



What Fueled the Revolution of 1956, as Explained through the Life of My Father

Karolina Tima Szabó

Here is a glimpse of the life of our Webmaster Karolina Tima Szabo's father, typical of many others, which will explain why the Hungarian Revolution broke out in 1956.

My father, Tima József, was the fourth child and third son of Tima Károly and Baráth Tima Irma. He was born on May 16, 1912 at Nagyacsád.

As I was told, he was a very smart child. The principal of the elementary school went to my grandfather, trying to talk him into letting my father's education continue. Yet, times being hard, my grandfather told him, "I can't take the food from my other five children to send one to school." Thus my father did not attend school after the 6th grade.

In the beginning he worked in the fields, then he was drafted and became an artilleryman. He was tall and lanky, very handsome, I was told. However, as I remember him, his hair was graying and his hairline receding. *Édesapám*, as we called Father, had a scar on the right side of his face, about 2-3 fingers long. It gave him a raggedy handsome look.

My father met my mother in his early twenties, and they married after he left the service. He took over the farm from his father.

Then came World War II and he

had to go to serve again. Because he already had four children, he was excused from front duty and served as escort on the trains delivering ammunition and food for the soldiers.



As the family grew and the political situation changed, times were very hard on my parents. After the war, the redistribution of land gave hope to people. But the Rákosi era destroyed all that hope.

One early October morning, while it was still dark outside, we woke up to a knock on our window. My father opened the curtain and saw the neighbor yelling something like "There is a revolution in Pest!" Father turned on the radio (we had no

TV at the time) and we all listened. Yes, there was a revolution in Pest! I was in my 2nd year of the *gimnázium* (high school) at Pápa, and I still got ready for school.

As we arrived, everybody was talking about what was going on in Budapest. Then the homeroom teacher came in and announced that the school was closed until further notice.

Yes, there was a revolution. But what had been going on in the country that led to it? Let's look at that picture through the story of my family in the years after WW II. My parents had some acreage of land. Some my father inherited, some he purchased. He was a very hard-working man. In the summer, we hardly saw him. He left for work before we woke up and came home after we had gone to bed. In the winter, when all work was done in the fields, he left early Monday morning for the Bakony Mountains to cut wood. He came home late Friday night. He did that to secure firewood for us for the next winter, since we had no money to buy any.

We grew grains, sugar-beets, potatoes and corn. At harvest time the wheat, rye and oats were brought to our backyard, and the threshing machine came, followed by a government agent and a flatbed truck. After the grain was all threshed, it was weighed. The agent calculated, based on a pre-determined ratio of kg/person, how much grain a family would need for a year and how much was needed for sowing in the fall/spring. The rest was put on the flatbed truck and we never saw it again. We received no compensation either.



For the winter my father fattened two pigs. Before he could slaughter them, he had to get a permit from Town Hall. How many people were in the family? How many pigs you want to slaughter? OK, here is the permit and you will deliver so many kilos of lard to the State.

Father planted locust trees by the property lines to be used later for building material or for fencing. When he needed the wood, he had to get a permit to cut his own trees. There was also a quota for the number of dozens of eggs to be delivered to the State. By springtime, we didn't have enough flour or lard left for the family. We had no money to buy any, since the surplus grain we used to sell had been taken without compensation. Thus, we girls took milk and eggs to the city on bicycles, to sell. My mother fattened

geese and ducks to sell at the market, to make money to buy lard, flour, meat and clothing for us. With her we had to go to the city, stand in line for hours to buy the very food the government had taken from us. Since quantities per person were limited, most of us girls had to go individually to obtain enough for the family.

Where had all the confiscated food gone? You were not allowed to ask. But it was common knowledge that part of it went to the occupying Russian forces, part to the ones who never worked in their whole lives, part to the Communists.

Then came the era of the T.Sz.Cs., the agricultural cooperative farms. The government took our land, equipment, all the animals, horses, oxen, leaving just one cow for milking. My father refused to sign the "deal" to join and as a result, the government's agents came for him at night and took him, we didn't know where. He came home next morning, his head bowed. As he walked under the large street-speaker we nicknamed Tesla, he heard the announcement that he had signed up to be a member of the T.Sz.Cs. He became depressed and never talked about what they did to him – was he beaten or was his family threatened? What little land he had left, he was forced to share with others who chose not to work.

You couldn't talk about what happened to you or air your opinion about the government without risking being overheard, reported, and eventually taken during the night to the gulags (the slave labor camps in Russia).

All this had preceded the knocking on our bedroom window, "There is a revolution in Pest!"

My father died of throat and lung cancer at the age of 53, broken in body and soul.

Karolina Tima Szabo was one of six siblings. Today, she is a retired Systems Analyst of the Connecticut Post newspaper and Webmaster of Magyar News Online. She is the proud grandmother of two.

Free Radio Kossuth aired the following Peasant Demands on November 1, 1956:

Paraszt Függetlenség (Peasant Independence), the organ of the Budapest Hungarian National Revolutionary Committee, published the demands of the Hungarian farming population.

1. Complete rejection and elimination of the Stalinist peasant policy. A decree must be issued which orders the liquidation of weak and forcibly established cooperatives. Peasants must be given the right to have cooperatives if so desired. Peasants will have their land returned, both the property and the animals which they took into the cooperatives. They must be granted state support. The present system of state assistance to cooperatives must be discontinued. Instead, state support must be distributed by a cooperative center, the members of which have been elected by cooperative members.
2. An agricultural delegation has to be established from peasant representatives, members of the new parties, agricultural experts and journalists sent to study the system of large-scale farming in Western Europe – in Denmark, Holland, England, in Scandinavia – and in the United States. Their experience must be used for the benefit of Hungarian agriculture.
3. The present system of machine/tractor stations must be discontinued...
4. Far-reaching financial assistance must be granted to the individually-farming peasantry.
5. We approve the discontinuation

of the compulsory delivery system which exploited the peasantry. But this is only a first step. The extremely high peasant taxes must be reduced immediately and, for the sake of the peasantry, the present system of taxation in Hungary must be revised.

6. The old system of selling and purchasing land must be restored.

7. State farms must be dissolved if their output and profits are unsatisfactory.

8. The Ministry for Collecting Agricultural Produce must be abolished. The Ministries of Agriculture and of State Farms must be consolidated and the overgrown bureaucratic apparatus must be reduced. Peasant Revolutionary Committees must be established in every village. Members should be recruited from the democratic parties, and they should take power until elections are held.

