



Fohász Szent István királyhoz

Juhászné Bérces Anikó

Megszólítlak alázattal, s könyörögve kérek.
Tekints le az országunkra és a magyar népre.
Amióta nem vagy velünk – lassan ezer éve,
Számptalan nagy vihar dúlt a Kárpát –medencében.
Vad villámok csaptak bele termő Életfánkba,
Erős ágakat szakítva, s taposva a sárba.
A törzsét meg jól irányzott, egyetlen csapással
Széthasítva több darabba, meg a pusztulásba.
Túlélte, mert a gyökere erős, szívós fajta.
Hajszálgyökér, ha megmarad, élet fakad rajta.
De termések millióit a szél szertefújta.
Gyökértelen kapaszkodnak az új világukba.
Fánk törzse, mi épen maradt, próbál tovább élni,
Alja forradt, mély sebeit rendre fel-feltépik.
Gyökereit férges rágják, levelét meg tetvek.
Friss hajtása alig serken, - így élni kegyetlen.
Szükség lenne törhetetlen, erős tiszta kézre,
Istenhitre, biztatásra, tisztán lássunk végre.
Kapaszkodnánk Szent Jobbodbá, segíts nekünk élni,
Boldogasszony jó Anyánkat támaszunknak kérni.
Bocsássa meg vétkeinket, s legyen velünk Atyánk.
Maradjon meg, s virágozzék drága Magyar Hazánk.

While a number of poems by Juhászné Bérces Anikó are posted on the internet, we have been unable to find any biographical information about her.



Carving of Ferencz Béla



St. Stephen in Sculpted Wood

EPF

Visitors to Budapest are in for a rare treat if they find St. Stephen's Hall open in the Cave Church (Sziklatemplom). It is full of wonderful pieces by Transylvanian-born woodcarver Ferencz Béla, including a plaque depicting the coronation insignia and another showing St. Stephen offering his crown to Mary.

Ferencz Béla first saw the room at the Cave Church in 1990, which was in a sorry state at the time, since the entire church had been walled up by the

Communist regime in 1951. According to a tourist leaflet, it took him 10 years to carve the ornate altar, pulpit, candlestick, side altar, wardrobe for vestments and various plaques that furnish this room. In the U.S., he similarly furnished the *Szent István templom* of Los Angeles (that took him a mere four years!)

Born in Marosvásárhely in 1920, his talent was apparent early in life, and his parents sent him to study decorative sculpture at Székelyudvarhely, and later Brassó. While still a student of decorative sculpture, he was commissioned to carve the altar of the Rumanian Orthodox Church in Oklánd (today spelled Ocland), Transylvania. But his father considered wood carving a thing of the past, dis-

couraged him from pursuing that career, and brought him to Budapest. World War II saw Béla fighting on the Russian front. From there, he eventually reached Germany, and arrived in the US in 1951.

In 1966, he and his wife Irmuska moved to Los Angeles, and he resumed wood carving. He claims that he learned much of his craft from the famous Transylvanian woodcarver Szervátiusz Jenő (1903 – 1983), who worked mostly in wood, stone and marble.

He continued carving Hungarian themes, such as a sculpted relief piece on the Siege of Eger and a life-sized one illustrating the fight of Toldi Miklós with the wolves, which

Canadian newspapers declared to have been the highlight of the Toronto World's Fair. His work was widely recognized through various awards and prizes, including a silver medal of the Cleveland *Árpád Akadémia* for his "Ezeréves Magyarország". He presented his "Distribution of Land in Oklahoma" at his Beverly Hills exhibit, which was the first of his "American" themed pieces. He created "Bicentennial" for the 200th anniversary of the US. "The Wonderful

World of the Hawaiian Islands" was exhibited in that State's capitol in Honolulu.

During a reception for Cardinal Mindszenty, Ferencz Béla met the Hungarian chancellor of the Knights of St. Brigitta, who commissioned him to carve a piece entitled "The Vision of St. Brigitta". In what must have been a most poignant moment, the chancellor, on his deathbed, presented Béla with the Knight's cross.

In 1975, Ferencz Béla organized the World Exhibit of Hungarian Émigré Artists in Los Angeles. Three years later, he was elected administrative vice-president of the World Association of Hungarian Artists.

Early in the new millennium, Ferencz Béla moved back home.



5 nap, 2 kerék, 1 tó ... / 5 Days, 2 Wheels, 1 Lake – part II

Piller Dalma

This is the concluding section of the bicycle tour of 2013. We congratulate Dalma and Anita on their accomplishment, and wish them happy munching on the „marcipános szelet”! (see recipe below)

Kezdeti nehézségek és megpróbáltatások

Maga az elrajtolás is bőven elég ahhoz, hogy az ember már az első kilométernél elzsibbadjon (azon a bizonyos fertályán), elkezdjen fájni a lába (vagy olyan egyéb izmai, amikről azt se hitte, hogy léteznek...), kelőképpen elege legyen a világból, és mindeközben még a percet is átkozza, mikor kitalálta ezt a remek ötletet... Velem legalábbis ez szokott előfordulni. Én rendszerint Peremartonnál kezdek el először nyüglődni (ez a kiindulási ponttól kettő darab km-re van!!!) Na, én ott, annál a bizonyos benzinkútnál azt érzem, hogy már órák óta tekerünk, irdatlan távokat megtéve és fáj mindenem és legbelül hisztizek.

A túra további mélypontjainál (mert bizony akad bőven) ajánlatos magunkban szentségelni, dühöngeni, szitkozódni, talán még egy kicsit fel is adni, mert jobb, ha a másik nem látja rajtad. Természetesen egy bizonyos pontnál ez már elkerülhetetlen. Mert kitör belőled: lehet, hogy épp szidod valakinek az anyját, morogsz az orrod alatt, földhöz vágod a biciklit, ordibálsz, vagy éppen sírsz... És ezek eléggé látványos megnyilvánulások. Olyankor a másíknak rossz ezeket végignéznie, mert vagy nem tud rajtad segíteni (hiszen nem tud helyetted tekerni), vagy, ami ennél is rosszabb, hogy az ő - maradék kis - energiáját is elveszed a hiszti jelenettel. Nekünk meg pont az lenne a célunk, hogy bíztassuk és segítsük egymást, nem pedig, hogy lelohasszuk. **Ezek a pillanatok a legnehezebbek – szerintem.** Ott, az adott szituációban azt gondold, hogy itt a vége, nem bírod tovább, feladod... (és megkeresed a legközelebbi vasútállomást, vagy felhívod Anita élete párját, hogy jöjjön érted kocsival...) És, innen nehéz felkelni. Újra meg kell találnod a lelki nyugalmat, a biciklizés szépségét, az újult erőt, amit csak a másik fél adhat, valamint a körülötted lévő táj.

