



## Árulók

Csanády György verse

Hát hazudott az Olt!  
Neki mindegy, hogy ezeréven által  
Székely faluk aljában vándorolt.

Hát hazudott a büszke Hargita!  
A tölgykoszorút hiú homlokáról  
Csak, hogy ne fájjon leszakítania.

És hazudtak a kertünkben a rózsák  
Akárki elé fészlő vágyai,  
A régi ház sok régi bútorától  
Hazugság volt, hogy nem bírt válni.

Hazudott mind, amiben vakon hittem:  
A föld, a vér, az eleven, a holt,  
Csak én nem tudtam hazudni mégse, mégse,  
Hogy nem az anyám már a Hargita,  
Nem testvérem az Olt.

*Transylvanian poet Csanády György (see the May 2012 issue of Magyar News Online at magyarnews.org) wrote this poem after the dismemberment of Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon.*

*Csanády György (1896 – 1952) költő Székelyudvarhelyen született, mint tüzérhadnagy megjárta az első világháború frontjait. Sebésülten került Budapestre, ahol többé-magával megszervezte a SZEFHE-t (Székely Egyetemi és Főiskolai hallgatók Egyesületét). Ő írta a Székely himnusz eredeti szövegét, ami először „Kantáta” címet kapott, és amit Mihalik Kálmán zenésített meg. Később rádiószindarabokat írt és rendezett.*



*Count Albert Apponyi in a discussion at the conference*

## Excerpts from Count Albert Apponyi's Memoirs of the So-called Trianon "Peace Negotiations"

*Count Albert Apponyi, born in 1846, became a member of the Hungarian Parliament in 1872, a leader of the "united opposition", and served as Speaker of the House of Representatives and Minister of Education. After the end of World War I, he was chosen to head the Hungarian delegation to the Paris "Peace Conference" in January of 1920. He died in 1933. He was nominated five times for the Nobel Peace Prize, but never became a laureate.*

... The 5th of January (1920) arrived; the Hungarian peace delegation was rather numerous, as it was expected that a written reply would have to be worked out to the so-called "peace offer", which would require, in addition to the main delegates, a group of experts as well as corresponding technical personnel.

Our party was transported to Paris by a special train, the decent composition of which was a difficult task for the ransacked Hungarian national railways (the Rumanian occupying forces had taken away most of Hungary's railway rolling stock. Ed.), which had not even begun the work of reconstruction. But it was accomplished, and our train looked as if normal conditions existed; all travelers were comfortably provided for, and even a Pullman car was found, which could serve as a conference room even during the trip...

Following a 48-hour railway trip, we arrived in Paris in the early hours of January 7th. It had been planned so our

separate train would find a deserted railroad station. A small military commission met us – we called them our prison guard... Accommodations had been provided for us in Neuilly, in a suburb of Paris in the middle of the Bois de Boulogne, at the Chateau de Madrid, a hotel used to shelter less serious guests during the beautiful part of the year...

I received an invitation to come to the Quai d'Orsay to accept the peace terms before noon on one of the following days. Of course we arrived punctually at the designated time, and were led into a spacious waiting room, from which a door opened directly onto the hall where the High Commission was already assembled and the proceedings were to take place...

Once we all sat down, (French Prime Minister Georges) Clemenceau addressed some words to me, which were nothing more than the announcement that "the peace terms suggested for Hungary" ("le traité de paix proposé à la Hongrie") would be handed over. The handing over followed immediately by a higher official. I noted with inner bitterness the euphemism used by Clemenceau, when he spoke of a "suggested peace offer", while we knew only too well that it was a dictated treaty...

He said, "You have requested to make an oral presentation about the position of Hungary to the High Commission. The High Commission has unanimously decided to accede to your request. Of course there can be no discussion..."

My reply was, "I thank you, Mr. President, for the High Commission's accommodation, but I must remark that there is a misunderstanding here, because what I had wanted was not so much an oral presentation as rather an oral discussion..."

I naturally gave the most careful attention to the preparation of my exposé, in which I had to demonstrate the total monstrosity of the peace proposals planned for us. I strove to build up the many things I had to say in as brief a form as possible, as clearly as possible; but I did not write an outline, either in French or in English (the two languages in which, I presumed, I would have to speak); I could not compose myself either to write or dictate.

Only the framework of the talk was prepared, the text would have to come during my presentation, based on the inspiration of the moment, fed by the magnetic contact with the audience, should it be possible to win one.

