

Édes Apám

Vargha Gyula

Volnék csak a sors kegyence,
Dajkált volna a szerencse,
Mérve, adva gazdagságot,
Házát, földet, gazdaságot:

Beh más volna! ... De hiába,
Nem ringattak palotában,
Örökül az ősök után
A becsület maradt csupán.

Örökségem a ki nézi,
Édes apám sem tetézi,
Csak éledgel békességben,
Becsületes szegénységben

Hogy kell könnyen boldogulni,
Soh' sem tudta megtanulni,
Nem kívánta el a másét,
Odaadta a magáét.

De nem vádolom, kisdéd háza
A békesség szentegyháza,
S benne boldog kis családunk,
Szűkölködést soh' sem láttunk.

Nem hagyott az ősi telken,
Vitt, hová vont szomjú lelkem,
Nagyvárosba, iskolába,
Gazdag úrfiak sorába.

S hogyha olykor hazatértem:
Ünnepnap volt hazatértem,
Ezer csókkal, szíves szóval,
Elhalmoztak minden jóval...

Bár az évek tűnnek, tűnnek,
Hazatértem most is ünnep,
Úgy örülnek, örvendeznek,
Csaknem a lelkekbe vesznek.

Édes Apám roskatag már,
Jön előmbe, tart kárral vár,
Keze reszket, ajka reszket,
Szólni nem bír, csak könnyezhet.

S odabenn az asztal mellett,
Hej, az órák vígan telnek,
Fényes az arc a mosolytúl,
Teli a szív, majd kicsordul.

S agg apámat el-elnézem;
Haja fehér már egészen,
Mellén reszket hó-szakálla,
Alig van egy barna szála.

Látott jönni évre évet,
Nemzedékre nemzedéket,
S átkát senki nem kiáltja,
De mennyi van, aki áldja.

Nem hagyott rám gazdagságot,
Nem tapadt nevéhez átok,
A becsület örökségem,
Drága kincs az mindig nekem.

Meg is őrzöm. S hogyha végül
Valamikor, örökségül
Én sem hagyok mást fiamra,
Tudom, áldást mond poromra.



Görzsönyi Vargha Gyula

Görzsönyi Vargha Gyula 1853. november 4-én született Káván (Budapest-től 51 km-re keletre). Költő volt, statisztikus, műfordító és a jog doktora. Középiskoláit a budapesti református gimnáziumban, a jogot az egyetemen végezte és ott a jog és államtudományok doktorává avatták.

Első verses kötete huszonkét esztendő korában jelent meg.

Még joghallgató korában az Országos Statisztikai Hivatal szolgálatába lépett, ott lassan emelkedve miniszteri osztálytáncos és az intézet aligazgatója, majd 1901-től 1914-ig igazgatója volt.

Gazdasági statisztika területén is dolgozott. „A magyar hitelügy és hitelintézetek” című munkáját az MTA díjjal jutalmazta. 1914-től 1917-ig országgyűlési képviselő, majd a kereskedelemügyi minisztérium politikai államtitkára.

Több irodalmi társaság tagja, néha egy-egy verssel szerepelt is, de a közélet elfoglalta idejét. A következő kötete, „Vargha Gyula



Készítette Kutas László, szobrászművész
(dédunoka)

költeményei” 40 év után, 62 éves korában, 1915-ben, majd hét év múlva egy újabb kötete jelent meg. Ezekben a késői versekben mesterien ír a családról, a mezőről és a természetéről.

1883-tól a Kisfaludy Társaság tagja, 1900-tól titkára, 1922-től másodelnöke, 1929-ben az MTA másodelnöke. 1932-ban összes költeményeiért az MTA nagyjuttalmát kapta.

Korai költészetében Heine nyomán indult, a későbbiekben azonban megtalálta a maga egyéni költészetét. Műfordításban a legkiválóbbak, Babits, Kosztolányi és Tóth Árpád mellett áll.

1882 január 26-án feleségül vette szemerjai Szász Póla írónőt, Szász Károly református püspök leányát. Szász Póla angolból és németből egyházi énekeket fordított.

Többek között „Az Isten Bárányára le tészem bűnöm én”, „Az Egyháznak a Jézus a fundamentoma”, „Vezess, Jézusunk, S véled indulunk”, és még sok kedves többször kiadott, ma is énekeltek éneket.

Vargha Gyula 1929. május 2-án hunyt el Budapesten.

2007 szeptember elején nyílt meg a Nemesgörzsönyi Vargha Gyula Református Általános Iskola és a feleségéről elnevezett Nemesgörzsönyi Szász Póla Református Óvoda. A dunántúli Nemesgörzsöny községben a felső Református templom falán dombormű őrzi emléküket.

100 Years Ago: the Outbreak of World War I

Erika Papp Faber

On June 28th, 1914, the “shot heard around the world” was actually two shots, fired by a Serb terrorist who assassinated Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife. It would lead to the death of millions and would shape the history of the 20th century. It had particularly tragic consequences for Hungary.

