



The Fourth of July and August 20th



Two national holidays – so different, yet so similar. The Fourth of July – celebrating independence – the exuberance of a nation's freedom. August 20th – remembrance of the founder of a free nation – celebrating its glorious past. One represents the signing of a document, expressing the will of a people to be free. The other recalls the wisdom of a saint, charting his people's course in history. And we – we are heirs of both – in the land of the free! Are we not fortunate to have such antecedents?

**God bless America!
Isten áldd meg a magyart!**

=====

Katalin Vass Valu was head bookkeeper, working as financial section head at the Budapest county hall. She came to this country in 1965, and is wholeheartedly committed to the Hungarian cause. Kati practices what she preaches: she raised her children according to the principles of this poem.

"Nyelvében él a nemzet"

ISTVÁN KIRÁLY SIRALMA A MAGYAR NÉPHEZ

Vass Valu Katalin

István szobra elhagyatva áll magában
Elárvult üres templomok udvarában.
Hittérítő ezer évre emlékezik,
Feje felett sötét felhő gyülekezik.
Ázik künn a szobor, esőkönny szemében,
Pogányt tisztogató erő van kezében.

Lázong a kőszobor, megesik a szíve,
Egyre jobban kopik az egyházak híve.
Nézz le István király, lásd néped mivé lett,
Könyörögj érettünk hazánk, utódaink végett.
Istenem, szent Atyám, bajban van a népem,
Könyörülj meg rajtunk, segítséged kérem.

Magyar templomharang hívogatón kondul,
Süket fülekre lel, szívük meg se mozdul.
Új világban élünk, ezer dolog várja,
Távolmaradása egyház sirját ássa.
Gyermeke látván ezt, a példát követi,
Magyar szót, vallását szívéből kiveti.

Magyarul tanított imádkozni anyád,
Szeretni mindenkit, Istent és Óhazát.
Magyarra tanítsd meg te is gyermekedet,
Hogy benne éljen tovább a hazaszeretet.
Fogd utódod kezét, vidd el a templomba,
Hogy magyarságunk, hazánk ne pusztuljon romba.

Szeresd és támogasd a magyar templomot,
Utódodra hagyod a hívő holnapot.
Őseid küzdelme építette néked,
Verejtékükből lett minden egyes négyzet.
Hőseink meghaltak, hogy mi megmaradjunk,
Áldozatukért mi hálaimát mondjunk.

Tudom, fájlalnád ha bezárná kapuját,
Benne idegen nép mondana zsolozsmát.
Tiéd ez a templom, a Jóisten háza,
Látogatással segítsd, ne engedd át másra.
Énekelj, imádkozz buzgón, szeretettel,
Tiéd ez a templom, soha ne engedd el.

Templomunkban papunk az Isten szolgája,
Szeretettel hallgasd, ne dobj követ rája.
Tiszteld a papodat, ki áldást oszt fejedre,
Béke legyen benned, nyugalom szívedben.
Hallgasd a harangot, mert téged hívogat,
Őrizd magyar nyelved, tanítsd utódodat.

Ez, amit megtehetsz, őrizd örökséged,
Áldás legyen rajtad, kövesd őseidet.
Ne ásd hazád sirját nemtörődömséggel,
Küzdött, s küzd eleget már az ellenséggel.
Mentsd meg mi menthető, kezeden a jövő,
Hitedet ne tegye tönkre modern idő.

**"Isten áldd meg a magyart", éneklek hiába,
Ha nem teszel semmit megmaradására.**

Béke veled!

Szent István napja - St. Stephen's Day

On August 20th, we celebrate the feast of Szent István – St. Stephen – first king and founder of the Hungarian State (d. 1038). In Budapest, the preserved relic of his holy hand, the *Szent Jobb*, is carried in procession that day. At night, there are spectacular fireworks – see photo in the banner above.

Having received the crown from the Pope, St. Stephen established Christianity in his kingdom, and groomed his son Imre to be his successor. His legacy is embodied in his Admonitions – *Intelmei* – a guide he composed for Imre on how to be a good ruler. However, a hunting accident snuffed out Imre's life. Left without a male heir, St. Stephen offered his crown, and with it, his country to Mary, Mother of Jesus. This scene is depicted in many forms and in many places. Here it is seen on the premises of Deáky András' *panzió* in Gyimesbükk, in the Eastern Carpathians.



Szent István—Gyimesbükk

Christ's Wanderers: A Hungarian American Story

Robert Kranyik

During the late 19th century and the early years of the 20th century, many thousands of Hungarians, disappointed by the economic and political conditions of the times, left for America. A significant number of these were of the Calvinist persuasion. They traveled to the New World and settled in communities where they established Calvinist Churches. Their story is told in a new DVD.

