



MAGYAR STUDIES OF AMERICA

# Magyar News Online

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**We wish to all our readers Happy Easter!  
Minden kedves olvasónknak boldog  
húsvéti ünnepeket kívánunk!**

## Why a Raven with a Ring?

By: viola vonfi

*Over the centuries, the raven with a gold ring in its beak has become the identifying mark of King Mátyás. Why?*

Central to King Mátyás' crest, the crest of the Hunyadi family, is a raven holding a golden ring in its beak. What might be the story behind that?

Well, when you go back some 700 years, it's difficult to untangle legend from history. The story of the raven and the ring was taken from the writings of Antonio Bonfini, who had been King Mátyás' court historian. The story was then recorded (embellished?) by Heltai Gáspár, a 16th century Protestant minister, writer and printer. This is his version of the story:

King Zsigmond (reigned as king of Hungary 1387 to 1437) was well known to have been a womanizer. On one of his forays into Transylvania, he was introduced to Morzsina Erzsébet, a great beauty. When the king showed an interest in her, she asked him point blank for some security in case she became preg-

nant. He then, so the story goes, gave her a ring, which would give her admission to his court any time, and even reassured her in writing.

Erzsébet did give birth to a boy, János. When he was little, she gave him the ring to play with. One day, however, as he was playing in the yard, a raven swooped down and picked up the ring in its beak. She panicked, and convinced her brother to shoot the bird quickly, since their whole fortune depended on it. Her brother was a good shot with a bow and arrow, and the ring was recovered.

She then took the boy, the ring and the slip of paper and went to see King Zsigmond in Buda. He kept his promise, and provided Erzsébet with much gold and a carriage, and gifted the boy with the town of Hunyad and the surrounding property. He also gave János a crest, showing a raven with a gold ring in its beak. It thus became the Hunyadi family's crest – including that of János' son, King Mátyás.

Now you know.

*viola vonfi is our correspondent from Stamford, CT. She finds it amusing that one of her ancestors was knighted by Wallenstein during the Thirty Years' War.*

## From the Diary of Petőfi Sándor / Petőfi Sándor naplójából

*On March 15, 1848, Petőfi Sándor roused the emotions of the populace with his recital of his poem "Nemzeti dal" (popularly known by its first words as "Talpra, Magyar!") This was considered to be the beginning of the Revolution.*

*The first act of the revolutionary youth of Pest was to take over the publishing house of Landerer and Heckenast. **WITHOUT RECEIVING PERMISSION OF THE CENSORS**, they printed the 12 demands of the people, the first of which was **a free press and the abolition of Austrian censorship**. He recorded the event in his diary in his usual flamboyant style.*

Pest, March 15, 1848

## The press is free...

If I knew that the homeland had no need of me, I would dip my sword in my heart, and dying, I would write these words with my red blood, that the red letters might stand here as freedom's rays of dawn.

Magyar freedom was born today, because the shackles have fallen from the press today ... or is there anyone so naive as to imagine that any nation can have freedom without a free press?

Hungarian freedom, hail to you on your day of birth! I greet you first, who have prayed and fought for you, I greet you with a joy as high as my pain was deep while we were deprived of you!

O our freedom, dear-dear newborn, may you have a long life on this earth, may you live as long as Magyars live; should the last son of our nation die, cast yourself over him like a funeral pall... and if you die sooner, drag with you into the grave the entire nation, because living on without you would mean disgrace, while dying with you will be glory!

### Petőfi Sándor naplójából

Pest, március 15.1848  
Szabad a sajtó! ...

Ha tudnám, hogy a hazának nem lesz rám szüksége, szívembe mártanám kardomat, s úgy írnám le haladokolva, piros véremmel e szavakat, hogy itt álljanak a piros betűk, mint a szabadság hajnalsugarai.

Ma született a magyar szabadság, mert ma esett le a sajtóról (sic!) a bilincs... vagy van olyan együgyű, ki azt képzelje, hogy szabad sajtó nélkül lehet bármely nemzetnek szabadsága?

Üdvez (sic!) légy születésed napján, magyar szabadság! Először is én üdvezellek, ki imádkoztam és küzdöttem érted, üdvezellek oly magas örömmel, amilyen mély volt fájdalom, midőn nélkülöztünk tégedet!

Oh szabadságunk, édes kedves újszülött, légy hosszú életű e földön,

élj addig, míg csak él egy magyar; ha nemzetünk utolsó fia meghal, borulj rá szemfedő gyanánt ... s ha előbb jön rád a halál, rántsd magaddal sírodba az egész nemzetet, mert tovább élnie nélküled gyalázat lesz, veled halnia pedig dicsőség!

*Petőfi Sándor wrote many poems about freedom and freeing the nation from Austrian rule. The most famous of these is the "Nemzeti dal", recited by Hungarians every March 15th (see the Classic elsewhere in this issue). His name has become synonymous with the Revolution of 1848-49. He badly wanted to join the fighting, but felt that his wife's pregnancy had precedence over his dedication to the fight for freedom. (He recorded his dilemma in a poem entitled "Egész világ a harcmezőn"). He eventually did join General Bem's forces, and was last seen at the Battle of Segesvár on July 31st, 1849. His body was never found.*



*Statue of Petőfi Sándor in Fehéregyháza, near Segesvár*



*It is said that Petőfi's wife made the first cockade, which is "read" from the inside out. Therefore, contrary to popular usage, the red has to be in the center.*

### **Golyók sivítnak, kardok csengenek ... Bullets whizz, swords clang...**

*In another poem, "Egész világ a harcmezőn" (The whole world is on the battlefield), Petőfi explains why he was not on the battlefield of the War for Independence right away: his wife was pregnant and he felt his primary duty was to her and the child to be born.*

*So his prophecy of "nem győznek majd dicsérni egykoron" (they won't be able to praise me enough in the future), did come true, because "Ha itt végzem kötelességemet, Csatába s a pokolra is megyek" (Once I've finished my duty here, I will go into battle and even to hell). He did eventually join the forces of General Bem, and was last seen in the Battle of Segesvár in July 1849. And yes, he has been highly praised..*

## Golyók sivítnak, kardok csengenek ... Bullets whizz, swords clang...

Petőfi Sándor

Golyók sivítnak, kardok csengenek,  
A zöld mezőt piros vér festi meg,  
Csaták zajától zeng a föld s az ég,  
S te hősi költő, te itthon vagy még?

Azért daloltál harczy vágyakat,  
Azért daloltad bátorságodat,  
Hogy a midőn a harcz elérkeül,  
Te honn a sutban gyáva szívvel ülj? –

Ilyen beszédekert tart a világ,  
Rám így röpíti a gúnynak nyilát,  
És én reá csak elmosolyodom,  
És a magamét hozzá gondolom.

Azt gondolom: oh gyöngge emberek!  
Nem győznek most gyalázni engemet,  
S nem győznek majd dícsérni egykoron! ...  
S ha gondolok sokat, ezt gondolom.

Ne magyarázza senki én nekem,  
Tudom nagyon jól, hol van a helyem?  
Ha itt végzem kötelességemet,  
Csatába s a pokolra is megyek!

(Pest)



*Maquette of the battle of Segesvár, where Petőfi  
presumably died*

## An American Story: Finding Home in Fairfield County

Olga Vállay Szokolay

*On February 8<sup>th</sup>, 2018 the Connecticut Institute for Refugees and Immigrants opened an exhibit at the Fairfield Museum and History Center in Fairfield, CT, honoring eight Fairfield County residents who, over the years, established themselves in Connecticut. Two of the honorees were born and raised in Hungary and built their new homes here.*

The Connecticut Institute for Refugees and Immigrants was founded in 1918 and is celebrating its 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. As a perfect birthday present, an exhibit, honoring eight Connecticut residents from seven countries, was opened on February 8<sup>th</sup> at the Spaght Gallery of the Fairfield Museum and History Center in Fairfield, CT. The exhibit will stay open until July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2018.