We must reach back in history to understand how Hungary became embroiled in the worldwide disaster that became known as World War I. The Kingdom of Hungary, established by King St. Stephen in the year 1000, flourished. Devastated by the Mongolian invasion of 1241, it nevertheless was able to recover, while fighting off various attacks by Tartars, Pechenegs, Cumanians and Turks. It reached its heyday at the time of the Renaissance King Mátyás (Matthias) in the 15th century. Unfortunately, his successors were weak and inept, a situation the Turks were quick to exploit. They launched a massive attack against Hungary in 1526, and at the Battle of Mohács mowed down the king, most of the nobility and the hierarchy. Hungary was left without leadership, and was occupied by the Turks for 160 years. At first, it seemed Austria would help Hungary fight the Turks, but as time went on, it became obvious that she was only interested in imposing her autocratic rule on the population. Thus she occupied western and northern Hungary, while the Turks ruled the middle of the country. For a hundred years, Transylvania managed, by means of shrewd diplomacy and by oiling the proper palms, to steer a difficult path of semi-independence. When in 1683, the Turks started to move against Vienna, the western powers woke up to the threat, and with a multi-national army finally beat back the Ottoman forces. By 1686, Buda was freed, but the last Turkish soldier did not leave Hungary until 1718. Hungary, however, had only exchanged one oppressor for another. While the romantic Hun-

garians pledged “their lives and their blood” to the empress Maria Theresa, Austria proceeded to treat Hungary and Transylvania as a colony to be repressed and exploited. Several times Hungarians rebelled in a fight for their freedom, but could not withstand Austrian forces aided by Russian reinforcements. By the mid-19th century, national consciousness was stirring throughout Europe, as indicated by revolutions in several countries, including Austria and Hungary. It became obvious that Austria’s hold on the various nationalities comprising its empire was loosening. To save his empire, Franz Josef was prompted to establish the so-called “Dual Monarchy” in 1867. Called the “Compromise of 1867” or *Ausgleich*, it made the Austrian Emperor at the same time King of Hungary. Army, navy, finances and foreign affairs would be handled in common, but a parliamentary government was established for both halves of the Monarchy. A Crown Council composed of representatives of the minorities

within the empire served as a cabinet for the emperor. The Crown Council was convened after the assassination of the heir to the Habsburg throne, Franz Ferdinand on June 28th, 1914. The Hungarian delegate, Count Tisza István was the only one to oppose going to war with Serbia. He suggested reparations, not outright war. But he was overruled, and an ultimatum was sent to Serbia, with which that country was willing to comply, except for one point: permission for Austrian police to operate within Serbia to aid in the investigation of the crime. So on July 28th, 1914, Austria-Hungary attacked Serbia. And we know the rest... how the system of alliances soon embroiled Europe, and eventually even the US, in senseless slaughter and destruction for years. And how this led to the redrawing of the map of Europe, particularly by the Treaty of Trianon which, six years later, uniquely punished the one nation that had been totally opposed to the war (see map).



Personal Memories of the Outbreak of World War I

Vajk Edit

My aunt Vajk Edit was 14 years old when World War I broke out 100 years ago, in 1914. She was born in Vajdahunyad, Transylvania, and her father was the chief engineer of the local ironworks – which was a government position. She and her siblings (including my Mom Viola – nicknamed Vivy) were home-schooled by their mother and father (he taught them math, the sciences and German). At the end of each school year, their parents would drive them (in a horse-drawn vehicle) to Déva, some 20 kilometers to the north, for their finals.

In 1914, as during the previous year, the family went on vacation to the Croatian coast on the Adriatic, the only bit of seacoast that belonged to Hungary. The following description is taken from Edit's Memoirs.

“In 1914, 5 (five) Vajk children were taking their exams at the secondary school at Déva: Vivy from the first year (corresponding to our 5th grade), Paul and I from the fourth (the equivalent of 8th grade), Dusi and Raul finished their eighth year (12th grade), and would graduate. The teachers said, ‘The Vajk School has arrived!’... “On June 29th, Mama and Apa took Dusi and Raul with them for the closing ceremonies, in a way to say good-bye to their *alma mater*. They returned home saying that the festivities had been greatly simplified, because news had come that the Serbs had murdered Francis Ferdinand and his wife Sophie at Sarajevo, through some assassin. Of course every newspaper was full of the events, and the ‘*Vasárnapi Ujság*’ published photographs of the imperial couple, and of the orphaned children. This remained a topic for quite a while.

“After some time, our parents decided that we would start out for our summer vacation. There was no question as to where, since the previous year we had vacationed at Portoré (today's Kraljevica on the Bay of Buccari by the Adriatic), where we all had a wonderful time. We bathed a lot in the sea, and right after our return had started to count the months and weeks until we could leave to go back again...

“The large suitcase boxes were brought down from the attic, and Mama sat in front of them and packed, starting with the tub of lard, all kinds of foodstuffs, baked goods in big boxes, clothing and heaven knows what else. Meanwhile, she would send us children to get this or that. She was finished in an amazingly short time, her mind worked like a fully programmed computer...

“Next morning, the ironworks' carriage took us to the early train. Apa registered our luggage, and after having changed trains at Piski, the express was already flying us to Budapest, the first stop on our trip. We were given guest rooms at the state motor factory,

whose director was the superintendent of all the state ironworks...

“I was sick all day, only when one of the children yelled, ‘There's the sea!’ did my malaise stop instantly...

“Now we spent the night in a hotel in Fiume (called Rijeka today), but the bedbugs were biting fiercely during the night. Amazingly, only Dusi and I could not sleep. After a



Vajk Edit

while we got up and, leaning out of the window, we feasted our eyes on the sea and the lights that moved here and there... Next day, a small boat took us to Portoré, on the edge of the Bay of Quarnero. As we got off the boat, women offered to carry our baggage and large trunks to our hotel up on the mountain. I remember one elderly woman began to cry when Apa did not want to let her carry the large trunk. They would attach some kind of rag pillow at their waist, and putting a strap around the load and across their shoulder, they would proceed upward with even steps.

“Young girls get used to carrying heavy loads early on, because they carry water in largish barrels on their back. Water is a precious treasure here among the dolomitic rocks. We were horrified to see that the rainwater from the roofs was led by pipes into cisterns and was used even for drinking. It seems to me we kept buying mineral water while we were there.