Mert az bizony kárpótol mindenért. Gyönyörű! És még többet akarsz belőle. És egyszer csak azon kapod magad, hogy újra „nyeregben vagy” és suhansz az úton. (Hozzátegyem, ezek a mélypontok akár fél órákat is igénybe vehetnek. De inkább adjon magának időt az ember, mert ha nem kanalazza össze magát rendesen, akkor a következő km megint csak nyögvenyelős lesz. Le kell higgadni, enni, de főleg inni valamit, nézni a nagy zöld vizet, a melletted elhaladó biciklistársakat és ezek együttes kombinációjától erőre kapni.) Én azt figyeltem meg az eddigi túrák alatt, hogy Anita az erősebb. Lelkileg biztos. Én többször elhagyom magam és olyankor előadom a „nagyhalált”. Szegényem meg nem tehet mást, mint kivár. Megvárja, míg lehiggadok és kész.

Gondolatok

Amikor jó passzban vagyok, akkor oda tudok figyelni a környezetemre. Nézelődök. Mit csináljak mást? Persze, elsősorban az utat figyelem, de megengedhetem magamnak, hogy csodáljam a szebbnél szebb parti nyaralókat, kémléljem a vizet, pásztázzam az út menti bokrokat, nézegessem az embereket és gyönyörködjek a tájban (vagy az éppen hátulról megelőző, jóképű fiatalember izmos vádlijában...) Ha még jobb formában vagyok, akkor még gondolkodhatok is útközben. Elmerengek, mindenféle témák kezdenek cikázni a fejemben és már-már filozófiai kérdéseket teszek fel magamnak. (ennek az ellentettje, amikor csak bámulok magam elé és kizárólag a tekerésre koncentrálok, meg arra, hogy nehogy leessek a bicikliről...) Alapjában véve a túra körül forog minden gondolatom, de ennek ellenére a legkülönbélebb dolgok juthatnak eszembe, a sablonostól a komolyig. Pl.: Egy-egy ház (vagy nevezzük inkább palotának) szó szerint megállít. Lelassítunk előtte, bámuljuk

a hatalmas nagy telket, a legújabb luxusautókat a garázs előtt, a medencét a hátsóudvarban és elmélázunk azon, hogy ez nem fair. Elsőre persze az irigység beszél belőlünk, majd „Nekem miért nincs ilyenem?” sóhajok közepette még mélyebbre ásunk. Emberek éheznek a koszos utcákon, itt meg akkora a fényűzés, hogy nap szemüveg kell, nehogy elvakítson. Szerencsére nem ezzel a nyomasztó ténnyel a fejemben tekergek 5 napig a Balaton körül. Vannak megnyugtató, szép, megindító, idegesítő, nosztalgikus és már-már vicces gondolataim is. Csapongok az érzelmek között. Olyan vagyok, mint a balatoni körút: hullámzó. Egyszer fent, egyszer lent. Időnként szárnyalok, pozitív energiák töltenek el, máskor pedig jönnek a már említett lelankadások.

Az én visszatérő, energia leszívó helyem Balatonedericsen szokott lenni. Itt ugyanis van egy elágazás és, ha a másik irányba haladnék, akkor hazajutnék Megyerre. „Kb. 35 km-re vagyok az otthonomtól... Az kevesebb, mint egy napi táv...” Ilyenkor pedig eltörik nálam a mécses és meg kell állnom. Utolér a honvágy. De tovább kell menni! Nem adhatom fel! És Anitát sem hagyhatom cserben. Ketten vágunk neki, ketten is fejezzük be! Szóval igenis nagy szükség van a humorra is, mert ezeket a pillanatokot csak azzal lehet átvészelni. Mint például, hogy van egy teknős formájú gyerekduda a biciklimen...

Megéri!

A legtöbbször azt kérdezem magamtól, hogy biztos ezt akartam? Kell ez nekem? Jó helyen vagyok? Képes vagyok én erre egyáltalán? Ezekre a kérdésekre csak az 5. napon kapom meg a választ Balatonvilágoson a biciklis pihenőnél, ahonnan tiszta időben belátni az egész partot. És ott döbbenek rá (világosodok meg – a nevében is benne van!), hogy megérte!



Kerékpár térkép, kerékpár és csomag, Anita Siófokon

Megcsináltam! Képes voltam rá (megint)! A panoráma feledtetni velem a sajtó derekamat, minden pesszimista gondolatom elszáll, és csak annyit tudok mondani, hogy: **Ez hihetetlen...** Ilyenkor hosszú percekig csak nézünk, meredünk a távolba, próbáljuk befo-

gadni az elképesztő látványt, fotózunk, ülünk szótlánul és pihenünk. Tényleg hihetetlen. Alig hiszem el. De igaz! Ott van előttem. A saját szememmel látom. Csodálatos, hatalmas, félelmetes, elképesztő. Ameddig csak a szem ellát: víz. És még több víz. Óriási.

Próbálunk felocsúdni és beazonosítani a part menti településeket. Fényképeket készítünk, többet is, mert egybe bele sem fér az egész. Pár nappal ezelőtt még a túlparton kerekeztünk, most meg itt vagyunk. Eltelt 5 nap és összességében 18 óra tekeréssel meg-

kerültük a Balatont. „**Fáj mindenünk, de megérte!**”

Hagyományok és összegzés

Hiába mondtam az első napon, hogy soha többet... A dombtetőn állva máris elhatározzuk, hogy jövőre is megcsináljuk. Az utolsó kilométereket már úgy tesszük meg, hogy tervezzük a következő túrát.

A tényleges cél azonban Balatonkenesén van. Akkor állunk meg és mondhatjuk azt nyugodt szívvel, hogy **MEGKERÜLTÜK!** A kenesei pékség és cukrászda meglátogatása pedig amolyan tradícióvá vált az évek alatt. Lehuppanunk a kerti ülőgarnitúrára, megrendeljük a kedvenc kis sütniket és összegzünk. (Komolyan mondom, hogy nálam motivációs ereje van a marcipános szeletnek!)

Évről évre tanulunk valami újat. A tapasztalatok segítenek abban, hogy még felkészültebbek, szervezettebbek, rutinosabbak legyünk és még praktikusabban pakoljunk.

Két sütemény között pedig elkészítünk egy képzeletbeli plusz/mínusz listát. Kiértékeljük az elmúlt 5 napot, a látottakat, a szállásokat, az eseményeket és persze saját magunkat is. Ha voltak hibáink, akkor tanulunk belőlük (kevesebb müzli...); ha valami bevált, azt pedig megtartjuk. Illetve, saját hagyományokat teremtünk. Mint például a fűredi ott alvás, a kockapóker, nutellás palacsinta a parton, pizzázás Balatonszemesen, vagy éppen a jutalomüteményezés. Ezek apróságok, de ettől lesz a MIÉNK! A mi közös túránk.