Nearly thirty years ago, my wife and I, accompanied by my uncle, Michael Kranyik, drove our rented Russian Lada (the Russian equivalent of a Fiat) north in the northernmost part of Hungary, in what is now Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén. Just short of the Slovakian border, in an area reminiscent of the Green Mountains of Vermont, we left the highway, and drove upward to a village located at top of a magnificent hill. When we reached the top, there was truly a 360 degree view. One could look west to the locale of the famous Aggtelek Caves, a world heritage site, or north into Slovakia. With the exception of snow-capped peaks, it was reminiscent of "The Sound of Music".

We reached the top of the hill and entered a village which reminded us of Hans Christian Anderson, complete with the guardian flock of geese patrolling the main street. The village looked deserted except for the geese which came to investigate, and for one black car parked in front of a village house. It was to that house I headed in the hopes of getting some information about my maternal grandmother's family. As I approached the front gate, modeled after the Transylvanian gates so quintes-

entially Hungarian, the front door opened. Out walked a minister, dressed in black and with a black neck tie, followed by a dozen or so older women. I hailed the minister and spoke with him in Hungarian, telling him why I was there. He listened attentively, and then turned to one of the women following him. I repeated my message to her, in my best Hungarian accent. She took me by the hand, led me across the street, and pointed to a village house. She said, "This is the house in which your grandmother was born."

I instantly felt that I belonged there, on this hilltop with a beautiful Calvinist chapel at the end of the road, overlooking the valley and the Aggtelek Nemzeti Park. The chapel was a typical Hungarian Calvinist house of worship, beautiful in its simplicity. As Americans might say, the view from the chapel was a view "to die for!" It was the chapel for which the village was named, "Torna Kápolna", the "Chapel at Torna". Inside the chapel, prominently displayed on the ceiling, was my grandmother's family name. Like many others, my grandmother left there in the early 1900's and arrived in Bridgeport, Connecticut where she met and married my Grandfather. Eventually they built a very comfortable house on Kings Highway in Fairfield, and I have many fond memories of that place. The family belonged to the nearby Calvin Church on Kings Highway, and it was the church from which my grandmother was buried. Her story was similar to the story of a significant number of

Calvinist Hungarians who comprised a dynamic and hard working segment of the one and a half million Hungarians who migrated to the United States. Now, her story and those of hundreds of thousands of other Calvinist Hungarians has been documented in an extensive and detailed DVD entitled "*Krisztus vándorai*" (Christ's Wanderers).

Filed and produced by Debrecen Városi Televízió Kft. in Debrecen, Hungary, the seat of Hungarian Calvinism, the program is essentially a documentation of the history of the Calvin Church in America. It presents the circumstances of the great migration to America, and describes the rise of Calvinism in cities and towns of particularly the East and the Midwest. The documentation is achieved in great measure through the medium of interviews with clergy and ordinary people in such places as Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Virginia, New York, and Connecticut. There is also plenty of footage about the churches, the local communities, and the cemeteries in places where Hungarian Americans built and sustained Calvinist Churches. It is done in Hungarian and English, through the use of subtitles.

Consisting of over four hours of interesting and nostalgic viewing, *Krisztus vándorai* describes the hard life of early Hungarian emigrants, as they sought work in the mines, steel mills, and factories of the new world. As Hungarians went to work at these difficult and often dangerous jobs, accidents happened and some families were left destitute. In order to provide some measure of security, mutual aid societies were formed, and those for the Calvinist workers were ultimately combined under the name "The Hungarian Reformed Federation", established in 1904 and certified by President Theodore Roose-

velt. It assisted in the creation of this documentary. The original Federation also supported the orphanage at Ligonier, Pennsylvania, established in 1921. Today it is a beautiful senior residence and retirement community. Also involved is the William Penn Insurance Company, created out of a merge of several Hungarian mutual aid insurance companies, including the well known "Rakoczi".

Much of the documentary focuses on the development of Calvinist church communities across those states where Hungarians settled. It traces that development across a century or more, from small beginnings, often characterized by heroic efforts on the parts of clergy and Hungarian settlers, through the growth of congregations, the religious, educational and social programs, and the diminution of many settlements as Hungarians moved away, and spread across the country.

A considerable number of once viable Hungarian Calvinist congregations disappeared as Hungarian populations died off or dispersed. In some places the Hungarians stayed and prospered, and so there are some beautiful churches with active memberships, but in other places, small congregations struggle to hold on.

For viewers who may have had ancestors who were part of these pioneering communities, it will be useful to know which places are shown and discussed. Beckley and Springdale, West Virginia are two of these places. Few Hungarians live in those places now, but the cemeteries attest to their once strong presence. Other locations in West Virginia include Morgantown and Helen, both sites of major mine disasters in which many Hungarians died. Gary, West Virginia was an-

other site where Hungarians lived and worked in the mines.