“We lived on the first floor of a house a fairish way up along the steeply rising road... It was a longish walk down the steep road to reach the harbor – usually in blazing sunshine – where going around the pier's bay we reached the bathing establishment. There was a long row of cabins, with a pleasant sandy beach in front of them. We enjoyed the seawater immensely, although in the salt baths of Lobogó we had already experienced how much the salt water lifted our legs. Mama and Dusi wore bathing suits with long sleeves and a separate coat and long slacks, according to the etiquette of the time, while we younger ones had short-sleeved one-piece bathing dresses. Even the boys bathed in bathing costumes that buttoned at the shoulder...

“For lunch we had to go back up to the apartment. An engineer's salary did not run to feeding so many children in a restaurant. In the afternoon, we went down again to the shore, but not to bathe; instead, we looked for a suitable spot further along the beach. We kids would take off our shoes and stockings and go splashing into the water, although we had to be careful, because the rocks along the beach easily bruised our feet.

“We admired the wonders of the sea. We used stones to surround a small area for an aquarium, and gathered the starfish; the red brush-like floating strands which would collapse when a tiny animal lit upon them; sea cucumbers; tiny crabs... The tide would come in at dusk. Ever higher waves came in, and we often sat on a rock, unbelieving, saying they won't come this far...but they did!

Apa explained what caused the tides – this way, things stuck in our minds, without even noticing, not during lessons.

“It was an ideal, wonderful vacation. Into this broke the news of the declaration of war. For us, the most painful part was the telegram for Apa: ‘Return immediately to your post!’ This was followed by sudden packing, and travel to Fiume. There, the mood was of near panic, and at the station, there was veritable hysteria. ‘The last train left today!’ ... ‘The last train leaves tomorrow, and all railway service will be suspended!’

“We stood there before ‘the last train’, amidst terrible commotion. Finally, some smart aleck ‘made order’. First, the children must be put on the train! ... They shoved Vivy and me up into the carriage, while Mama looked up at us in despair... ‘Next the women!’ was the command... A lot of yelling, chaos... then by way of the window we were handed down to the embracing arms of our parents...

“Slowly the craziness subsided, and all of us somehow made it into one compartment, in which we sometimes had to make room for others, or give it over so they could rest.

“At the last minute, Apa gave a porter our luggage, with the appropriate fee, and asked him to take care of it. I still remember: he wore the number 1 on his cap. At home, everyone was horrified and predicted that we would wait for it in vain.

“Nevertheless, everything arrived intact, although with considerable delay. It was true that the pieces stank terribly, because the sea cucumbers and starfish had begun to rot.

“At that time, we could not see much change in Vajdahunyad. We didn’t understand why Apa had to return home so post-haste.

“We had brought some seawater in a bottle to convince Paul’s friends who did not believe that seawater is salty. The friends, sons of the machinists and mechanics of the ironworks, tasted it one after the other and spat it out, perhaps unbelieving, accusing us of having put salt into it ourselves...



Vajk family c. 1905 l to r: Raul, Dusi, Paul (standing), in cart Vivy and Edit. Mama and Apa standing on the steps

“It’s true that Raul could not go to Budapest to register at the technical university, as he had planned. Instead, he became an employee of the ironworks, as a trainee, in hopes that he would then be exempt should he be drafted. Together with Dusi he went up to Kolozsvár. Dusi stayed there, enrolled in mathematics and physics courses at the university, while Raul enrolled in law school, and returned home, being a kind of absentee student, going back to the university only to take exams...

“In the beginning, there were some – including Apa for a while – who put out little flags on a wall map, indicating the fronts. They also talked politics, scolding Tisza István, although I recently learned from the Révay encyclopedia that he had struggled hard against the declaration of war, recommending that they should be satisfied with demanding some form of restitution. But it was all for nothing: Vienna and Berlin decided in favor of war.

“Saturday evening movies at the ironworks club were important events in the life of the city. Here, in the hall, the officials sat around tables and during the intermissions, and during the long-drawn out waiting time before the show began, they would drink beer and eat *sóskifli* (salt crescents). Once we were sitting at the same table with the Kabdebo’s (the husband was a city official), when someone began the song which had become popular then: “*Megállj, megállj, kutya Szerbia! Nem lesz tiéd Hercegovina, mert a magyar nem enged, míg a vére nem ered, bármennyit is szenved!*” (Hold on, hold on, you dog Ser-

bia! Hercegovina shall not be yours, because Hungarians won’t let go, until their blood spills, no matter how much they suffer!”) Poor Mrs. Kabdebo burst out crying, because she was born Serbian...

”In the fall, news came that the Russians had broken through the Carpathians at Galicia. Mama became very frightened: what will happen if they came further, and reached Kolozsvár first? She got on the train to bring Dusi home. But by then, railroad travel was very chaotic. She had to wait all night at Tövis for a train the starting time of which no one knew. The waiting room was not heated, neither was the train compartment. She was chilled through and was sick when she arrived home. From then on, she had a constant fever and became a bed-ridden invalid.

”The war situation seemed to improve and Dusi went back to Kolozsvár, coming home again only for Christmas...”
(Mama - my grandmother - died the following year, of tuberculosis-related kidney failure, six weeks after her son Paul died of tuberculosis. Ed.)

*Translated from Vajk Edit's Memoirs
by Erika Papp Faber*

Ha vége lesz a háborúnak ...

Vajk Viola

Ha vége lesz a háborúnak
Mily nagy lesz a nyomor :
Mily sok heleye lesz a búnak ,
Nem lesz jól lakva a gyomor .
Mindenki örvend, ha valamit ehet ,
Patkányhúst eszünk - lehet .

When the war is over...

When the war is over
What great misery there will be :
How much room there will be for sorrow ,
Stomachs full will not be .
All will be glad if there's anything to eat ,
We will eat rat meat - perhaps.