A series of photographic portraits and biographical narratives illustrates the lives of the refugees and immigrants from Cambodia, Congo, Cuba, Hungary, India, Rwanda and Syria. Among them, two Hungarians share their extraordinary life stories.

Fairfield resident *Elizabeth (Betty) Deutsch* from Bodrogkeresztúr, Hungary is the survivor of several concentration camps. Taken from her native village, all her family perished in the Nazi ordeals of the first part of the 1940s, and only she and her sister could be miraculously rescued by the International Red Cross. After the war, finding refuge and spending five years in Sweden,

Elizabeth and her sister came to the United States in 1950 and used to live with relatives in Bridgeport, CT. Both her sister, Frieda and Betty found jobs in a sewing factory, working days and going to school evenings. She became a licensed hairdresser. In 1953, Frieda married and moved to New York. In 1954, Betty married and over the years they had a son and a daughter with her husband, Andrew. To be closer to a synagogue, they moved to Fairfield in 1970 where she has been living ever since. At the closing ceremonies of the exhibit's opening, the audience listened to this 90-year-old reciting her autobiographical poem titled "Wound That Never Heals".

Hungarian-born architect *Laszlo Papp* shares his life experience and how he and his late wife, Judith, built new lives and home in Fairfield County. His portrait and nutshell biography, exhibited on the display banner, is just a minute part of his life. This still active 88-year-old New Canaan resident has momentous achievements behind him in the professional, patriotic as well as humanitarian aspects. His is a rare example of successfully merging being Hungarian and American. A recipient of numerous awards and medals from both his native and adoptive countries is a quiet, unassuming, modest man. Until recently, he was a passionate sailor in his Hobie Cat as well as a strong recreational skier.

Laszlo's latest recognition took place last September for his tireless leadership in establishing the 1956 Hungarian Revolution Memorial in New York City's Riverside Park, at the foot of the Kossuth Monument. At the Hungarian Consulate in New York, he was awarded one of the highest decorations by the Hungarian government (see article in MNO, October, 2017), delivered by Consul General Kumin Ferenc, in the presence of Áder János, President of Hungary. On the day of the cere-



*László Papp in front of his story board and Elisabeth Deutsch with picture of sister Frieda*

mony, he and Consul General Kumin escorted President Áder and his wife to the recently finished Memorial.

Our enduring friendship of several decades makes me proud of having been instrumental in their settling in Fairfield County.

*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.*

## **St. Emery Church to Stop Mass in Hungarian**

*St. Emery Church, which in 2013 was placed on the State of Connecticut's List of Historic Places, will no longer have Sunday Mass in Hungarian. The last Mass in Hungarian will be celebrated on Easter Sunday, April 1st.*

On Sunday, February 25th, Fr. Milan Dimic, Pastor of St. Emery Church in Fairfield, CT, made the announcement that, in consultation with the diocese of Bridgeport, the decision has been made to end the Hungarian Mass. The last Mass to be regularly said there in Hungarian will be on Easter Sunday, April 1st. The church

is not being closed; Mass will continue to be said, but only in English.

Diminishing attendance is the reason for the decision. The parish no longer has the large Hungarian population which built the church 85 years ago when there were four Masses every Sunday. Now, Hungarian Sunday Mass attendance fluctuates between 25 and 15 persons.

Father urged the parishioners to continue attending St. Emery, since everyone has to have a home parish. This will still be theirs, as it is part of their heritage, and since the Mass is the same, no matter in what language it is celebrated.

For 11 years, Fr. Dimic had been Pastor of the Slovenian Church a few miles away, where he also had the sad task of ending the Mass in his native language. He became quite emotional when making the announcement this Sunday. If a Hungarian priest is available, Mass may still be said in Hungarian.

For the Magyar congregation, this marks the end of an era!

Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty (who visited St. Emery's in 1974); Father Benedek Bíró, first Pastor; Fr. Hippolyt Deesy, Fr. Dennis Albert Szócs, Fr. George Árpád Mészáros, Fr. Robert Németh, Fr. Louis Pintye – pray for us!



*St. Emery Church in Fairfield, CT*

## **What Being Hungarian Means to Me**

By: Peti Deer and Emma Geckeler

*As part of the application process for the Justin Margitay-Balogh Scholarship, young people of Hungarian descent are asked to write an essay. This year's scholarship winners - Peti Deer and Emma Geckeler - were announced at the Café Budapest Ball on February 24th. Here are their essays.*

### **Peti Deer**

All persons have a most meaningful aspect of self-identification, something that they identify with the most, and feel as though they wouldn't be who they are without this vital piece of self-identity, this individuality. To others, it might be hobbies or careers; their interest in something that practically defines who they are. While I could argue this in many ways about myself, there's a fundamental element that I can treasure and identify with the most. Something that, quite literally, runs through my veins and DNA and makeup of who I am: being Hungarian.

I can only speak for myself, but it seems as though most people in the U.S. need to have a quick lesson on where Hungary is located, or even that it exists. But once all the geographical confusion has passed, I think it becomes clear that being Hungarian is quite unlike any other culture, and it's one of the reasons why I'm so proud to be a part of it. There are so many aspects of Hungarian heritage that are unique and compelling for me – whether it be the easy-to-spot traditional folk clothing, or Puli dogs, or even just the proud fact that a Hungarian invented the "Rubik's Cube." And of course, a culture that has an excellent taste in cuisine is an obvious bonus (*csirkepaprikás*, *dobos torta*, and *palacsinta* are possibly the three most excellent additions to the culinary world, by far).

All jokes aside, Hungarian culture has such a bold presence, and its impact on more mainstream American culture is just another aspect that makes me proud to be Hungarian. Johannes Brahms' Hungarian Dances has played its way through the hearts of millions upon millions of music lovers, and George Cukor directed some of Hollywood's most incredible films, including *A Star is Born*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Adam's Rib*, and *My Fair Lady*, just to name a few. And in recent news, I was thrilled and oh so proud to hear that alongside several amazing 2018 Academy Award Foreign film nominees, Ildikó Enyedi's *Testről és Lélekről* (On Body and Soul) was there to represent Hungary. Just to be a part of a culture that's so diverse and successful in arts and invention and lifestyle is what being Hungarian, to me, is all about.

I wouldn't be in such a position of cultural pride today if it weren't for two extraordinary women who have always inspired and guided me throughout my life. For my Mama and Nagyi, I am so very grateful for their perseverance and dedication to bring me up in an environment with such strong Hungarian influences. The Pannonia Club has given me the ability to understand my heritage and participate in events that many other people my age, unfortunately, would not be familiar with. Between performing at and attending Christmas pageants and Hungarians' celebrated Independence on March 15th, the Pannonia Club has opened my eyes to a cultural richness that I'm incredibly proud to be a part of. I've had the privilege of getting to know so many incredible people, traditions (and of course, the foods) that are all connected by something so powerful and unique. Something that I will always hold near and dear to my heart, and what will always define me the most: being Hungarian.

*Peti Deer is a Freshman at Massachusetts College of Art and Design, and is majoring in Film and TV.*

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## **Emma Geckeler**

When someone asks about my ethnic background, I am quick to answer with "Hungarian..." and then follow that with, "and pretty much every other European ethnicity". But the reason why I always separate my Hungarian heritage from my very heavy ethnic background is because it is the heritage and ethnic background that I truly identify with.

With my grandfather being a Hungarian immigrant and my grandmother having grown up with a Hungarian father, my mother was raised in a family who truly valued the Hungarian culture. Having grown up with my grandparents right around the corner, and with my mom being the primary caregiver who values her Hungarian roots, I was raised in a household that appreciated the Hungarian culture. Although I do not know very many words in the Hungarian language, I was taught a few of them growing up. Simple words that we used every day at home, words I had no clue were a part of the Hungarian language until I was almost in middle school. I grew up eating Hungarian food like chicken paprikash with *nokedli*, *lecsó*, "Hunky Soup", Hungarian stew, and stuffed peppers as weekly dinners. I never realized, until going away to school, how much these dinners actually mean to me. Not being able to eat stuffed peppers and *lecsó*, or even get food at school that is remotely close to it has put me in a craze, not only because they taste so good, but because they remind me of home.

