

Wishing all our kind Readers a very blessed and healthy New Year!

*Kívánunk minden kedves Olvasónknak
áldásos, békés, egészséges új esztendőt!*

Újévi köszöntő

*Nincsen olyan hosszú kolbász,
Hogy ne legyen vége.
Lezárult az „ARANYKORSZAK”
-89 decemberébe.
Lehet kapni most már mindent,
Bár magas az ára,
De nem adnak cukrot, lisztet,
Szappant cédulára.
Az árpából nem kütyfölnék
Úgynevezett KÁVÉT,
S szép ropogós cipót eszünk,
Nem pediglen MÁLÉT.
Aki benéz a kamránkba,
Csodálkozva látja azt a sok jót
S tátva marad aranyfogas szája.
Lesz ott orjas, gömböc, kolbász,
Tüdős, májas, véres,
Mindenféle dunsztos befőtt,
Savanykás és édes.
Nem folytatom a sorolást,
Inkább azt kívánom,
Az új évben ez az álom
Valósággá váljon.
És amikor minden meg lesz,
Adjon a Jó Isten egészséget,
Mert anélkül földi öröm nincsen.
Ezen kívül vidám kedvet, s
Darabos pénzt bőven, hogy mindenki
Vígán éljen az ÚJ ESZTENDŐBEN.*



2009
Kocsis Tünde Viola
tanitónő, Zágon

New Year's Good Luck Symbols

Erika Papp Faber



Different countries attribute good fortune to different things. We might even say they have differing superstitions. New Year's good luck symbols in Hungary include the pig, the horseshoe, and the four-leaf clover. What do these items signify?

The pig is particularly beloved in this regard, because it is supposed to rout out good fortune from the soil. That is why one must eat pork on New Year's Day – but never poultry! Chicken or turkey or duck would make your good luck fly away in the new year! The pig also symbolizes plenty, as it is able to eat up everything to its own advantage.

The horseshoe is another lucky charm. Hungarians, being an equestrian people, regarded the horse as having magic powers, able to protect its owner. In great need, ancient Hungarians sacrificed a horse to insure a better harvest. A horse's head was often nailed above the house gate. Today, only the horseshoe has remained of all this. Another reason for its beneficial effect is that iron was supposed to protect a person

against evil spirits. A found horseshoe is considered even more lucky!

The four-leaf clover is a reminder of the cross, and therefore can bring only good – that is, it wards off evil and brings good fortune. Its value is enhanced by the fact that it is rather rare, and one has to look for it diligently in the field.

Traditional Names for the 12 Months

Before adopting the Roman-inspired names for months, Hungarians of Transylvania had their own nomenclature, reflecting their pagan past. Here is the list:

- January – Fergeteg hava – Month of Storms
- February – Jégbontó hava – Month of the Icebreaker
- March – Kikelet hava – Month of Springtime
- April – Szelek hava – Month of Winds
- May – Ígéret hava – Month of Promise
- June – Napisten hava – Month of the Sun god
- July – Áldás hava – Month of Blessing
- August – Kenyér hava – Month of Bread
- September – Földanya hava – Month of Mother Earth
- October – Magvető hava – Month of the Sower
- November – Enyészet hava – Month of Decay
- December – Álom hava – Month of Sleep/Dreams

A Legacy of Compassion for Multitudes of Seniors

Erika Papp Faber

In the summer of 1983, my husband and I drove up to Hamilton, Canada, to see first-hand what a Hungarian nun was accomplishing. By that time, she had established St. Elizabeth Nursing Home, and had in hand construction of St. Elizabeth Retirement Village.

In 1950, all this had only been a dream of a refugee Sister. Sister Manhertz Erzsébet (Elizabeth Manhertz) of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart had left Hungary when the religious orders were about to be disbanded, and arrived in Canada penniless and without any knowledge of English. To learn the language, she was sent to work in the bakery of another religious order.

The baker, a Mr. Gibbons, asked Sister what she wanted to do in Canada, and she explained, as best she could, that she wanted to open an old folks' home. He was so moved by her story, that he brought her his life's savings the next day. At first Sister hesitated to accept the man's generosity, in case her enterprise failed, but after asking the advice of a priest, she eventually accepted it. (Mr. Gibbons moved into Sister's facility eight years later, and lived out his life there.)

