



Good-bye to Robert Kranyik

Magyar News Online is greatly saddened by the death of Robert Kranyik, its first Editor. When after 17 years, Joseph Balogh had to stop publishing the printed *Magyar News*, Bob insisted that we could not allow Joseph's initiative to fade away, but that we should try to keep it alive in some form. That is when we decided to continue the publication online. Bob became our first Editor, and guided us in the beginning. Then, as a member of the Editorial Board, he contributed greatly to the webpage's scope. He wrote numerous articles, most of them on the Hungarian history of the Bridgeport-Fairfield area, with which he was intimately familiar, since he grew up there. He was extremely proud of his Hungarian heritage, and was always "working on something for the next issue". As Joe Ull, a good friend and another member of the Editorial Board said, "Bob was a sparkplug for MNO".

In addition to his contributions to Magyar News Online, Bob also was instrumental in organizing and coordinating a very well-attended six-week course on Hungarian history and culture at the Fairfield Senior Center in the fall of 2008, entitled "Hungary: from the Urals to Fairfield", in which some of the MNO staff participated as presenters. And he was very active in the establishment of a Hungarian Archive at the Fairfield Museum, a project still in progress.

Robert Donald Kranyik was born in Bridgeport, CT on September 19th, 1931, and died on August 24th, 2012. He had served in the US Navy Reserve, and was discharged as a Petty Officer First Class. He married Louise Narkevics, and they lived in Easton for 37 years where he served on the Board of Education, before moving to Fairfield. They were married for over 59 years. In addition to Louise, he is also survived by two daughters, Mary Louise Kranyik Woods, and Jane Agnes O'Connor, and two grandchildren, Meri Kathryn O'Connor and Charles James O'Connor, as well as a sister,



Patricia Kranyik Butzko, and several nieces and nephews. A Requiem Mass was offered at Holy Cross Church on August 30th, with burial in Aspetuck Cemetery, Easton. Memorial contributions may be made to the Chief James Kranyik Scholarship Fund, set up in honor of Bob's father, at Fairfield College Preparatory School, 1073 N. Benson Road, Fairfield, CT 06824.

We will miss you, Bob, for your knowledge and Hungarian pride, for your enthusiasm and energy, for having been our friend. May you rest in peace!

A Tribute to Robert Kranyik

by Jack Szepessy

I remember meeting Bob Kranyik when I was a young teacher in the Fairfield Public School system. I had known of Bob's Dad, who was the Fairfield Police Chief. Bob joined the Fairfield system as an elementary school teacher. He subsequently became an Assistant Principal, and then obtained a Master's degree and a Doctorate in Administration. He joined the staff at the University of Bridgeport, where he became a Dean in their Department of Education. Even before we actually met, Bob and I had a sort of connection through the Hungarian community in Fairfield. In

later years, we both recalled going to Hungarian dance classes as kids and learning how to do the *csárdás*. It's interesting how our families were connected. Bob was a Boy Scout in a troop that met at McKinley School in Fairfield. That troop's Scoutmaster, Mr. Meyers, was a member of my family – his brother was married to my Aunt Elizabeth. Bob was an embodiment of the Boy Scout Oath – he remembered his duty to God and country and to himself, and was always ready to help others.

Our association became closer and closer over the years through our shared love of sailing. He and I were both members of a boating organization called the Penfield Power Squadron in Fairfield, and life members of Fayerweather Yacht Club in Bridgeport. Bob's first boat was a Ranger 23 – the same model that I owned – and we enjoyed a friendly rivalry in Fayerweather's informal Tuesday morning "Old Retired Captains" race series for several seasons, even after Bob moved up to a 31-footer.

We looked forward to meeting at the yacht club for coffee on Sunday mornings after church, and we enjoyed many club cruises together. A few years ago, I joined a Hungarian language class in Fairfield to further my knowledge of my heritage. Bob, who was fluent in several languages, was always very encouraging and we would always greet one another in Hungarian...other club members would look at us and laugh, "There go those Hungarians using their secret code!" I will miss my good friend, and I'll think of him every time I'm aboard my boat. *Isten veled, testvér...* God be with you, my brother!

Jack Szepessy is a lifetime resident of Fairfield, CT. He and his wife Nancy recently celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary, and they enjoy driving the 1952 MG TD that Jack bought the year they were married.



Bob with Magyar News Online staff

My Hungarian-American Story: An Interview With Stephen Jakab - part I

Bob Kranyik, Assisted by Joseph Ull

Magyar News was founded by Joseph F. Balogh to serve the Hungarian-American community in the Bridgeport-Fairfield area of Connecticut. When Magyar News went online, it began to address a much wider – we might even say worldwide – audience. But we have not forgotten our origins, and therefore publish articles at times that are mostly of local interest. Such is the interview with Stephen Jakab, the first part of which we present here.

On a cloudy day in May, 2012, Stephen Jakab, retired Associate Vice-President for Administration at Fairfield University, met with Magyar News Editorial Board Members Bob Kranyik and Joseph Ull, to tell his story about growing up in the West End of Bridgeport, Connecticut. To learn more of Steve's story, read on....

Steve, what can you tell us about your Hungarian roots and your family beginnings in the United States?

My paternal grandparents came to the United States and my grandfather went to work in the Pennsylvania coal mines. One day he came up from the mine at the end of his shift, sweating heavily, even though it was winter. The mining company always kept barrels of fresh water near the mine entrance for the comfort of the miners. My grandfather stuck his head into the water to wash his face off. He suffered a stroke and died, there in Pennsylvania. So, my father, who was born

in Oil City, Pennsylvania, was taken back to Hungary when he was two years old.

Both of my parents were from Tiszalok, on the Tisza River west of Nyíregyháza, in Szabolcs County. So my father was taken back there. He became a barber in Tiszalok, actually a very successful barber. He became so successful because he was asked to cut the hair of soldiers stationed at a nearby military barracks, and because he was so conscientious in fulfilling his duties.

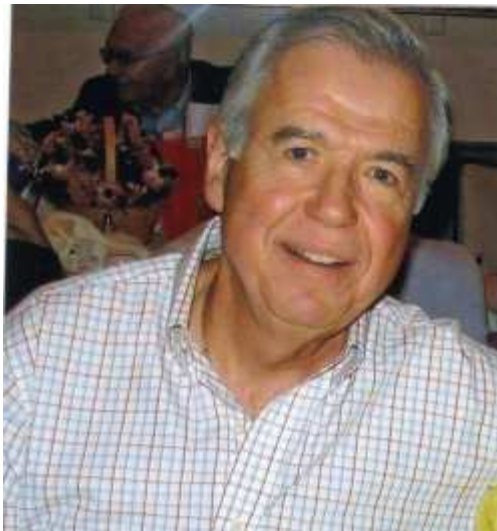
He used to walk to the barracks no matter what the weather was like, to cut hair, and I guess that they appreciated that, and therefore treated him very well. He was given a good salary and some benefits, in relative terms, and at about eighteen years of age, he opened his own barbershop. He met my mother, and they got married in a civil ceremony, since my father was Protestant and my mother was Catholic. Years later, when they arrived in Bridgeport, Father Csernitzky, the beloved pastor of St. Stephen's Church, blessed their wedding.