A few summers ago my grandparents took me on the trip of a life time. I got to travel to Hungary with my sisters, cousins and aunt. I got to meet and stay with my family, and I got to see the place whose culture has

affected so much of my life. I got to see the places that my grandfather had talked about in his stories, and I got to experience so many great memories there.

I am very lucky to say that I am able to identify with my Hungarian heritage, as many people cannot say that they have the same experience with their heritage, and it was truly the most amazing experience I have ever had in my life. Through the trip I was better able to appreciate my Hungarian heritage, and I realized how much Hungary and the Hungarian culture has impacted my life. When I think about my Hungarian culture I think of my home and my family, and it has become an identifying factor for those who mean the most to me.

*Emma Geckeler is a Quinnipiac University freshman, studying Nursing.*



*Debutantes and their escorts. Center: Emma Geckeler with Claudia Margitay Balogh, Peti Deer with Claudia. Bottom: Balázs Somogyi MC, Christopher Ball, Chairman and Honorary Consul*

## 2017 - The Year I met Debrecen Summer School

Estevao Arato  
*It was love at first sight!*

I'm part of a Hungarian community in Fairfield County USA called Magyar Studies of America and taking classes for the last few years. I grew up in Brazil as a son of Hungarian immigrants who left Europe after the Second World War. We always spoke the language at home and of course, I am pretty much familiar with the culture but I wanted to get more knowledge about "Magyar nyelv" and Hungary as a country.

One of my colleagues at the community told me about the Hungarian classes in Debrecen and I was very excited but at the same time somehow skeptical whether this would be a good experience or not. I decided to take the 4-week classes in the summer and it was an amazing life happening.

I had always been disappointed because of my reading and writing skills, even though the community and our amazing teacher Kinga helped so much and are still doing so. But I really needed something else. The day I filled out the registration I could not stop thinking about my future experience in Debrecen.

I arrived in Amsterdam and traveled for a couple weeks before getting to the University. The building itself is a huge and magnificent old construction. I entered my room and soon after I asked the young and friendly students about the laundry room since I have been traveling for awhile. They gave me the keys and explained to me

where the laundry room was. One hour later I returned and told them that I needed some help because I washed my clothes but could not start the dryer. I thought that they would die laughing. It turns out that generally there are no dryers in Hungary and what I thought was one was, in fact, some different kind of washer. That was the start of the fun.

I was probably one of the few students who spoke the language fluently but was so poor in reading and writing, but they were able to place me in an amazing class. I had a total of 4 professors during the stay and they were all great and teaching with absolute passion. By the third week I could already notice a great improvement in my skills.

We were more than 200 students from all over the world, but mainly from Europe. Lots of them had Hungarian backgrounds like me and others were just linguistic students who have a great love for the language. I felt very glad to meet them because I could learn so much and the mentality of this new generation made me have more hope for this very turbulent world in which we live.

There were also all kinds of night and weekend activities, including dancing, singing, cuisine (including *pálinka* of course) and excursions to some very interesting places where it was possible to interact with the local people and their culture.

My stay in Debrecen made my eyes watery sometimes because it reminded me so much my childhood and parents. Probably the most emotional part was when I left the University and realized that I have a huge connection with Hungary; these memories from Debrecen will last forever.

*Estevao Arato, son of Hungarian immigrant parents, was born in São*



*Debrecen University*



*The author in csikós attire on one of the excursions*

*Paolo where he was a journalist. He came to the US in 1996 and now works in the hospitality/restaurant business. He attends the Hungarian School sponsored by Magyar Studies of America in Fairfield, CT, and is the newest member of our Editorial Board.*



## **Hungarikums – What Are They?**

*Éva Wajda*

*Throughout history there has been a constant struggle for Hungarians to find their own voice and identity while under the control of various forces, such as the Ottoman Empire, the Habsburgs and the Soviet. Hungarikums are often a source of pride and sense of identity of many Hungarians both in Hungary and abroad.*

The Hungarian Parliament adopted an Act in 2012, with the aim of establishing an appropriate legal framework for the identification, collection and documentation of national values and for their safeguard and protection. *Hungarikum* is a collective term that represents the highest quality of Hungarian products with their characteristically Hungarian attributes, uniqueness, special nature and quality.

The official list of *Hungarikums* includes the following:

### **1)Alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks:**

*Pálinka* – the alcoholic drink made only from fruit or pomace (pulp of crushed fruit or pressed seeds). It is smooth and fruity and has an alcohol content of around 40%. By law, no additional ingredients are acceptable, except pure water.

*Törköly pálinka* – *Pomace pálinka* is a Hungarian brandy produced by distillation of grape residues left over from wine making.

*Tokaji aszú* – produced in the Tokaj wine region of Hungary. It is a world famous dessert wine, also called “the king of wines, the wine of kings”. It is the only wine in the world that is mentioned in its nation's national anthem (3rd stanza).

Értünk Kunság mezein  
Ért kalászt lengettél,  
**Tokaj szőlővesszein  
Nektárt csepegtettél.**

Zászlónk gyakran plántálád  
Vad török sáncára,  
S nyögte Mátyás bús  
hadát  
Bécsnek büszke vára.

You on Cuman fields have waved  
Gold sheaves for our pleasure,  
**In the vineyards of Tokaj  
Pour'd out nectar's treasure.**  
Often have you reared our flags  
On wild Turkish towers,  
Proud Vienna's fortress groan'd  
Under Mátyás' powers.

(Translated  
Watson Kirkconnell)

*Unicum keserűlikőr* – Unikum is a special, bitter, alcoholic liqueur made with herbs and spices that Hungarians swear by as an aid to digestion, among many other things.

*Törley pezsgő* – Törley Sparkling Wine

*Fröccs* – Spritzer

*Egri Bikavér* – or Bull's Blood of Eger, produced in the wine region of Eger. According to legend, the castle's defenders drank the red wine while under Turkish assault and the soldiers thought the red liquid was bull's blood.

*Szikkviz* – Soda water

## 2) **Kolbász and other meat products** from different regions:

*Csabai Kolbász vagy Csabai vastag kolbász* – Csbai sausage or Csbai thick-sausage

*Hízott libából előállított termékek* – Food products made from fattened goose. Hungary is the world's second largest producer and exporter of goose liver or *foie gras*.

*Gyulai kolbász vagy Gyulai pároskolbász* – Gyulai sausage or Gyulai double sausage

*Herz Classic Téliszalámi* – Herz classic winter salami

*Pick téliszalámi* – Pick winter salami. For more than 130 years it has been the Pick Company's most famous product.

*Debreceni páros kolbász* – Debrecen double sausage



## 3) **Paprikas** of various regions:

*Szegedi fűszerpaprika-örlemény* – Ground paprika from Szeged. Hungary is a major source of high quality paprika, ranging in grades from sweet or mild with a bright red color to spicy hot with a brownish orange color.

*Kalocsa fűszerpaprika örlemény* – ground paprika from Kalocsa.

*Piros Arany és Erős Pista* – *Piros Arany* (Red Gold) and *Erős Pista* paprika sauces

*Makói hagyma* – Red onions from Makó. This onion has been refined and developed for centuries by the local gardeners and producers. A special heat treatment developed in the 18th century has been applied to the onions ever since. Makó onions are large and known for their excellent smell and taste.

## 4) **Hungarian dishes and baked goods**

*Bajai halászlé* – Fish soup from Baja  
*Tiszai halászlé* – Fisherman's soup from the Tisza region

*Gulyásleves* – Goulash soup

*Kürtöskalács* – Chimney cake. Other cakes are *Somlói Galuska*, a sponge cake covered with fine chocolate sauce and whipped cream. Popular are *Dobos torta*, *Mákos Guba* at Christmas time, made with sweet bread or cooked noodles and covered with poppy seeds.

*Túró Rudi* – A dark chocolate bar

filled with lemony cottage cheese. Also known as *Pöttyös*.