Sister Elizabeth worked 18-hour days, and with the help of volunteer workers, and with donated furniture and even a donated car, she opened a bungalow that could accommodate 8 beds (see photo). For 15 years, she worked alone, being nurse, cook, cleaning lady and administrator of a fa-



Sister Elizabeth with a resident

cility that kept expanding, to 16 beds, then to 35, then to 100. How did she do it? She told me during our visit, "I only know that I did not steal the money, nor did I print it. I asked for no help from the municipality nor from the diocese. But God always provided." He provided magnanimous donors and willing volunteers who always played a major role in all her undertakings.

A Canadian lady who had been very generous to the Hungarian refugees of 1956 approached Sr. Elizabeth: her housekeeper needed care, would Sister have room for her? "Of course," Sister replied, although her small facility was full. Nevertheless she took in the housekeeper, secretly giving over her own bed, while she her-

self slept on a table in the basement. She thought no one knew of this. But when the Canadian lady died, she left her entire estate to "the Sister who gives up even her own bed."

By the time of our visit, the old folks' home had turned into a nursing home, because Sister could not send away those who became ill. This facility accommodated 220 residents, with 105 staff members – an astounding patient-to-staff ratio! (Since many of the residents were Hungarian, they had a choice of Hungarian meals or regular meals.) Over the years, the nursing home was converted into affordable apartments for seniors with limited income. They have been recently renovated, and are now known as St. Elizabeth Place.

Meanwhile, a farmer had donated a 74-acre farm to Sister Elizabeth. This became the site of St. Elizabeth Retirement Village. A Hungarian architect, Julius Gáspár, volunteered to donate his services (which would have amounted to some \$2 million at the time!), to designing the 340-unit Village, and he and his wife Louise moved into one of the houses to oversee the construction and administration. The units were designed with solar panels. There are no stairs to climb. Outside, there are no curbs, as sidewalks slope down to the road for easy accessibility. Early on, Sister Elizabeth talked the municipality into extending the road to the Village, and provide bus service.

The individual bungalows provide life-lease housing for seniors. As Sister explained, one could buy a bungalow for a 21-year term (after that, one would pay \$1. per year). Should the owner move away or die, the bungalow would revert to the Village. This meant that people would have the benefits of a house, without the hassle of outside work, which was taken care of by the Village. The Village at the time was open to anyone over 55 years of age, without religious or national restrictions. Today, residency is limited to Canadian citizens.

Nowadays, St. Elizabeth Village is described as a "low-density retirement community in a park-like setting." It is designed to provide a high degree of self-sufficiency. There is a clubhouse, with swimming pool, a gym room, and facilities for crafts, billiards, pottery and woodworking shops. Most activities are planned and directed by the residents themselves. Where only bare earth and water holes existed in 1983, there are now ponds, benches, trees, birds and wildlife. On the grounds of the Village is a professional building housing offices, a pharmacy, bank, book store, restaurant, and café.

Another building on Village grounds is St. Elizabeth Villa, a 6-story residential building for retirees. Qualified nurses are on duty around the clock to administer medications as needed. There is a dining room, beauty shop and barber, library, and the building is wheelchair accessible. The staff is multilingual. Attached to the Villa is a Catholic chapel which is used by other faiths as well. Stained glass windows and three bells give it almost the status of a church.

At the time of our visit, Sister

Elizabeth had bought a house in Lahore, Pakistan, at the request of the bishop of Lahore, to serve as a retreat center for local teachers and catechists. He had asked her to send Sisters to staff it. As there were only three Sisters in Hamilton, Sister was in a quandary. She told me, "God will bless us if we give out of our own poverty. Perhaps He will provide us with vocations." She was hoping for volunteers to answer this request.

Returning to her Hungarian hometown of Pilisvörösvár in the 1980's, Sister Elizabeth once again saw the need for an old folks' home. Consequently, the *Kanadai Társaság* established an affiliate in Pilisvörösvár for the elderly and needy. *Szent Erzsébet Otthon* provides a safe home for seniors from all parts of Hungary with a loving and caring atmosphere.

The Canadian government, the Hungarian government, Pope John Paul II and Queen Elizabeth II were among those who recognized the work of Sister Elizabeth Manhertz with various awards and honors.