My parents both came out of Hungary in 1939, but at different times. My father was on a ship about sixteen days, as was my mother. They had to go around submarines and things like that. He came in January, and she in November. My mother's name was Elizabeth Károly, but she was called "Böske" or "Miss Betty" at the restaurant. My father came to Norwalk because he had an aunt living there. She had funded his trip, which, of course, he had to pay back. (In those days nobody gave anything away free.) He tried to find a job as a barber. My aunt's husband worked in either Bridgeport or Fairfield, and he would drop my father off on his way to work. My father would go looking for a job. He finally found one at a barbershop in the West End. They moved out of Norwalk and into Lovász bácsi's house, possibly on Osborn Street. The Lovász' owned a grocery store, as I recall. He rented a room there. Mr. and Mrs. Lovász were very good to him. As I mentioned, my mother came out in November. By then my father had enough to rent an apartment, which he did on the corner of Hancock and Pine, across from Zeisler's Bakery. It was in a six-family house. Dave's Luncheonette was across the street. I can recall that later on I would go to Dave's for cherry cokes. I loved those cherry cokes!

There was a restaurant on the ground floor of our house called Csepke's,

and my mother got a job cooking at Csepke's. By then I had come along, and since my parents both worked, they had a Hungarian lady take care of me upstairs, so my mother could cook downstairs. I was an only child. No brothers or sisters. During that time there were few large families. People could not afford it!

Most of our friends had only one child. I ended up calling many of those single children "cousins". That was because we were so close – almost brothers and sisters. In fact, in those days, if you had a close friend, you might call him or her "cousin". I called all the mothers "néni" and all the fathers "bácsi". Those terms of respect and endearment also applied to most older women and men.



Out of the West End

We ultimately moved out of the West End, out of our Hancock and Pine apartment. My father joined Géza Nagy, who owned a barbershop on Spruce Street. This was around 1942. Géza was the "bon vivant" of the West End! I was probably around five years old and we moved up to 88 Orlando Street into a lovely four-room apartment which was luxurious compared to our old place, right near Whittier School. We lived right next to Török's Market. John and Helen Dobyán lived next door, and the Gergely's and Vargás' lived upstairs. Up

the street lived the Majsa Family, with whose son, Ray, I walked to and from St. Stephen's School every day. Ray became, and still is my very close "soul buddy". He and his wife, Jaye, and their family are still our very dear, dear friends.

This was at the edge of the West End. Yes, it was in Black Rock. We had moved out of the Magyar "ghetto"! But, I still remember the old West End. There was St. Stephen's Church on Spruce Street, with Noga's Flower Shop across the street. Then there was Ondy bácsi's grocery store, and Géza Nagy's Barbershop, where my father worked and later became a partner, across the street from the Western Jackson's Clubhouse. Next to the barbershop was the tailor shop owned by Jancsi Paulovics. A wonderful, jovial person, he would take me to ball games, the beach, and take good care of me while my parents worked. Every year he made me a pair of trousers for my birthday. Later, he and his wife, Janka, built a beautiful home on Midland Street near Saint Mary's. They had a fireplace in the basement of his home and during the winter we would all "sütni szalonna" and have indoor picnics there.

Next to Paulovics there was a grocery store. It was unusual in that it wasn't owned by Hungarians. Then there was Duka's Pharmacy. We frequented Duka's.

After Easter it was the Hungarian custom to sprinkle the girls, called locsolás. We used to get the cologne water from Duka bácsi. My Godfather Géza, or my other godfather, Jancsi, or my father, or all of them, would take me to visit the girls in the neighborhood so that I could "sprinkle" them and get a few cents for my "troubles". It was generally a gentle affair, although I have heard that it gets hectic in Hungary. We all had a good time.

Across from Duka's was Mendelsohn's Liquor Store. He was also Hungarian.

Down the street were Gelfand's Insurance and Gelfand's Department Store, followed by Smilovitz's hardware store. Breiner's was right across the street from Smilovitz. Behind Zeisler's Bakery was The Jewish Club (The United Young Men's Hebrew Mutual Benefit Association). Guys went there to play chess, dominoes and cards, and just to socialize. They eventually moved to the synagogue in the Stratfield section of Fairfield. I belonged to the club, as did my father, and even borrowed money from them (here is my payment book!). It was a wonderful place with terrific people. Next door to the Club was a man named Morris, whom we called "Morris bácsi". He was a friend of my father's from Hungary. My father would take me to his bakery. He would be stuffing jelly donuts with a pump. They were the best jelly donuts ever! We would also go to the back door of Zeisler's Bakery – where we would get the fresh "kiflis" right out of the oven – the salty ones – from my father's friend, Archie. Then there were the Kovács Brothers, who had the meat market on Bostwick Avenue, next door to the Western Grill. I was usually the "gofer" for my Mother and picked up all of the orders for the day. It was there that the famous Drotos Brothers learned the meat business, from which they opened the market across from St. Emery's church in Fairfield. The Drotos Brothers are gone, but the market is still there – the only Hungarian market left in Fairfield (or Bridgeport, for that matter!).

I remember the "War Years" since I was born in 1940. During that time, it was difficult to get certain foods. My father would go to the rectory of St. Stephen's to cut the hair of the priests. These included Father Csernitzky, Father Fülöp, and Father Seregély. Father Csernitzky would go to the kitchen and get us a plateful of cookies. They were sugar cookies, and we so looked forward

to them, since sugar was hard to obtain. He was so kind to so many people and really took care of the Magyars. People were passionate about their church and I remember Jancsi Paulovics taking me to the Holy Name Communion breakfasts in the basement of St. Stephen's School. It was a gathering of young and old men, where the guys would often have a few shots of whiskey along with breakfast, and would then proceed to have a good time. There was usually a speaker or some type of program. The men were very respectful of whoever visited our parish.

My mother worked at the Western Grill until just before she passed away in 1968, having worked there from the 1940's. She and my Dad went to Longfellow School to learn English. She also went to high school to learn English. I still have a post card sent to my parents from the teacher, Catherine Cassidy, reminding them that they had missed some classes!

to be continued

Second part of interview will be included in our October issue.

This was the last interview done by Bob Kranyik, former Dean at Bridgeport University and member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online, who passed away on August 24th, 2012. (See elsewhere in this issue.)