## 5) **Assorted other products**

*Szamos Marcipán* – Szamos marzipán, the gourmet marzipan-chocolate of Hungary is a sweet dessert item used in many ways. The Szamos Marcipán Museum and Confectionery in Szentendre is Hungary's first *marcipán* museum. The exhibition includes a 160 cm tall model of the Parliament building.

*Béres Cseppek* – Béres drops  
*ILCSI Szépitő Fűvek natúrkozmetikai termékek* – ILCSI Organic Skin Care Products

*Magyar pásztor és vadászkutyafajták* – Hungarian shepherd and hound dogs

*Magyar akácméz* – Hungarian acacia honey

*Zsolnay porcelán és kerámia* – Zsolnay porcelain and ceramics

*Herendi porcelán* – Herend porcelain

*Hollóházi porcelán* – Hollóháza porcelain

*Halasi csipke* – Halas lace

## 6) **Kulturális örökség – Cultural Heritage**

*Táncház módszer (táncház method)* mint a szellemi kulturális örökség átörökítésének magyar modellje – The folk dance house method as the Hungarian model of perpetuating cultural heritage.

*Magyar Védőnői Szolgálat*, mint nemzetközileg is egyedülálló, tradicionális rendszer – Hungarian District Nursing Service as an internationally unique, traditional health-care system

*Mohácsi busójárás*, maszkos télüző szokás modellje – a masked end-of-winter tradition in Mohács

*A Matyó népművészet*, egy hagyományos közösség himzés-kulturája - Matyó folk art – The embroidery culture of a traditional community.

*Kalocsa népművészet: írás, himzés, pingálás* – Kalocsa folk art – drawing, embroidery and wall painting

*Hollókő ófalu és környezete* – Old village of Hollókő and its surroundings.

*Budapest – a Dunapartok, a Budai várnegyed és az Andrássy út* – Budapest, including the banks of the Danube, the Buda castle quarter and Andrássy Avenue.

*Az Ezeréves pannonhalmi Bencés Főapátság és természeti környezete* – Millenary Benedictine Abbey of Pannonhalma and its natural environment.

*Hortobágyi Nemzeti Park – a Puszta* – Hortobágy National Park – the Puszta

*Pécs (Sopiana) ókeresztény temetője* – Early Christian cemetery under Pécs cathedral, with frescoes  
*Fertő-Neusiedlersee kultúrtáj* – Fertő-Neusiedlersee cultural landscape

*A Hévízi-tó és a tradicionális hévízgyógyászat* – Lake Hévíz and the traditional therapy in Hévíz

*A Tokaji történelmi borvidék kultúrája* – Tokaj historic wine region cultural landscape

*Zsolnay Kulturális Negyed* – Zsolna Cultural Quarter

*X.-XI. századi magyar íj* – The Hungarian bow of the 9th-11th century  
*Kassai-féle lovasíjász módszer* – The Kassai method of horseback archery  
*Klasszikus magyar népdal* – Traditional Hungarian folk song

*Kodály módszer* – Kodály method of music education

*Magyar operett* – Hungarian operetta

*Magyar cimbalom* – Hungarian dulcimer

*Tárogató* – Tárogató – A single reed woodwind musical instrument

*100 Tagú Cigányzenekar* – A zenekar világhírű művészeti

*és hagyományőrző gyakorlata.* –

The Budapest Gypsy Symphony Orchestra – The world famous artistic and tradition-preserving practice of the orchestra.

*Vizsolyi Biblia* – The Vizsoly Bible. Károli Gáspár, a Calvinist minister, first translated the Bible into Hungarian in 1590. Its name is derived from the town where it was trans-

lated and where the original may still be seen.

*Magyar tanya* – The Hungarian farmstead

*Magyar huszár* – Hungarian hussar

*Pálos rend* – The Order of Saint Paul the First Hermit, the only Hungarian monastic foundation

*Gróf Széchenyi István szellemi hagyatéka* – Count István Széchenyi's intellectual legacy

*Puskás Ferenc világszerte ismert és elismert életműve* – The world famous and renowned life-work of soccer star Ferenc Puskás

*Gundel örökség – Gundel Károly gasztronómiai és vendéglátóipari öröksége és a Gundel Étterem* – Gundel heritage – gastronomic and catering trade heritage of Károly Gundel and the Gundel Restaurant

*Kabay Jánosnak, az Alkaloida gyógyszergyár alapítójának életműve* – Life-work of János Kabay, founder of the Alkaloida pharmaceutical factory.

*Neumann János életműve az informatika és a számítógépek világában* – Life-work of János Neumann in the area of information technology and computers.

*Az aggteleki-karszt és a Szlovák-karszt barlangjai* – Caves of Aggtelek karst and Slovak karst

*Kaptárkövek és bükkaljai kőkultúra* – Hive-stones and the stone culture of Bükkalja

*Torockó épített öröksége* – Built environment of Torockó

*Magyar szürke szarvasmarha* – Hungarian grey cattle

*Alföldi Kamillavirágzat* – Alföld chamomile

*Magyar akác* – Black locust (robinia pseudoacacia)

*KÜRT adatmentés* – KÜRT Data Recovery

(Sources: "Hungarikum.hu, Go to Hungary.com)

*Eva Wajda is a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.*

## Easter Meatloaf

Karolina Tima Szabó

1 1/2 lb. ground pork  
1 cup breadcrumbs  
1/4 cup milk  
1 egg slightly beaten  
1 tsp paprika  
1/2 tsp black pepper  
1 tsp salt  
2 cloves garlic crushed  
1/4 tsp ground caraway seeds  
6 hard boiled eggs

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lightly grease baking pan.

Mix breadcrumbs with milk. Let stand 5 minutes to soften. Mix ground pork with beaten egg, spices, garlic, breadcrumbs and milk mixture. Mix until combined.

Place half the mixture in a baking dish. In the middle, lay peeled hard boiled eggs in a row. Place the second half of mixture on top. With your hand, press it down over eggs and shape into loaf form.

Put in a preheated oven and bake 1 hour or until done. Let it stand for 5 minutes before slicing.

*Please note: To cut down on fat, you may use meatloaf mix (pork, beef and veal), or beef. Meatloaf will not be dry because of the milk in it. Optional: Add 1 tsp mustard, 1 Tbsp. ketchup to the mixture, or spread ketchup on top of the meatloaf.*

### Fried Meatloaf Balls

Use the same ingredients as for the meatloaf, and oil for frying.

Cut hard boiled eggs in two, crosswise. Form balls from the meatloaf mixture, with half an egg in the middle.

Heat oil, and when hot, fry meatballs slowly until cooked through. Remove from oil and drain on a paper towel.

**Nowadays I use a muffin pan to bake them in the oven.**

Serve them hot with oven fried potatoes and pickled beets.

**Oven fried potatoes**

- 1 lb small red potatoes washed and cut into fourths
- 2 Tbsp. olive oil
- 1 tsp dried rosemary leaves (optional)
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp pepper

Heat oven to 425 degrees. Mix all ingredients in a larger pan; spread evenly, making sure they are in one layer only. Roast uncovered for 25 minutes, stirring occasionally, until potatoes are tender and browned.

*Karolina Tima Szabo is a retired Systems Analyst of the Connecticut Post newspaper and Webmaster of Magyar News Online.*



**Did you know....**

**.. that** this time we can report about new – and old – sports accomplishments?

**...that** when Liu Shaolin Sándor crossed the finish line in the Olympic Short Track Speed Skating 5000 Meter Relay, Hungary secured its first ever Olympic Winter Games gold medal? In addition, he along with his teammates Burján Csaba, Knoch Viktor, and Liu Shaoang (his brother) set an Olympic record for the event! Gratulálunk!!!

**...that** Hungary ranks 8<sup>th</sup> all-time in

the Olympics (including the Summer events) for most gold medals, with 175 total? In fact, it is the most gold medals for any country that hasn't hosted the games!