A legnagyobb elismerés:

„Ti tényleg megkerülték a Balatont biciklivel??? Hát, le a kalappal!”

Idézet Kinyó Zsolttól – Ő az, aki **ki-gyalogolt** Magyarországról a londoni olimpiára...

Kell ennél több?!

Idén*, harmadszor kerültem meg biciklivel a Balatont.

*2013-ban

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5 DAYS, 2 WHEELS, 1 LAKE - Part II Initial Difficulties and trials

Starting off by itself is plenty enough to make one numb (at that certain body part) during the first kilometer, to have a leg (or some other muscle one never

knew existed...) to start aching, to be duly fed up with this world while even cursing the moment this splendid idea surfaced...At least, this is what usually happens to me. Most often I first begin having trouble at Peremarton (this is 2 whole kilometers from the start!!!). Well, right there, at that certain filling station, I feel that we have been pedaling for hours, having conquered enormous distances, and I'm aching all over and deep inside I am hysterical.

At the subsequent low points (because there are plenty) it is advisable to do all swearing, raging, cursing inwardly, perhaps even giving up a little, since it is better that your partner not see it on you. Of course, at a certain point it is unavoidable. Because it bursts out of you: you may cuss someone's mother, growl under your nose, throw your bike on the ground, bawl or just cry...And these are quite spectacular manifestations. At times like that it is frustrating for the other one to witness it, since she either cannot help you (she can not pedal for you) or, worse yet, you are taking away her small leftover amount of energy with your hysterical scene. Our goal should be just to help and cheer, not to dampen each other's spirit. **These moments are the hardest – in my view.** There, in the given situation, you think this is the end, you can't go on, you give up...(and look for the nearest railroad station or call Anita's hubby to pick you up with his car...)

And this is where it is hard to get up from. You have to find the inner peace, the beauty of biking, the renewed strength that can be given only by the other party, as well as by the surrounding landscape. Because that is what compensates for everything. Beautiful! And you want more of it. And, all of a sudden, you catch yourself "being in the saddle" again and gliding on the road. (I must add, these low points may take up as much as half an hour. But it is worth taking the time for recovery, otherwise, without scooping yourself properly together, the next kilometer will again be hard to swallow. You need to calm down, eat, and mostly drink something, watch the green water, the fellow-bikers passing you and, from the combined effect of those, regain strength.)

During our tours so far I noticed that

Anita is the stronger one. Mentally, at least. I frequently lose heart and perform a dramatic "death". Poor dear, she has no choice but sit it out. She waits till I calm down and that's it.

Thoughts

When I'm in a good pass, I can pay attention to my surroundings. I look around. What else can I do? Of course, above all I watch the road, but I can afford to admire the summer houses – one more beautiful than the other – to scrutinize the water, to sweep the roadside shrubs, to gaze at people and to enjoy the scenery (or the muscular calves of a good-looking young guy passing me...)

When I'm in even better shape, I can even think on the way. I day-dream, all sorts of topics start flashing in my head, to the point where I pose philosophical questions to myself. (The counterpoint of this is when I just stare ahead and concentrate exclusively on pedaling and on not falling off the bicycle...)

Basically, all my thoughts revolve around the tour, yet the most diverse things could pop up in my mind, from trivial to serious. For instance: a beautiful house (or we should rather call it a palace) would literally stop us. We slow down, stare at the gigantic lot, the newest luxury cars in front of the garage, the pool in the backyard and muse on the fact that it isn't fair. First, of course, it is envy talking: "Why don't I have one like that?" – then, sighing, we dig even deeper. People are starving in the filthy streets while you need sunglasses to protect yourself from going blind in this affluence!

Fortunately, I don't pedal for five days around Lake Balaton with this depressing fact in my head. I also have some comforting, nice, touching, irritating, nostalgic and even funny thoughts. I ramble between feelings. I am like the road around Balaton: wavy. Sometimes up, sometimes down. At times I soar, filled with positive energy, then come the aforementioned low points.

My recurring, energy-depleting spot is usually at Balatonederics. Because there is a fork in the road and, if I'd head in the other direction, I'd get home to Megyer. "I'm about 35 kilometers from my home... That is less than a day's distance..." At times like

this, the waterworks turn on and I have to stop. Homesickness catches up with me. But I have to go on! I must not give up! And I can't let Anita down. Two of us set out, two of us have to finish!

Well, yes indeed, humor is badly needed because these moments can only be overcome with it. For instance, by a turtle-shaped child's horn on my bicycle...

It's Worth It!

Most of the time I ask myself if I really wanted this? Do I need this? Am I in the right place? Can I do this at all? The answer to these questions I get only on the fifth day at Balatonvilágos, at the bicycle rest from where, in clear weather, one can see the whole coast. And there I suddenly realize (I am seeing the light!) that it was worth it! I did it! I was able to do it (again)! The panorama makes me forget my aching waist, all my pessimistic thoughts are flying away and all I can say is: **This is incredible...** At times like this we just look, stare into the distance for long minutes, we try to take in the staggering view, we take pictures, sit silently and rest.

It is really incredible. I can hardly believe it. But it's true! It is before me. I see it with my own eyes. It is marvelous, formidable, stunning. As far as the eye can see: water. And more water. Gigantic.

We try to recover and identify the settlements along the coast. We take photos, more of them since the whole thing doesn't fit into one. A couple of days ago we were pedaling on the opposite shore, now we are here. Five days had passed and all in all with 18 hours of pedaling we have rounded Lake Balaton. **"We hurt all over but it was worth it!"**

Traditions and Summary

To say "never again" on the first day was in vain... Standing on the hilltop, we already made the decision to do it again next year. We do the last kilometers planning the next tour. But the actual target is at Balatonkenese. That's when we stop and can say with a clear heart that we **ROUNDED IT!** And visiting the bakery and pastry shop at Kenese has become a tradition over the years. We plop down onto the garden

set, order our favorite pastry and we summarize. (I seriously mean it: I get motivated by the marzipan pastry!) Every year we learn something new. Experiences help us become even better prepared, organized and accomplished, and be even more practical in packing. Between two slices of pastry, we prepare an imaginary plus/minus list. We evaluate the past five days, the sights, the lodgings, the events and, of course, ourselves. If we made mistakes, we learn from them (less muesli...), and if something worked, we'll keep it. That is: we create our own traditions. Like sleeping at Fűred, the Yahtzee, the Nutella-crepes on the shore, pizza at Balatonszemes, or the reward-pastry. These are minor things but they make it **OURS!** Our tour that the two of us share.