Joseph Ull is also a member of the Editorial Board.

Magyarok kenyere – The Bread of Hungarians

Wheat has always been an important product of Hungary, and the population still respects and values the „staff of life”. Here is a new custom started last year that seems to have caught the Hungarian imagination and has become very popular.

Még az elmúlt évben egy pécsi egyetemi professzor kezdeményezésére a Kárpát-medence összes magyarlakta ré-

giójából gabonagyűjtést hirdettek meg, amiből őrlés után kenyereket és kis cipókat sütöttek. Augusztus 20.-án, Szent István és az államalapítás ünnepén eladták, és a befolyt összeget gyerekek intézményeinek adományozták. A cipókból mindenki ingyen vehetett, és egy becsületkaszába tehetett érte annyi pénzt, amennyit gondolt. Az összegyűjtött pénzt árva gyerekek ellátására fordították.

Ezt az akciót most is megrendezték. Az eredmény fantasztikus volt: több mint száz településről küldtek gabonát. Ebben volt szlovákiai, kárpátaljai, erdélyi, horvátországi, ausztriai és természetesen magyarországi települések küldeménye is, jelképezve a szétszakított magyarság összetartozását. Összesen huszonöt tonna búza gyűlt össze. Óriási mennyiség. Ebből több mázsa kenyeret és kis cipókat sütöttek.

A megmaradt lisztet oda ajándékozták Erdélybe, a Ferences Rend által fenntartott, árva gyerekeket gondozó dévai intézménynek. Az otthon gazdasági vezetője elmondta, hogy ez a nagy ajándék a gyerekek fél éves ellátását biztosítja.

Budapesten elkészítették a „nemzet két tortáját” is, szabolcsi alma töltelékkel. Az egyiket hagyományos cukros töltelékkel, a másikat cukormentesen, amiből az ünnepén, Budapesten, a magyar ízek utcájában lehetett vásárolni. Ennek bevételét egy hazai alapítványnak adták, amelynek célja, hogy „minden gyermek lakjon jól”. A harmadik ilyen esemény az volt, hogy egy erdélyi pék egy százharminc kilós kenyeret sütött, és az erdélyi magyarok kenyere ajándékként elhozta Szolnokra.

Mindez nagyon szép akció volt Szent István és a több mint ezer éves államalapítás ünnepére.

dr. Kovács László, közgazdász



The Bread of the Hungarians

Kováts László, PhD

A professor from the University of Pécs launched a program last year to collect grains from all the Hungarian-populated areas in the Carpathian Basin, from which, after milling, they baked larger loaves of bread and smaller round loaves called *cipók*. They were sold on August 20th, the holiday commemorating St. Stephen and the establishment of the kingdom, and the income was donated to children's institutions. The loaves of bread were distributed free, but there was an „honor basket”, into which everyone put as much money as he thought was sufficient. The collected money was given to orphanages..

This project was repeated again this year. The results were fantastic. Grain came from more than 100 villages. There were shipments from Slovakian, Ruthenian, Transylvanian, Croatian, Austrian and of course Hungarian settlements, symbolizing the ties among the population of dismembered Hungary. They accumulated 25 metric tons of grain, which is a huge amount. From this they baked several hundreds of kilos of bread (1 kilo = 2.2 pounds). The remainder of the flour was donated to the orphanage at Déva, run by the Franciscans in Transylvania. The manager of the orphanage said that this gift will be sufficient to supply the children for six months.

In Budapest, they also baked two „national cakes”, with a filling made of apples from Szabolcs. The filling of one cake was made with sugar, the other without sugar, and you could buy them on the Street of Hungarian Tastes in Budapest. The income from this was given to a foundation whose aim is that „every child should have his/her fill”. In a third event, a Transylvanian baker baked a loaf of bread weighing 130 kilos, which he brought up to Szolnok, Hungary, as a gift from the Hungarians of Transylvania.

All these were really nice gestures for the holiday commemorating St. Stephen, and over a thousand years of Hungary's heritage.

Dr. Kováts László is an economist who writes from Hungary.

Did you know...

... that once again a Hungarian postage stamp was judged to be the most beautiful European stamp by PostEurop, an internet polling group? Second place went to Turkey, and third place to Croatia.

The Hungarian entry consisted of two stamps, designed by Rozmann Ágnes. The main motif is Hungary's online signature, “.hu”. On one of the stamps, those two letters are filled with details from the library of Pannonhalma Ab-

bey (founded in the year of 1000), which has been declared a World Heritage site. Its shows some parts of an illuminated manuscript, and sections of bookshelves. On the other stamp, the same “.hu” letters are filled with paprika and grapes.

The stamps are presented in blocks of four. The left hand side of the framework surrounding the stamps shows a section of the Abbey building and gate, while the right hand side indicates a view of Lake Balaton.



It's a small world

I was on an overseas Delta flight attending our passengers. On my uniform, under my name, I had a sign that I speak Hungarian. A gentleman passenger asked me, “Do you speak Hungarian?” I answered him, “Yes.” During our flight, he proceeded to tell me that he attended the Guadalajara International Book Fair, and that he was the representative for the United States.

About a week or ten days later, I received a package. In it was a book titled *Embers*, by Márai Sándor. It had been translated into English by Carol Brown Janeway. (The Hungarian title of the book is “*A gyertyák csonkig égnek*”).

Inside the book was a dedication which read, “May you enjoy this novel by your countryman. Best wishes! D.U.”

Even in the skies, it's a small world! Márai Sándor (April 11, 1900 – February 21, 1989) wrote 46 books. He

was highly critical of the Nazis, and disliked Communism also. He left Hungary in 1948, first for Italy, and then for San Diego, California. Because of his beliefs, his books could not be published in Hungary during the Kádár era. Now they are published in many languages.

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Márai Sándor

Up in the Air – on 9/11!

Erika Papp Faber

The weather was fine, the plane was filled to 80% capacity, the Captain was Móczán János. About two hours out of Budapest, as they were approaching London, they had to coordinate the flight plan with the flight control center. This is common procedure, since weather conditions can change considerably, and therefore might require a modification of the flight plan. By the time the plane reached London, the flight attendants had served the meal, and this was followed by some „public relations time”, during which the passengers were allowed to enter the flight cabin. They were about half way across the ocean, when the pilots began their meal.

As a matter of course, pilots have to listen to three radio frequencies: the communications channel, which provides flight directions; the emergency frequency; and the airline’s own frequency. On 9/11, it was Bakó Attila who handled all of them. While munching on his lunch, he heard a question: „Hey guys, have you heard? Three planes collided over New York!” He listened more intently, and on the airline’s channel, heard more and more about something having happened in America. He couldn’t believe that something really serious had occurred, since there was no official notification!

