approve a single death penalty case. Zách firmly believed that "since God is the giver of life, only God can take it away." At the end of 1938 he became the Chief of the Central Department of the Royal Hungarian Ministry of Defence. He voluntarily retired in 1940, with the rank of Colonel General.

A devout catholic and humanitarian, Zách was always strongly opposed to any kind of discrimination. Between 1939

and 1944 he managed to save the lives of at least 18 people – Jews and political opponents of the Nazis, often by taking great personal risks. In 1939 he personally repealed a former government order to disallow emigration of people of military age, which surely saved the lives of an unknown number of Jewish youths.

Emil Zách was never a member of the Arrow Cross Party and twice refused to pledge allegiance to its leader, Ferenc Szálasi. After he became aware of the details of Nazi philosophies and activities, he distanced himself not only from the Nazis, but also from members of the German military elite, including former classmates and close colleagues.

After his retirement in 1940, Zách became a free-lance writer for a Hungarian publication, in order to subsidize his pension. He wrote scientifically about the war, and although he strongly disapproved of the declaration of war on the Soviet Union, he also voiced his opinion in his articles that under the circumstances, only the victory of Germany and the Axis forces could prevent the Soviet occupation of Hungary and a subsequent "second Trianon."

After the war, the new regime claimed that his view was not only anti-Soviet and anti-communist, but had a significant affect on public opinion of the war, and encouraged and contributed to the escalation of resistance against the Soviet occupiers. Therefore, his actions were considered war crimes. Tragically, he did not take the opportunity to flee the country while he could.

In October 1945 Zách was stripped of his military rank and formally expelled from the armed forces. In June of 1946 he was arrested, and in October of 1946 he was sentenced to ten years in prison. In addition, he was sentenced to lose all of his properties and income. As a result, his wife and two daughters became homeless and penniless, not to mention being branded as "aliens to the working class." His cellmates later revealed a number of emotional stories to his family, from the years of his imprisonment – once he volunteered to serve a two-week solitary confinement sentence in place of a young prisoner, because he felt that he would be able to endure that punishment better than his cellmate. Emil Zách died in prison on October 24th, 1949.

On February 6th, 1995 the Supreme Court of the Republic of Hungary repealed Zách's sentence and dropped all charges against him. The Committee of Rehabilitation of the Ministry of Defence, in its decision dated June 12th, 1995 reinstated Zách's right to have the rank of Colonel General.

I am proud and honoured to present this brief summary of the life of an exceptional military man and an outstanding human being - Emil Zách, my grandfather.

*Dr. Emil Sztopa
Burnaby, BC, Canada*

Colonel General* Emil Zách



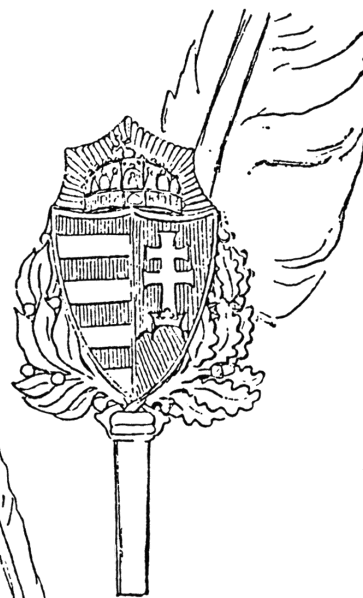
*A “three-star general” was known as a Colonel General, or *vezérezredes* during the war. Today, this rank is known as Lieutenant General, or *altábornagy*.

Hungarian

20. ábra.
Tiszti díszsisak.



Elüli nézetben.



Címeres forgó.