**...that** the biological father of American Chess Hero Bobby Fischer was a Hungarian physicist? Paul Neményi was considered an international expert in the related fields of static electricity, fluid dynamics, hydrology and hydraulics, organization of mechanics, and methods of research in investigating mechanics. Bobby Fischer is best remembered for defeating the Russian, Boris Spassky in 1972 in a much-publicized battle for World Chess Champion, in Reykjavik, Iceland.



*Paul Soos, member of Editorial Board*

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# Mátyás király, Hungary's Beloved King – Part I: Kolozsvár and Vajdahunyad

Erika Papp Faber

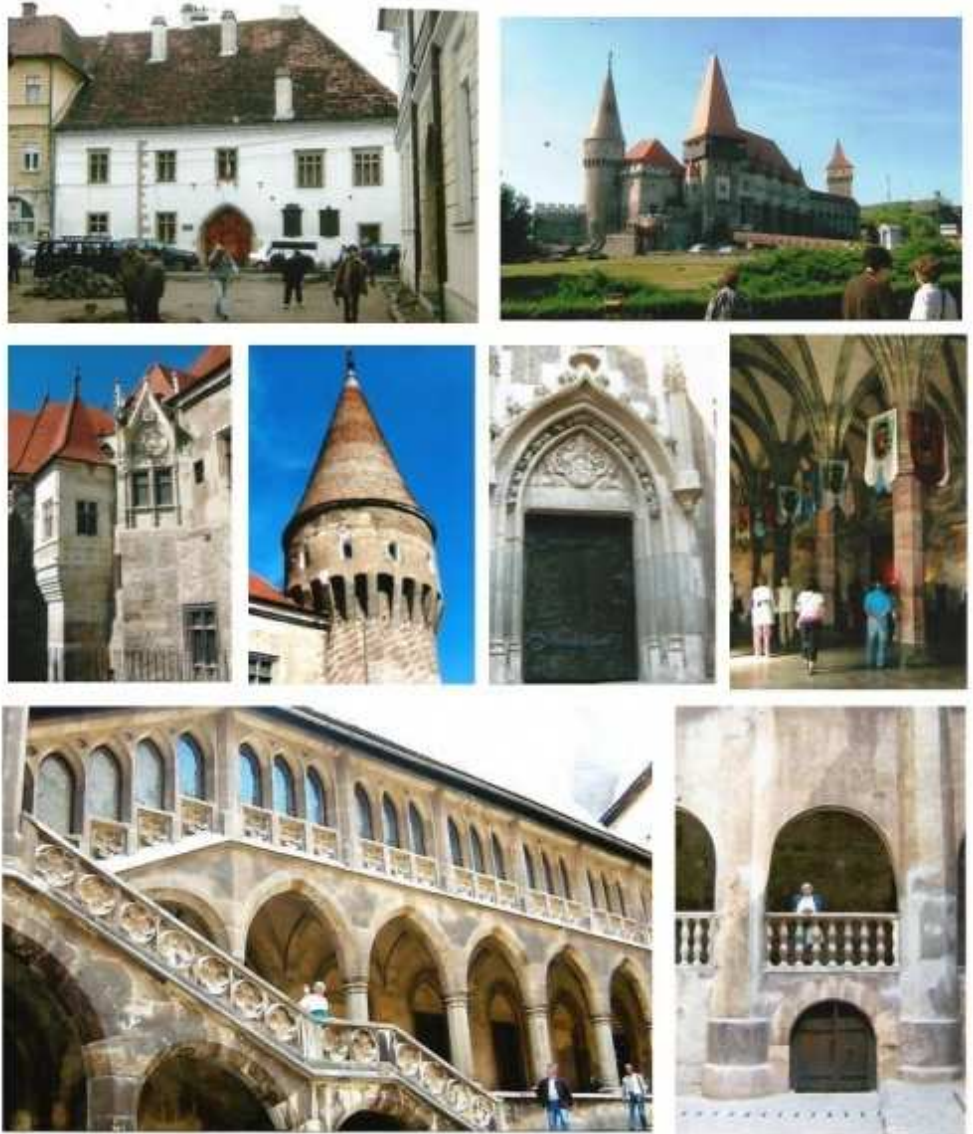
*This entire year, Hungary will be celebrating the Renaissance king, King Mátyás, who was elected to the throne 560 years ago. Scholarly tomes have been written about him, contemporary documents have been studied in minutest detail. Libraries could be filled with works dealing with his life and reign (1458 – 1490).*

*Magyar News Online is not in a position to compete with these. In a much humbler vein, we intend to publish several articles to introduce non-Hungarian speakers to the king who was a major player on the international scene in the 15th century.*

## Kolozsvár

The question arises immediately: Why was Hunyadi Mátyás, the later Mátyás király, not born in the family's castle at Vajdahunyad? The answer is simple: Mátyás' father, Hunyadi János, had recently become a member of the aristocracy, having been named Vajda (voivode – a semi-independent military leader and governor) of Transylvania, and so had started large-scale construction and renovation of the castle. To provide peace and quiet for his pregnant wife, he sent her to stay at the house of the well-to-do vineyard owner Méhffi Jakab in Kolozsvár, a city that had good relations with him.

The birthplace of Mátyás király is the oldest two-story building in Kolozsvár. After he became king, Mátyás granted the owners and their descendents exemption from all taxes, a privilege confirmed by II. Rákóczi György in 1649. To put an end to the continued controversy this brought about, the city of Kolozsvár finally bought the building. It was used as a military hospital and later as an ethnographic museum. Today, it houses the University of Art and Design.



*Top: Birthplace of Mátyás király in Kolozsvár; Vajdahunyad Castle. Center: Neo-Gothic elements added in the 19th century; Mace Tower (Buzogánytorony) with remnants of medieval design; entrance to Knights' Hall; National Assembly Hall. Bottom: Steindl Loggia named after 19th century architect who "restored" it; Mátyás Loggia*

## Vajdahunyad

Foundations of Vajdahunyad Castle have been traced to Roman times. By the 11th century, Hunyadvár, as it was then called, was part of Hungary's southern line of defense.

Vojk, whose family had come from Wallachia (the medieval name of the part of Romania south of the Southern Carpathians, from which the word "oláh" is derived), received the property in recognition of his services to King Zsigmond in 1409, and consequently changed his name to Hunyadi. He is regarded as the founder of the Gothic-style castle which became the Hunyadi family home. In the following years, it was further fortified with gate towers and bastions.

Vojk married Morzsinai Erzsébet, who bore a son, Hunyadi János. (Stephen Sisa, in his history entitled The Spirit of Hungary, says: "According to contemporary gossip ... his birth was the fruit of an illicit love affair between King Sigismund, a notorious womanizer of his time, and Vojk's wife..." - see "Why a Raven With a Ring?" elsewhere in this issue).

Hunyadi János had a meteoric rise to fame through his military exploits, fighting the Turks who were gradually encroaching on the Balkans. The king recognized his outstanding services to the country by appointing him Vajda of Transylvania (1441). His castle then began to be called *Vajda Hunyadjá* (Vajda's Hunyad), hence the name by which it is known today.

Between 1446 and 1453, Hunyadi János was also Regent of Hungary until the Habsburg King V. László (Ladislaus V) came of age.

Meanwhile, the Turks continued

their assaults. Although help had been promised from abroad, it never arrived, and in the summer of 1456, Hunyadi had only a ragtag band of poorly equipped peasants and students to face the overwhelming Turkish force at Nándorfehérvár (today's Belgrade). Actually, his troops were outnumbered seven to one. Despite the poor outlook, Hunyadi, abetted by the zeal of Franciscan friar John Capistrano, defeated the Turks, a victory commemorated to this day around the world by the ringing of the church bells at noon.

However, Hunyadi could not long enjoy his great victory. He died soon afterwards of the plague that broke out on account of the forty thousand unburied Turkish corpses. But it was only 70 years later that the Turks returned in such force again.

Of Hunyadi János' two sons, the elder, László was born at Vajdahunyad. The younger, Mátyás, was born in Kolozsvár (see above), but spent his childhood and his early youth at Vajdahunyad Castle. A loggia, added by his mother, Szilágyi Erzsébet, after his father's death, is named for him.