The greatest recognition

"You really round Lake Balaton on Bicycles??? I take my hat off to you!"

Quote from Kinyo Zsolt – He is the one who **walked** from Hungary to the London Olympics...

Who could ask for anything more?! This year, I rounded Lake Balaton for the third time. (2013)

Translated by Olga Vallay Szokolay

Piller Dalma is Director of Tourism for the town of Megyer.



Kicsi a világ!

Judit Kerekes

This item ties in beautifully with the story of the 110th anniversary of St. Stephen's Church elsewhere in this issue.

I am a professor at the College of Staten Island. Éva Beneczky teaches, with great love, those interested in singing. Many of them gratis. One Sunday a month she takes her students to an old folks' home. She organizes everything – she brings the

microphone, the amplifier, she accompanies us on the piano. One time, she told me to sing the *Himnusz*. One lady who was not in a wheelchair but in a recliner began to cry. I went up to her following the program (I like to speak with people). I found out that she is one of the Daughters of Divine Charity who had taught Hungarian to the children at the school in Passaic, and who are now pillars of the church.

That's how small the world is!

Judit Kerekes is Associate Professor of Mathematics Education at the College of Staten Island, and an elected member of the parish council of St. Stephen Church in Passaic. She is also in charge of youth activities.

P.S. When our new Editorial Board member, Charles Balintitt Jr., saw this piece, he mentioned that his mother, Éva Apor Bálintitt, is also a member of the singing group. That makes this doubly a small world!

(See the October 2013 issue of MNO, "From Bálványosvár to Staten Island", for an article on Éva Apor Bálintitt.)

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Two New Jersey Churches Observe Their 110th Jubilee Year

Erika Papp Faber

St. Stephen (István) Church in Passaic and St. Ladislaus (László) in New Brunswick both observe an important milestone this year: the 110th anniversary of their founding.

St. Stephen (Szt. István) Church, Passaic

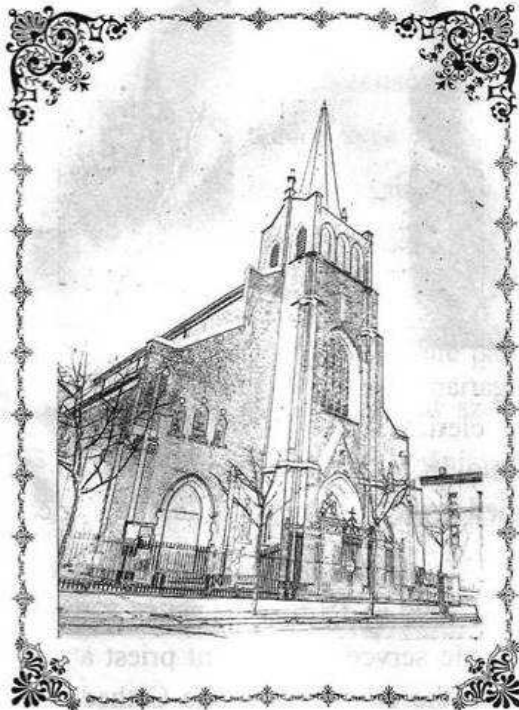
The 110th jubilee year observance of St. Stephen's started in May of 2013, with the visit of Bishop Cserháti Ferenc, and will be concluded by Bishop Arthur Serratelli of Paterson, NJ and Orbán Viktor, the Prime Minister of Hungary, in September of this year.

As part of the observance, a special Mass was celebrated on June 1st in St. Stephen Church. Chief Celebrant was Bishop Böcskei László

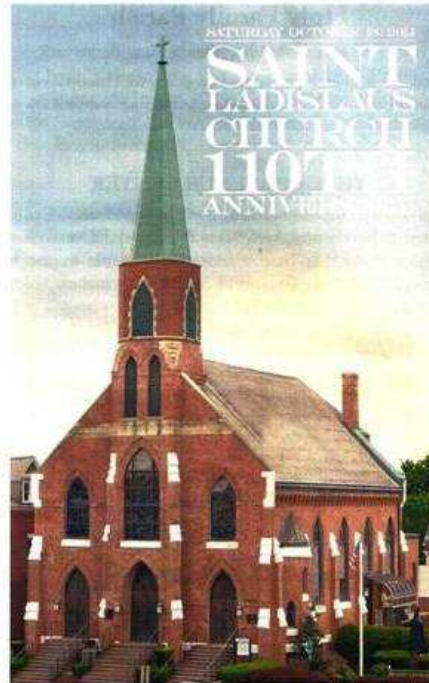
of Nagyvárad (now called Oradea Mare). He had been invited by the Pastor, Fr. László Vas, who comes from the Nagyvárad diocese. (The Bishop joked about coming to see whether Fr. Vas had enough to do; if he did not, he would recall him to serve back home!)

The special Mass was concelebrated by Bishop Böcskei, Fr. Vas and Fr. Vakon, the Bishop's Secretary. The Bishop spoke about the strength provided by faith, as exemplified by the ancestors who built this church. Since his diocese, as well as the Passaic congregation, has numerous German-speaking faithful, the Bishop addressed some words to them in German, and also gave a brief English homily. The leaflet introducing the Bishop and giving the Mass text was in English, Hungarian and German.

What were conditions like 110 years ago, when the foundation was laid for this church? The textile and paper in-



left: St. Stephen Church, Passaic, NJ, right: St. Ladislaus Church New Brunswick, NJ



dustries had developed in the Passaic, Paterson and Garfield area of New Jersey in the 1800's, and attracted many immigrants. In Passaic, a Hungarian neighborhood developed, with stores, services and societies of every kind. Reformed, Roman Catholic and Byzantine (Greek) Catholics wanted to have their own church.

During the first years of the 20th century, the Catholics undertook a major fund-raising campaign, so that by 1903 they were able to start building St. Stephen Church, which was finished in 1904. A series of dedicated and energetic pastors made the congregation one of the most flourishing Hungarian parishes in America.

In 1914, the Daughters of Divine Charity began teaching not only religion, but the Hungarian language, folk songs and dance to the children. They would come from New York on weekends, and in addition to instruction, would stage plays and other presenta-

The wave of Displaced Persons in the early 1950's was followed by the mass immigration of Hungarians following 1956. A Saturday School was maintained by both the Reformed and the Catholic Church, and carried on the work of instructing the younger generation in their Hungarian language and traditions. For a while, the school functioned at the Reformed Church, but instruction was moved to St. Stephen in 1983.