(as quoted in "The Hungarian Revolution, a White Book", edited by Melvin J. Lasky, published by Frederick A. Praeger, New York, 1957)

you saw during those days? It's not important what you did or did not do, but very important to record what you saw, because eyewitnesses are the best source for future generations to learn the truth!"

On the 61st anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, I pay my respects to Pongrácz Ödön by recording here what I witnessed at the start, on October 23rd, 1956.



At age 20, I worked during the day and attended classes in the evening at the Bánki Donát Technicum (now back to its original name, Technologia) located in the center of Budapest. I could not enroll daytime because of political reasons (I was classified a class alien).

It took about an hour, taking two trams, from work to school. At the end of the first tram, near Marx Square (now back to Nyugati Tér), as I was walking, before reaching the connection, I noticed a small crowd gathered around a young man reading aloud from a typewritten poster on the wall. I stopped and listened. When he finished, I started reading it again from the beginning for the next crowd -- and myself. It was the 16 points that we had heard about that the students at the Budapest Technical University put together, "What the people of Hungary want". As we learned later, there were different versions of this document, some 12, some 14 and 16 points. The first one was initiated at Szeged University only a couple of days earlier.

The actual model for it was a similarly titled document of the Revolution of 1848. The list was quite daring, demanding things like end of one party rule, free elections, the end of the Soviet occupation, freedom of the press, etc.

As I moved on to get to the school, I began to think back whether it was really true what I did, what I'd read? Not long before this, one could get into serious trouble writing, posting, even reading things like those 16 points. But in the last few weeks, maybe months, we could read in some newspapers, especially the one published weekly by the Writers' Guild, articles touching political notions. Still, it all seemed unreal. In Poland, a similar movement started at about the same time. Students, workers demanded changes. Some of their demands were like ours. At a student meeting at the Technical University the night before, they decided to stage a sympathy demonstration in support of the Polish students and workers. That scheduled demonstration would take place at the statue of General Joseph Bem, a native of Poland, but also a hero of the Hungarian revolutionary War of Independence of 1848-49. Of course, a permit was needed for this, recently still an unheard of event. As we'd heard from the radio during the day, this permit was given, then revoked, but later given again.

Most of my classmates arrived that day earlier than usual. We exchanged news, what any of us knew of the day's developments.

This way we learned that after the sympathy demonstration at the Bem statue, the people there, by then a much larger and growing crowd, began to move across the Margaret Bridge to Kossuth Square in front of the Parliament. The news of this new, extended demonstration spread like wildfire. Other students, factory and office workers at the end of the day's work began to join the others. While the original event was

Remembering October 23, 1956

By: László Oroszlány

On January 6, 2010, when Pongrácz Ödön was laid to rest next to his brother Gergely, in the chapel in Kiskunmajsa, I was one of more than a thousand people present, mostly Hungarians from all parts of the country and from many parts of the world. He was the oldest of six brothers who became part of the history of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. Not long, perhaps a few months earlier, I last saw Ödön alive when at my brother's home in Budapest the three of us got together once more to talk about, what else, the Hungarian Revolution. Suddenly, he in a way changed the subject and asked me: "Have you started writing down what

preplanned, organized, what followed was totally spontaneous. We discussed, and then voted whether we, the whole class, should go together and join the demonstration. The vote was 21 for, 1 against. Leaving the one behind, we started to leave and at five o'clock, five minutes before the first evening class was to begin. We were at the door of the building. There, coming in was one of our favorite professors, quite surprised at seeing us leaving. He asked where we were going. We told him. Without any hesitation he said: "Wait a couple of minutes, I'll go with you". And he did.

The distance to the Parliament was over an hour's walk. We all got some newspapers, the latest editions, along the way, hoping to learn fresh news.

As we were getting closer to our destination, we saw more and more people coming from all directions. Once we arrived, there was already a very large crowd at Kossuth Square. We could not get very close to the Parliament, but if we came half an hour later, we probably would have ended up in one of the side streets. Days later in newspapers, years, decades later in numerous books I've read quite divergent estimates of the number of people at this event. They were between 150,000 to over 500,000. All I can say is that there were a lot of us there.

Still hearing more news from one another, we learned that the top man of the Communist gang at that time running -- ruining -- the country, Ernő Gerő, not long ago a close ally of by then demoted and hated Mátyás Rákosi, had a short speech broadcast on radio, calling this demonstration, among other things, "a collection of fascist hooligans".

Following his broadcast, all street lights on the Square and around were turned off, it became pitch dark. They must have wanted to scare the people. But it did not

work. Immediately someone rolled up a page of a newspaper, making a torch and lit it. Everyone followed, doing the same thing.

Since most of us had newspapers, the whole area became illuminated by these "torches". Then someone shouted: "Turn off the star, too!" Suddenly, every one, a chorus of hundreds of thousands shouted in unison the same thing. It did not take long for the miracle to come: The giant, ugly red star on top of the beautiful Parliament building went dark! To this day, I've never heard a bigger applause than the one that followed that miracle. Until then, our professor who had come with us did not say much. But seeing what had just happened, he said: "Fellows, I did not think I would live to see this! This time even I will applaud!"

Then he first wiped his tears and joined the rest of us in applauding. To me, that red star going dark became almost as great a symbol of the Revolution as what we soon after learned of: pulling down the statue of Stalin!

Then the lights came back on.

Soon it was announced from one of the open windows with a microphone that someone wanted to talk to us. Then he, a lesser known politician, came to the microphone and started with: "Comrades!" That word was as popular as the red star. He could not continue, was shouted down with "We are not comrades!" Then He disappeared.

There were no speakers, speeches from any of the demonstrators, just repeated shouts that "We want Imre Nagy!" He was probably the only Communist who, because of his record, a lot of Hungarians liked. In 1945, he was supervising the land distribution of large holdings to peasants who had nothing. Then in 1953, he became Prime Minister and eased a lot of the hated rules and regulations, released some -- but not all -- political prisoners. However, a year

and a half later, the hardliners came back and he was ousted. But the people remembered and wanted him back, hoping that he would accept and act on those 16 (12 or 14) points and move the country in the right direction.