He informed the Captain that there was some kind of trouble. They decided to try getting more information through Stockholm Radio, a commercial frequency that can connect anyone with the traffic director on duty. But that frequency was constantly busy, since every flight was calling it! On the other frequency, they heard of other airlines turning back, one after another. But without official information and direction, they had no reason to turn back.

Then a British Airways pilot came on, telling them of a BBC frequency. When they tuned it in, they heard a live broadcast of what was going on in New York. Meanwhile, their plane kept flying on, reaching the twentieth, thirtieth degree of longitude, but flight control still had not told them anything. At that point, they were handed off to Canadian air control, but Canadian air control told them nothing either. If they had told them that America had been attacked, and everyone should go where they

pleased, they certainly would have turned back. But they were left in total uncertainty.



Bakó Attila

Then came the BBC announcement: „The North Tower has collapsed!” They were stunned! Without official direction, Móczán and Bakó had to work out their own flight plan. Their first concern was to bring their passengers to safety. Where could they land, and would their fuel be sufficient? At first they decided to fly to Toronto, where there was a Malév agency, and where the passengers could be accommodated. Barring that, they would aim for Montreal. Meanwhile, they reached the fiftieth degree of longitude. Finally, flight control came on: „Where do you want to go?” They said, „New York.” „Oh,” they replied, „all America is closed.” Even their alternates, both Toronto and Montreal, were closed to them. They were finally given a choice of three smaller airfields, and they chose Gander, the easternmost tip of the American continent, which was along their route and where the weather was also the most favorable.

When they first heard of the Twin Towers, they had called in the head flight attendant, and told her that there was serious trouble. The passengers were kept informed, and there was no panic. The plane touched down in Gander, Canada, after six and a half hours of flight. But the ordeal was not over yet. It was another twelve hours before the passengers could disembark.

By this time, the pilots were able to speak with Budapest, via Stockholm Radio. They were told to tank up and return to Hungary – which would have been fine, except they were blocked front and aft! Thirty-eight planes were crowded onto the airfield, and there was

no going forward or backward! To that, Budapest had no answer. The Gander administration did a fantastic job of organizing the accommodation of passengers from 22 American and 16 foreign flights. Sports arenas, schools and churches were pressed into service as shelters. The Malév passengers were first taken to a fire station, and then to a military base. The entire population of Gander cooked and baked, and made food packages for all the stranded travelers. Once it became known that they were Hungarians, many people who had Hungarian ancestors sought them out, telling them about their grandmother, or about the stuffed cabbage „from the old country”. The local people treated them all like long-lost relatives, even organizing programs for them.

All the personnel of the various airlines were called to a meeting the next day, to discuss the order of evacuation. It was exceedingly well organized. The only ones showing up for the meeting in uniform were the Malév crew.

The Malév flight’s passengers and crew spent four days in Gander. They arrived back in Budapest on Sunday. Mádl Ferenc, President of the Republic at the time, wrote the Mayor of Gander a letter of heartfelt thanks for the „selfless assistance provided for the stranded Hungarian passengers” by the people of Gander. „You can be proud,” wrote Mádl, „of the city which you govern. You can be proud of the people living there, who in these terrible days strengthened the belief that solidarity, the selfless care of the other person can make the inhabitants of this world happy.”

This article is based on an interview with Bakó Attila, published in Magyar Hírlap, September 11th, 2011.

We are indebted to Veronika Andujar from Texas for bringing this story to our attention.

Erika Papp Faber is Editor of Magyar News Online.



Great Showing at the Olympics!



With a total of 17 medals, Hungary did itself proud at the London Olympics! Garnering eight gold, four silver and five bronze medals, the young athletes placed Hungary ninth in the final tally, ahead of Australia.

Historically, Hungary had a reputation for excellence in fencing, and Szilágyi Áron lived up to that reputation by defeating the Italian contender in the Men's Sabre final match to win the gold. It was the 35th Olympic gold medal in fencing won by Hungary over the years.

The promise of the Hungarian swimming team was fulfilled with two gold medals, won by Gyurta Dániel in the 200 meter Breaststroke, in which he achieved a world record with his time of 2:07:28, and by Risztov Éva, who persisted to win the Women's 10 kilometer Open Swim and beat out Haley Anderson of the US by four tenths of a second; and by Cseh László, who won a bronze in the 200 m Individual Swim. Berki Krisztián gained his gold medal on the Pommel Horse, beating his British rival with his elegant style. He is not only an Olympic champion, but a World Champion and a European Champion as well, but has no intention of quitting yet.

Another Krisztián, this one with the surname of Pars, won the gold medal in the Hammer Throw, another sport in which Hungary has had outstanding Olympic athletes in the past. He felt he could have done better, but was satisfied that his effort was good enough to earn him the gold this time.

The fifth gold medal went to Dombi Rudolf and Kökény Róland in the 1000

meter Men's Kayak Doubles. Róland, who is 36 years old, has been kayaking for 32 years, and considers the gold the icing on the cake of his lifetime accomplishments.

The women's quartet of Szabó Gabriella, Kozák Danuta, Kovács Katalin and Fazekas-Zur Krisztina kayaked their way to the gold in the 500 meter Women's Kayak Fours race. Kozák Danuta won another gold in the 500 meter Women's Kayak Single match, while Kovács Katalin also won a silver with Douchev-Janics Natasa in the 500 meter Women's Kayak Doubles, and a bronze in the 1200 m Women's Kayak Doubles. Fazekas-Zur Krisztina is a Hungarian-American Sprint Canoeer, who has competed for the US in the past.

In the Men's 1000 m Kayak Fours, the team consisting of Kammerer Zoltán, Tóth Dávid, Kulifai Tamás and Pauman Dániel brought home the silver.

In Judo, the Hungarian athlete Ungvári Miklós garnered the silver, while in Women's Judo, Csernowicki Éva won a bronze medal.

In 66 kg Greco-Roman Wrestling, Lőrincz Tamás brought in the silver, while Módos Péter won the bronze in the 55 kg Greco-Roman Wrestling category.

In the Modern Pentathlon, which consists of Pistol Shooting, Fencing, a 200 m Freestyle Swim, Show Jumping and a 3 km Cross-Country Run, it was Marosi Ádám who brought in the bronze. Hungarians competing for other countries include Szőnyi (Soni) Rebeka, who swam for the US and set world records in both the 200 m Breaststroke

and 4x100m Relay, and won a silver in the 100 m Breaststroke; and Francia Zsuzsa, who was part of the American gold-winning Women's Rowing 8. Hungary's 9th ranking among the competing countries at the XXX Olympiad in London is based on the number of medals. But there is another method of calculating ranking, and that is by the ratio of medals to the country's total population. According to that method, Grenada, with a population of 110,000, and with one gold medal in the 400m Track event, heads the list, while Hungary comes in 6th, the US 39th, and China, 65th.