I also determined the keynote which should permeate the lecture; no sentimentality, no complaining, no appeal to the generosity of the victorious powers, no kind of emotional expression at all; instead, a dry presentation of the facts, as clearly as possible; their own pathos would have to work...

As I stepped into the hall at the appointed hour, I once again felt very strongly the uniqueness of the situation. I was to speak to an audience among whom there was not the smallest fraction of sympathizing elements, an audience of enemies in the technical sense of the word, mostly hostile with a small sprinkling of indifferent participants...

The arrangement of the hall robbed me of the possibility of looking into the face of that part of the audience among whom I presumed a less hostile bias, the British, the Italians and the Japanese; I stood face to face with only Clemenceau and his staff, and this portion of the audience could not, or would not, disguise their unfriendly attitude at the beginning of my presentation. I had before me some serious, malevolent faces, other mocking smiling ones, I could not doubt with what sort of preju-

dice my words would be received...

I began without any introduction, with the declaration that the peace terms were totally unacceptable for us and that I would prove this on the major provisions. I noted immediately that this dry tone, avoiding all sentimentality, surprised at least that part of my listeners whose impression I could observe, and worked favorably on their disposition...

A large portion of my exposition was devoted to establishing how totally mistaken the territorial provisions of the Trianon Treaty were from the ethnographic point of view; that the provisions in this regard were a punch in the face of the nationality principle, which served as its pretense...

Clemenceau gave (British Prime Minister David) Lloyd George the floor, and he called on me to go into greater detail about the distribution of the nationalities which I had mentioned in the course of my talk, specifically, of the Magyars in the territories detached from Hungary... Fortunately, I was prepared for such questions; I had Paul Teleki's excellent ethnographic map of Hungary with me, and with this, went to Lloyd George's seat, where all the main representatives hurried, and listened to my explanation with their heads together over the map...

I heard that, at the end of this session, some rather sharp statements were made by the British, who were brought into the unpleasant situation of being participants in such constructional mistakes. (Italian Prime Minister Orlando) Nitti even made a serious attempt to bring about a change of the most absurd provisions; but he too had to give way to the argument that the whole house of cards of the peace treaties would collapse if any change were to be allowed...

(Back in Budapest) We went to work immediately. The situation was discussed in detail with the political notables of all parties, and with the collaboration of the best experts in all branches of public life, several volumes of a de-



*Count Albert Apponyi*

tailed exposition of the injustices and shortcomings of the projected contract that had been shared with us were worked out. We started on our second trip to Paris on February 21st...

The day of the tragic session of the National Assembly arrived, at which the treaty of Trianon had to be ratified. No one who took part in this ceremony at the Parliament will ever forget it; the businesslike dryness of the proceeding heightened the shocking effect of the event. A minority protested the ratification and left the hall; the remaining majority remained silent, when the President asked the question whether the Assembly agreed to the ratification. The President noted that no objection had been raised, and the ratification would have to be regarded as settled. Driven by an overpowering instinct, the entire Assembly rose and intoned the Hungarian national anthem; the voices in the gallery blended with those of the representatives. No eye remained dry...

*Translated from the German  
by Erika Papp Faber*



# Some Reasons for, and Repercussions of, World War I

*On June 28th, 1914, another shot was heard around the world: the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, at Sarajevo, by the Serbian terrorist Gavrilo Princip. With help from the Balkan Alliance and Russia, Serbia had recently been freed from Turkish rule (1912-1913), and the Serbs dreamed of a federation of southern Slavs, Yugoslavia. When Princip was apprehended, he explained that the Archduke "had to die, because he was the enemy of the Slavs."*

Located in the embrace of the Carpathian Mountains, Hungary for centuries played an important part as a buffer against onslaughts from the East, allowing the rest of Europe to develop in relative security and peace. It bore the brunt of the Mongolian invasion in 1241-42, which devastated the country to such an extent that King Béla IV had to bring in settlers from abroad to repopulate the country. (In that one year, Somogy County went from a population of 50,000 to a mere FIFTY people!)

Hungary stopped the invasions of the Pechenegs and Tartar tribes from the East, and bore the Turkish yoke for 160 years, from 1526 to 1686. When the Turks finally started to move against Vienna, all of Europe finally mobilized, and a multinational force started to beat back the Turks, the last of whom finally left Hungary in 1718. They too had plundered and devastated the country to such an extent that, for example in all of Békés County, the number of survivors, after the Turks left, was TWO!

But the price of "liberation" was high: the so-called "liberators" became the new oppressors (as happened again in the 20th century). The Hapsburgs replaced the Turks in ruling Hungary. Their absolutist rule brought about the 1848-49 War for Independence, which went in Hungary's favor until the Austrians called for Russian help; then it was brutally crushed.