Not long after that it was announced that Imre Nagy was contacted and was on his way. That was welcome news, received a long applause. We all waited more patiently. When he arrived, he too, started with "Comrades!" He was halted with the same reaction. But he signaled to wait. And he continued with "My friends!" He followed with a basically meaningless, short speech. (Many of us were wondering whether he had a gun held to his back when he spoke.) He said he would study the situation and would inform the people later. I don't remember how late it was by then, or how the next thing came about, but I do remember that before we all started to leave, there was a general agreement that from the next day on, we would all go on strike until a new government would be in office and would start to implement those points.



A few of us going home in the same direction walked together for awhile. There were no trams running so we had a long walk home. As we walked in the middle of the Nagykörút, one of the normally busiest roads, there was a woman, maybe 30 years old, coming in the opposite direction, still trying to shout the words; her voice was already hoarse but she was still spreading the message: "They pulled

down Stalin's statue! They pulled down Stalin's statue!" Another one of those unbelievable things that happened that day. Of course, this was just the beginning of a series of unbelievable things to come.

As we walked, we saw in more and more windows the national flag unfurled, with a large hole in the middle, the hated Communist symbol cut out.

Walking on, we heard about confrontations at the Radio Headquarters. The AVO members inside shot at the people outside. They wanted to get in and have those points broadcast, but they were not allowed to enter. As we learned next

day, there were casualties, including deaths there. This is where the demonstration changed into a revolution.

It was after midnight when I arrived home.

This is the end of what one eyewitness saw in Budapest on October 23, 1956, the first of those glorious few days, full of beautiful, memorable and also some tragic events. Listing here in detail all that followed would fill a lot more than what fits into a short article.

László Oroszlány is retired and lives in Pennsylvania.



At the Petőfi statue



Imre Nagy

Magyar október

Kárpáti Zoltán

Dicső Nemzet! - Üdvözöllek
szabadságunk hajnalán!
Forradalmi ritmus zenél
október 6. gyász-dalán
Igazságot teremtettél
álnok zsarnokság felett --
Rázz fel s hívj magaddal most már
minden népet s nemzetet.

Nézd az önkényt: hogy húz hátra,
leláncolja kezedet.
Ne engedd, hogy megzavarja
történelmi tettetted.
Testvér-vér hullt Pest utcáin
hont-áruló parancsra ---
Gyermeksikoly s anyák könnye
gyújtsa bátor haragra.

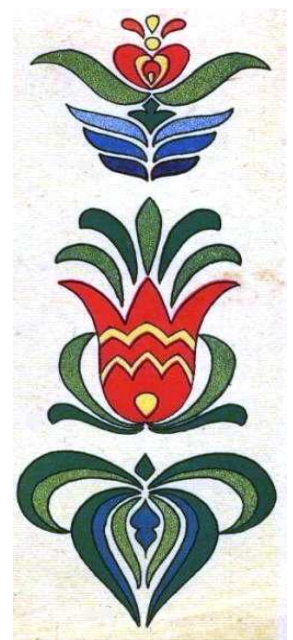
Romokban van fővárosunk:
édes drága Budapest
A zsarnok klikk idegent hí
s otthonunkra lövetett.
Szülőföldünk védelmére
magyar honvéd hivatott--
Magyarságunk visszavettük,
mit Rákosi eladott.

Forradalmi szenvedéllyel
tégy hitet a nép mellett:
Ott a helyed, ne tévovázz---
hívd, ki eddig tévelygett.
Eskünk, hitünk, becsületünk
szent hűsége kötelez ---
Ne álljon meg, jöjjön velünk
kiben vérünk csörgedez

Emeld fel a magyar zászlót,
lengjen nyíltan, szabadon:
Testvér-népben gyújtsa szikrát
az Októberi Alkalom.
Piros vér, fehér fészület
és a zöld magyar róza
Legyen szabadságunk örök
és büszke hordozója.

Budapest, 1956. október 30

This poem was written by a Hungarian Honvéd (national guard) Lieutenant, and published in Budapest on October 30th, 1956.



The Last Victim of the 1956 Revolution

viola vonfi

Fifty years ago, the last victim of the Hungarian Revolution was executed in Veszprém.



His name was Hamusics János, and he was born in 1936. He worked in the mines in the Bakony Mountains, at Padrag, which was eventually joined to the town of Ajka. He passed the miners' exam and was certified as an explosives expert. A hard and conscientious worker, he was awarded a miners' merit medal, and several times received a cash reward for his willingness to work in the deepest and most dangerous tunnels.

In 1956, he eagerly joined the Revolution, and when that was defeated, twice attempted to leave the country.

With some of his fellow miners, he secretly listened to the Voice of America and to Radio Free Europe. The terrible working conditions and the general discontent would need only a spark to reignite the Revolution. For the tenth anniversary in 1966, they considered helping matters along by doing something to attract attention, such

as blasting the statue of Lenin in several cities, or blowing up a transforming station. Then came news that Soviet military trains were continually traveling through Ajka to the West. Those would be the perfect target, and they would inflict a blow on the occupying Soviet forces.

They chose a stretch of track near a guardhouse, so that the person on duty could immediately alert traffic control to the explosion in order to avoid, at all costs, the taking of human lives.

Unfortunately, the schedule had been changed, and the explosion occurred half an hour after the last military train had passed. It tore away a piece of the track, and a shunting locomotive bumped off the rails, but that was the only damage that was done.

The investigation led nowhere, until an informer implicated the whole group. Of the nine people indicted, Hamusics as the leader was given the death sentence; the rest received longer or shorter prison terms, had their property confiscated and were barred from taking part in public affairs.

The authorities did everything to deny the anti-Soviet aspect of the conspiracy, since it was especially inconvenient for them to admit that some of the hardest working members of society had resorted to violence to turn against the regime. The group was accused of intending to put nicotine in the reservoir to poison the population.

Brought to trial, Hamusics János himself showed no remorse, maintaining all along that their action served a good cause. They had intended to do something that would make the people rise up again, and he bravely refused to sign those official minutes of the proceedings which did not contain what he had said.

He was sentenced to be hung. The sentence was carried out in Veszprém fortress in February of 1967. With great dignity, he looked around at his executioners and said, *"Viszontlátásra, uraim!"* (So long, gentlemen! – Of course, the term "gentlemen" was terribly politically incorrect by that time!)

His last letter to his two children was burned, and they never saw it.

Today, 31-year old Hamusics János is honored as the last victim of the Hungarian Revolution, the last martyr of freedom.

viola vonfi is our correspondent from Stamford, CT.