Today, between 40 and 50 students attend the Saturday School at the parish. Judit Kerekes, Associate Professor of Mathematics Education at the College of Staten Island, who attended the festivities on June 1st in a deep red *díszmagyar* and *párta*, is Assistant Principal.

Students of various levels presented a program of Hungarian song and dance following the delicious dinner served by the ladies of the parish in the school hall. Bishop Böcskei ex-

tions by the students. The Sisters of Social Service later took over the work of visiting the parishioners and teaching the children. In 1934, the Daughters of Divine Charity returned to Passaic. A new school building was completed in 1937, and in 1946, the English-language day school opened. Hungarian courses continued on Saturdays.



to build a Hungarian Catholic Church. The founding document was signed 110 years ago, in October 1904. Ground was broken and the cornerstone for St. László Church was laid the following year, in the presence of some 5-6,000 people, including a contingent of the Knights of Columbus and some Hungarian Hussars on horseback.

By 1914, the congregation was strong enough to build a school, where instruction was given in both Hungarian and English, and was serviced by the Daughters of Divine Charity (*Isteni Szeretet Lányai*) whom the pastor had invited. The school was destroyed by fire around the time of World War I, but was soon rebuilt.

New immigrants swelled the Hungarian community of New Brunswick following the Revolution of 1956. In 1973, Cardinal Mindszenty came to rededicate the renovated St. László Church, and his statue – the first anywhere – was erected on the corner next to the church where he had spoken that memorable day.

Since then, the composition of New Brunswick's population has changed. On January 14th, 2014, St. László was merged with other parishes, and is no longer a separate legal entity. Although Fr. Imre Juhász – who had served in Mexico – still offers a Hungarian Mass on Sundays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and publishes a weekly church bulletin in Hungarian, he is only a "Vicar" of the parish conglomerate now known as "Holy Family". The formerly Hungarian ethnic church of St. László now serves a mostly Hispanic congregation.



top: part of altar at St. Stephen's church, youngest performers of Hungarian School with their teachers, center: Bishop Böcskei and Fr. Vas, singer - performers, bottom: teachers with Ass. Princ. Judit Kerekes (second from left)

pressed his appreciation of the work done by the teachers and students, and urged the parents to continue their efforts of passing on their heritage to the young.

Today, St. Stephen Church in Passaic, NJ is the only Hungarian church left on the East Coast.

New Brunswick: St. Ladislaus (Szt. László)

Starting in the 1870's, the first Hungarian immigrants settled in the New Brunswick area of New Jersey. In 1903, a Hungarian delegation went to the Bishop of Trenton for permission

Nevertheless, St. László is still the cornerstone of the annual Hungarian Day observed on the first Saturday of June. This year, the Mayor of the City of New Brunswick and other dignitaries, including Consul-General Dán Károly of New York, opened the festivities from the steps of the church on Somerset Street.

As usual, the street was closed off to traffic, and vendors set up all along the road, selling *lángos*, Hungarian books, mementoes, *kolbász*. Different dance groups performed on the street during the day, in authentic, colorful costumes, watched and applauded by thousands of visitors, many non-Hungarian, who come every year for the fabulous Hungarian food served at various locations, including the Scout Home on Plum Street.

But the church that 110 years ago had been the center of a vibrant Hungarian community is sadly becoming a part of history, a museum piece.

Erika Papp Faber is Editor of Magyar News Online.

Visitors Flock to Lake Balaton

Judit Vasmatics Paolini

Here is a tourist's view of Lake Balaton and the attractions it has to offer - from historic Tihany Abbey (the founding document of which contains the first written Hungarian words) to outdoor dining and gypsy music at Siófok.

Especially during the summer, visitors flock to Balaton from near and far. Balaton is the largest lake in Central Europe. Its waters are surprisingly not very deep—ranging in depth from about 2 to 3m (7 to 10 feet) with the exception of the area of Tihany where it is about 12m (40 feet). This enables the water to be pleasantly warm, around 25 degrees Celsius (77 degrees Fahrenheit) during the summer.

There are ample leisure activities which beckon visitors year after year. These include water sports, fishing (*fogas* – giant pikeperch is especially tasty), historical sites, cultural events, night life...the possibilities are endless. The lake lures locals and tourists well outside of Hungary's borders, especially from Central Europe. Balaton is very popular with vacationers from Germany. In fact, I've had Hungarians

begin conversing with me in German which I don't speak!

On my many trips to Hungary, I have combined visiting family and venturing forth to explore and experience new adventures. I have been fortunate to go to Balaton on several excursions, always discovering something new. In 1981, my cousin's friend invited my cousin Zsuzsa, my sister Mina, and me to stay at her family's weekend house. A weekend house is used for a brief get-away from the city. While some of these homes are quite modern and lavish, some are less so. This house was neat, clean, and certainly inviting with just a short walk from the lake. It had indoor plumbing for cooking, washing dishes, etc. However, the toilet facility was outside!

Oh yes, it was an outhouse! To this day, my sister and I laugh at the challenge of using an outhouse in the middle of the night when it is pitch black, with just a match in hand! And if that wasn't enough, a couple of guys just happened to be camping on the family's property also at Balaton for a short holiday. They got such a kick out of the two "Americans" who were a little flustered and excited. Hearing them laughing, Mina and I understood their humor; and we also cracked up. As we headed back to the house, they pleasantly bade us *jó éjszakát* (good night). We quickly responded in kind and continued walking.

On my next trip, I had the pleasure of going to Siófok which is located on the lake's southern shore. My husband George, our friend Richard and I stayed at the Európa Hotel. The beach front at the Európa was especially nice and had stairs leading into the water. Actually, Balaton does not naturally have sandy beaches like we have in Connecticut. Instead it has grass, rocks, or silty sand. Therefore, it is common to find beach fronts with stairs leading into the lake.

We had such fun swimming, sunbathing, paddle boating...George had de-

cidated even before we left the States that he would rent a sailboat. Mother had insisted that we not do that, for powerful waves can occur abruptly without warning. She was worried that we lacked the experience to control a sailboat if that should happen. She and my aunt Zsuzsa both stressed that even while swimming, we should watch for yellow flares, which are warning signals. Upon seeing red flares we must promptly exit the water.

Needless to say, George rented a sailboat, taking full responsibility. I was surprised that though none of us had any sailing experience, the man in charge of the rental boats was not at all concerned. He explained how to maneuver the single sail and encouraged me not to worry. Actually, the boat was quite small, with seating enough for four. The three of us had such a marvelous respite as a gentle breeze enabled our little dinghy to glide along smoothly on the peaceful lake!