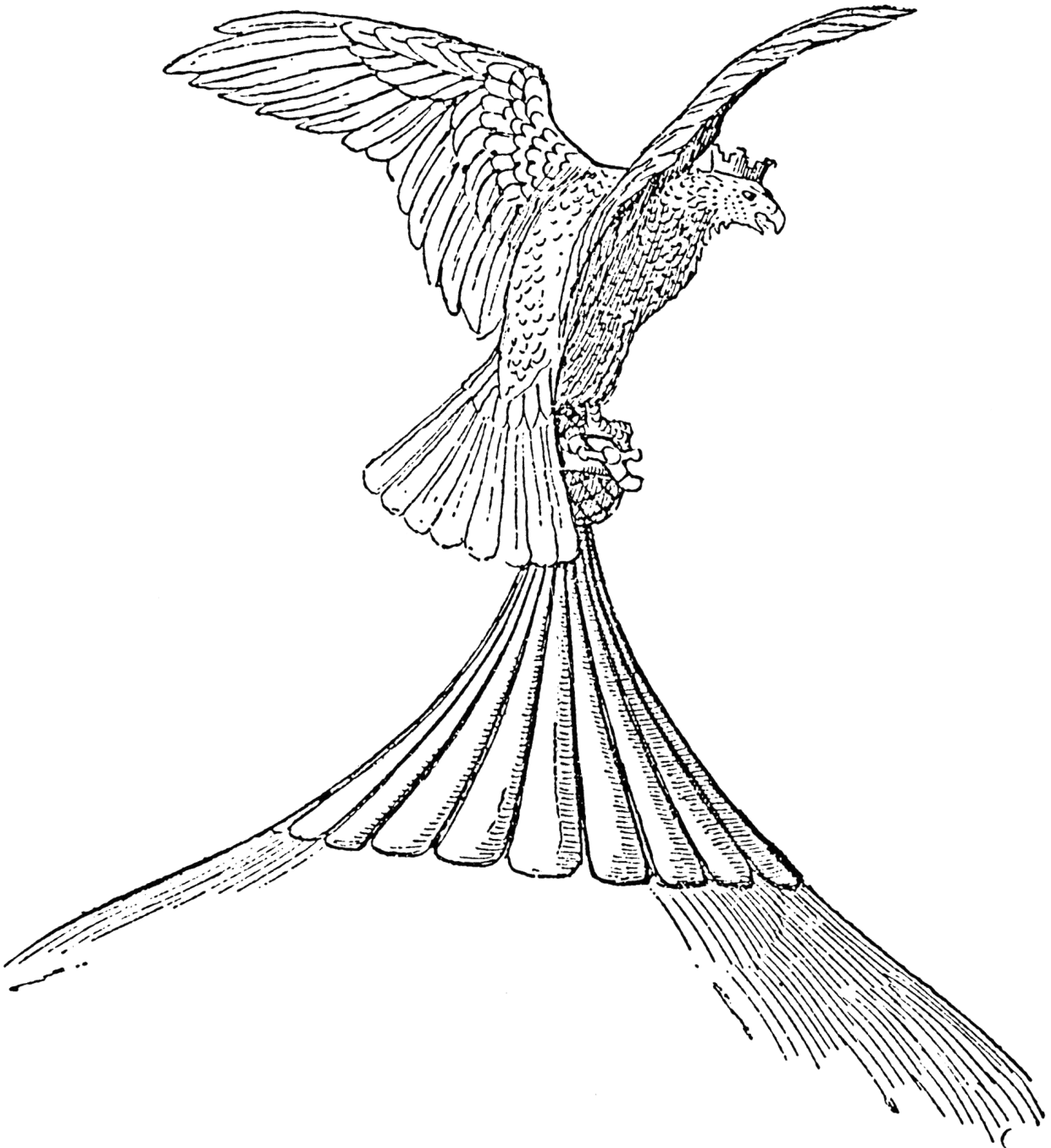
Jobboldali nézetben.

Regulation drawings for the M1924 Officer's parade Helmet.

Regulations

21. ábra.

Turul tábornoki sisakhoz.



Hungary's *turul* bird decorated the top of the M1924 General's parade helmet. The parade helmets were made out of aluminium and brass, and were discontinued in 1931.

These two pages of a catalogue from a Hungarian medal manufacturing company were recently brought to our attention. Printed between the two World Wars, the Ludvig medal manufacturer and design company displays some of their wares - primarily sports and paramilitary medals, plaques, trophies and "flag-pole nails."

Hungarian organizational, military and paramilitary flags often have decorative nails, or tacks to hold them to their flag poles, and are traditionally engraved with names of members, sponsors and supporting organizations.

Some of these particularly martial looking awards are sometimes mistaken by collectors for official medals. Military themes were often used on unofficial awards for paramilitary sporting events, target shooting, etc.