*Vajk Viola (Vivy) wrote this in 1914,
when she was 11 years old.*

Joan Farcus, Esq. Receives Liberty Bell Award

An outstanding attorney and good friend of Magyar News Online, Joan I. Farcus was the recipient of this year's Liberty Bell Award presented by the Greater Bridgeport Bar Association.

In the name of the Greater Bridgeport Bar Association, Thomas F. Maxwell Jr., Esq., GBBA President presented the Liberty Bell Award this year to Joan Farcus, Esq. a wonderful friend and supporter of Magyar News Online.

The recipient was announced at the annual Law Day luncheon, May 5th, at the Bridgeport Holiday Inn, attended by most local judges. The award dinner was held at the Tashua Knolls Restaurant in Trumbull, CT on May 13th, which she attended with her husband David Gianetti, MD and grandkids Sarah and Mikey Gianetti.

According to the official proclamation, the award is "intended to recognize a man, woman, or organization who has encouraged a greater respect for the rule of law and promoted a sense of civic responsibility within the community. "

The document goes on: "Joan is a past president of the GBBA, and during her time as president, she was the prime force in the revitalization of our organization.

"Joan also started the Paralegal Program at Sacred Heart University; has been very active in the Hungarian American community, both here and abroad; in addition, she has maintained an active law practice for many years where she has assisted numerous clients in a wide variety of legal matters."

Attorney Farcus has always been conscious of her Hungarian heritage and, in her unobtrusive way, has

supported Hungarian institutions and causes in Connecticut over the years.

She gave legal advice to Gyula Egervári when he founded Magyar Studies of America. Working *pro bono*, Joan obtained non-profit status for that organization in 1978. In 2003, as President of the Bridgeport Bar Association, she was instrumental in that group awarding a plaque to MSA on its 25th anniversary.

The mission of Magyar Studies of America is to foster knowledge of the Hungarian language and culture among the descendants of Hungarian immigrants. Joan has always generously provided both financial and moral support to all kinds of community projects.

Magyar News Online is an affiliate of MSA, continuing the service provided by the printed Magyar News published here in Bridgeport by Joseph Balogh for 17 years. It too is a non-profit entity, and Joan again opened her heart as well as her purse to help with the operating expenses of the webpage which aims to pass on Hungarian culture, including the sto-

ries and traditions of the earlier arrivals in Connecticut.

The Hungarian community of Bridgeport and Fairfield, particularly Magyar Studies of America and Magyar News Online, are very fortunate to number Attorney Joan I. Farcus among our good friends. We congratulate her on this wonderful recognition of her accomplishments and wish her continued success in her field.

EPF



Joan Farcus accepting the award



Joan Farcus with her husband David Gianetti

Jubilarian Profile: Emeric Szlezak Marks 75 Years as a Friar

Wendy Healy

Our readers in Fairfield, CT, New York City and Sarasota, FL will remember Fr. Emeric Szlezak – Imre Atya – and his gentle smile. As he observes his 75th anniversary of being a Franciscan friar this June, we add our thanks for his long pastoral service: offering Mass in Hungarian, hearing confessions, celebrating weddings and baptisms and funerals, and helping people with their problems large and small.

We publish this tribute taken from the HNP (Holy Name Province) Today Newsletter, May 14, 2014, and add our own best wishes. *Isten éltesse Imre Atyát még soká .*

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla. — Hungarian roots have served **Emeric Szlezak, OFM**, well in his 75 years as a friar. The affable and lively priest has had a long ministry serving Hungarian parishioners in New York, Connecticut and Florida. “I’m 96 and counting,” he said with a smile from his home at St. Anthony Friary, where he has lived since 2005.

The Budapest native came to the United States on Thanksgiving Day in 1923 with his father, and the rest of the family arrived on Christmas of that year, settling in Brooklyn, N.Y. He recalled to *HNP Today* by phone almost verbatim his 75 years as a priest in Hungarian ministry and wrote about how he was called to religious life in a 2007 issue of [The Anthonian](#).

One of four children, Emeric attended Catholic grammar school before enrolling in St. Joseph’s Seraphic Seminary in Callicoon, N.Y., following in his older brother’s footsteps. “I was like his shadow. Everything he did, I did.”

But his brother left the Order to study engineering, and Emeric continued on to become a friar and priest. He was received into the Order in 1938 at St. Bonaventure Friary in Paterson, N.J., and was first professed in 1939. He continued his education at the Province’s houses of philosophy, St. Stephen’s in Croghan, N.Y., and St. Anthony in Butler, N.J., earning a bachelor’s degree from St. Bonaventure University in 1941. He then studied theology at Holy Name College in Washington. Emeric made his solemn profession in 1942 and was ordained a priest in Washington in 1944.

Ministry to Hungarians

Emeric had originally planned to become a missionary in China but, since World War II was underway, he was asked to go to St. Stephen of Hungary Church in Manhattan because he spoke



Fr. Emeric Szlezak

Hungarian. For the next 41 years, he ministered there as an associate pastor, a role he joyfully filled.

His work included going to Hungarian missions and caring for Hungarians in New York City. He helped displaced persons, refugees and struggling immigrants, assisting them in getting jobs and apartments. “It was a lot of work, but I did the best I could.” Emeric also assisted Hungarian priests in other provinces, and fondly refers to himself as a pinch-hitter. He was a general visitor for St. John Capistran Province in Hungary — now part of [Our Lady Queen of Hungary Province](#) — and would visit other custodies and compile reports for the General Curia in Rome.

In 1956, a New York radio station started a Hungarian broadcast and Emeric was asked to give a sermon in his native language. He did this weekly for 30 years and enjoyed the work, taking a liking to the technological side of broadcasting.