Mátyás was educated under the direction of his father's most erudite friend, Vitéz Mihály, Bishop of Várad. In addition to military training, he was schooled in the humanist studies popular at the time, and became fluent in Latin, Czech and German. Mátyás acquired an unusually broad scope of knowledge, including familiarity with civil and Church law and the arts. Even at an early age, he was at his father's side as Hunyadi János dealt with matters of state, and he acted as his father's interpreter at important discussions.

In accordance with the custom of the time, and by his father's ar-

rangement with the powerful Count Cillei Ulrik, Mátyás – not yet 12 years old – was engaged to the Count's 10-year old daughter Erzsébet. But nothing came of those plans since Erzsébet died three months later.

*(to be continued)*

## Remembering WWII – memories of a seven-year old child

Dora Tima Irma

*The town of Nagyacsád is located on the main drag between Pápa and Csorna, one of the routes the Germans selected to withdraw from Hungary. A military airport was located at the edge of Pápa; there was also a military exercise compound by our town. That put the town in danger and in the front's path. The front moved back and forth through the town. This is the way a seven year-old little girl remembered the war.*

An ear-piercing scream, then a giant explosion shook the earth.

"That was close!" said my Father. We children, together with my Mother started to pray, "God save us!"

Another series of explosions followed, then a hissing sound, then quiet. We did not move. We waited for death to come.

Prior to the front coming through our town, Father had dug a shallow bunker in the yard. When the sirens went off, we ran into the bunker. We were there when, not more than 1000 meters away, an American plane was shot down and crashed. Soon there was smoke all over, and we were all choking.

As we heard later, the plane was full

of bombs, which exploded one after another as the plane hit the ground. It was a major miracle that saved us all from death.

Grandfather, being very curious, was the first to get out. Father wasn't too happy about that, since he was always putting himself in danger. The plane had fallen at the edge of a new settlement; a few houses were damaged, but there were no casualties.

We were terrified when we heard the sound of sirens. Fear was imbedded in our minds and bodies. We were warned that since the town was near Pápa, the people would be in grave danger. Evenings, when all was calm, Father went to a family who had a radio and listened to the Voice of America. That is how the town people got the news of what was going on in the country.

About a kilometer from the town flows the Kanális (Marcal River); into the high bank of it the men of the town dug deep bunkers to get ready for more fighting. When the siren sounded, the people of the town ran toward the river to the bunkers. Father lined the bottom of one with straw, and Mother put bedding on it. That is where we waited out the bombings. Of course, the bunkers wouldn't have saved us from anything. For the ceiling, poplar tree branches were used in a criss-cross pattern, and covered with soil. But it was further from the town and the main road and gave us a sense of safety. In the wall of the bunker Father dug shelves, where Mother hid the ham and bread that was used to feed us.

We were four siblings. I was seven years old; my youngest sister, Karolina was only two years old. The siren sounded. One neighbor wanted to help my parents, grabbed a blanket, pulled me out of bed and covered me with it and started to run. My bare legs were hanging out. Someplace a bomb went off and he fell, he dropped me on the frozen ground. I was so cold, but I didn't

say a word. He got up, picked me up and ran again. Finally we reached the bunkers, which gave some shelter from the cold.

That was in the winter of 1944.

So far there were only bombings. Then the front was coming closer. The Germans came, they took possession of the schools (there was no teaching), and they used the military exercise compound to shoot at the Russians. At night, when the sirens went off, the whole village got up and fled to the bunkers. There was no question of sleep.

Grandfather was standing by the entrance and watched which way the planes went and informed us. The planes were flying north, then turned around and flew toward Pápa. Carpet bombing of the city started; factories, railroad, roads were bombed. It seemed that the whole city was in flames. From the entrance of the bunker I saw something that I had never seen before or after: the fertilizer factory was hit. It was like fireworks, the flames reached the heavens.

My uncle lived in Budapest and he wanted to spend Christmas with us. He was able to come by train to the Pápa station. From there he found no transportation, but took off on foot on the road, a distance of about 8-9 kilometers, along the same route that was being bombed. One bomb fell very near where he walked, and he was thrown into the ditch by the blast. Finally he arrived, ragged and scared. Of the gift that he brought for us and Mother, only one glass sugar bowl survived.

War or no war, Mother wanted to make a Christmas dinner. She was cleaning a fattened goose when the siren went off. We bolted, leaving everything. Only next day was she able to finish cleaning the goose.

The Germans were retreating. Whatever they found edible, they took. They slaughtered the pigs and

forced the men to herd the cattle ahead of the front, so they would have provisions. They made my Mother bake bread for them. Next morning they came with trucks and took everything.

That night the sirens went off again. We were standing in front of the bunkers and looked toward the town. Early in the morning the fighting intensified. Grandfather said the Germans were shelling the town, our house was burning, the whole town was burning. We all cried.

By the time the sun came up, Russians occupied the town. They were running toward the bunkers through the pasture. All the men were standing at the front, hoping to save us. But the Russians were looking for Germans. They kept asking, "*Nyemec lesz?*" (Are there any Germans?) Then they went on.

Fear was in all the men: fear for their children, wives, and for their own lives. We stuck together. Almost the whole town got together in one big house. We slept on straw pallets. The men took turns standing guard. (The Russian soldiers weren't as decent as the Germans.) This was in the spring of 1945.

When finally the fighting passed through the town, we went back to see the devastation. As it turned out, our house was safe, but almost every second house on our street was burned down. My aunt had hidden her crystal dishes under the pigsty, hoping they would be safe. The pigsty was burned with the pigs in it; her crystal was one melted mess. Nothing was safe.

A burning piece of an incendiary bomb fell through the window of the back room in our house. The curtain caught fire and fell on the bench which started to burn. The middle burnt, the bench collapsed, and the fire went out. That was the only damage to our house, plus a few of the terracotta roof shingles which were popped by the heat.

Our damage was nothing compared to other homes. As my parents talked about it, it was another miracle of God that the house didn't burn down.

A few days after the front finally left our town, and the fires went out, the smoke cleared, and Grandfather, the handyman went exploring. He went to the fallen plane site. Out of the large aluminum sheets he created, by hand and without machinery, lids for pots, potato presses, and boxes for trinkets. After our parents passed, many of the pieces were destroyed. I still have one lid, and a box he made with a very tricky lock that I keep, to remind me of my ever adventurous, clever Grandfather.

Slowly life went on, work had to be done. Wheat and rye had to be sown for bread.

The burned-down houses, the bomb craters reminded us for decades of the war's monstrosity.

As an adult, I can take hunger, poverty and misery; but I pray to God, no more war!

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, née Tima Irma is a retired school principal enjoying her "Golden Days."* She is the oldest sister of our Webmaster Karolina Tima Szabo who translated the article.

## **Egy hét éves gyerek visszaemlékezései a második világháborúra**

Nagyacsád község a Pápa és Csorna közötti útvonalon fekszik - az egyik út amit a németek Magyarországról való visszavonulásra választottak. Pápa nyugati szélén egy katonai repülőtér, a falu határánál pedig egy katonai lőter feküdt. Ez veszélyeztette a falut és a lakosságát. A front a falun többször átvonult, hol a német, hol az orosz volt az üldözött.

Következik ahogy egy 7 éves gyermek emlékszik vissza a háborúra.



*Dr. Dora Józsefné,  
née Tima Irma*

Fültépő üvöltés, hatalmas robbanás rázta meg a földet.

-Ez közel volt! - monda Apám!

Mi, gyerekek, Édesanyánkkal együtt, behúztuk a nyakunkat, és hangosan imádkoztunk: „Istenem, segíts meg bennünket!” Még néhány robbanás, aztán csak apróbb pissenések. Senkisem moccant. Vártuk a halált.

Az udvarunkban ásott bunkerban éltük túl a kb.1000 méterre becsapódott amerikai gép felrobbanását. Lelőtték a németek, de egy csodálatos Hatalom vigyázott ránk. A gép, ahogy az idősebbek elbeszélték, tele volt ki nem szórt bombákkal, és a becsapódástól robbantak fel egymás után.