In Pocahontas, Virginia are a few remnants of Hungarians, whose ancestors worked in the major coal mines of the region. It is interesting to know that the Rev. Emil Nagy, a well known minister in Bridgeport, Connecticut previously served in Pocahontas, as did the popular and respected Roman Catholic priest, Father Chernitzky, who ultimately served as pastor of Saint Stephen's Roman Catholic Church in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

In Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh itself was the site of one of the earliest Calvinist churches, in Hazelwood. Congregations were also assembled in Homestead, McKeesport, Duquesne, Rankin, Johnstown, Bethlehem, and Winbur. In the town of Vintondale, Hungarian immigrants were hired as strikebreakers. Ohio had large settlements of Hungarian Calvinists in Cleveland, which ultimately became the site of the largest Hungarian Calvinist Church in the western world. Other places further west where Hungarians settled included Flint, Michigan; Chicago, Joliet, and Indiana Harbor in Illinois; and Gary, Indiana.

In the Northeast, Calvinist Hungarians settled in New York City, Rossville (Staten Island), Buffalo, West Buffalo, and Tonawanda. There were also settlements in Poughkeepsie and Peekskill on the Hudson River. In Pennsylvania, the town of Lackawanna, located very near Buffalo, also attracted a goodly number of Hungarian Calvinists.

For those interested in the Connecticut congregations, two are included in the documentary. The congregation at Warrenville, in Connecticut's northeast corner is described by Reverend Doctor Sándor Havadtóy, former pastor of the Fairfield Calvin

The MSA Gulyás Party

Paul Soos

Rosanne Balassa Plavnicky's Blue Spruce Farms in Monroe, Ct. was once again the setting for the Magyar Studies of America's (MSA) annual *Gulyás Party*.

The party marks the end of the school year for the study of the Hungarian language and culture sponsored by MSA. The course students, teachers, and staff eagerly look forward to this gathering which includes their family and friends. In addition to hayrides and horses for the children, there were many other highlights to this event.

One of the main events, of course, was the delicious (*nagyon finom!*) *gulyás* which included both beef and pork varieties. Also on the agenda was a *szalonna sütés* (roasting bacon on a skewer - *nyárs* - over an open fire and then dripping the bacon fat onto rye bread topped by tomato, onion & pepper) - a real Hungarian treat!! Many other delicious dishes were included on the menu which was completed by tasty Hungarian pastries.

Along with entertainment for the children, Eddie Horvath and his accordion provided an Hungarian sing-a-long which included a rousing rendition of " *A z a s z é p .* "

Many thanks to Rosanne and her husband John for opening up their farm to us again!

Paul Soos is a member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online, a lay reader at St. Ladislaus R.C. Church in South Norwalk. And a student at the Magyar Studies of Hungarian School in Fairfield. He is a former U.S. Air Force Officer.

Photos on next page

Church, and an active supporter of and contributor to Magyar News Online. The Warrentville Church, originally located in Fairfield, Connecticut, was moved to Warrentville to serve a congregation of Hungarians, mostly farmers, spread across several towns in this rural area. The church closed down and now serves as a private home. I can recall, as a boy, occasionally attending services at that small wooden church with my grandmother, when it was still in F a i r f i e l d .

The other Connecticut location is the present Calvin Church, built on the site of the removed church, on Kings Highway, in Fairfield, Connecticut (See "A Hungarian Highway in America", Magyar News Online, January, 2011). Interviewed in the film is Bishop Béla Póznán, who is also pastor of Calvin Church, whose small, but active congregation works hard to maintain the church, and to supply local Hungarians with *kolbász*, *hurka*, and holiday baked goods.

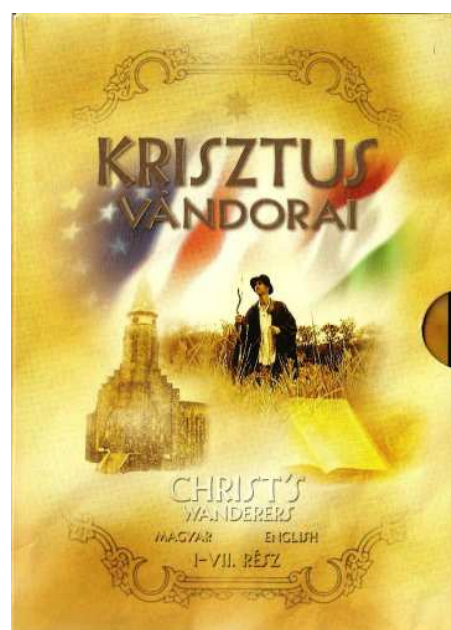
The story of these Hungarian Calvinists is a bitter-sweet story. In all of these places, small groups of determined clergy and families struggled to build their churches and congregations. They flourished as long as the economies of the communities flourished, and many diminished as mines, mills, and factories closed. Of course, Hungarians, in the following generations, became more mobile, and often intermarried with members of other ethnic groups, and so the once strong Hungarian communities grew smaller and often disappeared. In a number of these places, one must go to the local cemeteries to understand how many Hungarians once lived there.