“I did a lot of taping,” he said, right up until he left New York City to take a year-long sabbatical in 1985 at the Washington Theological Union while residing at Holy

Name College in Silver Spring, Md. In 1986, Emeric was asked to serve at St. Emery Church in Fairfield, Conn., to replace an ailing Hungarian priest.

In addition to ministering to the Hungarian community, Emeric has served as a chaplain to Catholic War Veterans on both state and national levels, and to local sheriff departments.

‘Retired’ Life

In 2005, he decided to retire. But Emeric seems to be retired in name only. He serves as chaplain for the St. Petersburg Council of the Knights of Columbus, and still celebrates Mass in Hungarian at several churches in Florida. Up until two years ago, he was driving 55 miles one way each week to the Church of the Incarnation in Sarasota, Fla., to celebrate Mass. “I stopped because I was too old to drive 55 miles,” he said. Now he goes to a parish in Venice, Fla., to celebrate Mass for 200 people, but needs to be driven. “I still drive, but I have to have a chauffeur there.” Holy Family Church, where he also celebrates Mass, is only a 10-minute drive.

The best part of being a priest, he said, is “saying Mass, meeting the blessed Lord, and being companions in following St. Francis. They told me to follow him and I’ve been doing it ever since.” He has also enjoyed helping people throughout his religious life. Emeric describes his rewarding 75-year friar life as being providential. “Everything has always worked out,” he said.

The best part of being a friar, Emeric added, is the camaraderie. “The Province is like a family. I left one family and got another. It’s been great. I loved every place that I’ve worked and am grateful to Holy Name Province for letting me do this work.”

As a hobby, Emeric helps parishes with carpentry work, plumbing and repairs. He also likes gardening and fondly remembers starting rooftop gardens while at churches in New York City and Connecticut. He still enjoys woodworking, dating from his days in grammar school when he used to make his own toys. He also uses the [exercise equipment](#) in the newly renovated friary.

Emeric likes living in Florida, where he can walk to the bay every day and feed the squirrels. "I must smell like a peanut. Whenever I sit on the bench, they come and beg." He would like to be remembered as a nice guy and as a brother's brother, one who "was always ready to do anything to help someone," he said, even if it was as simple

as picking a piece of paper off the floor. While Emeric was battling a cold when *HNP Today* caught up with him, he wasn't letting that keep him down. He was writing a sermon for the following Sunday. "As long as I feel up to it, I'll still do my ministry," he said.

5 nap, 2 kerék, 1 tó.../ 5 days 2 wheels, 1 lake

Piller Dalma

The first half of a charming report relating a real tour de force by two determined girls to circle Lake Balaton on bicycles. This tour took place in 2013.

A mi kis történetünk valahol 2011 tavaszán kezdődött, amikor is Anita barátnőmmel elhatároztuk, hogy a nyári szünetben megkerüljük a Balatont. BICIKLIVEL!!! Hozzátegyem: jól elbánt velünk (is) a sors és 2 gerinc-sérvvel (fejenként eggyel) áldott meg bennünket. Ennek ellenére lelkesen készültünk az „akkor még nem sejtettük, hogy első” túránkra. Beiktattuk a mindennapi életbe a biciklizést, minden egyes alkalommal növeltük a távokat és egyre messzebb merészkedtünk a környéken. Mígnem, egyszer csak elérkezett a várva várt nap és kezdetét vette 5 napos túraszorozatunk!

Valóban létezik egy „Tour de Balaton” elnevezés, de azt profiknak találták ki, akik 8 meg 10 óra alatt kerülik meg a tavat. Szeretném kihangsúlyozni, hogy mi nem vagyunk profik! Viszont ez az én sztorim!

A 8 órás egyhuzamban tekerés számunkra fizikai képtelenségnek bizonyult, így hát megalkottuk a saját túránkat. Kijelöltük a számunkra legalkalmasabb 5 napot a naptárban, próbáltuk a lehető legarányosabban elosztani az egy napra jutó távolságokat, időben elkezdünk szállásokat foglalni, és persze megvenni a túrázáshoz szükséges kellékeket. Hogy őszinte legyek, nem is tudom, ezek közül melyik a legnehezebb? Tény, hogy az első és legfontosabb az időpont kitűzése, utána talán már könnyebben tervez az ember. Viszont szállást találni a nyár közepén, főszezonban, Balaton parton, egy-egy

éjszakákra, szintén fejtörést okoz az embernek. A csomag összeállítása pedig maga a megtestesült elmebaj... De haladjunk csak szép sorjában! Idén, viszonylag rövid idő alatt belőtük magunknak a megfelelő dátumokat és a napi etapok is hasonlóak lettek. Maga a Balatoni körút kb. 206 km hosszú, de nekünk ez nem volt elég, mi maximalisták vagyunk és a Balatonig lejutást is biciklivel oldottuk meg. Hirtelen meg is nőtt a leküzdendő távunk 250 km-re. Ebből matematikailag az következik, hogy egy nap = 50 km. Persze csak számtanilag, mert nem biztos, hogy éppen az 50. km-nél találunk magunknak szállást. Úgyhogy ennél a pontnál kezdetét vette az átszervezés, az osztás/szorzás, telefonálások, e-mailek, és egyéb idegtépő kombinálások, hogy minden klappoljon.

Szállások

Az egyetlen könnyebbség az első nappal volt, amikor is Balatonfüreden, a családomnál aludtunk. (Azért ezt is időben „le kellett foglalni”, de legalább ingyen volt!) Sajnos a kis örömről utána tovább kellett kutatni az ideális alvóhelyekért. Félreértés ne essék, nincsenek nagy igényeink. Két fő szempontunk volt: legyen saját fürdőnk és egy ágy, amibe esténként belezuhanhatunk. Aztán, hogy ez milyen körülmények között van kialakítva, már majdhogynem mellékes is.