Compassion, total dedication, a good sense of humor, and above all, faith – these were the hallmarks of Sister Elizabeth. They may be summed up in a story she told us during our visit: a farmer had offered her a cow that she could pick up any time. She drove out to his farm one Saturday afternoon. The farmer said: "Sister, the slaughterhouse is closed at this time, and I cannot help you. You'll have to do the job yourself." Sister remembered having seen how this was done when she was a child. So she asked him for a sledgehammer, to stun the cow. Sister was of slight stature, and her feeble blows only infuriated the beast. In despera-

tion, she prayed for help, and finally succeeded in knocking out the cow. Then she proceeded to slaughter, skin and cut it up, and pack the meat into her car trunk. Of course, there was blood all over her habit. Speeding down the highway to get back to her patients, she was stopped by the police. She had to do some quick talking to explain the entire scenario. But with her usual charisma, she charmed the policeman into letting her go with a warning.

She told us that, although she had experienced difficulties and even suffering in her life, she had not had one unhappy day! And she radiated the joy she had in her heart. She worked from 4 am to 10 pm every day, and never felt the need for a vacation. "If I want a change, I go up to the third or fourth floor, I talk to the people there, give them a hug, and that's change enough for me... A person's happiness is in his heart," she added with a smile. "I've found my work, and I wouldn't change places with the Queen."

When a banker was hesitant to lend Sister Elizabeth money for her projects, she told him, "Any fool can build with money! I build with faith!" And that faith was richly rewarded, as evidenced by St. Elizabeth Village, St. Elizabeth Place, and St. Elizabeth Villa, as well as *Szent Erzsébet Otthon* – the bountiful legacy of Sister Elizabeth Manhertz, who died at age 92 on October 4, 2010.

I am certain that the multitudes of seniors, whom Sister Elizabeth's compassion embraced over the last 50 years, join us all in praying, "May she rest in peace!"

Erika Papp Faber is Editor of Magyar News Online.



1983



Julius Gáspár



Sr. Elizabeth



In the bookstore



St. Elizabeth Villa



*St. Elizabeth Place
2010*



St. Elizabeth Village

A Date In Hungarian History: January 7th, 1764

"Székely" is the name of the ancient inhabitants of the southeastern part of Transylvania, descendents of the Huns. They inhabit the three counties of Csík, Háromszék and Udvarhely. Historically, they were border guards, with their own officers, and were exempt from further military duty. Until the empress Maria Theresa decided to do away with these centuries-old traditions and rights. She wanted to reorganize the border guard under Austrian rule, with Austrian officers, and make them serve outside of the country as well.

The Székelys resisted these efforts, pleading their constitutionally guaranteed rights and privileges. But they were brushed aside. The Austrians applied force, most notably at Madéfalva. Early in the morning of January 7th, 1764, the village was sur-

rounded by cannon, and leveled, while the people who tried to flee – young and old – were hacked to death by Austrian soldiers. The slaughter became known as the Siculicidium - the "Killing of the Székelys".

Many fled across the Carpathian Mountains into Moldavia. Their descendents are called "Csángós". They have kept their language, an ancient form of Hungarian, and their customs, as much as they were able under Romanian domination. Even today, a group of Csángós always walks to the annual Pentecost pilgrimage at Csíksomlyó, where they keep their own vigil service and have a special Mass as well.

The tragedy of 1764 was immortalized in a folksong:

"Nékünk a legszebbik estét, Fekete gyászra festették, Fekete gyászra festették.* (For us the most beautiful evening Was painted in black mourning, Was painted in black mourning.)

Minket anyánk megátkozott, Mikor a világra hozott, Mikor a világra hozott. (Our mother had cursed us, When she brought us into the world, When she brought us into the world.)

*Azt az átkot mondta reánk, Csipkebokor** lesz a tanyánk, Csipkebokor lesz a tanyánk.* (The curse she called down on us – lit. "said over us") : Briar bushes will be our abode, Briar bushes will be our abode."

*Among Byzantine rite Catholics, January 6th was observed as Christmas. Presumably, the people of Madéfalva belonged to the Byzantine rite, because the song mentions "the most beautiful evening." The slaughter occurred early in the morning of January 7th.

**As for the "curse", briars and briar bushes symbolize exile in Hungarian folklore and folksongs.



*Monument erected on the former site
Madéfalva,
commemorating the tragedy*



*Csángó pilgrims at
Csíksomlyó*



Kicsi a világ!

In December 2010, I went on a private pilgrimage to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, DC. The basilica is huge, with an upper and a lower church. One could easily spend a day just exploring the many chapels, reading the inscriptions, discovering the many statues and marveling at the mosaics in the four domes. (The fifth one will be dedicated to the Trinity, but is still blank.)