Veterans' Association flag-pole nail with *revisnyei Reviczky Elemér* engraved across it.
(shown twice actual size)



CZINK COLLECTION

Ludvig Veterans'

Ludvig

EZÜSTKOSZORUS ÉREMKÉSZITŐ, ÉREMVERŐ MŰINTÉZETE ÉS BRONZÁRUGYÁRA
BUDAPEST VIII. KER.,
THÉK ENDRE UCCA 18.
TELEFON : 1-376-21

Mélyen tisztelt Cím!

Tizedik árjegyzékem kibocsájtása alkalmából van szerencsém azt tisztelettel megküldeni, remélve, hogy új mintáimmal nb. megtisztelő elismerését és rendeléseit elnyerni szerencsés leszek.

Áraim versenyképesek, mintáim újak és művészierek, kivitelezésem szolid, szállításom gyors és pontos, remélem tehát, hogy T. Címet ez évben is rendelőim között tisztelhetem.

B. megbízatásait kérve maradtam kiváló tisztelettel

Ludvig József



1937. évi új éremsorozatunk Lőrinc István szobrászművész alkotásai. Ezen új mintáink eredeti nagyságban, 120 mm is kaphatók.

Ára fényezett falapon P 12.50, márványon P 18.—

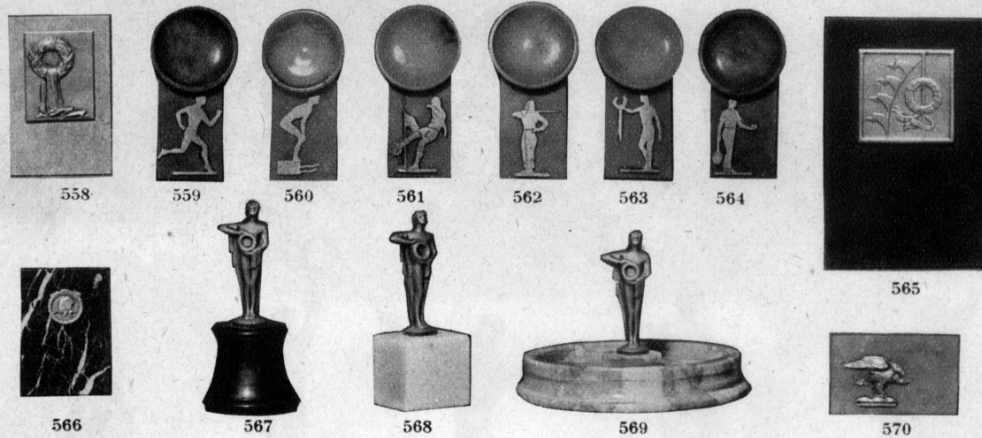
500. sz. díszplakett bármily alkalomra adható emlék, 105 x 185 mm méretben, falapon P 16.—, márványon P 25.—

FONTOS! Érmeinket öntött, silány kivitelben utánozzák, kérem ezt éremrendeléseiknél figyelembe venni és az utánozatoktól óvakodni!

PRIVATE COLLECTION

Flag-Pole Nails

This page of the Ludvig medal manufacturing company's catalogue illustrates their range of flag-pole nails, and clearly shows that of the Hungarian Veteran's Association. They were available in brass for 20 pengő each, or in silver colour for 24 pengő. There was also a gold-plated version for 30 pengő. Other familiar para-military organisations were catered to as well - nails for MOVE and the Boy Scouts are also featured.



Bronzplakettek márványon, alabástrom hamutálakon.

Saját eredeti védett mintáink!

Alabástrom hamutálak bármely mintával 559-től 564. számig, ára.....	P 5.—
Olimpiai győztes, 567. sz., fatalapzaton vagy márványon, 568. sz., a legfinomabb miniatűr tiszteletdíj reklámára	P 4.50
Ugyanaz, esztergályozott márványtálon, 569. sz.	P 7.00
558. sz. koszorú márványon.....	P 6.—
570. sz. turul márványon	P 4.—
565. sz. plakett márványon	P 14.—
566. sz. plakett az első oldalon látható bármelyik minta, 120 mm méretben, 150×200 mm méretű márványon P 18.—, falapon.....	P 12.50

Below:
An un-used gold-plated veterans' association flag-pole nail, shown actual size.