Laszlo Papp

By: OVS

On Thursday, September 21, 2017, the Consulate General of Hungary in New York City hosted a reception, celebrating architect Laszlo Papp, a highly respected personage of the American-Hungarian community. On Thursday, September 21, 2017, the Consulate General of Hungary in New York City hosted a reception, celebrating architect Laszlo Papp, a



highly respected personage of the American-Hungarian community.

Upon recommendation of Prime Minister *Orbán Viktor*, Laszlo was awarded one of the highest-ranking decorations by the Hungarian government, delivered by Consul General *Kumin Ferenc* in the presence of *Áder János*, President of Hungary.

Papp László obtained his degree in architecture from the Technical University of Budapest, in 1955. He was working at the *Lakóterv* state-owned design company where, in October, 1956, he was elected president of the workers' council. After the defeat of the Revolution, he migrated, with his wife, to the United States where he worked as an architect.

Mr. Papp was founding president of the North American Hungarian College Students' Federation and member of the Western Hungarian Scientific Council's advisory board. As an officer of the American Institute of Architects, over the years he organized the visit of scores of Hungarian architectural students and professionals to the United States to study and/or work. For his exemplary services to his adoptive country, he received the esteemed *Americanism Medal*, awarded by the U.S. president. Laszlo is an Extern Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and Vice President of the American-Hungarian Foundation.

As president of the Memorial Committee, Papp's latest achievement was the Memorial to the '56 Revolution in New York City's Riverside Park, at the foot of the Kossuth



Top: At '56 Memorial Laszlo Papp, Pres. Áder, Mrs. Áder, Cons. Gen. Kumin Ferenc. Lower left: Consul Szakács Imre at the microphone, Laszlo Papp, Pres. Áder János, Cons. Gen Kumin Ferenc. Right: Cons Gen. Kumin Ferenc, Laszlo Papp, Pres. Áder János

monument, commemorating the 60th anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution. On the day of the ceremony, he and Consul General Kumin escorted President Áder János and his wife, Herczegh Anita to the recently finished memorial.

We congratulate Laszlo Papp for this latest award!

Olga Vállay Szokolay is an architect and Professor Emerita of Norwalk Community College, CT after three decades of teaching.

She is a member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online.

Young (Photo) Shooter Wins First Prize (Again)

By: EPF

Lili Dowell, second generation Hungarian, of Stratford, CT won first prize in the 15-18 category in the third annual Young Shoots student digital photography competition this year



Lili Dowell of Stratford, CT won first prize in the 15-18 category in the third annual Young Shoots student digital photography competition this year.

The competition is co-sponsored by the Westport Arts Center and the Westport Farmers' Market. It aims to allow students "to demonstrate their creativity and to showcase the local color and vibrancy of the Westport Farmers' Market". Lili's entry, "Happy Rhubarb" certainly meets those criteria.

According to the Fairfield and Westport Minuteman, first place winners of each age group won a \$100 cash prize and "the opportunity to co-lead a photo shoot" at a local restaurant.

But for Lili, a 15-year old sophomore at Bunnell High School, being in the limelight is nothing new. She won first prize with her photo "Tomatoes" in the same contest in 2015, in the



11-14 category, and the same photo won her another prize at the Fairfield Images competition last year.

Lili's "winning ways" began when she won a prize in the Architecture category with her photo "Escalating", taken in Copenhagen on a European trip.

Actually, the old saying about the apple not falling far from the tree applies here as well: Lili's mother Anikó (a former teacher at the Fairfield Hungarian School) is an experienced photographer herself, having won in the Architecture category at the Fairfield Museum and History Center's exhibit this past spring with her "Chain Bridge" photo. That photo had been taken on the same trip as Lili's "Escalating".

We wish both Lili and Anikó further photographic success!



A Piece of Early Hungarian Americana

By: EPF

When Joe Ull lent me this booklet, I did not know what was in store for me between

its covers. It turned out to be a fascinating sample of Hungarian-American salesmanship in the early 20th century. Trader Joe's Fearless Flyer, eat your heart out!

Recently, our Editorial Board Member Joe Ull showed me a paperback book entitled "*Az egészség kalauza – hasznos tanácsadó betegeknek – egészségeseknek, mindenféle bajban szenvedőknek*" (Health Guide – useful advice for the sick and the healthy, for those suffering from all types of ills).

It was published in 1938 by Bolgár Ervin, Doctor of Pharmacology, and was copyrighted by *Vörös Kereszt Patika* (Red Cross Pharmacy) in Cleveland, OH of which he was "president and director".

The cover of the 112-page booklet identifies Dr. Bolgár as having degrees in Pharmacology and Chemistry both in Hungary and the US, but without identifying the institutions where he obtained his diplomas.

It describes at length Dr. Bolgár's proprietary remedies, dealing with conditions such as "*álmatlanság*" (sleeplessness), to "*vér tea*" (blood

tea). As a sample of the booklet's style, here is the description of "blood tea":

"There are many types of blood tea, and we too carry many types, but with the best conscience, we recommend the Bolgár blood tea, as the best and most effective among them all. But there is hardly any family left now which would not always have this outstanding blood tea at hand, as a preventative and as medicine. Children and adults, women as well as men gladly drink it and use it with best results, as a pleasant laxative, stomach and intestine cleanser. It splendidly regulates the functioning of the liver, kidneys, gallbladder and the entire system. Drink a cup of it daily to promote the maintenance of good health. Be careful to buy the real and original Bolgár blood tea, because many imitations and counterfeit products are advertised under similar names. When you send in the price of the large four dollar box, we will mail it anywhere free of charge. Order it directly from Red Cross Pharmacy, 12302 Buckeye Rd., Cor. East 123rd St., Cleveland, O."

Numerous testimonials praise the various remedies, and also the various kinds of beauty products developed by Dr. Bolgár, while many of them are accompanied by a photo of the sender. Benefits of various remedies and products are highlighted by several skits.

Plentifully illustrated with drawings, the booklet also provides helpful hints for first aid situations, has a calendar of saints' days, and lists cleaning methods to remove spots caused by various substances on different textures – wool, linen, etc...