Az elmúlt években a szállásaink a lehető legkülönfélébbek voltak. A családiastól elkezdve, a szoci üdülön



Piller Dalma

át, a hangulatos apartmanon keresztül, a hotelig volt minden a repertoárban. Mindegyikben jól éreztük magunkat, mindegyiknek megvolt a maga kis hangulata, története. Mindegyikhez tudunk kötni egy-egy sztorit, és abban is biztos vagyok, hogy mindegyikről van valami negatív kritikánk is. De összességében nem panaszkodhatunk. Mindenhol volt fürdő és ágy!

Ebben az évben Badacsonytördemicen töltöttük a második éjszakánkat egy kissé mediterrán hangulatú borlakban. (Ha nem egy biciklitúra kellős közepén lettem volna, akkor veszek egy üveg bort!) Igényes, hatalmas terasszal ellátott, nagyon szép, jól felszerelt, kényelmes, légkondicionált és főleg

tiszta apartmant kaptunk. Ide bármikor szívesen visszalátogatnánk!

A harmadik este Balatonfenyvesen ért bennünket. Az a hely egyszerre volt szoci és retro. Tessenek elképzelni egy 80-as évekből itt maradt, többszintes családi házat, amiről ordít az ízléstelenség. Persze, lelki szememmel látom, hogy kb. '83-ban ez maga volt a modern lakberendezés netovábbja, a szocialista üdülők gyöngyszeme és az ideérkező turisták álma. De mai szemmel nézve inkább muzeális volt, mintsem stílusos.

Az utolsó napunkat Zamárdiban töltöttük. No' ez meg olyan volt, mintha keresztetkelt volna egy hotel egy kollégiummal. Itt is visszaköszöntek a múlt századi jegyek, de ezt leszámítva mindent rendben találtunk. Ráadásul ezen az estén jubiláltunk: elértük az első közös 1000 kilométerünket. Nem volt más hátra, mint ünnepelni. (Némi alkoholos befolyásoltág alatt pedig még pingpongoztunk is a szoci üdülőben a „made in távol keleti” ütőkkel.)



Dalmi Tihany előtt, Badacsonyi naplemente, Gyenesdiási elágazó táblák, Badacsonytördemic-Borlak, Balatonvilágos – panoráma

Pakolás

A szállások lefoglalása után, általában listát kezdünk írni, hogy mik is azok a dolgok, amiket feltétlenül magunkkal kell vinnünk. Igyekszünk olyan csomagot kialakítani, amiből 5 napig biztosított az ellátásunk (részemről a málhám 60%-a csak ruhanemű...). Nem elhanyagolható tényező, hogy a kerpáros táska kapacitása véges! Nem engedhetjük meg azt a luxust, hogy felesleges cuccokat is bepakoljunk. Fontossági sorrendeket kell felállítani, eleve vannak olyan dolgaink, amik elengedhetetlenek a túrázáshoz (pl. biciklipumpa, elsősegélycsomag, esőkabát). Nyilván ezekkel kezdjük a sort. És, ha van akkora szerencsénk, hogy még egy foppiszkáló beférne a pakkba,

akkor oda még ezt-azt be lehet préselni. Muszáj felkészülni a váratlan helyzetekre és logikusan, szisztematikusan kell összeállítani a túratáskát. (Viszont mindig szorítunk egy kis helyet a kockapóker készletnek! Anélkül el sem indulunk. Szinte állandó csajos programunkká vált és még túrára is magunkkal visszük.) Természetesen minden évben akad olyan tárgy, amit csak megutaztatunk, mert nem volt rá szükség.

Ilyen pl. a müzli szelet is... Még az első évben egy (nálam sokkal gyakorlottabb) kerékpáros javasolta, hogy ezt kell vinni nagy túra esetén. És a Bala-

ton biza' nagynak számít. Mi meg kis kezdő aszfalthuszárok, jól feltankoltunk müzlivel, aminek a 90%-át aztán haza is hoztuk. Ennek a magyarázata: úgysem tudsz megenni 5 km-ként 1 db müzli szeletet! Plusz: nem is vagy éhes. Sokkal inkább szomjas az ember és egyértelműen a folyadékbevitelre kell odafigyelnie, főleg a 30-40 fokos hőségben. Ergo: müzlit max. 5 db-ot kell csak vinni és a ráunást megelőzendő, helyettesíthető néminemű nápolyival, keksszel, csokival (bár az olvad) vagy egyéb sokkalóriás rágcsával. A lényeg, hogy energiát adjon!

Vizet pedig útközben szoktunk venni, éppen csak annyit, amit egy pihenés alkalmával meg tudunk inni ill., beletölteni a kulacsainkba. Sokat nem érdemes, mert 10 perc alatt felmelegszik. A meleg víz pedig csak fürdésre jó... Napközben néha megjutalmazzuk magunkat egy túrórudival vagy egy kis fagyival. Esténként pedig igenis jár a juti falat Milka csoki formájában.

Mondanivaló

És itt szeretném hangsúlyozni, hogy ez a túra nem fogyókúrás szándékkal jött létre! Nem azért, mert tele van nasival, hanem mert ez nem erről szól! Nekünk nem! És szerintem másnak sem. Ez egy kihívás. Próbátétel, ha úgy tetszik. Arról a bizonyos határdöntögetésről szól. Mit bírsz el fizikailag. SÓT! Szellemileg. Mert ehhez szerintem agyban sokkal felkészültebbnek kell lennie az embernek. Csak egy megjegyzés, hogy ezt alátámasszam: csak az első túránkra készültem rendszeres tekeréssel. Tavaly és idén is úgy vágtam neki, hogy egy évig nem ültem biciklin. „Egyszerűen” csak elhatároztam, hogy megcsinálom. Képes vagyok rá! Anita is képes rá! Ketten együtt meg végképp!