An important aspect of this docu-

mentary, in addition to its historical value, is the lesson it demonstrates, of what is happening to the Hungarian community in America. It is rapidly becoming Americanized and the old traditions and cultural remnants are disappearing. Yet, there are many younger people coming along who may be part of the greater American population, but I have some Hungarian background in them. For them, this documentary, "*Krisztus vándorai*", is very much worth seeing, be they Calvinists, Catholics, or of other persuasions, for it is part of their ancestral history. I would like to end by saying that to preserve an awareness of what it means to be Hungarian-American among these younger generations is one of the important goals of Magyar News Online (www.magyarnews.org).

Krisztus vándorai. Kiadó: Debrecen Városi Televízió Kft. 4025 Debrecen, Petőfi tér 10. 2009. Info: <www.dtv.hu>

Robert Kranyik, Ph.D. is a retired professor and dean, University of Bridgeport, and a member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online.



An important aspect of this docu-



*Eddie Horvath
Horseride and Hayride*



Paradicsomleves

3 dkg zsír
3 dkg liszt
½ hagyma
1 zöldpaprika szelet
1 db zeller levél
1 késhegynyi paprika
kevés cukor és só
1 liter paradicsomlé
kevés víz

A zsírból és lisztből világos rántást készítünk, hozzáadjuk a késhegynyi paprikát, feleresztjük hideg vízzel és hozzáadjuk a paradicsomlét. Beletesszük a hagymát, zöld paprikát, zellerlevelet, izlés szerint sót és cukrot.

Felforraljuk.

Főzhetünk bele 1 kanál mosott rizst, vagy apró galuskát, de csipetkével a legjobb.

Csipetke

1 pohár liszt, 1 tojás, só

Víz nélkül jó kemény tésztát gyúrunk. Lisztezett ujjunkkal kis köröm nagyságú darabkákat csipkedünk (innen van a csipetke neve). A forrásban levő levesbe tesszük. Egy-két perc múlva, mikor a tészta a leves tetejére jön a tűzről levesszük.

Ha tészta nélkül tálaljuk a levest, friss zöldpaprika karikákat teszünk a tányérban levő leves tetejére.

Thank your lucky stars if you have Hungarian grandparents

By Tibor Check, Jr.

Some of us Hungarian-Americans are fortunate to hold warm memories of our grandparents who hailed from Hungary, and who passed on to us some of our treasured memories of themselves and their cultural heritage. Read on to learn how Tibor Check, Jr. remembers his grandparents

In a few of my past columns, I have alluded to the fact that my siblings and I missed out on a big part of growing up by not having grandparents there to help guide us on our long road to maturity. My mom's father passed away in 1988, and, until her passing, Grandmother Titak Marshall was too frail to even visit us for more than a few hours. My *Nagy-mama* Cseh passed in 1993 when I was only 3 years old. I remember some things about her, but those remembered experiences are small in number. *Nagypapa* Endre was the most memorable of all four grandparents. Unfortunately for my siblings and me, he passed on much too early as well.

My *Nagymama* Cseh was cool! One of my fondest memories of her is when our family attended a summer picnic at the Northeast Ohio Hungarian Club in Hiram, Ohio. "Gramma Yonka" (she taught me to call her that) would give me to eat some *szaloncukor* from Hungary. I remember the fast *csárdás* being played by Feri Borisz or Joe Jeromos; those lilting Magyar melodies resonated through the woods of the picnic grounds as grandma pushed me on one of the swings the club had made for the kids in attendance. She also used to take me on the dance floor in an attempt to teach me the intricate steps of the *gólya*.

At a *Szüreti Multság* picnic, I recall the two of us being put in a jail

by an official looking *rendőrség*. This incarceration occurred because we had "stolen" some fruit: just a few seconds before the mock arrest, she picked me up to pull down a bunch of grapes that were hanging from a series of vines that were stretched across the ceiling of the *csárdás ház*. I was scared to be in that jail. (If you have ever been at the N.E. Ohio Magyar Club Picnic Grounds, you know why a little kid would be afraid of being put in that particular jail, because it is a real, iron-gated holding cell!) I recall asking her: "*Nagymama*, we aren't supposed to steal?!" I started to cry. *Nagypapa* Cseh came over and gave the policeman some money. He let us out of the cell. My Mom came over to help comfort me. I remember everybody was laughing, but I couldn't understand why?