A whole illustrated section deals with various types of hernia supports. Over one fifth of the booklet is devoted to "secret sicknesses", i.e., sexual ills in men and women, and promises to handle all correspondence relating to them with utmost discretion. The back cover has a photo of the

Red Cross Pharmacy on Buckeye Road (known among Hungarians as "Bakáj"), and described as "the oldest, largest, renowned Hungarian pharmacy in America." On the principle of "blowing your own horn", the blurb also states that from there, they daily send out several hundred packages of medications in response to orders.

Although Dr. Bolgár seems to have adopted the flowery marketing techniques of snake oil salesmen of the time, the booklet may very well have been for many what it claims to be on the front cover: The Book of Hope – „A reménység könyve”.



About Must – the Grape Juice That Will Turn Into Wine -- A mustról kicsit bővebben Szabó Balázs

Hungary's production and export of wine – together with cattle and wheat – is of major importance to its economy. Here we take a look at the first step in producing wine: the grape harvest and the production of grape juice, or must. The family of this author owned vineyards; he himself took part in the grape harvest and here describes the process of must production. (Because of the technical terms used, this article will appear only in Hungarian.)

Tudományos meghatározás

„Must, a megzúzott szőlő kicsurgott és kiszűrt leve, amíg nincs kiejedve. Fő alkotórészei a vízen kívül cukor, savak és extrakt anyagok. Minősége és értéke cukortartalmától függ, ez 15 súly %-tól 28 %-ig terjed. Ha még nem erjed, akkor édes a must, ha már erjed, akkor csipős. Cukortartalmát súlyszázalék mutató mustmérővel (areometer) mérik. Ha a cukor fokot 0,62-vel megszorozzuk, megkapjuk a belőle nyerendő bor szeszfokát.” (Új Idők Lexikona, 1940)

A fenti tudományos meghatározáson túl egészen más jelentőséggel bír a must, hiszen már a Bibliából is tudjuk, hogy a kenyér és a mustból erjedéssel keletkező bor fogyasztása magát az **életet** jelenti.

A szőlőszemek szedése: a szüret

Így van ez többek között a magyar nép körében is és ezért a szőlőszemek leszedése, a must készítése minden időben, így ma is ünnep.

Gyermekkoromban is így volt ez. Családunknak volt szőlőterülete. 8 éves gyermekként természetesen

nem rajongtam a szőlőbeni munkákért, de megértettem: ha segítünk hárman fiuk, több nyereség marad.

Mert a szőlőbeni tevékenység nagyon sok munkát takar. Tavasszal van a legfontosabb, az egész termésre kiható munka, a **metszés**. A szőlőfürtök mindig a másodéves vesszőn képződnek, így nagyon fontos az egy és két éves vesszők arányainak betartása: legyen idei termés (másod éves vessző), de legyen jövőre is termés (első éves vessző). Aztán a gyommentesítés (kapálások többször), a növekvő hajtások kötözése, a túl hosszúra növő hajtások metszőollóval való kurtítása, permetezések különböző kórokozók ellen (pl. peronoszpóra), amíg elérkezik a várva várt ünnep, a **szüret**.

A szőlő szedése előtt a házigazdának nagyon sok munkája van, mert az egész bor készítés legfontosabb feltétele a **tisztaság**.

Az egy éves várakozás után meleg vízzel el kell mosni a leszedett szőlőt hordó vödröket, elő kell készíteni a szállító eszközöket (kocsik, tálicskák), gondosan le kell mosni a szőlődarálót, a prést, a gyújtó fakádat, a hordókat.

Mikor ezek a feladatok készek, jöhet a **szőlőszedés**. Ez általában családi tevékenység, ilyenkor a család apraja-nagyja kiveszi részét a munkából. A szőlőterület nagyságától függően erős férfiak hordják be a présházba a leszedett szőlőt, amelyet főleg lányok, asszonyok szednek le a tőkéről, vagy a lugas kialakítású kordonokról. A szüret az örömről szól, hiszen látható a nehéz fizikai munka eredménye, a szépen kitelt szőlőfürt. Ezért maga a szedés vidámságról, énekről, mókázásról, egymás ugratásáról szól. A szőlők szedése metszőollókkal vagy éles késekkel történik. Van azonban olyan szőlőfajták, ahol az érett bogyó könnyen lepotyog a

legkisebb rázásra is a fürtről. A különbséget magam is megtapasztalhattam, amikor az egyik szüretkor Mari néni – akit Édesapám hívott segíteni – nagy érdeklődéssel, a szőlőkarót fogva érdeklődött iskolai előmenetelemről, én pedig nagy lelkesedéssel – ugyancsak rátámaszkodva a szőlőkaróra, válaszoltam. A rövid diskurzus után Mari néni további jó szedést kívánva folytatta munkáját. Én lepillantottam a szőlőtőre és elrémülve láttam, hogy az összes szőlőszem a földön van, amit letérdelve, csúszva–mászva tudtam összeszedni. Akkor meggyegettem, hogy a szőlőkarót nem szabad rázogatni!!!

A szedők igyekeznek gyorsan telerakni a vödröket és mókázva kiabálnak a szőlőhordó férfiak után, akik ugyancsak sietnek gyorsan a darálóhoz vinni a szőlőt. Nincs könnyű dolga a daráló készüléket hajtónak sem, hiszen a folyamatosan érkező szőlőt folyamatosan minél gyorsabban le kell darálni. A gyújtó kád alján levő lyuknál belülről egy szűrő lap van oda erősítve, hogy csak a must lé tudjon kifolyni egy csapon keresztül és kerüljön később a hordókba.

A fehér és vörös bor esetében a le-darált, összezúzott szemek (törköly) eltérő ideig maradnak együtt a kádban. A **vörös bort** a kékbogyójú fajták terméséből készítik. A megzúzott, s esetleg le is bogyózott szőlő levét 4-5 napig, a törkölyön hagyják és naponta megkeverik. A kékszőlő héjában levő színanyagot az erjedés alatt keletkezett alkohol kioldja, a savak pedig vörösre változtatják. A **fehér bort** a sárga, zöld bogyójú fajták terméséből készítik. A megzúzott szőlőt azonnal kipréselik, nem hagyják soká a zúzott bogyókon, hanem hordókba töltve mielőbb kierjesztik.

Az erjesztés során a szőlőlé (must) cukor tartalma lassú erjedéssel alkohollá alakul és így kapjuk a bort.