But the lands under Austrian rule (including Hungary, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slovenia) became increasingly restless, and the Hapsburgs decided to ease their iron grip. Through the terms of the Compromise of 1867, Hungary was granted limited independence, with the establishment of the Dual Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The Compromise provided for a common army and navy, common finances, and common handling of foreign affairs. Parliamentary government was established in both halves of

the Monarchy, which was joined by the person of the Emperor-Monarch, Franz Joseph I.

A system of alliances criss-crossed Europe at the turn of the 19th-20th century. The Triple Alliance was a defensive military agreement among Austria-Hungary, Germany and Italy, promising mutual support in case of attack. Opposing them was the Triple Entente, composed of Britain, France and Russia.

A Serb terrorist, Gavrilo Princip assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife, on June 28th, 1914. The Crown Council, in its capacity as advisor to the Emperor, was called into an emergency meeting. Its members represented the various peoples united under the Austro-Hungarian umbrella. The Hungarian delegate, Count István Tisza, Prime Minister of Hungary, was the only one to oppose going to war with Serbia. He finally agreed, but only on the condition that the Monarchy would not acquire any territory.

The ultimatum sent to Serbia triggered the alliances, so that all of Europe was soon embroiled in the most bitter warfare known until then. Eventually, Bulgaria, Turkey and Rumania were also involved. In May of 1915, Italy changed sides, with the reasoning that the Alliance had been a defensive one, and now it had gone on the attack. (Apparently Italy did not regard the assassination of the heir-apparent as an attack on the Monarchy.)

By December 1916, the Russians were beaten back from the Carpathians, and Hungary's borders were secured. An official peace offer was made by the Central powers, but it was rejected by the Entente. According to a French estimate, had the peace offer been accepted, the lives of one million Frenchmen alone would have been saved, not to mention the war casualties suffered by the other

countries.

But the Czechs and Slovaks dreamed of an independent Czechoslovakia, and therefore did everything in their power to influence the Allied powers in their favor. An early end to the war would have nullified their plans, and so their propaganda machine went into high gear, particularly after the United States entered the war, and their gift of a gold cigarette case to Clemenceau became legendary.

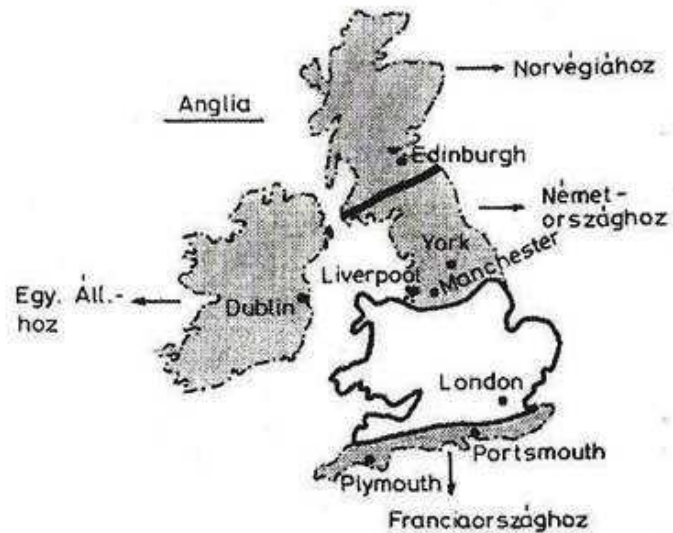
(It may be of interest to note the Slovak leader Fr. Andrew Hlinka's admission to President Wilson's aides, after the establishment of Czechoslovakia, as recorded in Col. Stephen Bonsal's book, *Suitors and Supplicants*: "But in three months, indeed, after only three weeks, the veil was lifted. In this short time we have suffered more from the high-handed Czechs than we did from the Magyars in a thousand years! Now we know 'Extra Hungariam non est vita' /Outside of Hungary there is no life for us/ ... economically, and above all religiously, we can get along with them better..." – Source: Stephen Sisa, *The Spirit of Hungary*.)

As is described by Count Apponyi (see the Excerpts from his *Memoirs* elsewhere in this issue), the Hungarian view was ignored, and Hungary was carved up, losing 71% of its territory, and most of its natural resources, as well as its agricultural resources, were given to the so-called Successor States by the Allies by terms of the Treaty of Trianon (see *Magyar News Online*, June 2010 issue for details.)