At that same *szüreti bál*, I recall Mr. Rudy Gall taking off his shoes and socks as he rolled up his pant legs to the knees. He then jumped into a big wooden barrel and started to march in place. The *zenekar* played music while he lifted his legs in a furious motion. I noticed his legs and feet were stained purple from the grapes he smashed with his two feet. I observed him putting an empty cup in the barrel and drinking grape juice from it. To this 3-year-old boy, these choreographed actions were quite strange.

A few days later, my *Nagymama* Jonka passed. As mentioned in earlier columns, my final memory of my grandmother was that of her lying in state while it appeared that Mr. Borisz was playing just for her some very sad songs on his violin.

As I grew up, Grandfather Cseh was there for me, but just as I grew bigger, his strength began to diminish. We visited him every Saturday. We helped him climb the 27 steps up to the broadcast studio of WKTL-90.7 FM, to do our weekly Magyar radio show. My family accompanied him faithfully to the radio show as we brought the listeners music and news of the Hungarian community in the

tri-state area. I was 13 years of age in 2004. It had been a little over 10 years since the passing of Grandmother Cheh. On that dreaded Holy Saturday night, my grandpa went to join my grandma in Magyar Heaven.

We did a lot of things with my gramps in the way of Hungarian Style. We frequented the Hungarian Business and Tradesmans Club in Maple Heights. It was there--and through the cooking of the club's chef Ida--that my passion for veal and chicken *paprikás* developed. We would take Grandpa Endre to the West Side Market where he would buy smoked *kolbász*, *csirke*, sausage and *szalonna* at the Lovasz and Dohar butcher stand. We then would go home and make a fire using the split maple logs harvested from our homestead. He was one of our instructors on how to prepare and make *szalonna sütés*.

The fall before my Gramps passed, a neighbor from across the street came over to find out what was the savory smell permeating the neighborhood. We explained to him what we were doing. He stayed and became a fan of roasting bacon, Magyar Style. Even though my grandfather has been gone for nearly seven years, our neighbor still makes it over a few times each summer or fall to help partake in the roasting of *disznó sütés*.

I remember experiencing with my gramps the St. Margaret's *Bőgő Temető* and gazing at the gigantic chandeliers at St. Elizabeth of Hungary in Cleveland. (My *nagypapa*, informed me that the huge conglomerate of light bulbs originally operated on natural gas and only later were these glorious light fixtures converted for electric illumination.) I also recall us attending Toledo's Hungarian festival (also known as the Birmingham Ethnic Festival) and eating at Tony Packo's. Together, we tasted the cucumber salad at the Rhapsody in Southgate, Mich., and watched the blessing of Easter baskets at St. Stephen of Hungary Church and the pageantry of Hungar-

ian Heritage Day in Youngstown. Just a few of the memories!

For almost seven years, my brother, sister and I have been shortchanged by not having any grandparent there to cheer us on when we triumphed nor there to console us when we lost. Of course, my siblings and I will survive and prosper, but it would have been great to see my grandparents in the audience when I was inducted into the National Honor Society or when I won the Regional National Geographic Bee five times in a row, or to watch me play varsity football.

I cringe when I see friends and school mates show such little regard for their very own grandparents. I want to just grab them and tell them: "You are missing out on a great joy here. What's wrong with you?"

I also feel badly for my grandparents. They were cut short of being able to experience the triumphs and tribulations of my maturation process. From observing others, I've noticed that as a person grows older, his or her enjoyment of life becomes more centered on the lives of their children and grandchildren.

You may ask: "Don't you have other extended family members around to help celebrate your growing up experience?" Unfortunately for my immediate family, we are almost 100 miles away from where most of our relatives live in Youngstown. It is also unfortunate that most of the relatives that would have been a viable part of our extended family experience have either passed on, are old or frail, or have moved far away in quest of better employment opportunities.

A word of wisdom to my generation: Cherish what you have in the way of parents and grandparents. If they ask you to go with them to a function or event, take them up on it and enjoy the ride. Ask questions about your family's history. Inquire through them if there is a written history of your predecessors. With

the continuous expansion of the internet and the tools to do research, why not develop a database of relatives and ancestors in Hungary. With the help of your grandparents, begin a documented family tree. Remember the old adage: You have to know where you have been to know where you are going.

Many of our Magyar communities will commemorate the 1848 War of Independence, take a loved one to such an event. It will be a lesson in Hungarian History and will make that loved one very happy that you went along.

(This article is reprinted with permission from William Penn Life, the official publication of William Penn Association, Fraternal Life Insurance and Annuities, Pittsburgh, PA, www.williampennassociation.org.)



Happy 150th, Déli pályaudvar! Már 150 éve „megy a gőzös Kanizsára”

By Erika Papp Faber



Among anniversaries of national importance observed in Hungary in 2011 is one of which not many peo-

ple may be aware. Yet it is of interest, particularly to travelers who use the trains.