A **must** viszonylag magas cukortartalma miatt nem üdítő ital. Különböző technológiákkal van lehetőség a must erjedését megakadályozni – szedés és darálás után azonnal lefejtve, nátriumbenzoáttal és szalicillal tartósítva, hűvös helyen tárolva el lehet tartani és karácsonykor felbontani. A cél azonban a must erjesztéssel történő borrá alakítása.

Szabó Balázs is retired and lives in Székesfehérvár.



Roast duck with Chestnuts and Quince

One whole duck
4 quince
½ lb whole peeled chestnuts
Salt
Roasting bag

Preheat oven to 375 °.
Wash and salt duck inside and outside.

Wash, remove fuzz from quince, slice and remove seeds. Mix quince and chestnuts and place inside of duck. Place duck in a roasting pan and close it. Place it in roasting pan. With knife slit a few openings on bag to let steam escape during roasting. Roast duck for 1 ½ to 2 hours.

Test duck with a fork and, when meat is tender, take out of oven. Remove roasting bag. Spread the leftover quince and chestnuts around the duck in a pan and roast for another half hour until crispy and the color is nice and brown.

Serve with mashed potatoes and gravy.



Chestnut cream with prunes and rum

Serves 6

8-10 oz. of pureed chestnuts
Vanilla pudding
Milk
1/2 lb prunes
3 Tbsp rum
Whipped cream

Set six prunes aside to decorate puree. Cut the rest into small pieces. Put prunes in a small bowl and pour the rum over them. Let them stand for an hour.

Prepare pudding according to directions and let it cool.

Set aside a small amount of pureed chestnuts for decorating.

With a fork, mash the rest until no chunks are left. Mix in prepared pudding and mix well until smooth. Layer chestnut cream, chopped prune and whipped cream.

Place reserved pureed chestnut over whipped cream, top it with reserved prunes.



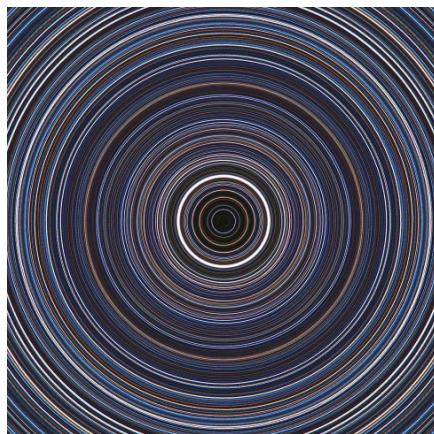
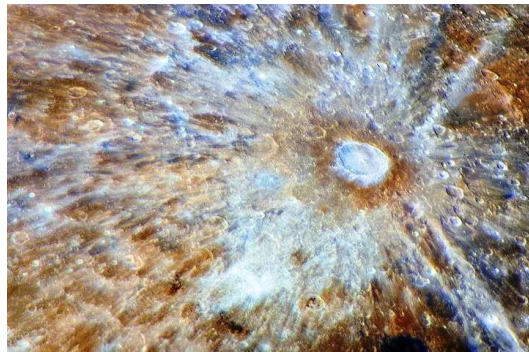
Did you know...

... **that** two Hungarian photographers recently won prizes at the International Astronomical Photo Contest at Greenwich, Great Britain?

First prize went to Francsics László's entry titled "Hold" (Moon). The photo was taken of the Tycho-crater, the side of the Moon that is facing the Earth.

Papp András' "Csillagok és ködök" (Stars and Nebulae) took the second prize.

Source: Szeretlek Magyarország



Kicsi a világ!

Shirley Ipkovich Foley

In this technological world, we sometimes connect in more ways than one! And sometimes stories still have a happy ending!

I traveled to Europe in June into July. I visited London, Vienna, the Czech Republic and my parents' home in Hungary, my favorite country. I felt so many connections with that country and the Hungarian people.

Before I left the United States, I

called my cell phone carrier, AT&T to set up an international phone plan. Unfortunately, when I returned, I found that they overcharged me ... a lot!! I spoke to two different AT&T Representatives on two separate occasions. Needless to say, they weren't very helpful. After being a good and loyal customer for 14 years with them, I decided that I would research other carriers and switch companies. I was ready to divorce AT&T.

I called AT&T for the last time to get information on the cell phones and my tablet to unlock the devices. A woman representative answered my call and politely gave me the information I needed. She then asked me why I needed my lines unlocked. I explained to her that I was not happy with how AT&T overcharged me on the international plan and were not willing to credit my account. The representative asked if she could try and help? I let her know that she could try, however I already made up my mind to leave AT&T. She returned on the line and said that she sees that I went to Europe. She then told me that she is from Budapest. I hesitated for a moment and said to her, in Hungarian, that I am also Hungarian! This lovely woman then shouted, "Oh my God! What a small world!" We ended up talking on the phone for one hour, all in the Hungarian language!

At the end of our conversation, she was able to help me and I decided to give AT&T one more chance. I am also happy to say that we are now friends on Facebook. We're hoping to meet each other in person soon. It is indeed "A small world!"

Shirley Ipkovich Foley lives in Texas and is the daughter of Ilona and Ferenc Ipkovich. They were among the founders of the Danbury, CT Hungarian Club and Ilona has contributed several articles to Magyar News Online in the past.

Bakfark Bálint – the Hungarian Renaissance Minstrel

Olga Vállay Szokolay

In the 2nd district of Budapest there is a street with a marble plaque identifying the person whose name it commemorates: Bakfark Bálint, the medieval Hungarian musician.

"Bakfark Bálint, 16th century lutenist and composer, esteemed and celebrated artist of Hungary, Poland, France, Italy. In his youth he was educated in Buda."

History has been unkind to medieval secular musicians. Since they were either wandering performers, or entertainers and composers in the employ of nobility including royal courts, most of their work was never recorded. The works as well as the names of many were lost in fires, floods or oblivion, not leaving much for posterity.

Fortunately, we have at least some traces of the works of this Hungarian composer-lutenist who is only marginally medieval, having been born in 1506 or 1507 or, according to some accounts: even in 1526 (...I wish I had a historian to shave some two decades off my age!...)

Data of his life are sketchy at best, often contradictory and confusing. Even the name of *Bakfark Bálint* had undergone numerous variations; however, his existence and identity remains unchanged beyond any doubt. In Hungarian music-history, he is the first significant composer and instrumentalist who, for centuries, exerted crucial influence upon European musical culture.