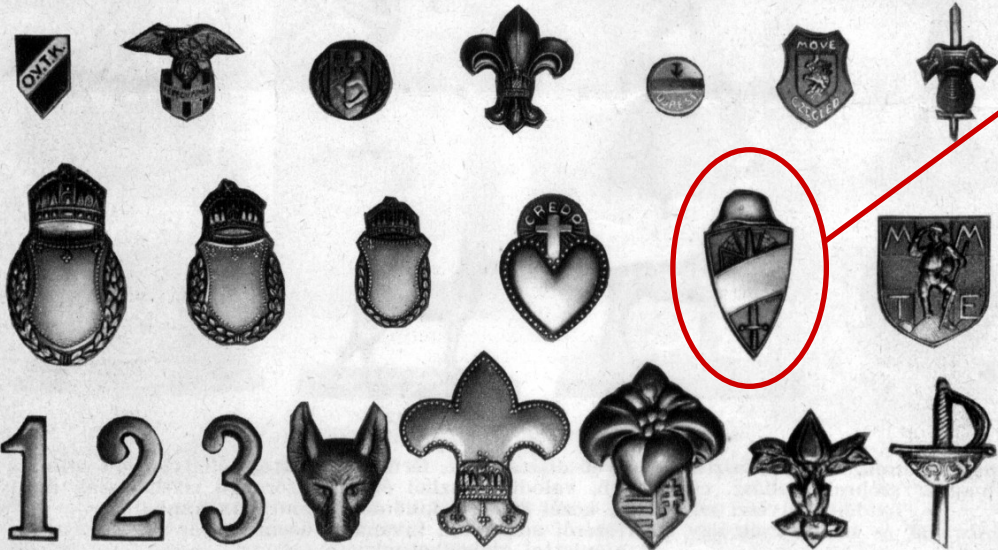


CZINK COLLECTION

Veterans' Association flag-pole nail with *Reviczky Elemér* engraved across it. (shown twice actual size)

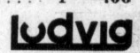


CZINK COLLECTION



Zománcozott és egyéb jelvények, botplakettek, zászlószögek, cserkészfelszerelési cikkek.

Turista botplakettek oxidált alpakka színben, elsőrangú kivitelben már 14 fillértől kezdődően kaphatók.	
Botplakett verőtoke vése.....	P 35.—
Zománcozott jelvények több színben zománcozva, 100 drb rendelésnél már 45 fillértől kaphatók.	
Oxidált bronz vagy kinaezüst jelvények 100 drb rendelésnél már 35 fillértől készíthetők.	
Zászlószögek névvéssel együtt fényes sárgaréz színben, nagy 40 mm P —.22 kinaez. oxidálva P —.26	
közép33 mm P —.20 " " P —.24	
kicsi 27 mm P —.18 " " P —.22	
Credo, Fronthareos, cserkész szögek sárgarézből, fényesen P —.20, kinaezüst oxidálva....	P —.24
Diszszög aranyozva.....	P —.80
Zászlócsúcsok nagy választékban kaphatók!	
Cserkészkalapszámok.....	P —.05
Liliomos jelvény	P —.04
Farkaskölyök és apród	P —.06





**TRANSLATED BY
ANDREA SZILÁGYI**

A MIDNIGHT VISIT

His steps were like those of a young deer – light and swift. He traversed across the shimmering foliage, back and forth. The splendour did not blind him, and he was not amazed by the abundant and unfamiliar beauty that he saw in this strange place. And as the sky was covered by a black hood, the stars sat out in all their brilliance, looking down upon the earth. He did not ask anything, and he did not wait for them to tell him what happened since he left the world. The snow-winged angels stood tensely as he walked along the road.

And the angels whispered wonderingly behind his back.

His heart still sat in his chest, but it no longer beat. A tiny opening reddened on it, but it was only big enough for death to sneak in. And inside of it, tiny pieces of lead rested. Nobody recognized the strange soldier.

Nightmares rose from the bloody haze, and gruesome images burned behind his eyes. His face was utterly young and his tunic sloppy and muddy. In vain did they call out to him. In vain did they ask him. The strange soldier did not stay. And since he arrived here, they have not heard his words.