My cousins live in Budapest. Balaton is only about 60 miles from the capital and is readily accessible. The Tihany Peninsula juts into Balaton on its northern shore. The lake is at its narrowest point here. So, a ferry boat carries cars and people to Balaton's southern shore from here. One summer, when they invited me for a day trip to Tihany, I eagerly accepted. It has plenty of leisure activities, wonderful sites to see as well as cultural events. The peninsula possesses exceptional natural beauty. In 1952, it was designated a natural park.

Tihany Abbey is a Benedictine monastery perched on a precipice on the peninsula, providing a lovely view of the lake. It was reconstructed in the early 1700's in a Baroque style. However, the church was originally founded in 1055 AD under András I, King Andreas. As one visits the abbey church and monastery, he/she will notice different architectural designs. The oldest section was built in 1055. It is the Romanesque crypt, where András I is buried, supported by huge



columns. The church with its two towers was constructed much later, between 1719 and 1753. From the exterior, the church and its towers are unassuming in architectural design. Nonetheless the two towers are easily viewed from afar and provide a great landmark. In contrast to its exterior, the baroque interior inspires one's interest and is quite spectacular. The frescos, wooden carvings and the organ are all quite ornate.



We did not have time to linger and tour the museum which is located in a building adjoining the Abbey. Nor were we able to attend a classical concert held at the Abbey throughout the year. Tihany Abbey rests at the highest point of the peninsula and the grounds provide a lovely panorama of the lake. This we had time to savor and enjoy!



My cousins and I also visited the Open-Air Ethnographic Museum in Tihany. The house, open for tourists, was from the 18th century. It had a thatched roof which was fascinating. We also saw some furnishings, authentic tools, and folk crafts including pottery. Some of the items were reasonably plain, simple, and worn. Located in a simple shed were fishing boats carved from *egyetlen fatörzsből*, a single tree trunk. Seeing them provided a great appreciation for the modern forms of transportation available today for fishermen, workers, and travelers like us on holiday.



top: Tihany Abbey, 2nd row: main altar of abbey, Héviz, 3rd. row: Festetics palace in Keszthely, a room in the castle, bottom: Balaton at Siófok, statue of composer Kálmán Imre in the Millennium Park

Keszthely is located on Balaton's western shore. It is a lovely cultural center with several points of interest. Its major tourist attraction is the Festetics Palace built by the noble Festetics family. Its design is Baroque. Construction on the palace started in 1745, but its completion was not until 1887. Actually, I had the pleasure of visiting this lovely palace and its grounds on two separate occasions. My first visit was with my mom and Aunt Zsuzsa. I marveled at this truly magnificent palace and found it comparable to those I have seen in Vienna. What I found most intriguing was its splendid condition which lacked any noticeable signs of destruction or devastation. I was not surprised to learn that the palace had not been destroyed during WWII.

The Festetics Palace has a grand façade beckoning visitors. As we entered we were given a pair of soft slippers to go over our shoes in order to preserve the lovely wooden floors. The palace has a hundred rooms and two expansive wings. The Helikon (Helicon) Library is housed in one of the wings contains about 100,000 volumes, offering a superb example of an aristocratic library. This room is particularly striking with its wooden features. Of course, only a small number of rooms are available for viewing by visitors. They are very colorful and pleasant. The Hall of Mirrors with exquisite crystal chandeliers and Venetian mirrors is especially majestic. It's worth noting that classical concerts are held at the palace and are available to the public.

Hévíz is a warm-water lake which lies near Balaton's western end. The lake, fed by hot springs and mineral springs, is the largest thermal lake in Europe. The water contains sulfur, radium and minerals. The radioactive water is beneficial for rheumatic and inflammatory diseases. Due to its therapeutic value, visitors flock here in large numbers. People come here throughout the year, including winter.

I had only been to Hévíz once. I was the only one among a small group of

women who could speak Hungarian. We needed a cabin where we could change into our swim suits. The two attendants were bewildered by the English we spoke and finally addressed us in German. They quickly grinned and smiled when I replied in Hungarian, stating that I do not speak German but I do understand and speak Hungarian.

It was a really hot day as the sun was shining brightly. I remember using the sun block very generously. I had seen several pictures of Hévíz and the lovely spa. I was delighted to have the opportunity to see it in person! The water lilies were quite lovely. My friends and I enjoyed our time in the water and have nice memories of our visit.

Oh, what would a trip to Balaton be without catching a little night life at Siófok! Some time ago, nine of us from America stayed at Siófok for three days. My brother Michael, sister Rose, and I were born in Hungary but left in 1956. We were delighted to be back for visit. Rose and I had both been back several times. However, it was Michael's first trip. His daughter had recently graduated from college and was also able to come. My sister Hermina was born in the United States, and she came with her husband and their two young boys.

On our first evening in Siófok, we ate dinner at a quaint Hungarian restaurant. When asked if we wanted to eat inside or outside, we unanimously cheered outside — what could be better on a lovely summer's eve! The food of course was delicious and the Hungarian cuisine was a treat. As patrons dined outside, a local band was most entertaining. I asked them if they could play songs which were popular in 1956 or around that time. They gladly accommodated my request. Upon hearing *Hallod-e Rozikate*, Rose was quite moved to tears. Mom and Dad used to call her Rozika, but now they were both gone. Shortly after, the band performed *János legyen fenn a János hegyen*. Yes, the mood was a little nostalgic. However,

it was also very vivacious. We had a wonderful time!

So, people from near and far flock to Balaton year after year! And sometimes I am fortunate to be among them!

Judit Vasmatics Paolini is a member of the Southern Connecticut State University Alumni Association Board of Directors, former Lecturer at Tunxis Community College, and a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.

Nyári felhők alatt

Sinka István

Nyári felhők alatt
nagyon nagy csend legyen,
ha Sinka Katica
e felhők alatt megyen.

Mert amíg ő halad,
a nyárban álom nő
és álom lesz a csend
és álom lesz az idő.

Katica is álom lesz,
fut a felhők alól
s szemében a magyar nyár
világtalan dalol.

Más zaj nincsen is itt,
az utak feküsznek kinn-
s az utak mellett örök,
örök a kankalin...

A menny a földig ér
a felhők tünnek tova-
...Az álom és a csend
el nem múlik soha.

A poem for a summer day. Sinka alludes to his sister's blindness in the last line of the third stanza



The Legacy of Kós Károly in Wekerletelep

Horváth Frigyesné sz. Hafner Judit

In the south of Budapest, at the time called Kispest, a planned garden city was built between 1908 and 1925. Bearing the name of the erstwhile Finance Minister Wekerle Sándor, 1,007 houses were constructed, with 4,412 apartments, each having two or three rooms.

