

Introduction

In Northern Ontario, the Kap-Kig-Iwan Provincial Park has given me such a feeling of peace and guiltiness that during my morning walks it has assured me an enjoyable and trouble-free day and I could completely ignore the mad "rat race" which thrived elsewhere in this modern world. Of course this wasn't so every day because the life of a peculiar ex-Displaced Person (shortly D.P.) who happened to fall far away from his homeland is not always without any disturbance. Yesterday was such an unusual day.

My farm consists of 160 acres of land and a nice house on it. It is 4 km (2.5 miles) from the Provincial Park, and it gives me more or less every thing, above all relaxation which is necessary for a retired 60 year old man who has been through a lot. Of course the 600 dollars monthly pension is also an important factor. The farm itself doesn't bring in much money. The land is leased to my neighbor who grows oats and barley on the land and who diligently takes firewood from the forest, which is part of the farm, without my permission, whenever I am on a trip to Europe. In his stable is my riding horse "Tiszavirag". In my native country, Hungary, this word has a meaning. The river Tisza which is blonde, romantic and beautiful, has her peculiarities. Once a year during spring with an invasion on her slowly flowing waters with millions of small flying insects (in Hungarian: Keresz), the river really looks like a mile long flower bed, but only for a few minutes, because they all soon disappear. I named my horse in memory of the happy days I've spent on the shore of the river Tisza.

Yesterday, as was my daily routine, I rode out to the park and tied my horse to a post near the entrance gate. The guard is coming anyway, to start his wonderful, enviable job. He'll look after the horse; he likes him and also the whiskey which he gets from me occasionally. The memorable day has started off very well. After the night's rain everything was shining brightly, the sun rose with mighty energy and took control once again of the beautiful landscape.

There was plenty of game around. A moose bull proudly carried his magnificent crown, and with a definite order he sent his cow away as if to say that he'll take care of me. In that moment the powerful whistle of a freight train, belonging to the Ontario Northland Railways, disturbed the fine hearing of the moose and he turned around to follow his mate. What an imposant, pround creature; the way he moves, with such dignity, just like a Hungarian Gendarm in

his feathered cap. Why I just used this comparison I don't know. You are getting old, Tibor, I said to myself, now it is nostalgia, it will be followed by Arteriosclerosis. As the doctor said, you should reduce eating so much fatty stuff, you could also cut down on your drinking habits, otherwise you'll have problems with your heart!

I was thinking about it all as I reached the gate. Jack, the guard, was already preparing the famous boiled Canadian coffee and invited me for a cup. "Did you see anything interesting today, Tibor?" "Oh yes, a moose with his mate." "Was the bull a nice looking animal?" "Oh yes, he walked like a Hungarian Gendarm." He too was surprised of my remark. "What was a Hungarian Gendarm like?" "Similar to the Mounties (Royal Canadian Police)." In 1934 they had won the Silver Medal (the Mounties got the Gold) in the competition in Montevideo of the Law Enforcement Agencies of 42 nations. "That is really something", said Jack, "because the Mounties are that good, they always get their man." "The Hungarian Gendarm too", but accept that as the bragging of an Immigrant whose homeland is far away. As a proverb says: "Just look at the poodles, they were all St. Bernards' at home!"

"Tiszavirag" was protesting, thinking that I was having a good time, shooting the breeze while he had to wait for 3 hours. I said goodbye to Jack and after an hours' gallop Tiszavirag was satisfied too with his lot. I wiped him off in the stable, looked after his hooves and, finding everything okay, I walked over to my house which was about half a kilometer from the stable. The mail box was full with a complete set of daily papers from Toronto covering last week. There will be plenty to read after lunch. I have always liked "The Globe and Mail". It was a paper for the middle class, a little bit on the intellectual side, with very little advertisements and even less demagogie from the Trade Union bosses.

Sometime during the afternoon, I worked my way through to the April 30, 1986 issue. In a very prominent place with large type print: "Exhibition of Pro-Nazi Artifacts Upsets Many Toronto-Hungarian Immigrants" by Zoltan Kazlik. After 42 years since the war, some so-called Hungarian Immigrants are upset; what's more, outraged that the collected artifacts of the Hungarian Gendarmerie are on display in the Hungarian Museum in Toronto. Not to mention Mr. Vilmos Kosaras, himself, the Editor of the left wing Hungarian Weekly, the "Tükör" who was 2 years old in 1944, but he remembers clearly the atrocities of the Gendarmerie. Isn't it funny that exactly this morning I was thinking and talking about this Law Enforcement Unit. Now that they have launched an attack on this Force, I remembered my

cousin who was captain of the Hungarian Gendarmerie. I'm sure he did as much for his country as this peculiar left wing immigrant group who are calling themselves Hungarians. My poor occupied homeland! Has the civilized world forgotten the happenings of October, 1956? Where were those critics in 1956 who are using the freedom of Canada for such indecent and false purposes! To sling mud on our best institutions. Since 1980, I have been thinking about writing my biography. On this evening of May 5, 1986, I've made up my mind that I'll give up traveling for some years and write my biography. Being born in 1925, my life has been very turbulent.