Another way of calculating ranking has been developed by an Australian statistician. Taking the number of medals won, multiplied by the number of athletes on the country's team, and divided by the country's population, he reached the amazing conclusion that Australia came in first, followed by Great Britain, followed by Hungary! Actually, there was an Olympiad in which Hungary DID come in third: in 1952, at the Helsinki Olympics. The medal board was topped by the US, with 40 gold, 19 silver, and 17 bronze. This was followed by the Soviet Union, with 22 gold, 30 silver, and 19 bronze. But right behind the Soviet Union came little truncated Hungary, recently devastated by World War II and under Russian occupation, with 16 gold, 10 silver and 16 bronze medals. Now THAT was a ranking to cheer!

EPF

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A lászalai új majorban

An old song took on new meaning in the 20th century when people, not lambs, were housed in the sheepfolds. This was first presented as part of the Folksong Course at the Fairfield Hungarian School of Magyar Studies of America.

A lászalai új majorban,
sok bárány van az akolban.
Sok báránynak sok anyja van,
nekem csak egy szeretőm van.

At (in) the new farm at László(major)
are many lambs in the sheep-fold.
Many lambs have many mother(s),
I have only one sweetheart.

Házunk előtt búzaverem.
Rézsarkantyúm összeverem.
Te is, rózsám, a cipődet,
ne szomorítsd a szívemet.

In front of our house is a wheat pit.
I click (beat together) my brass spurs.
You, too, my sweetheart, (do the same with) your shoes
don't sadden my heart.

Ágas-bogas sűrű tölgyfa,
nem láttam a rózsám még ma.
Nem is volt ma még víg napom,
homályba borult csillagom!

A dense, branching oak tree,
I have not seen my sweetheart today yet.
Nor have I had a happy day today yet,
my star (sweetheart) has been wrapped in gloom.

lászalai – lászalói

új majorban – lit. in the new farm
verem – a pit lined with corn stalks, for the preservation of vegetables (in this case, of wheat) for the winter. When filled, it is then covered with dirt. It is a country root cellar.

Aki másnak vermet ás, maga esik bele. = Whoever digs a pit for another, will himself fall in it.

nem láttam még ma - I have not seen (her, understood) today yet
nem is volt – emphatic negative following a previous statement or question

borul, beborul – clouds over, grows dim;

felborul – falls over

ráborul – falls on

ráborul a vállára – leans his/her head on his/her shoulder – often used in folksongs as „borulj a vállamra” = lean your head on my shoulder

Lászlómajor – László farm. As I was researching this song, I found that several places have this name. One of them near the Fertőtó, on the border with Austria, another on the *puszta* between the Tisza River and Debrecen.

I was shocked when I learned that this Lászlómajor on the *puszta* had been turned into a forced labor camp between 1950 and 1953 (the year Stalin died). During those years, some 2,000 families, or about 10,000 people, old and young, from border

cities as well as from Miskolc, Szeged, Nagykanizsa, were forcibly relocated to 12 labor camps in the northeastern part of Hungary. Some had only half an hour's notice; the luckier ones had 24 hours to prepare a suitcase, and dispose of the rest of their belongings before they had to leave their homes.

The local people called them „settlers” (*telepesek*, probably from the word *kitelepítettek*, or deportees). Most of them were housed in crowded cow or sheep barns, under armed police supervision.

Another 13,000 were deported from Budapest to villages and towns in the Hortobágy. They were housed with *kulaks*, supposedly well-to-do peasants who, because they opposed the farmers' cooperatives, were also considered „class aliens”. I don't know just how „well-to-do” these *kulaks* were, but my grandmother and twin aunts were assigned a room in one of their houses, and the room had an earthen floor!

Also deported to the area were an uncle with his wife and two year-old son from Budapest. This was the same uncle, a diplomat, who had been sent to Dachau by the Nazis for carelessly saying, in 1943, that the Germans had already lost the war! Miraculously, he survived Dachau, and walked home, but the family did not recognize him when he rang the bell.

All deportees in the Hortobágy were put to physical work, carrying out nature-transforming programs and economic planning experiments, some of whose harmful effects on the ecology and on agricultural production were difficult to reverse later. My uncle and many others had to commute to work by train, to transport concrete pipes, or carry mortar. Those assigned to the state farms had to string tobacco leaves, harvest corn or carry reeds at the fish ponds. They were not under armed supervision, but were checked periodically, and received pay for their work. Sometimes they were paid in kind.

Purpose of the deportations was to do away with the middle class, and to take over their apartments or houses. (In Cambodia, the Long March, though much more brutal, had the same purpose.)

For half a century, silence covered the forced labor camps. Today, it is difficult even to find their location. But now, over 50 years later, a memorial cross and memorial plaques have been erected by survivors at various spots in the area, to honor those who had been made outcasts in their own country.

Plum dumplings – *Szilvás gombóc*

For the dumpling mixture:

2 ¼ lbs potatoes
3 cups of flour
1 egg
2 tbs. butter
Pinch of salt

Remaining ingredients:

1 lb Italian plums
1 sugar cube per plum
½ tsp cinamon
2 cups breadcrumbs
4 tbs butter
Ground cinamon and powdered sugar

Boil the potatoes in their skins. Peel while they are warm, and mash. Cool slightly. Knead together with the flour, egg, butter and salt. Roll out the dough to about ¼ inch thick. Sprinkle with flour, and cut into 3 inch squares. Wash and pit plums. Place one on each square, insert a sugar cube in space from which pit was removed, and sprinkle with cinamon. Fold dough around the plum and press edges together to seal. Shape into dumplings. Place dumplings in boiling salted water. Wait for them to rise to the surface, then simmer for 4-5 minutes.

Brown the breadcrumbs in butter. Take out the cooked dumplings carefully with a slotted spoon and transfer them to the pan with the breadcrumbs. Cover pan, and leave for 3-4 minutes before carefully turning them in the breadcrumbs. Sprinkle with cinamon and powdered sugar to taste.