The idea was to provide affordable garden-type housing for government employees and working class families. Designing the large park in the center as well as several of the surrounding buildings eventually fell to Transylvanian architect Kós Károly (Dec. 16, 1883 - Aug. 25, 1977). It was planted with flowers, and heavy traffic was redirected around the Estate. Some 50,000 trees were planted, 16,000 of them fruit trees (four for each apartment). Raspberry bushes were also planted, and in 1917, the crop was so plentiful that the renters were able to sell it for four times their annual rent! There was a gardening service to keep the grounds in good shape and to provide advice for those caring for their own garden plots.

Wekerle Estate had four schools, two kindergartens, and two gyms, as well as a police department, a mounted police headquarters, and a post office. A Catholic church was added in 1930 (Ed)

Neve elválaszthatatlan a szülőföld fogalmától. Ha kimondjuk nevét azonnal Erdélyre gondolunk, komor fenyvesekre, napsütötte havasi tájakra, magas fedelű parasztházakra, piroszposzgás lányokra, kemény havasalji férfiakra, e föld küzdelmes múltjára és bizakodó jelenére. Kós művészete olyan gyümölcsfa, amely a szülőföld talajából szívja tápláló nedveit és a szülőföldnek adja vissza gyümölcseit.

Kolozsváron született, sok helyen megfordult Erdélyben, de Kalotaszeg az a világ, mely alapvető érzéseit kialakította és írói vénáját mindvégig táplálta és mind művészi látását és erkölcsi tartását meghatározta. Pedig Kalotaszeg nem is "édes" hanem csupán választott szülőföldje Kós Károlynak. Kolozsvári kishivatalnok fia, akinek Édesapját Kolozsvárról Temesvárra majd Szebenbe helyezik. Ezzel a költözködéssel veszi kezdetét az a felfedező út, melynek során Kós szülőföldjének minden zege-zugát megismeri. Szeben ódon falai között ismerkedett meg a középkori építészet egyszerű, nemes vonalaival, melyek fontos szerepet játszanak saját építési stílusának kialakulásában. Majd visszakerül Kolozsvárra.

Úgy látszik a jövő művész közeledni kezd végleges otthonához, a Kalotaszegi Sztánához. A sors azonban hatalmas vargabetűt iktat be Kós életútjába. Sohasem szakad el Kalotaszegtől, de két évtized telik



el, mire hazaérkezik. Közben bejárja a világot Párizstól Isztambulig, el kell jutnia az európai szintű művészet csúcsára, hogy hazajöve alapokat rakhasson le a romániai magyar kultúra szerény épületének. Kós építőművészeti tevékenysége nemcsak, hogy nem állítható szemben írói munkásságával, de annak egyenesen előfeltétele. A formák művészete volt az első lépcső, amely elvezette a szó művészetéhez, az irodalomhoz.

Kós Károly a középiskola elvégzése után a budapesti Műszaki Egyetem általános mérnöki karára iratkozik be, majd a második év elvégzése után átiratkozik az építészeti szakra. Az 1900-as párizsi nemzetközi építészeti kiállítás a figyelmét az építőművészet felé irányította. Az egyetemet már a hazai és nemzetközi élet kérdéseiben alaposan tájékozott, tervekkel teli művészként hagyta el. Művészkörökben már a nemzeti építő stílus egyik legtehetségesebb képviselőjeként emlegetik.

Külön könyvet lehetne írni írói és építészeti alkotásairól, én azonban Budapest. XIX. kerületében lévő Wekerle-telepről / szülőföldemről / szeretnék egy pár gondolatot írni. Wekerle Sándornak, aki 1848-ban született Mórton, - nem kizárólagosan az Ő érdeme a telep megépítése, de Ő volt ennek e programnak a központi szereplője, mint

pénzügyminiszter. Ő teremtette meg a feltételeket és fogta össze és irányította a csapatot és határozta meg a telep végső rendjét.

1908-ban döntés született egy mészhomok téglagyár felépítéséről, amiből a telep épült. A grandiózus feladat felkeltette az építészek figyelmét. Pályázatokat írtak ki háztípusokra és rendezési tervre, melyre 30-30 pályamű érkezett. A bíráló bizottság elnöke Hauszmann Alajos volt. Az előkészítő, végrehajtó, irányító és ellenőrzési munkát Győri Ottómár építész-főmérnök végezte. Már felépül a végleges szerkezetű telep, de a Fő tér szerkezete még nem dőlt el, így ennek építését nem kezdték el. Ekkor meghívásos pályázatot írtak ki melyre Kós Károly is felkérést kapott. A zsűri Kós tervét fogadta el, és megbízást kapott a tért övező épületek tervezésére és a kivitelező munkák irányítására. Kós az épületek közül csupán kettő tervezését vállalta, a többi pályázaton nyertes építészekre bízta. 1912 karácsonyára már tető alá kerültek az épületek.



top:winter scene in park, 2nd row:Statue of Kós Károly, church built in 1930, 3rd row:individual house, shaded avenue on the Estate,bottom: gate designed by Kós Károly, apartment houses

A téren két székelykapu van, az egyik mívesebb kapu a tervezője nevét - Zumeckzy Dezső - viseli, aki Kós jó barátja volt. A tér Kós Károly nevét viseli és itt a telepnek lenyűgöző hangulata van. Az itt lakó építészeket is megérintette az épületek varázsa és szorgalmazták, hogy a telep építészeti értékei védeltséget kapjanak.

Ez 2011 augusztus 20.-n megtörtént. Az Orbán kormány Kultureális Örökségvédelmi Hivatala a telepet műemlék jellegű területté nyilvánította, és a Kós Károly teret övező házakat a katolikus templommal együtt műemlékké nyilvánította.

The Legacy of Kós Károly in Wekerletelep

His name is inseparable from the concept of the native land. When we pronounce his name, we immediately think of Transylvania, of dark pine forests, sunny alpine scenery, high roofed peasant houses, red cheeked girls, strong mountain men, the embattled past of this land and its optimistic present. The art of Kós is a fruit tree which draws its nourishing sap from the soil of the native land and gives back its fruits to the native land.

Kós Károly was born at Kolozsvár, had visited many places in Transylvania, but it was the area of Kalotaszeg that formed his basic feelings, provided his writer's inspiration and determined his artistic vision and his moral character - even though Kalotaszeg is not his native land, but merely his chosen one. He was the son of a minor official at Kolozsvár, whose father was transferred to Temesvár and later to Szeben. This move marked the beginning of that exploratory tour in the course of which Kós came to know every nook and cranny of his native land. It was between the ancient walls of Szeben that he was first introduced to know the simple, noble lines of medieval architecture. Then he returned to Kolozsvár.