Bakfark Bálint was born in Brassó, Hungary (since the Trianon pact of



1919: Brasov, Romania) into a family of Transylvanian Saxon origin. His father, Tamás had been a lutenist but we know nothing certain about Bálint's teacher. Supposedly, one of his instructors was the Italian Matthias Marigliano who formerly was one of the musicians of Pope Leo X. Becoming orphaned, Bálint was brought up by the Greff family, whose name he later used as his middle name. He studied first at Nagyvárad, later in Buda where he was lutenist at the court of Szapolyai (Zápolya) János, king of Hungary from 1526, and his music-loving wife Isabella Jagiellon. He remained there until 1540, though he probably traveled to Italy during that time. He was enormously influential as a lutenist and renowned as a virtuoso on the instrument. For his services he was raised to nobility by the King.

After the death of Szapolyai in 1540, his widow Isabella had to retreat to Transylvania and Bakfark left her service. Sometime in the 1540s, he traveled to Paris, but finding the position of lutenist to the king filled, he became the musician of the Count Tournon. In the later part of the 1550s, he traveled to Jagiellon, Poland, where he became employed by Isabella's brother, King Sigismund II Augustus, as a court lutenist. In 1550, in Krakow he married the widow Katarina Narbutovna who gave him two children. From then until 1566, he traveled extensively over Europe, with his fame increas-

ing. While other monarchs attempted to win him away, he remained faithful to his employer in Vilnius (then Poland). There is no mention anywhere about his faithfulness (or lack of it) to his wife: she and their children are simply not mentioned in Bálint's further life.

In 1553, with the backing of (by then) Cardinal Tournon, Bakfark published the first collection of his works composed for solo lute, named *Lute Book of Lyon*. In 1566, having advanced to be one of the most revered personages of the court, he published the second volume of his lute tablatures, dedicated to Sigismund Augustus.

In the same year, invited by emperor and Hungarian king Maximilian, he traveled to and spent some time in Vienna. Yet, he spent the longest time of his life at the court of the Polish king with whom he was on closer terms but who did not recognize his nobility.

In 1569, on unclarified fabricated charges he was arrested in Bratislava and kept imprisoned for a short time. The Polish army troops meanwhile ransacked his house and destroyed his possessions. After this, he returned to Transylvania where János Zsigmond, the son of Szapolyai, himself an accomplished lutenist and organist, was the Prince. Bakfark served in his court until the Prince's death the following year.

In 1571, he moved to Padua, Italy. He died of the plague in Venice on August 15, 1576.

As was common practice of the day, all possessions of plague victims were destroyed by fire, thus most of his manuscripts were lost.

Although Bakfark was a very prolific composer, little of his music was printed, simply because most of it was too difficult for others to play. His surviving works include ten fantasies, seven madrigals, eight chansons and 14 motets, all in polyphonic arrangements for lute alone. He also transcribed vocal motets by several of his contemporaries, for the lute. His works are testimony to his thorough professional grounding, wide informational level and significant talent.

Bakfark was the most celebrated

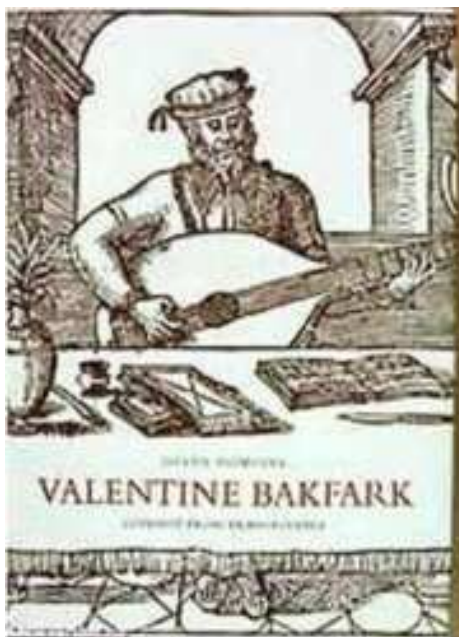
lute virtuoso of his time and he improvised fabulously. He enjoyed the flattering attention and favors of monarchs, poets praised him in poems, legends surrounded him. Three odes by Andreas Tricesius appear in Bakfark's second tablature book, in which he calls the author the *Orpheus of Pannonia* and compares him to Arión.

Thanks to the French, German and Flemish publishers, Bakfark's works became widely recognized. His art was crucial in the upturn of instrumental vs. vocal

music in European composition which was theretofore centered on vocal only.

A Polish adage preserved his name for posterity: "He reaches for the lute after Bakfark", characterizing a person starting something without talent and know-how.