*To explain more clearly what the Trianon Treaty did to Hungary, see the collage of maps enclosed.*

*EPF*

# If the Trianon Treaty had been applied to other countries:

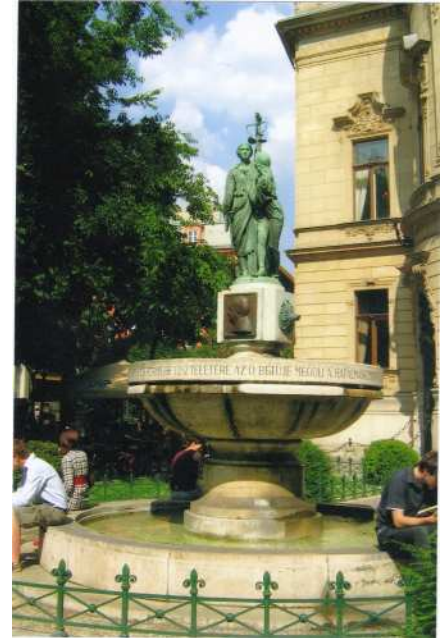


# A Fountain of Gratitude

*An unusual monument in Budapest recalls the Treaty of Trianon. It proves that even a good word from a foreigner elicits a warm Hungarian response!*

British Prime Minister Lloyd George was not the only Englishman who was uncomfortable with the Trianon Peace Treaty. Harold Harmsworth, first Viscount Rothermere, newspaper baron and owner of the London Daily Mail, published an editorial on June 21st, 1921, entitled "Hungary's Place in the Sun", in which he supported restoration of the Hungarian territories lost through the dictated Treaty of Trianon.

As can be imagined, this was greeted with ecstatic gratitude in Hungary, as witnessed by a fountain set up on the Pest side of the capital. The inscription engraved around it reads: "This fountain was erected by grateful Hungarians in honor of Great Britain's worthy son, Viscount Rothermere. His letter kills the mighty, his spirit brings justice to life. 1928."



## Model 21 Flies Again

Robert Kranyik

*Some one hundred and eleven years later, the first flights of Gustave Whitehead, the aviation pioneer, have been again recognized and honored by a new fountain and sculpture located in what was once the Hungarian section of Bridgeport.*

For many years, beginning back when the area of Bridgeport, Connecticut located near intersection of Fairfield Avenue and State Street Extension was a solidly Hungarian neighborhood, there was a fountain at the junction. The Cornwall Patterson Company, which for many years manufactured piano hardware, looked out at the old fountain. This writer recalls how the fountain was beautifully lit with colored lights each Christmas holiday, as were several other fountains in the Park City, as Bridgeport became known.

Surrounding the area were dozens of factories, part of the industrial might of this city situated on Long Island Sound, some fifty miles from the center of New York City. A hundred feet south of the fountain, adjacent to the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, was the complex of sidings on which the Barnum and Bailey Circus was unloaded and taken to its nearby winter quarters. Early each work morning, Hungar-

ian-Americans poured down State Street Extension from their small homes in Fairfield to work in the factories of the West End. In the evening, the mostly foot traffic reversed itself. A major obstacle on the way home was a number of taverns which parted some of the Hungarian-American workers from their earnings. On Fridays, the wives of those workers often met them near the fountain to take command of their pay envelopes in order to protect the household money.

In those days, horses, too, often drank from the fountain. But, today, State Street Extension is mostly a bustling commercial area, with auto dealerships, a large post office, and a variety of other commercial buildings. The small houses and triple deckers have been mostly replaced by businesses of all kinds. The taverns have disappeared. A few upscale restaurants inhabit the old tavern properties. And the Hungarians have mostly moved on.

But, some one hundred and ten years ago, in the bustling community of the West End, also referred to by some, including Hungarians, as "Hunktown", a significant development in American Aviation occurred. A German immigrant with a Hungarian wife, assisted mostly by Hungarian immigrants, developed and flew an airplane. The year was 1901, and the plane, called "Whitehead Number 21" was flown by the inventor, Gustav Whitehead. It is said to have flown successfully several times, well before the

first successful flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903. Much has been written about the Whitehead flights, but Gustav Whitehead's supporters were not successful in convincing the Smithsonian Institution that Whitehead was the first to fly. Nevertheless, strong belief in Whitehead's flights as the first powered flights still exist among the descendents of those Hungarians and others who assisted Whitehead. Now, the City of Bridgeport has honored Whitehead after these many years with the dedication of the Gustav Whitehead Fountain, located on the site of the old fountain at Fairfield Avenue and State Street Extension..