Snapshots: Szentendre – City of Art

Archeologists have found that the area of Szentendre (named after St. Andrew) had been inhabited since the New Stone Age. Among the people settling here were the Illyrians and the Celts, followed by the Romans, who called it *Ulcisia Castra*, Wolf Fortress. The military fort was surrounded by the town whose inhabitants were the artisans, the merchants, and the relatives of the Roman military. Climbing up the surrounding hillsides were the villas of the well-to-do provincial officials, adorned with frescoes, terrazzo flooring and heating through air ducts. During the fifth century, the Romans left, following the nomad attacks of the Huns, and judging from the archeological finds, the Avars seem to have established an important center here. With the Magyar conquest of the ninth century, and the establishment of Christianity, Szentendre fell under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Veszprém. Its name as Szentendre first appeared in a document dated 1146. Following the Mongolian invasion (1241-42), Szentendre developed as an

agricultural and trade center. The city was almost completely destroyed during the 17th century battles finally freeing Hungary from 150 years of Turkish occupation. The last pasha of Buda withdrew southward, burning and destroying everything in his path. Following an unsuccessful 18th century revolt of the Serbs against their Turkish overlords, large numbers of Serbs settled in Szentendre, fleeing their homeland to escape Turkish reprisals. They rebuilt the ruined city and set up their first church, a small wooden one along the banks of the Danube. A flourishing trade, based on locally grown wine and farming made Szentendre a wealthy city of some 6,000 inhabitants. At that time, most of the inhabitants were of Serb origin, but due to the one-child per family mentality, the Serb community shriveled up. Today, out of a total population of 22,750, a mere 100 are Serbs. However, Szentendre's Serb roots are still evident in its seven Serbian-founded churches. (There is also one Roman Catholic church.) In the 20th century, Szentendre attracted many artists. Ten art museums and a number of art galleries are listed today. One of the better known museums is that showcasing the work of Kovács Margit (see the September

2009 issue of Magyar News Online). Also at Szentendre is a so-called Skanzen, a 60-hectare (approx. 150 acre) open-air museum, showcasing 247 buildings from eight different geographic regions in Hungary. (Eventually, they aim to have a total of 400.) There is also an ethnographic collection, and workshops providing live demonstrations of various regional trades.



Plaque at the entrance to the Kovács Margit museum



Snapshots of Szentendre – City of Art

Zwack Péter, Hungarian Industrialist and Politician, Dies at 85

By Olga Vállay Szokolay

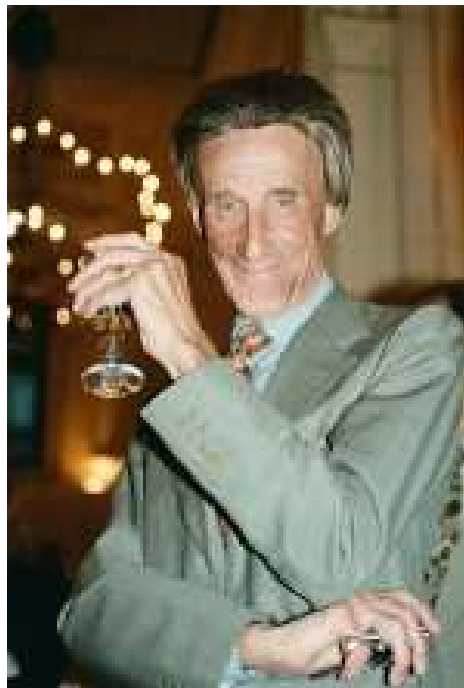
Like the former Marlboro Man, the Zwack ad of days gone by was everywhere and the product was universally known.

The generation that remembers Hungary's pre-WW II years would cheerfully recognize the then popular advertisement with the shipwrecked guy's head emerging from the water grinning at the floating *Unicum* bottle, promoting the aperitif-digestif bitters resembling Benedictine or Jägermeister. Many legends have circulated about the birth, name and long life of *Zwack Unicum*, the "spirit" of Hungary. The signature dark-green spherical bottle bears the label indicating: "Since 1790", when King Joseph II allegedly tasted the concoction of his court doctor (a Zwack ancestor) and exclaimed: "*Das ist ein Unicum!*" (This is a unique thing!) But manufacturing of Zwack spirits in Pest began in the mid-nineteenth century by József Zwack and the trademark of *Unicum* was issued in

1883. The original bottle had a white cap and collar, and a round white label with a red cross in its center. The distillery paid 400 forints to the Red Cross for the use of their symbol. The recipe of the internationally known brew, made from over 40 medicinal herbs, has been the well-guarded secret of the Zwack family for over 200 years.

Until 2008, the guardian, promoter and manufacturer was Zwack Péter, a lanky, distinguished (shall I say unique-looking?) man, great-great-grandson of the founder, József, and thus the fifth generation of the "dynasty". He was born in 1927, son of Zwack János and Wahl Vera. He graduated from the Szent Imre Gimnázium of the Cistercian order at Buda in 1945, then continued at the Pázmány Péter University's law school while he also worked at the family factory. He was an avid tennis player and junior champion.

In 1948, the distillery, destroyed in WW II and rebuilt, was taken over by the government and nationalized. But they were never able to obtain the original recipe for *Unicum*. Péter's father had taken that with him when he



escaped with his family, just in time, to Italy, leaving behind a bogus recipe. Meanwhile, Péter immigrated to the United States, arriving at Ellis Island stripped of his considerable family wealth. He was selling vacuum cleaners in the Bronx before finding work, first in New York, then in Chicago, learning the ins and outs of the spirits industry and the wine-and-spirits import-export trade. Legend has it that he helped store the real *Unicum* recipe, split in four parts for added security, in safety deposit boxes of four different New York banks.

In 1956, with Eckhardt Tibor and others, he established the "First Aid for Hungary" foundation and raised over \$100,000 for refugees of the Hungarian Revolution in the U.S. He also obtained U.S. citizenship.

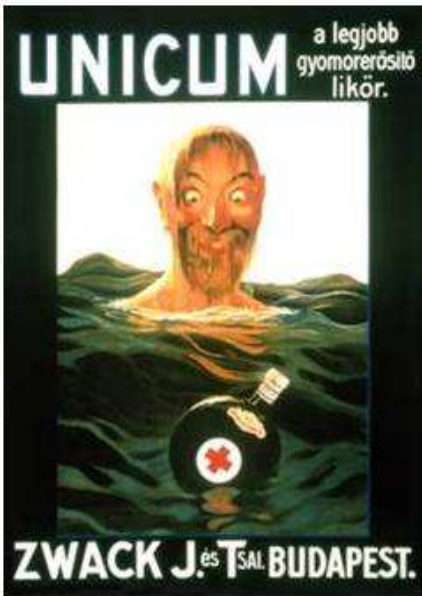
In 1971, Péter returned to Europe and settled with his family in Florence. He joined a relative who had been producing in Milano small quantities of *Zwack Unicum* – the real thing – for connoisseurs around the world who refused to buy from the Communist-run distillery.

In 1988, before the changing of regimes, invited by the reform-minded "goulash-Communists", Péter was the first among business people to return to Hungary. In the course of privatization, he repurchased his rightful family business from the State in 1990, and founded *Zwack Unicum Rt.*, of which he became Chairman of the Board. The original 84-proof bombshell Zwack product was thus reintroduced to the Hungarian market, this time in a modified packaging: black cap and collar, black name label with a gold cross in a red field encircled in white, while maintaining the familiar spherical green bottle.