Then all at once wonder dawned upon him. He stopped in the dead centre of the land, and in front of the heavenly keeper.

A question shone quietly in the divine and omniscient being's eyes.

“What do you wish?”

The soldier's voice rang softly and clearly, like a child's, and his eyes brightened up, like the first star after night tolls.

“Let me go home!”

“You are at home here, my son.”

“Oh, let me go home.” The soldier's voice cracked, and then his words got cut off by the unbearable pain tormenting him from the inside.

“Let me go home, I beg you. I have to go. Up until now I did not feel – now it is as if sharp claws are tearing at my heart. They are waiting for me. At the bottom of the Hargita, our little house, the roses in the garden. And my dear mother's smiling face. She does not know where I am! It is as if I have awoken from a dream. Why have you held me back even this long? I don't think I even said goodbye. I feel that they are still waiting for me ... I have to leave!”

The Saviour's eyes darkened.

“Your place is here. Your home is here. No one who has been here can ever go back.”

The boy's eyes flared up. An enthusiastic smile swept across his youthful face.

“Oh ... I do not believe that you are unmerciful. I would, just one last time, like to see the country from which death tore me. I would like to kiss my sweet homeland. I would like to see our garden, where roses abound. I feel so strongly that they are calling me, waiting, and my heart cannot resist. Yesterday, under the evening stars I looked down upon the earth, and from this great height, it stunned me. And from up here, the window of our little house was dark, and I could not see anything. I could not look for my mother, who without a doubt, was praying for me.”

The whole time, he smoothed his feverish forehead. In his wondrous eyes, shiny stars burned, like lanterns on a snowy winter night.

His voice was quiet and full of sorrow.

“I have to go!”

The Saviour watched him in deep silence. And there was no secret in what he saw before him. He gazed past the clouds down to the earth. His glance flew across the butchered border and rested somewhere on the country's heart. In the air, pale steam swam. And in the hearts of people, big, apathetic, restless, petrified indifference. Numbness beat its nest into their helpless souls. The spark diminished from the people's eyes, in the altar of their hearts, on smutty embers did the sacred fire close their eyes to patriotism.

The lad's eyes swam with jubilation when the much anticipated words were spoken:

“For one hour only!”

He closed his eyes in a dazed stupor and his heart soared.

With the tired gloaming, he arrived at home. He stood there at the edge of his village and looked upon the familiar landscape with bursting happiness. Only once did his gaze slip for a moment to his jacket. He heard a faint sound from inside his chest – one that he had long forgotten.

Kipp ... kopp ... the music of his heart played.

When he finally made a motion, his feet did not take him forward very easily. It was with heavy, tired steps that he plodded along.

The familiar narrow pathway snaked in front of him. The whistling wind exploded into a loud scream beside him. Sluggish, dark clouds swam on the edge of the little village.

He advanced.

His heart beat with loud and colourful delight. Tiny, white-washed houses flashed in his eyes, like rapidly appearing dreams.

He stopped for a moment, panting. A soldier stood in front of him. The barrel of his weapon flashed in the silver light of the rising moon.

The lad clutched at his heart. Painful, whining crying knocked in his ripped tunic.

Foreign words formed on the lips of the other soldier, and the boy's eyes stared frightfully into the dimness.

"Enemy troops — here, on this earth?"

The soldier in front of him suddenly jumped. He fitfully gripped his weapon. Behind unyielding pupils, a wondrous, unearthly light blazed and burned through to his bones.

His lips went pale when he spoke. The newcomer did not say a word. He just stared, deep and soul-searching, with a mysterious fire in his eyes. The wrinkled collar of his jacket openly flapped against his chest, and above his heart, in the narrow opening, a bloody rose burned.

A superstitious fright surprised the enemy soldier. All at once, in front of his eyes, everything went dark, and his weapon fell to the ground. When he looked up anew, the newcomer was gone. Only a shadow moved far from him at the edge of the village. And the enemy soldier, teeth chattering, made the sign of the cross.