Nagyapám mozdult először. Ő mindig kíváncsi volt az eseményekre, Apám meg is dorgalta érte, mert mindig célpontban állt. Ekkor már éreztük az égett szagot, közel senki sem merészkedett, csak távolból nézte a falu a szokatlan látványt. A füst mindent elárasztott. Fuldokoltunk. A gép a falu újtelepének szélébe csapódott. A légnyomás megrongált pár házat, de emberáldozat nem volt.

Annyira belénk ivódott a félelem, hogy a szirénák hangjára már összerándult a gyomrunk. Felnőtt koromban is azért imádkoztam, soha többé háborút!

Édesapám esténként eljárt az Amerika Hangja Rádiót hallgatni, és onnan

értesült az országban történekről. Figyelmeztettek mindenkit, Pápa közelsége a mi falunkra is veszélyt jelenthet. (A város szélén fekszik a katonai reptér.)

A felnőtt férfiak a falu határában folyó Kanális (Marcal) magas partjába ástak bunkerokat, és a falu népe oda menekült, ha megszólaltak a szirénák. A bunkerokat szalmával kibélelték, ágyneműt raktak alá, és itt vészeltük át a légi-támadásokat.

Ezek a bunkerok semmitől sem védtek volna meg, mert vékony nyárfagerendák tartották a rászórt földet, de távol voltunk a falutól, úgy egy kilométerre, és ez adott biztonság-érzetet. A bunker falában rejtették el a sonkát, és a kenyeret, onnan etetett bennünket édesanyánk.

Egyik éjjel, akkor még csak hét éves voltam, négyen voltunk testvérek (a legkisebb testvérem, Karolina, csak két éves volt). A szomszéd bácsi, hogy segítsen szüleimnek, egy pokrócba fogott, a lábam kilógott, hiszen az ágyból húzott ki, és rohant velem a bunker felé. Majd egy robbanástól megijedt, elesett velem, a lábam a deres fűben majd megfagyott, de egy kukkot sem szóltam. Nehezen elértük a bunkert, ami bizonyos védelmet adott a hideg ellen.

Ez 1944 telén történt.

A harcok egyre közelebb értek. Az iskolát német katonák foglalták el, tanítás nem volt. A falu határában viszont egy lövölde biztosított tűzfészeket a német katonáknak.

Innen lötték az orosz bombázó rajokat. Éjjel, ha megszólaltak a szirénák, az egész falu fölkerekedett és kimentek a bunkerokba. Alvásról szó sem lehetett.

Nagyapám most is tájékozódott, merre mentek a bombázók, és mondta a kialakult helyzetet. Azok visszafordultak, és megkezdődött Pápa szőnyegbombázása. Hatalmas robbanások, villanások, és az ipari központok, vasútvonalak, országutak el-

tűntek. A bunker nyitott száján olyan láttam, amit soha. Eltalálták a műtrágyagyárat, és mint egy hatalmas tűzijáték, úgy csapott fel az égre a robbanás.

Szegény nagybátyám Pesten élt, jönni akart hozzánk karácsonyra. Vonattal még elérkezett a pápai állomásig, onnan azonban gyalog indult a 8-9 km-es távra, hogy haza érjen. A bombázás azonban folytatódott. Az országúton gyalogolt, amit ugyancsak megszórtak bombával. Egy nagyon közel esett, mert a bátyámat a légnyelés belevágta az árokba, és bizony az Édesanyámnak szánt ajándékokból egyetlen üveg cukor-tartó élte túl az esést.

Emlékszem, ez karácsony előtt történt. Anyám a hízott libát tisztította a konyhában, a szirénák viszont megszólaltak, és csapó-papot ott hagyva menekültünk. Csak reggel tudta befejezni a libatisztítást.

A németek visszavonulóban voltak. Mindent összeszedtek, ami ehető volt. Disznókat levágatták, a szarvas-marha állományt a gazdákkal tereltették a front előtt, hogy legyen ételmük. Drága Édesanyámra rá parancsoltak, hogy süssön kenyeret. Hajnalra jöttek a teherautók, és mindent elvittek.

Este megint felordított a sziréna. Az éjjelt a bunker előtt kint töltöttük. Hajnalban hatalmas álló háború alakult ki. A németek belőtték az utcánk egyik oldalát; Nagyapám kommentálta, hogy ég a házunk. Sírtunk valamennyien.

Amire kivilágosodott, a németek helyett orosz katonák rohantak a réten át a bunkerok felé. A falu égett. Férfiak álltak a bunkerok bejáratánál, remélve hogy megvédenek bennünket. De nem a polgári lakosságot, hanem a németeket keresték. Kérdezték: „Nyemec jeszt?” (Van német?) Ők mentek tovább.

A falu nehezen mozdult. Féltünk. A férfiak egy nagyobb házba összeszedték a gyerekeket, asszonyokat, és

szalmazsákokon, takarókon aludtunk. Ők őrséget állítottak, felváltva őrködtek. Ez már 1945 tavaszán történt. (Az oroszok nem olyanok voltak mint a németek.)

Amikor a front végleg átvonult a falunkon, hazamentünk, vajjon mit



*Grandfather's trinket box*

találunk? Kiderült, hogy az utcánk másik oldalát találták el a németek, az égett. Volt akinek az állatai égtek benn az ólban. A nagynénem gyönyörű üveg készleteit elrakta az ólak alá, hogy ott biztonságban lesznek, de amikor kiszedte, egy összeégett üvegmassza volt az egész, mert az óljal együtt az is megsemmisült. Volt olyan, aki elásta az értékeit, vagy leeregette a kutba.

A hátsó szobánkban, az ablakon keresztül egy gyújtó repesz beesett, a függöny meggyulladt, az ráesett a padra, és az is meggyulladt. Úgy emlegették, hogy isteni csoda történt, mert a pad összeroskadt, de nem égett tovább. Így a mi házunk épen maradt, a kár nem volt olyan nagy, mint másnál.

Végre visszamehettünk a házakba, akié megmaradt. A mi utcánkban majdnem minden második ház leégett.

Ahogy az élet lassan megindult, az én ezermester Nagyapám elindult felderítő útra. A hatalmas repülő alumínium lemezeiből, repeszeiből használati cikkeket készített, kézi

erővel, gépek nélkül. Krumpli nyomót, fedőket készített a lábasok, fazekak tetejére. Maradt egy dobozka, mit azóta is őrzök, az ő precíz munkájának az emlékére. Furfangos zárral látta el, ebben őrizte a kicsi értékeit. Mindent felhasználta, ami hasznosítható volt. Sajnos az Édesanyám halála után sok minden feleslegesnek bizonyult, és kidobálódott. Ez a két tárgy maradt meg a sok hasznos munkája közül.

Nagyon nehezen, de megindult az élet. Vetni kellett, hogy legyen kenyér.

A háborús nyomok, bombatölcsek évtizedekig emlékeztettek a szörnyűségekre.

Éhezést, nyomort, mindent elviselnék, de soha többé háborút!!!