On Tuesday, May 15, 2012 a very interesting metal sculpture of Whitehead's Model 21 was dedicated at the site. Mounted atop a tall, stainless steel pole, the sculpture is an artistic interpretation of Model 21, installed in such a way that it turns into the wind, and the propellers spin. Since I have a copy of the plan for the Model 21, and have seen various models and replicas, I can say with some assurance that the metal sculpture does capture the essence of the original. It "flies" above a new granite fountain, on which is inscribed "First in Flight, Gustave Whitehead, Born 1874 Died 1927". The sculpture of the Model 21 atop the fountain was the work of Russell Bledsoe of Fairfield, assisted by Tyler Strickland, also of Fairfield. The fountain was designed by Theodore L. Grabarz, the Deputy Director

of Public Works for the City of Bridgeport. The corporate sponsor of the project was AKDO Intertrade, Inc. The fountain's jets of water rise to a height of about four feet beneath the airplane, appropriate since at least one of Whitehead's early flights is said to have landed in the waters of Black Rock Harbor, not far away.

Some 60 or so people showed up at the dedication, including several descendents of Gustave Whitehead. Sadly, his grandson, Bob Whitehead, my classmate at McKinley School in Fairfield, passed away before the dedication. He and I met several times over the past several years and talked about his Grandfather's flights, a topic of conversation among many of the old time residents of Tunxis Hill, where McKinley School was located. It was from the crest of Tunxis Hill

that a number of Whitehead's flights took place.

Also involved in the project was Andy Kosch, like a number of us, fans of the work of Gustave Whitehead. Andy, among other accomplishments, flew a replica of the Model 21 airplane. Andy was my co-author on the Magyar News article "Who Flew First?" published in the June, 2002 issue. (See Magyar News Classic in this issue.) As far as I know, that replica is still housed at Kaye Williams' hangar-like building, on the shoreline at Captain's Cove Marina, Black Rock Harbor, Connecticut. That is most appropriate, since the original airplane was built nearby in the old Hungarian community.

*Robert Kranyik is a professor emeritus and retired dean from the University of*

*Bridgeport, and a member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online*



13th, 1944. His mother was a poet, his father an aircraft engineer. He graduated from the Technical University of Budapest (Műszaki Egyetem), Faculty of Architecture, in 1967. Rubik was a sculptor, architect and a professor. In 1990, he became president of the Hungarian Engineering Academy (Magyar Mérnöki Akadémia). He had always been fascinated by the relation between man and space, the object and time; those led to the Cube. According to Rubik, he did not invent the Cube, he discovered it.

the Connecticut Post, one Cube on the exhibit "is a diamond-encrusted version, created by Fred Cuellar, the founder of Diamond Cutters International."

Although we still have the old Cubes, and sometimes my granddaughters (7 and 9) play with them (they have not solved them yet), I purchased one on a display stand for my son for last Christmas, something from a Hungarian "inventor", to keep.

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

## Rubik's Cube: Nearing 40 But Still Going Strong

*Karolina Szabo*

*Fads come and go; this year's hot item will be next year's has-been. Not so with Rubik's Cube. What started out as an intriguing fad in the 1970's is still attracting fans who try to match their wits against the intricacies of the Cube.*

Recently I read an article in the Connecticut Post about Ernő Rubik's visit in Jersey City. It brought back memories from years ago: watching television and twisting-turning the Rubik's Cube. My sons and I were having a contest, to see who could solve it faster.

Close to 40 years ago, in 1974, *bűvös kocka*, the "Magic Cube", was invented by Ernő Rubik. He was born during WWII, on July

The Rubik's Cube has six sides, with each side a different color. The Cube is made up of 26 small cubes. Each side of a traditional Cube consists of nine squares, in a three by three grid pattern. Of the 54 squares on the Cube, 48 of them can move, the centers on each side are stationary.

After mixing the cubies, even he wasn't sure whether he could put it back together. Then he discovered that by twisting and turning them in a special sequence, a few cubies at a time, he solved the puzzle. The patent was sold to Ideal Toy, of Britain. You may spend hours and days fiddling with the Cube, and may never solve it; but experts can solve it in less than 10 seconds in 24-28 moves. More than 500 million were sold, excluding counterfeits.