Meanwhile, the lad moved on. Unbearable fervour propelled him from the inside. His lips became dry and chapped. There he stood at the village's outermost house, and beside it stood the small, whitewashed Székely houses. In the gloaming, he saw everything with amazing clarity. He peeped through the gaps in the windows. Along the fence, hundreds of scents floated from the hundreds of colours of roses. His eyes lit up.

"Nini ... I can already see our house!"

The autumn house stood dark in the world. He was dumbfounded. What is this? But then he smiled. Of course, why would they be waiting? I do not believe they would know inside that I am coming.

For a moment, his eyes opened wide. In the depths of his soul, a senseless suspicion flickered. Tears gathered in his eyes. His heart was full of angst.

"Mother!" His voice struggled from tears he fought back.

He opened the little gate. Inside was profound silence. A barren wilderness greeted him. Weeds overtook the yard, and the little house's walls were threadbare, its door corners dusty, its windows dirty and dark.

The house stood like a tired panhandler. Only the roses still opened wildly, and around them the weeds.

His feet were heavy weights pulling him down. He dragged himself to the steps and flopped down. And there, a flood of tears flowed uneasily from his heart.

All of a sudden, fragments of loud revelry hit his ears. He felt like these strange sounds were burning his heart. Trembling, he felt his way up.

He lumbered over to the gate, wading in a sea of fragrance from the roses. In a moment, he glided down the curves of the abandoned village road. In the haze, drunken shadows wobbled. Foreign songs and hoarse voices were accompanied by strange music.

His hands tightened into fists. He wanted to shout and scream in horrendous pain, like a

stricken savage. He wanted to run at them wildly, so that one formidable stroke would crush them.

But in that moment, exhaustion settled on his eyelids. He could not move, and his arms collapsed at his sides in fatigue. Dizzily, he stumbled back upon the deserted house on the plain.

The roses made him a soft bed, and a blanket of fragrant petals covered him. They whispered soft lullabies in his ear. The lad thought it was his mother he heard. His tears flowed softly from his eyes. He lay his young face down on the brown earth. His sweet homeland whispered quiet words in his ear.

"Erdélyország," it whispered.

The wind stopped. Toward the village, the evening's first pale stars shimmered in the dark velvet sky.

The hour was over.

(from *Zászlók*, 1927.IV.15. Matild Kisfaludy Fűzy)



"A superstitious fright surprised the enemy soldier. All at once, in front of his eyes, everything went dark, and his weapon fell to the ground."

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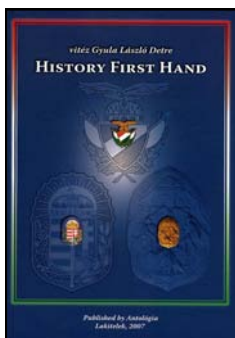


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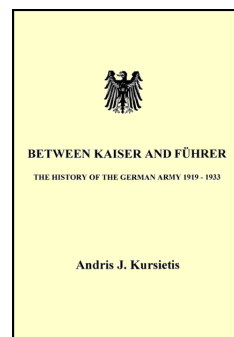
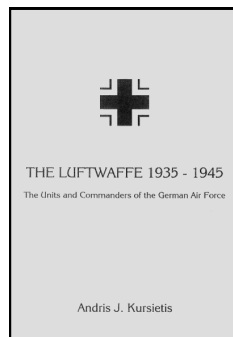
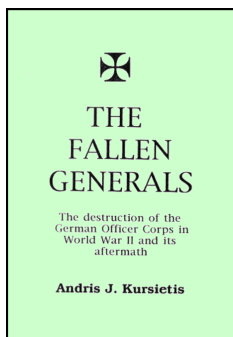
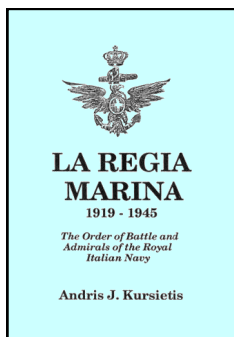
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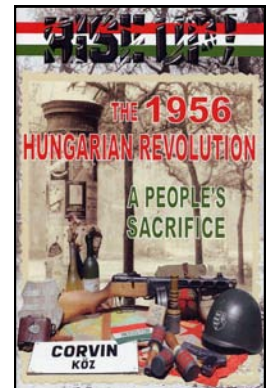
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