*Dr. Dóra Józsefné, Tima Irma  
nyugalmozott iskola igazgató.*

## **The Edict of Torda (1568)**

*Charles Balintitt Jr.*

*This year marks the 450<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Edict of Torda, the first declaration of religious toleration in the world. It was issued in Transylvania, where not only different religious denominations, but also different ethnic groups lived together in relative harmony for centuries.*



## **Religious Tolerance in the Eastern Hungarian Kingdom**

Over the centuries millions of people have died in the name of religion. The problem has often been the dogmatic views of certain religious leaders. When in a position of power, they have often urged the killing of those who did not follow their religious philosophies closely enough. Saddest among these are the killings that took place in the name of Christianity. It is hard to reconcile the fact that someone who strongly believed in Jesus Christ would have another, who did not adhere to the same beliefs, killed in the name of the One who said:

"But I tell you who hear me: Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you. If someone strikes you on one cheek, turn to him the other also. If someone takes your cloak, do not stop him from taking your tunic. Give to everyone who asks you, and if anyone takes what belongs to you, do not demand it back. Do to others as you would have them do to you." (Luke 6:27-31)

If we just look at the last two millennia, you had the early persecution of Christians in the Roman Empire until the Edict of Milan in 313. This happened after Constantine the Great saw a cross in the sky with the words "In Hoc Signo Vinces" (With this sign, you shall win) that he believed had led him to victory in the Battle of the Milvian Bridge the previous fall. In 732, the forces of Charles Martel turned back the Arab invasion of Europe at the Battle of Tours. There were the Crusades first called for by Pope Urban II in 1095 to recapture Christian territories from the Muslims. This may have also been an effort by the Pope to reunite the Eastern Christian Church with the Western Church, to have all of Christendom come under his control once again, after the

Schism of 1054 had split the Church. Many atrocities occurred while the Christian forces advanced toward Jerusalem. But the most deadly religious war may have been the "Thirty Years' War" fought between Catholics and Protestants among the states of the Holy Roman Empire from 1618 to 1648, with a death toll of about 8 million.

These were just a few of the battles; there were also many individual persecutions over the years in the name of religion. The Conquistadores of Spain and Portugal felt it was quite all right to kill any non-believer whom they encountered. Many were also harassed, imprisoned and executed as a result of the Catholic Inquisition. This began with the Medieval Inquisition in 1184 to stop heresy and was continued with the Papal Inquisition in the 1230s. Later, a maybe even more brutal version was the Spanish Inquisition that was established by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella in 1478. This was formed to maintain orthodox adherence to the Catholic religion in all of the lands controlled by Spain and to take away the direct control of the Pope over these proceedings. A main target of this and the Portuguese Inquisition, which began in 1536, were people who converted from Judaism to Catholicism. Basically, Jews and others were forced to convert, but then were carefully scrutinized to make sure that they were not secretly practicing their previous faith.

The Roman Inquisition began in 1542, as Counter-Reformation by the Roman Catholic Church. This was a battle to stop the spread of Protestantism in Europe, which had officially begun on October 31, 1517 with the publishing of Martin Luther's 95 Theses. The Roman Inquisition was not nearly as harsh as the Spanish version, but it did affect many lives. Among those caught up in it was the great scientist Galileo, for his writings in support of Copernicus' Heliocentric Theory. While the Pope and the rest of the Church hierarchy still believed in the Aristotelian Geocentric Theory of the Universe, this was considered heresy. It didn't help that in his publication, "Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief World Systems", he named the defender of the Geocentric opinion "Simplicio", and had him espouse some of the views of the Pope, which he ridiculed in the book. As a result, Galileo spent the last years of his life under house arrest.

The religious battles were not only between Catholics and Protestants. There were many battles among the newly formed Protestant denominations as well. John Calvin had to flee his native France around 1530, when he turned against the Catholic Church. Michael Servetus also fled from France a few years later, after being denounced as a heretic and escaping from prison. He meant to go to Italy, but stopped in Geneva on his way there. His main crime was writing about his disbelief in the Holy Trinity. Incredibly, the person who attacked him the most and was a key reason for his being burned at the stake in Geneva for his heresy, was none other than John Calvin. Michael Servetus is considered the first martyr of the Unitarian Church.

It is quite amazing, with all that was going on in the world before and after the 16<sup>th</sup> century in Europe, that in the town of Torda in Transylvania on January 13, 1568 an act of religious tolerance would be passed by the legislature. Under the leadership of Zápolyai János Zsigmond, the Edict of Torda was proclaimed by the Diet of Torda after a week of debate and read as follows:

"His majesty, our lord, in what manner he – together with his realm – legislated in the matter of religion at the previous Diets, in the same matter now, in this Diet, reaffirms that



*Top: Church where the Edict of Toleration was adopted in 1568; commemoration plaque. Center: Church interior; English text of the Edict; etching of János Zsigmond. Bottom: Unitarian Dávid Ferenc making impassioned appeal at Diet (painting by Körösfői-Kriesch Aladár)*

in every place the preachers shall preach and explain the Gospel each according to his understanding of it, and if the congregation like it, well. If not, no one shall compel them for their souls would not be satisfied, but they shall be permitted to keep a preacher whose teaching they approve. Therefore none of the superintendents or others shall abuse the preachers, no one shall be reviled for his religion by anyone, according to the previous statutes, and it is not permitted that anyone should threaten anyone else by imprisonment or by removal from his post for his teaching. For faith is the gift of God and this comes from hearing, which hearing is by the word of God."

This was not freedom of religion for the individual, but an acceptance of the preaching of four different religions, namely: Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist (Reformed) and Unitarian. Although it did not address the Romanian Orthodox, Jewish and Muslim religions, it was still an unprecedented act of religious tolerance, especially in the climate that existed 450 years ago.

After the defeat of the Hungarians at the Battle of Mohács in 1526, Zápolyai János became king as a vassal of the Ottoman Empire. He had been the Voivode of Transylvania since 1510, and then claimed the vacant throne of Hungary after the death of Louis II. At the same time, Ferdinand I of Austria also claimed the throne. In the end, after a battle between Austria and the Ottomans, the kingdom was divided, with Ferdinand ruling the west and János ruling the area east of the Tisza River, while paying tribute to the Ottomans each year. He was succeeded by his infant son under the regency of his wife. Zápolyai János Zsigmond ruled on his own after the death of his mother in 1559. Interestingly, he had been a follower of all four of the religions

that became sanctioned by the Edict of Torda. He was raised as a Catholic and converted to Lutheranism in 1562, then to Calvinism in 1564, and finally to Unitarianism in 1568. He died at the young age of 30, seven months after giving up the title of King of Hungary and becoming Prince of Transylvania. His successor as Prince of Transylvania, Báthory István, who was a Roman Catholic, was not so happy about the Edict of Torda, but did keep it in place.

There may have been more of a general acceptance of different faiths in Transylvania than in other parts of the world. In fact, my father's four grandparents each belonged to a different one of the four

religions proclaimed by the Edict of Torda. Acts like this may be another reason why Transylvania, the home of most of my ancestors, remains so close to my heart. My father always believed that Transylvania was special and unique. So much so, that during his time at boarding school in Vienna, then at the Royal Hungarian Ludovica Defense Academy in Budapest, and through the Second World War, he always kept a small sack of Transylvanian dirt under his pillow, so he could always feel like he was sleeping on Transylvanian soil.

*Charles Bálint Jr. is a working Customs Broker in Lawrence, NY and a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.*



You are cordially invited to a Celebration of the

## Anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848

Sunday, March 18, 2018 at 3:30PM  
Hungarian Community Hall of Wallingford,  
145 Ward Street, Wallingford, CT

- Hungarian Church of Fairfield
- Pannonia Club
- Hungarian Cultural Society of Connecticut (HCSC)
- Hungarian Community Club of Wallingford

participated in the organization of this Celebration.

The program will feature representatives of the Hungarian Consulate of New York, Ministers of the Hungarian Churches, Actors and performing artists, and participation of Hungarian Scouts of Connecticut

No admission will be charged. Voluntary contributions are gratefully acknowledged.

Mindenkit szeretettel várunk

## az 1848-as Magyar Forradalom Emlékünnepélyére

Vasárnap 2018 március 18-án, d.u. 3:30 órákor

a Wallingfordi Magyar Ház Disztermében  
145 Ward Street,  
Wallingford, CT cím alatt.

- a Rendezvény előkészítésében
- Fairfieldi Magyar Egyház
- Pannonia Klub
- HCSC
- Wallingfordi Magyar Klub

vettek részt.

A minőségi programban szerepelnek New Yorki Magyar Konzulatus képviselői  
Egyházak lelkipásztorai  
Színészek és előadóművészek  
Zenészek és Connecticuti Magyar Cserkészek.

Belépődíjat nem kérünk, de önkéntes anyagi támogatást köszönettel fogadunk.

For further information contact - további információval szolgál  
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