Ernő Rubik was honored at a gala at the Liberty Science Center in Jersey City. He came to the US to help develop an exhibit for the Cube's 40th anniversary. The exhibit will open in April 2014, and is scheduled to travel for seven years to design and science museums around the world. According to



*Ernő Rubik with his Cube*

# Ballag már a véndiák...

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, sz. Tima Irma*

*Talán egyedüli a világon, a Magyarország-féle ballagás a négy éves gimnázium vagy középiskola elvégzése után. Erről számol be nyugdíjazott iskola igazgató, Dr. Dora Józsefné.*

Négy évvel ezelőtt megszeppent, ijedt arcú 14-15 éves kisdíjak szorongtak az évnitó ünnepélyen egy-egy középiskolában. Bizonytalansággal, várakozással volt tele a szívük. Sikerül-e eljutni a 4. osztályig, vagy kiesnek a szigorú rostán.

Az első csengetés után, az osztályfőnökök kíséretében elfoglalták tantermeiket. Napnap után próbák, izgalmak, sikerek és kudarcok adódtak a négy év folyamán. Közben osztályközösségekké kovácsolódtak, barátságok születtek és néha itt bimbóztott ki az első szerelem is.

Hamar eltelt a négy év. Lázás készülődés vette kezdetét. Milyen legyen a ballagási egyenruha, csokor és búcsúztató.

A szalagavató, ami az utolsó évet jelentette, úgy január-februárban előre vetítette, hogy közeledik a felhőtlen középiskolás út vége. Ez az esemény azt jelenti, hogy egy színes szalagra rá varrják a kezdő és befejező dátumot. (Ezt a szalagot hordják, kitzúve kabátra vagy ruhára.) Innentől ők már öregdiákok. Bállal ünneplik, hogy nemsokára kilépnek az alma mater falai közül. Ezután elkezdődik a tanakodás. „KI TUDJA MERRE, MERRE VISZ A VÉGZET...”, amit a Székely Himnuszban is hallhatunk. Melyik felsőfokú intézménybe tanulnak tovább?

Május elején virágözön borítja be az iskolát. Az alsós növendékek feldíszítik az osztálytermet, a folyosót és az udvaron a díszemlényt. A megtervezett ballagási egyenruhák mellé egy virágcsokrot és egy népi himzett, kis vállra akasztható tarisznyát kapnak. A nagy napon bele kerül az útravaló: egy pogácsa és némi aprópénz. Ezek jelképezik: legyen mindig ennivalód és pénzed az életben.

Felvirradt a szép nap. Szorongás, öröm és a búcsú hangulata tükröződik az arcokon. Az udvaron gyülekeznek a szülők, rokonok és barátok. Azután kíméletlenül megszólal az iskola csengője nekik utoljára. Belehasít a lelkekbe, ez már visszavonhatatlan jele annak, hogy megnyílt az út a nagybetűs ÉLETBE.

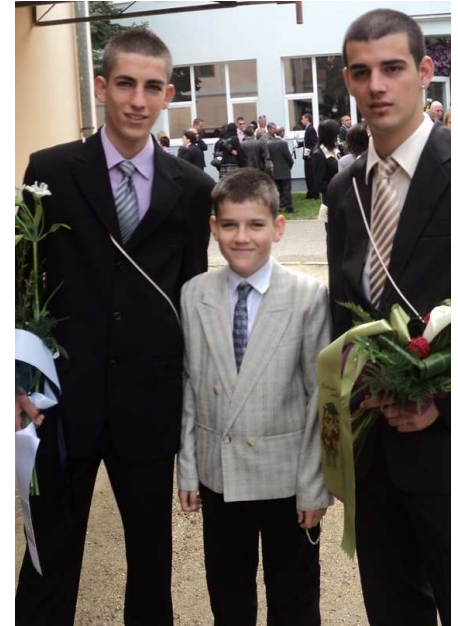
A fiatalok párosával felsorakozva indulnak teremről-teremre. Az első pár között az osztályfőnök kezében az osztálynaplóval. Megszólalnak az ismert ballagási dalok. BALLAG MÁR A VÉNDIÁK....., MOST INDULUNK ÉS ELMEGYÜNK....., ELMEGYEK, ELMEGYEK... kezdetű magyar népdal, vagy a közismert GAUDEÁMUSZ (ÖRVENDJÜNK). Le-legördül egy-egy könnycsepp - ki tudja miért... Az udvaron egymás mellé sorakoznak a diákok. Néhány zeneszám, vers – egy-egy neves költő, például Ady, József Attila és Petőfi verseivel – indítja az ünnepélyt. Az iskola igazgatója elbúcsúztatja a ballagókat, ellátja őket jó tanácsokkal. Elkészönnnek az alsóbb osztályosok, végül a ballagók. A himnusszal zárják a búcsúztatást.