(folytatjuk)

5 Days, 2 Wheels, 1 Lake - Part I

Piller Dalma

Our little story started somewhere in the spring of 2011 when we decided with my girlfriend, Anita, that during the summer vacation we'll round Lake Balaton. ON BICYCLE!!! I must add: fate has "blessed" us with two herniated discs (one each). In spite of that, we enthusiastically prepared for (what we didn't imagine yet would be) our first tour. We inserted biking into our everyday lives, each time we increased the distances and ventured farther in the area. Until once the long-awaited day arrived and our five-day tour series commenced!

There exists a "Tour de Balaton" but that was invented for pros who round

the lake in eight or ten hours. I'd like to emphasize that we are no pros! However, this is my story! Pedaling for eight continuous hours proved a physical impossibility for us, so we created our own tour. We marked out the five days most suitable for us in the calendar, tried to divvy up the distances per day as proportionately as possible, started to reserve lodgings in time and, of course, to buy the supplies necessary for the tour. To be honest, I don't even know which one of these is the most difficult? The fact is that first and most important is to set the date, after that, perhaps, one plans somewhat easier. However, to find lodging in the middle of summer, in high season, on the shore of Lake Balaton, for single nights, really stretches one's brains as well. And the assembling of the luggage is the embodiment of insanity itself...But let's proceed in neat sequence!

This year, we locked in our suitable dates relatively fast and our daily stages worked out similarly. The Balaton tour itself is about 206 km (about 129 miles) long but that was not enough for us; we are maximalists, and we even solved the problem of getting to the Balaton with bicycles. Suddenly our distance to conquer grew to 250 km (about 156 miles). Mathematically, this means that one day = 50 km (about 31 miles). Only arithmetically, of course, since it is not sure we can find lodging just at 50 km. So at this point, reorganization took place, division/multiplication, phone calls, e-mails and other nerve-racking combinations to make everything pan out just fine.

Lodgings

The only relief was on the first day when we slept at my family's. (This, too, had to be "reserved" ahead of time but at least it was free!) Unfortunately, after our small joy we had to search further for ideal sleeping places. Don't take me wrong, we don't have high demands. We had two main criteria: to have our own bath and a bed that we can crash into, evenings. How this is fashioned

makes almost no difference. In former years, our lodgings were most diverse. From the family-style, through "szoci" (socialist) resort and intimate apartment to hotel, there was everything in the repertoire. We had a good time in all, they all had their little atmosphere, history. To all we can tie a story and I'm also sure that of all we have something negative to say. But all in all, we can't complain. There was a bath and bed everywhere!

This year we spent our second night at Badacsonytördemic, in a somewhat Mediterranean-style wine-house. (Had I not been in the very middle of a bicycle tour, I'd have bought a bottle of wine!) We had a lovely, well-equipped, very clean, high-end apartment with a huge terrace and air conditioning. We would gladly visit there again any time! The third evening reached us at Balatonfenyves. That place was at the same time "szoci" and retro. Please imagine a multi-story family house left over from the '80's, reeking of tastelessness. With my inner eyes I see, of course, that around '83 that must have been the *non-plus-ultra* of modern interior decorating, the pearl of socialist resorts and the dream of arriving tourists. But from today's perspective it was more of a museum piece than stylish.

Our last day was spent at Zamárdi. Well, this was like a hybrid of a hotel and a dormitory. Here, too, signs of the last century were waving back at us but discounting that, we found everything in order. To top it all, that evening we had a jubilee: we reached our first 1,000 km together. That left nothing else to do but celebrate. (With some alcoholic influence we even played ping-pong at the resort, with paddles "Made in the Far East".)

Packing

After making reservations for lodging, we generally start to write a list of things that we must take with us. We are trying to assemble luggage that would supply our provisions for five

days (for my part, 60% of my baggage is just clothing...) The fact that the capacity of the bicycle pack is finite, could not be neglected! We can't afford the luxury of packing needless stuff. Order of importance has to be set, there are items that are indispensable for touring (e.g. bicycle pump, first aid kit, rain-coat). Obviously we start the

line with those. And, if we have that much luck as to still fit a toothpick into the pack, we can squeeze this and that in there. We must prepare for unexpected situations and assemble the tour pack logically and systematically. (However, we always make a little room for the Yahtzee kit! We won't even leave without that. It sort of became a program for us chicks and we even take it with us on tours.)

Indeed, every year there is an object that we had just taken for a ride, since it wasn't needed. Such item is the *müesli* bar...Back in the first year a bicyclist (much more experienced than myself) suggested that it was the thing to take on a big tour. And the Balaton, you better believe it, counts as a big one! Now we, beginner asphalt-hussars, tanked up with plenty of *müesli*, 90% of which we brought back. Explanation: you can't eat a *müesli* bar every five miles! Plus: you are not even hungry. One is much rather thirsty, and clearly has to pay attention to liquid intake, especially in 30-40 degree C (86-104F) heat. Ergo: no more than five *müesli* bars should be taken and, to prevent getting tired of it, could be substituted by some filled wafers, cookies and chocolate (though that melts) or some other high-calorie chewies. What's essential is that it should give you energy!