This year marks the 150th anniversary of Buda's first train station, the *Déli pályaudvar*. Its name is derived, not from its geographic location, but from the name of the railway company that built it: the Déli Vasút. At the time, it was the end station of the Buda-Kanizsa line, a 221-kilometer stretch. (This „innovation” was even mentioned in a song: „*Megy a gőzös, megy a gőzös Kanizsára...*”)

The grain merchants of Buda had wanted the terminal located on the banks of the Danube. But the plans were drawn up in Vienna, to further Austrian economic interests, and the planners took into consideration the expected demand for personal and freight transportation. Therefore, it is located on Magyar jakobinusok tere, along today's Alkotás utca.

Large amounts of fill were required for the terminal, as the design called for a 5-8 meter high embankment with a retaining wall. Since construction of the tunnel under the Kiscellert hegy was begun at the same time, the entire amount of soil gained from that project was used for the *Déli pályaudvar*.

The rails were ordered from England, and the Austrian government did not exact a tariff on them. While the original locomotives ran on steam, they are all electric today. (Actually, today's rolling stock is a mixed bag, ranging from what I will charitably call “vintage” cars to the comfortably air-conditioned, carpeted, quiet, and streamlined that meet 21st century expectations.) Official dedication of the *Déli pályaudvar* took place on April 1st, 1861, and the first passenger train left the following day.

At its inception, two identical buildings comprised the actual railway station, one for arrivals, the other for departures. These were connected by a wooden structure that extended over the tracks. In January of 1945, during the siege of Budapest, this structure was destroyed, together with 90% of the *Déli pályaudvar*. Reconstruction was completed only in 1975. Seen from the side, the new terminal resembles a long rail-

road car. It is the largest railroad station on the Buda side, with trains servicing western Hungary. Some international trains also arrive and leave from there.

Two further major rail terminals were also built in Budapest in the 19th century, when the size of Hungary was three times what it is today. The *Nyugati pályaudvar* was opened in 1877, replacing the terminal of Hungary's first railway line which ran between Pest and Vác. Now it is the largest station in Budapest, with domestic train service to the outskirts and to the eastern part of the country. — The *Keleti pályaudvar* was opened in 1883, and is the most frequented. Most international trains arrive and leave from there.

So let us raise our glasses (with your choice of *Tokaji* or *Szürkebarát* or *Egri bikavér*) in a somewhat belated toast to the *Déli pályaudvar* on its sesquicentennial!



Erika Papp Faber is Editor of Magyar News Online.

Nagykanizsa (Kanizsa)

One of only a handful of cities in the world that are located on the 17th meridian east of Greenwich, shown on an amillary sphere in the middle of town. Kanizsa (today's Nagykanizsa) is a quiet city very much affected by the current economic downturn.

Artifacts dating back as far as the New Stone Age (c. 5000-2500 BC) have been found by archeologists in the Kanizsa area, located in southwestern Hungary. As a Hungarian city, it predates the Mongolian invasion of 1241. For two centuries, it was the property of the Kanizsai family.

The last male descendent died in 1532, and a daughter, Orsolya, became the heir through a peculiarly Hungarian legal procedure. Called "fiúsítás", it required a special royal decree by which a daughter could be invested with the rights of inheritance when no male descendents were left in a family. (Interestingly enough, the same legal provision had been used by the Sumerians!) Thus Orsolya inherited Kanizsa. But upon her death in 1571, the city reverted to the treasury.

A castle-fortress was built and rebuilt several times over the centuries. It was eventually taken by the Turks in 1600. When the Turks were driven out of Hungary, the Viennese court established a German garrison there, then decreed destruction of the fortress. (Its memory is preserved by a modern Castle Gate Monument.) The area was taken over by a succession of landowners, who divested the city of its independence.

Located at the junction of five trade routes that connected Slovenia, the Adriatic, the Alps, Vienna and Budapest, Kanizsa had been flourishing commercial city. With the development of railroad lines (see "Happy 150th, Déli pályaudvar!" elsewhere in this issue), it became a hub connecting Budapest, Rijeka and Vienna. Four major banks set up branches here. The Treaty of Trianon (1920) however, cut off Kanizsa from its trade routes, making it a border town. The discovery of oil in the nearby town of Lispe

gave it somewhat of an economic boost.

Today, Nagykanizsa is the scene of an annual jazz festival, as well as a wine and dumpling festival, and a world games with stilts. It offers ample opportunities for boating, fishing and hunting, and skating in the winter. EPF



17th meridian marker

More photos on next page

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Martha Matus Schipul

Webmaster: Karolina Szabo

Assistant Webmasters:

Paul Soos, Joseph Ull

Treasurer: Zita Balogh



Symbolic gate recalling the fortress which once defended the city



The "Vasember" (Iron Man) had advertised an ironmonger's establishment in the past. It is now one of the symbols of Kanizsa



Carving recalls the "Roma holocaust" of WWII, when the Germans exterminated thousands of gypsies



Trianon memorial

Nemzetem, Hazám : Károly Sziki's Program

Károly Mákos

Our friend, Károly Sziki came to Fairfield, Connecticut on June 1st to present a program dedicated to László Pál and Gyula Egervári at the Fairfield Museum and Historical Society. Regrettably, the weather forecast predicted tornadoes, and most people backed out, not just the people who were coming from a distance, but even the locals.