Many different nationalities, such as the Chinese, the Poles, the Mexicans have their own chapels. Space has

also been allocated for a Hungarian chapel, but so far, not enough funds have been collected to actually furnish it. As I explored, I found statues of Mother Teresa and Kateri Tekakwitha, and a chapel to Our Lady of Bistrice (Beszterce, now in Croatia, but until 1920, part of Hungary). I could find no Hungarian reference. Nevertheless, I was sure there must be some trace of Hungarians within the huge edifice. The guards I asked referred me to the office.

The information desk is also the main telephone exchange. So it took a while for me to be able to ask the lady whether there were any stained

glass windows or other references to Hungarian saints within the basilica. She told me to check with a guide, and asked "Are you Hungarian?" When I replied that I was, she said: "My father was Hungarian, too!" Then I followed up with the usual "Do you speak Hungarian?" She regretted that her father did not pass on the language, because "Now we're in America, we speak English," the prevailing attitude of many of the earlier immigrants. But she does love Budapest, and hopes to visit there sometime.

Ernest Roth and the Hungarians

Robert Kranyik

I like old books. Not that I don't enjoy some of the new ones that occupy the front shelf at our local library, but my real interest lies in the further reaches of the building, where I can find classic history, travel, philosophy, and other works which have stood the test of time.

I recently came across "A Tale of Three Cities", a commentary on Vienna, Budapest, and Prague around the period leading up to 1900. I was especially interested in some of his writing about the Hungarians, as I think that the Hungarians, our ancestors, have an especially interesting past. Who we are as Hungarian-Americans is rooted in who our ancestors were, where they came from, how they looked, how they acted, and perhaps, why they left for America.

Let me take the liberty of sharing with you just a few quotations from Mr. Roth's book, in the hope that you, too, will gain some valuable insights into the life and times of our ancestors.

"From all I heard and read much later, I gather that Budapest was not particularly illuminating for anyone who wanted to make the acquaintance of true Hungarians. I remember a certain disappointment: Their strange language apart, people generally do not look much different from people in Vienna or Prague. ... So one is not surprised to see upturned or down-turned noses, high cheek bones, fair hair or dark hair, blue eyes or brown eyes. It is the language rather than the features which unite or divide the races in this Eastern European melting pot."

This, of course, has been my view for some time. Having grown up among the immigrants, and with their children and grandchildren, I was impressed by the genetic variety of the Hungarians. There were black haired Hungarians, brown haired Hungarians, blonde Hungarians and even an occasional red-haired son or daughter of immigrants from the land of the Duna and the Tisza. As a youngster, having read some of the early history of the Magyars, and having learned more from my two grandmothers, I kept looking for the Asiatic characteristics among the Hungarians and could never find them.

We, at Magyar News Online, have published a variety of articles about the intellectual energy of the Hungarians – their many inventions, artistic creations, and even their substantial number of Nobel Prizes. Roth said it this way, speaking of the Hungarians, "They were indeed avid learners, and in my time, among the most highly educated people in Europe." He went on to say, "They had an extraordinary facility for learning languages which they spoke with an indelible accent, but otherwise to perfection". He

continued, "In any deal, whether business or politics, a Hungarian always seemed to be one jump ahead of his partner."

All of this seems to be plausible, from what I have experienced. So many of our Hungarians went into trades, businesses, and professions which required intelligence and skill. Among the immigrants circa 1900, there were not many who were college graduates, since so many came from the farming villages of the northeast. But their children and grandchildren strove to excel, especially in the sciences and the technologies, and this bent seems to continue to this day.

Roth summarized, in a sense, what the Hungarians had become, when he said: "So the strange people from the East who once upon a time had made Europe tremble, had at last found their proper place in the European family. There was no sign of the savage past, and if the gypsies were not genuine Hungarians, one could still see in Budapest or even in Vienna a housemaid or waiter as dark-skinned or black-haired as a gipsy, with a faint hint at slanting eyes – black eyes, of course – who may have preserved some characteristics of the old Magyars." But the people of Hungary of today, genetically and in terms of physical appearance, is as varied as are the surrounding nations. And why should this not be so – there were Slavic speaking and German speaking peoples in the Hungarian basin before the Magyars arrived. Wars eliminated many of the Magyars. As Roth said, "So, in the year A.D. 1000, this Asiatic people entered the family of European nations. By that time most of the Magyars must have been already near-European in appearance, for they used to bring back from their raids, not only gold, but also women."