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

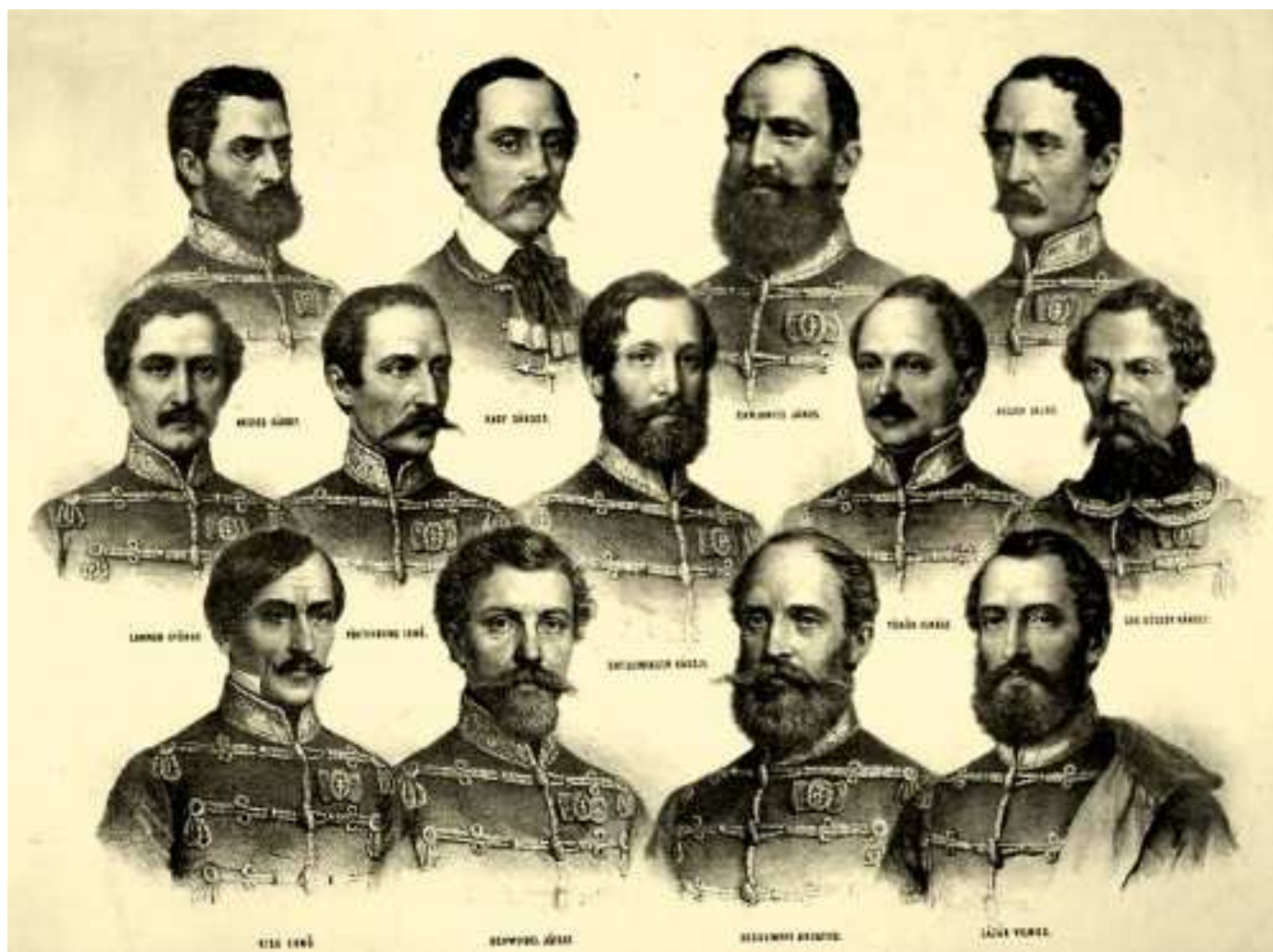


Final Words of the Martyrs of Arad

These 13 honvéd (national guard) generals had led the fight for freedom from Austria in 1848-49, turning the tide in favor of Hungarian independence. But then Emperor Franz Josef called for help from Russia, whose massive military might they could not withstand

They have been revered as martyrs, martyrs of freedom and national independence, ever since that October 6th, the day in 1849 when on orders of the Austrian general Julius Jakob von Haynau, they were executed in the city of Arad.

Their final words were recorded, and we present them here in the order in which they are depicted.



Top row, from left to right:

- **Knézich Károly:** "How strange that judge Haynau is a Christian and so am I. Only the devil could have mixed up the cards in this way."

Milyen különös, hogy Haynau bíró is keresztény és én is az vagyok. Csak az ördög keverhette így össze a kártyákat.

- **Nagy-Sándor József:** "How terrible it would be to think of passing now if I had done nothing in my life. I

prostrate myself humbly before God for having made me a hero, an honest man, and a good soldier."

De rettenetes volna most az elmúlásra gondolni, ha semmit sem tettem volna az életemben. Alázatosan borulok Istenem elé, hogy hőssé, igaz emberré, jó katónává tett.

- **Damjanich János:** " We conquered death, because we were ready to endure it at any moment."

Legyőztük a halált, mert bármikor készek voltunk elviselni azt.

- **Aulich Lajos:** "I served, I served, I always served. And I will serve with my death also. I know my well-beloved Hungarian people and native land will understand that service."

Szolgáltam, szolgáltam, mindig csak szolgáltam. És halálommal is szolgálni fogok. Forrón szeretett magyar népem és hazám, tudom megértik azt a szolgálatot.

Second row, from left to right:

- **Láhner György:** "The cross of Christ and the gallows are so related. And how dwarfed is my sacrifice by the divine sacrifice."

Krisztus keresztje és a bitófa oly rokon. És az isteni áldozat mellett oly törpe az én áldozatom.

- **Poeltenberg Ernő:** "The enemy's furious revenge has brought us here."

Minket az ellenség dühös bosszúja juttatott ide.

- **Leiningen-Westerburg Károly:** "The world will come to its senses when it sees the work of the executioners."

A világ feleszmél majd, ha látja a hóhérok munkáját.

- **Török Ignác:** "Soon I will stand before God's supreme judgment seat. My life has only minute weight, but I know that I always served Him alone."

- *Nemsokára Isten legmagasabb ítélőszéke elé állok. Életem parányi súly csupán, de tudom, hogy mindig csak Őt szolgáltam.*

- **gr. Vécsey Károly:** "God gave me the heart and soul which burned for the service of my people and country."

Isten adta a szívét, lelket nekem, amely népem és hazám szolgálatért lángolt.

Third row, from left to right:

- **Kiss Ernő:** "O my God, will the youth of the new age be real men? You glorious saints of the Árpáds, keep vigil over Hungarian youth, that their hearts may be-

long to Christ and their lives to their homeland."

Istenem, az újkor ifjúsága egész ember lesz-e? Árpádok dicső szentjei, virrasszatok a magyar ifjúság felett, hogy Krisztusé legyen a szívük és a hazáé az életük.

- **Schweidel József:** "Today's world is the world of satan, where honor is rewarded with the gallows and treason with power. Only a real revolution, the world's new revolutionary humanity can sweep away this accursed, conflicted world."

A mai világ a sátán világa, ahol a becsületért bitó, az árulásért hatalom jár. Csak egy igazi forradalom, a világ új forradalmi embersége söpörheti el ezt az átkozott, meghasonlott világot.

- **Dessewfy Arisztid:** "Yesterday it was heroes who were needed, today it is martyrs... That is what my country's service commands."

Tegnap hősök kellettek, ma mártírok... Így parancsolja ezt hazám szolgálatára.

- **Lázár Vilmos:** "Whose fault is it that such is the fate of Hungarians? The apostles' souls matured into apostles at the foot of the cross of Christ, and Hungarian souls must mature into revolutionaries at the foot of the gallows."

Ki tehet arról, hogy ilyen a magyar sorsa? Krisztus keresztje tövében érett apostollá az apostolok lelke és bitófák tövében kell forradalmárrá érni a magyar lelkeknek.

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242 Kings Hwy Cut-off
Fairfield, CT 06824
www.magyarnews.org

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