This was not the first time Károly visited the North American continent, and László was his companion several times. In the last few years, while László lived in Hungary, the two of them worked together in the service of the Hungarian cause, forging their friendship until László's death. We, here in Connecticut, held



László in esteem for broadcasting his radio program at Fairfield University for ten years. Károly's connection with Gyula Egervári and Magyar Studies of America started when Gyula launched the project of erecting a worthy statue, supported by Hungarian emigrants from around the world, for the 50th anniversary of the Hungarian Freedom Fight.

Károly was the one who, on this occasion in 2006, welcomed the returning Hungarian emigrants in

Buda Castle with pageantry, and organized different programs and gala dinners in different places in Budapest. He also gave a moving performance at the dedication of the statue in Kaposvár. Yes, Károly Sziki is an excellent poet,

author of several books, decorated actor, researcher of historical truths. Being such a versatile person, he is one of the bravest warriors of our homeland. His faith is unshakeable, and he is constantly working, disregarding fatigue and sacrifice. After the introduction of his program, he gave a respectful commemoration of his friend, László Pál, who was also well known to us, living here for 30 years. Next, he remembered the 90th anniver-

sary of Trianon by way of a literary compilation. He summarized in one invocation all the sighs and accusations of the people from the torn areas of Hungary. Then, he said this to us: "My dear Hungarian brothers! With bursting faith, I hope that you will join us tonight, and believe that this nation, tortured and doomed to death, against which war is still being waged, will rise again." In the last 20 minutes of the program, he gave the facts of the Trianon peace pact. During his performance, rendering the most beautiful poems, he touched our hearts and forged our emotions together.

After the program, we had a small reception with coffee and some homemade pastries. Those people, who braved the weather and attended, left with an unforgettable memory. Before she went to Hungary, Zsuzsa Lengyel had found a location for the event, and Róza Pál organized the rest of it. Let's hope that the next time Károly comes, we will not have a tornado warning!

Károly Mákos is a former president of Magyar Studies of America.

Tomato Canning in the Old Days

Remy P. Papp

In the old days, just before St. Stephen's day, every Hungarian housewife used to be busy, canning tomatoes. This annual ritual is vividly recalled here by a (at the time) young eyewitness.

When I was young and living in Budapest, my Mother used to take me with her for the big annual event of putting up tomatoes for the winter. This in itself was a major production.

The main, central market (*Nagy Vásárcsarnok*) is on the Pest side, just across the Ferenc József bridge (today called "Freedom Bridge"). This central market is actually just one of many in the City. The original plan was to have one like it in each and every borough; I do not know how many of them were actually built beside this one. Should you have a chance to visit Budapest, you must not omit a leisurely visit to this market; it is well worth it, I don't think there is another one like it (see April 2008 issue of Magyar News Online. *Ed*). The building has two stories and a basement full of single individual stores – actually stands, as in the old days. There are restaurants inside. Most of the stores are food stores, generally preferring Hungarian produce and foods. These stores are on the street level; the upstairs stores sell non-food items. The building is well lit, it is clean, the floors are tiled; by-and-large the whole place makes a very pleasant and cheerful impression on the visitor.

The place I remember from my childhood was quite different. First of all, it was a very dark place; there must have been a few 25-watt bulbs scattered around high above the floor. I

probably exaggerate, but that is the impression I had taken with me. The floor was a dirt floor – again I will not insist on being right – and the "stands" usually consisted of the very handcarts the farmers pushed their wares in, from around the City. But the produce and food was of good quality and in sufficient quantity and also cheaper than elsewhere. I can rest assured that my shrewd Mother knew why she would go there. We did not even have to take the streetcar (never mind the "expensive" bus), we would walk there, just across the shortest bridge in town. Once there, my Mother would be in her element, and attack the task with the vigor of a general entering a well planned battle at last. She would go from stand to stand inspecting the tomatoes – these being the large variety, maybe a pound or more per each. They were not the eating type, they were a little coarser, not the smooth round ones but having grooves and maybe even some spots on the skin, but they were the ones to be cooked down for the pulp which would be stored in bottles.