In an interview with the New York Times in 1989, he said: "People think I showed faith in Hungary when not too many did. They had been fed this picture of a fat capitalist who smoked cigars and beat up the workers, and they saw me, a skinny guy who doesn't smoke, wears beat-up clothes and behaves more like the workers than the Communist bosses did."

That same year, with the change of government, Péter was appointed first Ambassador of Hungary to the United States. On that account, he had to give up his U.S. citizenship. The Washington Post once described him as "one of the most colorful among the ambassadors in Washington". But one year later, under controversial diplomatic circumstances, he was forced to leave his post.

In the years following 1990, he was president of various domestic and international foundations, and was active in Hungarian politics as well. He became chairman of the Entrepreneurs' Party in 1992. Two years later, he made an electoral alliance with SzDSz, Fidesz and the Agrarian Alliance, thus becoming the joint



senting the sixth generation, while he remained honorary president.

Zwack Péter had five children from his first marriage, and two, Sándor and Izabella, from his second, who jointly remain in charge of the family business.

He died while swimming at a hot springs spa near his home in Tuscan, Italy. News of his death on August 5th, 2012, was published by the PR agency of *Zwack Unicum Rt.*

Olga Vállay Szokolay is an architect and Professor Emerita of Norwalk Community College, after three decades of teaching. She is a member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online.



Hungarian Cattle

During th thhe 1980's Claudia and Joseph Balogh wrote, edited and presented an informative radio series in the Bridgeport, Connecticut area as part of the weekly program featuring Rózsika and László, very well know and respected Hungarian musicians. The Hungarian Mosaic focused on a variety of topics of interest to Hungarian Americans and were pleased to present another of the topics.

The Hungarian landscape just did not seem to be complete without the faces of the Hungarian gray cattle. It wasn't just gray cattle, they were Hungarian gray cattle. The herd was accompanied by the *gulyás* or herdsman and his dog. The bull had a dark, blackish head, horns with a 4-foot span, eyes glowing with fire and the nostrils blowing a storm of dust. When this bull started pounding the ground with his front hoof, it was time for anybody standing around to take off without any hesitation. This Hungarian

bull is a fearful beast.

This gray cattle was so Hungarian in everybody's mind that when Árpád Feszty, a famous artist, painted the cyclorama at the (1896) Millennium, depicting the Hungarian tribes entering the Carpathian Basin, he painted gray oxen drawing the wagons. These were remarkable pictures. The only problem is that the gray cattle is a product of a later period. It appears on the scene only in the 15th-16th century. We know that King Mátyás sent his gray oxen to the market in Venice, and as a matter of fact, others from Hungary were allowed to sell their oxen after the King's were gone. We also know that the meat of the Hungarian cattle was of such high quality that, during the Turkish occupation, it was sold in separate butcher shops.

So what is there to say about Feszty's painting? He was close, but he should have used the ancestor of the cattle to draw the wagons. The ancestor was the aurochs, in Hungarian, the *őstulok*. It weighed over 2000 pounds, and it took a tall person to be able to look across its back, and the horn measured four feet in length. It was pretty common in Europe, though its origin is in Asia. Archeological digs unearthed the bones of this huge animal all over the continent. Ancient cave paintings depict it in Spain and France. It was considered extinct in general by the 11th century, but there is a recording claiming that one was hunted down in Poland in 1627. It survived for the longest time in Hungary. The Hungarian plains and the climate seemed to be favorable to this beast. The builders of the cathedral in Strasbourg, France, had at least one aurochs from Hungary working at the site. After the building was finished, they hung the skull of the last beast onto a column and it stayed there until the French Revolution, when it was lost.

In some places, people considered the aurochs holy animals. The Hungarians seemed to be more realistic about it, but for some superstitious reason, they buried the horns under the doorstep, probably to defend the home.

So if you ever have the opportunity to see Feszty's painting, imagine the oxen twice the size of what you see.

This is Caludia Margitay-Balogh, placing an extinct chip into the Great Hungarian Mosaic.

There is no indication when this piece was aired.

can-
didate of four parties in Kecskemét in the 1994 Hungarian parliamentary election, and winning a seat to the National Assembly as the only independent member of parliament. In his political agenda, he promoted education against narcotics, fought against black marketeering and was actively involved in preparations of Hungary's participation in NATO as well as in the European Union. There were calls in Hungary for him to run for president.

Although subsequent years brought a variety of successes and failures in his political ventures, between 2002 and 2011, his merits and activities were acknowledged and awarded by the Republic of Hungary, the City of Budapest and some private organizations.

In 2008, he passed the leadership of the factory to his son, Sándor, repre-

Blue-dyeing, a dying culture

Karolina Szabo

Embroidery is perhaps the best-known Hungarian textile art. Almost unknown, however, is kékfestés or blue-dyeing. Our Webmaster, Karolina Szabo, enlightens us here about this little-known cultural treasure.



Many of us don't know what "blue-dyeing" (*kékfestés*) is, or haven't even heard about it. During my trips to Hungary, I visited the Blue-Dye Museum in Pápa many times. Near the old teachers' college on the March 15th Square (*Március 15 tér*) is where the museum is located. It is the only blue-dye museum in Hungary.

In 1784, the Blue-Dye factory was built on the banks of the Tapolca River. The German Kluge family was a famous blue-dyer dynasty. Carl Frederick Kluge established his shop in Sárvár; a year later, it moved to Pápa. After Carl, his son Ferenc took over the running of the factory. The tall factory building on the Tapolca River had a dyeing bath, an indigo well, and on the second floor were a drying room and the printing apparatus. The living quarters were on the street side. In the building that connected the two was a horse-drawn wringer. On the other side of the Tapolca, a new factory building was erected in 1903, which had a 12 HP steam engine.

The buildings were taken over by the Communist government in the 50's, and the factory stopped producing in 1956.

But, what is *kékfestő*? The basic material is 100 % white cotton. The first step is to dip it in a warm water bath to remove the additives used during spinning. After drying the fabric, with a protective layer a design is printed on the cotton with printing blocks, and then the fabric is put into an indigo bath. The tub is approximately 6-9 feet deep, and the fabric is in for 8 to 9 hours, or until the desired shade is obtained. During dyeing, the fabric is moved, turned, and lifted, so the dye works evenly. Next it is put in a rinsing tub in sulphuric acid water, where the excess dye is washed out. Then the white patterns appear. In short, that is the technique of the *kékfestő*. Of course, it is not that simple.