It seemed the future artist was approaching his final home, Sztána in Kalotaszeg. Fate, however, arranged a huge detour in his life's path. He never broke away from Kalotaszeg, but it would take two decades before he returned home. In the meantime, he wandered the world, from Paris to Istanbul. He had to reach the level of European art's pinnacle, so that he might place the foundation of the humble building of Rumanian Hungarian culture. The architectural activity of Kós is not to be placed in opposition to his writer's output, but is its direct prerequisite. The art of form was the first step that led him to the art of the word, to literature.

Having finished his secondary school studies, Kós Károly enrolled in the general engineering course of the Budapest Technical University. After finishing his second year, he transferred to the architectural department. His interest was directed to the art of architecture by the international architectural fair of Paris in 1900. He completed his university studies as an artist well-informed in national and international questions, and was full of plans. Among other artists he was already mentioned as one of the most talented representatives of the national architectural style.

A separate book could be written about his literary and architectural creations; however, I want to present a few thoughts about the *Wekerle Estates* (my home town), located in Budapest's 19th district. As Finance Minister, Wekerle Sándor was the central figure in building the Estates, although credit for the program is not exclusively his. It was he who set up the conditions and brought together and directed the team and determined the final ordering of the Estates.

(Subsequently, Wekerle would serve three times as Prime Minister as well. Ed.)

A decision was made in 1908 to build a lime brick factory, which pro-

duced the material for the Estates. The grandiose task excited the interest of the architects. Competitions were announced for the types of houses, and for layout plans. Thirty designs were submitted for each. The review board was headed by Hauszman Alajos. Preparing, carrying out, directing and overseeing the work was architect and chief engineer Győri Ottómár.

The finalized Estates were built, but the design of the main square (*Főtér*) had not yet been decided, so its construction had not yet begun. At this point, an invitational competition was announced, to which Kós Károly was also invited. The jury accepted his plan, and he was commissioned to design and oversee the construction of the buildings lining the square. Kós accepted the design of only two of the buildings, entrusting the rest to the other winning architects. The buildings were completed by Christmas of 1912.

There are two *székely kapu* (typical carved Transylvanian gates) on the square. One of them, the more elaborate one, bears the name of its designer, Zumeckzy Dezső, who was a friend of Kós Károly. The square is named after Kós Károly, and has a charming atmosphere. The architects living here were also touched by the magic of the buildings and pushed for protected status of the Estate's architectural assets. This was accomplished on August 20th, 2011. The Orbán government's Cultural Heritage Protection Office declared the Estate to have landmark-like character, and the houses encircling the square, as well as the Catholic church, to be landmarks.

Translated by EPF

Horváth Frigyesné sz. Hafner Judit was an editor at Corvina Publishing House. She is now retired and lives in Wekerletelep.

Marcipán szelet

Here is a recipe for the marzipan pastry as mentioned in the "5 Days, 2 Wheels, 1 Lake" article above. Some people – if you're old enough to remember – would walk a mile for a Camel. These girls biked FIVE DAYS for a marzipan pastry! But it sure sounds like it was worth it!

Hozzávalók

Tészta

- 20 dkg liszt
- 16 dkg cukor
- 20 dkg vaj vagy margarin
- 4 darab tojás
- 2 ek. kakaópor
- 4 ek. tej
- 1 tasak sütőpor

Krém

- 4 dl tej
- 5 ek. cukor
- 8 dkg marcipán-lereszelve
- 1 tasak tejszínizű pudding mix
- 1 dl tejszín
- 8 db Amarettini keksz

Tetejére

- 10 dkg étcsoki
- 2-3 ek. olaj
- 2 dkg szeletelt mandula

Előkészítés:

35x 45 cm tepsit kibélelünk sütőpapírral.

A sütőt 170 ° C melegítjük.

A marcipán masszából 8 dkg lereszelünk vagy apró kockákra vágunk.

Elkészítés:

A tésztához a lágy vajat elkeverjük a cukorral, kakaóval majd egyesével a tojásokat is hozzáadjuk. Beleszítaljuk a sütőporos lisztet, a tejjel kicsit hígítjuk, jól átkeverjük, és a tepsibe öntjük a masszát, elsimítjuk és 15-20 perc alatt megsütjük. Hagyjuk kihűlni, majd megfelezzük a tésztát (középen kettévágjuk, hogy két egyforma darab legyen)ni, majd megfelezzük a tésztát (középen

kettévágjuk, hogy két egyforma darab legyen)

A pudinghoz a tej felét felmelegítjük, a másik felében elkeverjük a cukrot és a pudingport. Ha melegszik a tej hozzáöntjük, hozzászórjuk a marcipánt is és főzzük, míg be nem sűrűsödik. Hűlni hagyjuk.

A tejszínt habbá verjük és a langyosra hűlt pudinghoz keverjük. Az egyik tésztalapra kanalazzuk a pudingot megszórjuk Amarettini keksszel (nagyon könnyen morzsolható egy nyomásra szét megy) majd befedjük a másik tésztával. A tetejére felolvasztjuk a csokit az olajjal vízgőz felett és még melegen rákenjük, szeletelt mandulával megszórva díszítjük.



Did you know...

... that the only known Hungarian dairy farming settlement in this country was in Elk River, Sherbourne County, Minnesota? Records indicate the first settlers came in the late 1800's.

It is not known why the early Hungarians chose to settle here, because the land is made up of coarse materials which makes gravel mining prevalent and the reason the area is not suitable for farming. Clearing the land of rocks and stones for farming took a tremendous amount of work and hard labor.

Cutting hardwood, doing odd jobs, and saving their hard-earned money enabled the first immigrants to purchase land, send for relatives living in Hungary, and thus the community grew. It was not uncommon for families to have 6, 8, or 10 children,

who were born with the aid of midwives who lived with the farmers. Speaking only Hungarian, and having no one to teach them the English language, the children had difficulties when entering school; many had to repeat first grade. The adults fared no better; the language barrier caused some very serious misunderstandings outside the community.

Some dairy farmers became very successful. An article in the Star News in 1927 reported that "John Fazekas who lives in some of the hilly, so-called wasteland north of Elk River is said to have received the highest milk check for July ever issued by the Twin City Milk Producers Association to any farmer for one month, over \$500."

Most of the people were Catholic and were religious. By organizing fundraising events and by donations, they built St. Andrews Catholic church, and in later years, a school. Many festivities and social gatherings were held at each other's farms, celebrating weddings and christenings. Many of the younger generation left the area, but some remained.

Until such time as the gravel mines are exhausted, the sandy, rocky soil has turned into a pot of gold for the descendants of the immigrants who lived on the worst farmland lying at the edge of the Anoka Sand Plain. (excerpted by Eva Wajda from Elizabeth Bodnar Belanger's "From Dairy Farms to Gravel Mines: A History of Sherburne County's Hungarian Community")

Eva Wajda

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