From what I have been able to learn of my own family origins, and from what I remember of the older generations, I would tend to agree. It seems that this strong identification with being Hungarian or Magyar is more a sense of language and national identification, rather than tribal origins. As far as I have been able to ascertain, my Hungarian roots are complex – a little ancient Magyar as determined by old Magyar names in the family tree, but well mixed in with Rusyn, Slovak, German, Croatian, Lombard Italian and perhaps others. So it appears to me that, in one sense, we Hungarians are like contemporary Americans – one from many. Or, in another sense, we can say that we are "*E Pluribus Unum*", doubly so.

Robert Kranyik is a retired professor and dean, University of Bridgeport, whose roots are in the old Hungarian community of the West End of the city of Bridgeport.

Japanese, Greeks Interested in New Hungarian Paprika

The Japanese are very interested in a new strain of paprika developed by Dr. Lantos Ferenc in Hungary. Lantos, a professor at the University of Szeged, developed a strain that is better able to absorb calcium from the soil and utilize it to advantage. For this reason, it can grow well on soil that is deficient in this mineral.

This property of the new strain is what makes it so appealing to the Japanese, whose soil is poor in calcium. That is why Lantos created a sensation at the Tokyo Foodex in 2009 with his new strain. His product is rich in Vitamin C as well as calcium, and is said to have anti-aging properties. Two major Japanese food concerns have shown an interest in importing Lantos' paprika. The Mitsubishi commercial establishment offered to buy 10,000 tons. According to Lantos, it would take more than the producers of the entire southern Alföld to satisfy just this one order.

The new paprika strain is also a hit in Kirghizistan, where the soil has never been exposed to paprika production. There, the work of another Hungarian biologist, Szalva Péter, who has worked on developing different types of vegetables, including various types of paprika, is used as a textbook.

The Greeks have also shown an interest in obtaining Lantos' paprika for growing on the barren soil of Greece.



Recipe for a New Year

Hurka, Kolbász

Put the hurka, kolbász in a pan. Prick with a fork in several places. Add a small amount of oil and bake in a 375 degree oven until they become crisp (about 45 minutes).

Serve with braised cabbage.



Braised Cabbage

1 head of red cabbage
3 Tbs oil
1 small onion
2 Tbs sugar
Caraway seeds
Salt
2 Tbs vinegar
½ cup red wine (optional)

Cut out the stump from the cabbage and slice thinly. Sauté the onions, then add the vinegar and a little water. Add the sliced cabbage, caraway seeds, salt sugar and steam until cabbage becomes soft. When done, add the wine, if you wish.

Can be served with hash browns or any type of potatoes.

CRACKLING BISCUITS (Tepertős pogácsa)

1 lb. cracklings, ground
6 cups flour
2 cakes yeast dissolved in ½ cup warm milk
½ pint sour cream
2 eggs
1 egg yolk
1 Tbsp butter

1 Tbsp salt

Mix by hand in a large bowl, flour, salt, crackling and butter, set aside. Put eggs and sour cream into yeast mixture; add this to flour mixture, let stand in warm place until double in size. Knead on lightly floured board. Roll out to ½ inch thickness, cut with round cookie cutter. Just before putting in oven, brush top with beaten egg yolk. Bake in 350° oven about 30 minutes or until golden brown.

From the ST. EMERY'S LADIES GUILD "THE ART OF HUNGARIAN COOKERY" cook book.



Did you know...

... that in Hungary the first mountain national park was established in 1977 in the Bükk Mountains? In the winter, skiers descend on the village of *Bánkút*. Not too far, on the summit of the 956m high *Bálvány peak*, stands the *Petőfi look-out tower*. The most beautiful panoramic view opens up from the 18m high tower.

The other vacation resort in the Bükk Mountains (in *Bükkalja*) is *Noszvaj*. This is where you find the *De la Motte* castle. The castle was built in late baroque style; now it is a hotel, but the museum and park can be visited.

If you go, don't forget to visit *Bogács*. Its thermal bath offers a pleasant break from skiing. Not too far, in the *Subalyuk caves*, scientists came upon the first Neanderthal Man's remains in 1932: the bones of a woman and a child.



De la Motte castle In Noszvaj

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