Making the printing blocks alone is very intricate work; all is made by hand, and hundreds of blocks exist. Tiny copper pins are hammered into the wooden blocks; some may have thousands of them. A block may last for 20 years, and then new ones have to be made. The patterns can be from 10 cm to 1 m long, or may form 10-15 cm wide borders.

The *kékfestő* material is colorfast and does not fade. In olden times the solid blue was used for men's shirts, the printed ones for women's skirts, blouses, aprons and scarves. Now it is used mostly for quilting. The indigo dye is still imported from India.

Searching on the internet for material for this article, I found the web address of Gilly Thomson in the U.K. Gilly attended a *Magyar Foltvarró Céh* (Hungarian Patchwork Association) exhibit in 2003. She fell in love with the *Magyar kékfestő* cotton so much that she now sells it by the yard, or by 12x12 cm squares (50 pcs. in a pkg). Some of the patterns are made especially for her, for example: blue on

white.

Gilly wrote in her e-mail that *"It is distressing that production is in decline, isn't it. I am trying to do my bit in promoting the fabric, which is special. However, many Hungarians are so accustomed to it as part of their culture, that they don't appreciate just how important it is to keep it as a 'living tradition', and not just something to see in museums."*

Anna Dolanyi, former president of the Hungarian *Foltvarró Céh*, will be in Houston, TX this fall, bringing her famous quilts to the exhibit. Anna is known by quilters as the "Blue Lady". She traveled all over the world, to India, Africa, Great Britain and America. Beside her blue-dyed quilts, I adore her Indian motif quilts. Please go on the www.hunpatch.com web address, where you may see Anna Dolanyi, and other Hungarian *Foltvarrók* quilts. Currently 6 or 8 active blue dyer shops exist in Hungary. Well known are the Kovács family shops in Kecskemét, Kiskunfélegyháza and Tiszakecsk. In the store in Szentendre you may purchase *kékfestő* blouses, skirts, aprons and tablecloths.

Photographs shown in the Photo Gallery with the permission of Gilly Thomson.

Museum information:

Kékfestő Múzeum
H-8500 Pápa
Március 15 ter 12
Tele: 36-89-324-390
e-mail: kek-
festo@klugemuzeum.hu

Kékfestő cotton can be ordered :

Gilly Thomson
12 Ballifeary Road
Inverness
IV3 5PJ
United Kingdom
www.kekfestocotton.co.uk

*Indigó fürdő és kocka
készítése nyom-
tatáshoz*



Kékfestés

Szabó Karolina

Sokan nem tudják mi is a kékfestés, vagy talán nem is hallottak felőle. Magyarországi látogatásaim alkalmával gyakran belátogattam a pápai Kékfestő Múzeumba. A volt református polgári és tanítóképző közelében, a Március 15 téren húzódik meg a múzeum. A pápai Kékfestő Múzeum egyedülálló az országban.

A Tapolca patak partján épült 1784-ben a Kluge Kékfestő múzeum. A szász Kluge család híres kékfestő dinasztia volt. Carl Frederick Kluge Sárváron alapította meg elsőnek az üzemet, majd néhány év múlva Pápara helyezte át. Kluge Károly után fia, Ferenc vette át a műhely irányítását. A Tapolca melletti magas gyárépületben volt elhelyezve a mártókád, az indigókút, az emeleten a szárítópadlás és a nyomóberendezés. Az utcafronton álló lakóházat és az üzemet összekötő épületben volt a lóvontatású mán-gorló. A Tapolca másik oldalán 1903-ban épült az új gyár, benne 12 lóerős gőzgéppel. Az épületeket az 1950-es években államosították, a műhely üzemeletetése 1956-ban szűnt meg.

De mi is a kékfestés? Alapja fehér 100 % pamut szőttés. Az első lépés amikor meleg fürdőbe teszik az anyagot, ami a fonáskor hozzátett anyagokat eltávolítja. Ezután kifeszítve megszáritják az anyagot, majd cifra mintákat nyomnak rá festék ellenálló vegyszerrel, és 2-3 m-es indigó fürdőbe eresztik. Kb. 8-9 óráig van a fürdőben, közben 15 percenként forgatva, hogy a festék egyformán fogja be. A következő lépés a felesleges festék eltávolítása, vagyis a mosás, amiután a rányomott minta fehérén tűnik elő. A szárítás egyszerű ruhaszáritó kötélén történik. Röviden ez a festés folyamata. Természetesen nem ilyen egyszerű. A kékfestés "kézzelfestés".

A nyomtató kockák elkészítése is nagyon hosszú folyamat, mind kézzel készített, és több száz minta létezik. A fakockákba apró réztűket kalapá – csolnak bele. A minta lehet kis apró virágtól elkezdve 10 cm nagyságuig, egészen 1 m hosszú és 10- 15 cm széles bordás mintáig. Egy fakockában száz és ezer tű is lehet . A kockák kb.

húsz évig tartanak, utána újat kell kalapácsolni.

A kékfestő anyag szintartó és ki-nem-fakuló. Régen egyaránt használták férfi (sima kéket) és női ruhaneműre, ma inkább foltvarrásra használják. Az indigó festéket ma is Indiából importálják Magyarországra.

Az interneten való kutatásom által találtam Gilly Thomson webcímét, aki Angliában él, és részt vett a Magyar Foltvarró Céh (Hungarian Patchwork Association) kiállításán. Nála megrendelhető a kékfestő anyag. Lehet méterben, vagy 12 X 12 cm- es darabkákban (50 db egy csomagban) foltvarrásra (*quilt* készítésre). Nehány minta csupán az ő részére van készítve, pl. kék a fehérén.

Ahogy Gilly e-mailben írta, sajnos mi magyarok természetesen vesszük, hogy létezik kékfestő, de figyelmen

kívül hagyjuk, hogy milyen fontos azt továbbra is megtartani, és nem csak múzeumokban nézegetni. Dolanyi Anna, *quilt* művész, a Magyar Foltvarró egyesület volt elnöke, ezen ősszel több *quilt*-jét Houstonba viszi bemutatóra. Anna úgy ismert mint a "Blue Lady", a kékfestő *quilt*-jei által. Bejárta a világot, Indiában, Afrikában, Amerikában, ahol megismerte a népek kultúráját, és bemutatta munkáját. Kérlek menj a következő web címre : www.hunpatch.com. Ott megtalálhatod Dolanyi Anna és a magyar foltvarrók munkáját.

Ma hat vagy nyolc kékfestő műhely van Magyarországon. A legismertebbek a Kovács család kékfestő műhelyei Kecskeméten, Kiskúnfélegyházán és Tiszakécskén; Szentendrén pedig üzletükben árulják a kékfestő ruhákat, blúzokat, asztalterítőket és kötényeket.



"Hungarian Blues Quilt" by Sue Vekasy, U.S.A.