Having inspected perhaps half a dozen stands and asking only a few for the price, she would then turn around to go back to the most promising one. And then the battle began. Mind you, we were not buying a few pieces, we were buying "wholesale" in large quantities, at least one *mázsa*, or 100 kg! As far as I can remember, the last time I had accompanied her on this quest must have been in 1942. In the fall of 1943, the bombing of the City was well under way, I don't think we bought tomatoes for cooking down then, and 1944 was already the beginning of the end. Be that as it may, the last time she bought tomatoes, I seem to remember, she could only haggle down the dealer by half a penny, from perhaps four and a quarter cents to three and three quarters cents – per kilogram! That is about two and a quarter

pounds!! However, we did buy something like 230 pounds of tomatoe s . The next step of course was to get this stuff home. That was usually simple: there were young men around with their handcarts, who simply piled the tomatoes on them. My Mother agreed on a price, and we would all walk across the bridge, down to the Körtér on the then Horthy Miklós (today Bartók Béla) út, down Szent Imre Herceg út (Villányi út) to our new home – by that time we had moved to larger quarters. This was roughly about a t w o m i l e w a l k .

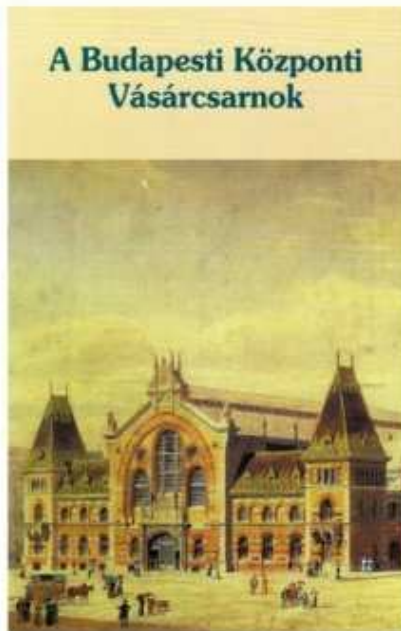
Once home though, the real work began, but here my Mother usually had help. The kitchen was transformed into a cannery. First, the tomatoes had to be reduced to pulp. This was done by hand in a sieve, by means of a roller, something similar to a paint roller of today. The tomatoes were placed into the arched sieve and rolled until all the juice was pressed through, along with the pulp. The pulp was then boiled and filled into bottles – usually into wine bottles, which my Mother seemed to be able to obtain in endless quantities, I have no idea from where. Seemingly endless, because the finished product consisted of anywhere between one and two hundred bottles of juicy tomato pulp.

Before sealing the bottles with cellophane (old-time cookbooks mention cleaned cow's bladder for this purpose. *Ed*.), a pinch of salicyl would be added to the top as a preservative. The bottles would be sealed while still warm, and tied with string. Then they were placed in laundry baskets and nestled in blankets, so they would cool slowly. The cooling would produce a vacuum, thus ensuring a near complete seal against any outside source of infection or deterioration of the juicy pulp i n s i d e .

Needless to say, this was an exhausting and tiresome production, taking several days. I am quite sure I exaggerate, but the way I remember our kitchen from those days was an approximation of a bloody battlefield, with even the wall-tiles spattered with "blood" – tomato splotches from the work!

This entire ritual, including the amount of time and hard work, is hard to imagine today, when all one has to do is walk into a supermarket and take tomato juice, tomato sauce off the shelf. But some of us old-timers still remember the old times!

Remy P. Papp is a Civil Engineer with his own consulting firm, specializing in marine construction design. He spent his youth in Hungary and completed his education in the United States.



The Central Market - Vásárcsarnok – opened in 1897



An inside view today

Kicsi a világ!

When we consider that there are over ten million Hungarians in Hungary, it is absolutely amazing that one would just casually run into a friend of a friend...

On my recent visit to Budapest, I was waiting for a streetcar at Apor Vilmos tér. I remarked to a lady also waiting there that, judging by the height of the weeds growing between the tracks, it would seem the streetcars did not run too frequently. One word led to another, and within a minute I was sharing with her that I lived in Connecticut. "I've been to Connecticut", she replied. "Oh, where?" "Cheshire." "Well, you go to Cheshire only to meet the Somogyi's!" I declared. She beamed! Sure enough ... she had been to visit them in 1983 and had been their guest. Her name was Kulcsár Kati.

What are the odds??? Should I have bought a lottery ticket?

EPF

Did you know ...

...that recently deceased actor Peter Falk had a Hungarian ancestor? His great-grandfather, Falk Miksa (1828 - 1908) was a well-known journalist and politician who wrote for various newspapers and eventually became editor of the liberal paper Pester Lloyd. Miksa was elected a member of the *Magyar Tudományos Akadémia* (Hungarian Academy of Sciences), and in 1866, he was chosen to teach Hungarian to the Empress Elizabeth (popularly known as Sissi) in recognition for his good services to the Hapsburgs. It is said that his influence had a lot to do with her good will towards her Hungarian subjects.



Top : Falk Miksa
Bottom: Peter Falk