We usually buy water on the way, just as much as we can drink during a rest stop and fill our flask. It's not worth getting much since it gets warm in 10 minutes. And warm water is only

St. Emery's Family Recipes



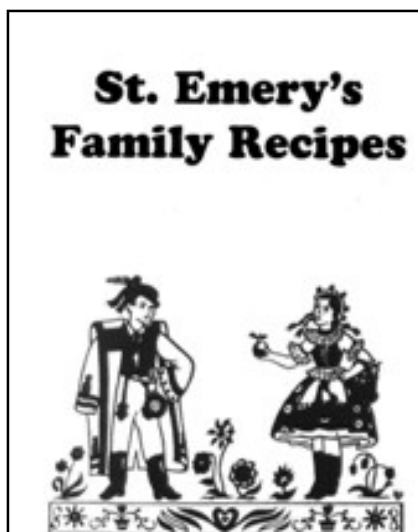
Message

This is where I'd like to emphasize that **the tour did not come about for weight loss purposes!** Not because it is full of noshes but because that is not the idea! Not for us! And I think not for others either. This is a challenge. A test, if you prefer. It is about that certain "pushing the limits". What you can endure physically. And MORE! Mentally. Because, as I see it, one has to be more prepared for this in one's head. Only one remark to support this: I prepared by pedaling only for our first tour. Last year and this one, I started without having been on a bike for a year. I "simply" decided that I would do it. I can! Anita can too! And together, there's no doubt!

to be continued)

Piller Dalma has recently accepted a position as director of tourism of the town of Megyer (Veszprém County).

Translated by Olga Vallay Szokolay



good for bathing... Midday we sometimes reward ourselves with a "túrórudl" (a yummy chocolate-covered-cheesecake dessert) or ice cream. And evenings, yes siree, a reward bite is due in the form of a *Milka* choco bar!

Veal Paprikás with Mushrooms/Borjú paprikás gombával

Here is an easy and delectable main dish taken from the recently published St. Emery's Family Recipes (St. Emery Church, Fairfield, CT).

1 ½ lbs. veal, diced
 1 T. shortening
 1 T. parsley
 ½ tsp. paprika
 ½ lb. mushrooms
 ¼ tsp. black pepper
 1 med. onion
 1 tsp. salt
 1 T. parsley
 ½ lb. mushrooms
 ½ pt. sour cream
 1 T. flour

Melt shortening; add onion, paprika, pepper, salt and parsley. Add meat diced into small pieces. Cover and cook for 1 hour. Add mushrooms and cook until tender. Add the flour and blend well; cook for 5 minutes more. Add sour cream. Serve with rice or mashed potatoes.

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Hungarian Emigrant Wins First Prize With Own Composition

László Oroszlány, an amateur musician who left Hungary 57 years ago, won first prize at the seventh Nótaolimpia in Budapest last November. We offer him our congratulations!



A *Nótaolimpia* was first held in Budapest in 1933. Obviously, history intervened, and no such competition was held for many years. Now at the seventh "*Nótaolimpia*" held last November, first prize in the *hallgató-andalgó* category was won by László Oroszlány of Milford, Pennsylvania. He was up against stiff competition, there being about 100 coded entries in that category, and approximately 50 in the *csárdás* category.

László Oroszlány is not a professional musician. He wanted to pursue a career in music, but although he was an outstanding student, his ancestry made him a "class alien", which meant that he could not attend *gimnázium*, much less study at the music academy. He eventually became a mechanical engineer, studying both in Hungary and in the US, and set up his own company producing precision instruments for the aerospace industry. His company contributed parts to the Apollo 17 mission to the moon, and the camera and its equipment left there contained components he had manufactured.

He had written both music and lyrics to his winning song, "*Édesanyám kiskertjében...*", in his youth, and it was gathering dust in his desk drawer. It surfaced again last year, and an opera singer, a friend of his brother, encouraged him to enter the piece in the *Nótaolimpia* competition.

After the first elimination round, 42 songs were left. Various well-known singers had heard the songs earlier, and each one chose which one he or she wanted to present to the jury of well-known musical experts. His song was sung by Fazekas Rozika with accompaniment provided by Sárközi Béla and his gypsy orchestra. (You may hear her performance on the internet, at "*VII. Nótaolimpia*".) László and his wife Anni happened to be in Budapest at the time and attended the concert. Great was their surprise when László's song received first prize.

We offer him our congratulations and hope that now that he's retired, he will devote more time to composing beautiful songs!

Here is the text:

Édesanyám kiskertjében ...

Édesanyám kiskertjében
Kinyílt a rózsá,
Hej, hogyha te meghallhatnád
Hogy sír ez a nóta,
A szívem is majd meghasad
Bánatos kedvében,
Azt se tudják, hogy mi bántja,
Csak te s a jó Isten.

Nem tudom én elfeledni
Azt a régi álmot,
Szerettelek, te is engem,
Szerelmünk virágzott.
De az élet úgy becsapott,
Elszakított minket!
Boldogtalan valóságban
Éljük éveinket.

Did you know...

... that Hungarian culture has found a "home" even in the small South American country of Uruguay? It is the *Magyar Otthon* in Montevideo.

Its founders established it in 1936 as a cultural center, independent of any political or religious affiliation. The current building was bought in 1941. It has a stage and a second story that was added in 1950. Among the events that have taken place there are Hungarian language courses, theatrical performances, folk dance instruction and performances, sports events (such as European bowling and table tennis), fairs and culinary events including *kolbász* and *hurka* preparation.

It is estimated that of the 3.3 million inhabitants of this South American country, some 5,000 are of Hungarian origin. It is amazing what such a small community has been able to accomplish!

Kicsi a világ!

It may not even be the place that surprises us, but the flavor of the expression that makes a Kicsi a világ episode memorable.

Time: a year or two after 1956

Place: Burgenland, the area of western Hungary that became part of Austria, i.e.,

German-speaking, after World War I

My husband's cousin Gyurka was exploring the area, and was lost. He went into a little village store to ask for directions, in German, of course. The old lady behind the counter could not make out what Gyurka wanted. Finally, in exasperation, she turned around and called into the back room: "*Apjuk, gyűjjön már ki! Egy ember engem itt németül macerál!*" (Come on out, Pa! A man's pestering me here in German!)

Needless to say, German was no longer needed. Because **It's a small world!**