Ezután mindenki megkeresi a hozzátartozóit, és átadják az ajándékokat. Régen egy szép könyv, ma már méregdrága ajándékokkal lepik meg az ünneplőket. Az ezt követő hétfőn kezdődnek az érettségik, de ez a nap az övéké. A ballagás jelkép: LEZÁRÁSA egy életszakasznak és kezdete egy újnak.

Pápán, az „Oskola városban”, ahol én jártam a tanítóképzőbe, a ballagás egész más formát ölt. Talán egyedüli az országban. Városballagásnak nevezik, ahol az egész város iskoláinak végző diákjai egy napon ballagnak, és az egész város részt vesz.

A Fő utcát lezárják az autó forgalomtól. Barátok, rokonok, diáktársak az utca két oldalán várják a ballagókat. A Fő utca déli végén Pápai Gazdasági Szakképző Iskola diákjai sorakoznak elsőnek. A Fő utcán ballagva hozzájuk csatlakozik a Református Kollégium Gimnáziuma, Batthyány Lajos Szakképző Iskola, Acsádi Ignác Szakközépiskola, Jókai Mór Közgazdasági Szakközépiskola és Leánykollégium, a Türr István Gimnázium és Pedagógiai Szakközépiskola, végül a Petőfi Sándor Gimnázium és Szakközépiskola tanulói. A ballagást a „Gaudeámusz” kíséri, amit a város a hangos bemozdón keresztül szolgáltat. Az útvonal az Eszterházy Kastély parkjában lévő szabadtéri színháznál fejeződik be, száz éves fákkal körülvéve, háttérben a kastély. Itt a ballagási ceremónia folytatódik, szavalások, beszédek és énekekkel, majd búcsúzással záródik le. Pápán 2012-ben 763 diák ballagott, és így fejeződött be talán életüknek legszebb négy éve.

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, sz. Tima Irma nyugdíjazott iskola igazgató, aki nyugdíjas éveit Hévízen élvezi.*



*Ballagó testvérek -  
"Sauntering" brothers with  
their younger sibling*

## The Old Student Is Sauntering...

*Hungary may be unique in celebrating the completion of four years of high school with a festive amble, called "ballagás", throughout the school premises. Learn more about it from retired school principal Dr. Dora Józsefné, née Tima Irma.*

Four years earlier they were wincing, scared 14-15 year old youngsters crowding the opening ceremonies of high schools. Their hearts were heavy with uncertainty, with expectations. Will they be able to reach the fourth year or will they fail the preceding severe tests?

At the first bell, led by the homeroom teachers, they took their places in the classrooms. During the coming four years they had to face day-by-day struggles, thrills, successes and failures. Meanwhile they would form teams, friendships and this would sometimes even be the stage for first loves.

The four years passed quickly. Preparations started to buzz about the design of the uniforms the style of the bouquets as well as the valediction.

In January/February, the Ribbon-Dedication signaled the last year and the approaching end of the cloudless road of high school. The ceremony incorporates a colored ribbon with the embroidered dates of the beginning and end of their years in high school, which they wear as an emblem that sets them apart as seniors. A festive ball marks their looming departure from their alma mater. Then the deliberation begins: "...Who knows where destiny will take us..." Meaning: which college will be their next step?

In early May the school is decked in flowers. Lower-class students decorate the classrooms, halls as well as the ceremonial platform in the courtyard. The candidates will be

dressed in specially designed uniforms, carrying bouquets and an embroidered folk-art satchel on their shoulders. On the big day those will be filled with provisions: a small hard muffin called "pogácsa" and some small change. They serve as symbols: may you always have food and money in your life.

The long-awaited day dawns. The faces reflect the mood of anxiety, joy and parting. Parents, relatives and friends gather in the courtyard. Then the school bell harshly begins to ring, to them for the last time. In their souls they cannot ignore the road ahead of them, opening to LIFE itself.

The youngsters, lined up in pairs, start walking from classroom to classroom. Flanked by the first pair, the homeroom teacher is carrying the class log. The well-known sauntering songs resound, including "The Old Student Is Sauntering..." (Ballag már a vén diák...), old folk songs and the traditional "Gaudeamus" (Let Us Rejoice). Tears of sorrow or joy roll down some faces – who knows why? After ambling through all areas inside and out, they proceed to the courtyard where all students are assembling. Some music, poems of famous poets like Ady, József Attila and Petőfi, initiate the festivities. The school principal bids farewell to the parting students, providing them with good advice. First the lower-class students, then the "saunterers" good-bye.

The Hungarian National Anthem – (Himnusz)- closes the ceremony. Afterwards everyone finds his/her relatives and receives presents. Those used to be nice books, replaced nowadays by outrageously expensive other gifts. Graduation exams will begin the Monday after, but this day belongs to them. Sauntering is a symbol: closing of one period of life and commencement of a new one.

At Pápa, the "School Town", where I used to go to teacher's college, sauntering takes an entirely different form, probably unique in the country. They call it "Town Sauntering" (Városballagás) where students from all the town's schools walk together and the whole town participates.

The Fő-utca (Main Street) is closed to vehicles. Friends, relatives, fellow students await the saunterers on both sides of the street. Starting at the south end, students of eight different humanistic, agricultural, technical and trade high schools (see listing in the Hungarian text) join in the procession. The walk is accompanied by the song "Gaudeamus" provided by the town's loudspeakers. The itinerary culminates at the open-air theater in the park of the Eszterházy Castle, surrounded by century-old trees. The castle serves as backdrop. This is where the sauntering ceremony continues with the reciting of poems, speeches and songs, concluding with farewells. At Pápa in 2012, 763 students sauntered, thus finishing the possibly most beautiful four years of their lives.

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, née Tima Irma is a retired school principal enjoying her "Golden Days" at Héviz.*

*Translation by Olga Vallay Szokolay, member of the MNO Editorial Board.*



*Városballagás Pápán 2012*

# Picnic of the Hungarian School of Magyar Studies of America

The annual Picnic of the Hungarian School of Magyar Studies of America was held on May 20th, at Roseanne and John Plavnicki's Blue Spruce Farm in Monroe, CT.



Guests, food , children and FUN

## Quick Hungarian Biscuits

### ( Gyors pogácsa)

As mentioned in the graduation article, the young people graduating receive a small satchel, with a pogácsa. Perhaps this biscuit recipe was used to bake it.



1 lb flour  
1/2 lb lard  
1/2 tsp salt  
1 whole egg  
1 pt sour cream  
1 tsp baking powder  
1 egg yolk to brush top

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl. Add lard, sour cream and whole egg. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1 inch thickness. Cut with round biscuit cutter. Place on greased cookie sheet, cut each biscuit with a knife in criss-cross lines. Brush top with beaten egg yolk. Bake in 350 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot or cold.

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## Did you know ...

...that a new generation of Hungarian champion swimmers has just shown their mettle?

The Hungarian swimming team has just captured first place at the 31st European Championship meets held in Debrecen between May 21st and 27th?

They garnered 9 gold, 10 silver and 7 bronze medals. In their best performance ever, they outswam Germany, Italy, France, Spain and Sweden, who followed their medal count in that order. A total of twenty-three countries participated.

The team was greeted at poolside by Prime Minister Orbán Viktor. We wish them well for the London Olympic Games which will be held July 27th to August 12th.

## Kicsi a világ!

*All hands on deck! When all else fails – talk Hungarian!*

An international bridge tournament was held in New York in 1964. The organizers did their best to find interpreters for the Brazil-Australia match. However, the participants declared they had no need for interpreters. Why? Because all of them spoke excellent – Hungarian!



## Summer in the Great Plains of Hungary

During the 1980's Claudia and Joseph Balogh wrote, edited and presented an informative radio series in the Bridgeport, Connecticut area as part of the weekly program featuring Rózsika and László, very well known and respected Hungarian musicians. The Hungarian Mosaic focused on a variety of topics of interest to Hungarian Americans and we are pleased to present another of these topics.

It is enough height for a child to sit barefoot on an ox-drawn wagon to expand his horizon with many-many miles of the Hungarian flatland. But he can not see behind him, because the trail of the wagon is heavily covered with thick, lingering clouds of dust kicked up by the slow-moving, rattling vehicle. Those zillions of dust particles charged by the hot radiation of the summer sun cling to the motionless, leaden, scorching air that only seems to vibrate in thick layers. The very thin, hardly noticeable clouds in the yellow-blue sky take on the same pattern, trying to imitate the endless rows of the vegetation that is trying to

survive on the dry crust of the cultivated land below. All the green leaves are pale, uniformly covered by the ever-present dust. In the distance, in the wake of wagons, tractors and even pedestrians, long streaks of dust- formed tracks crisscross the scene. It looks much like the sky above us here, where airplanes leave their mark like chalk on a bright blue slate.

Around the edge of the horizon, pointy little protrusions mark the place of the villages, protrusions that are very tall for the child when he stands at the bottom of them. These are the steeples of the churches. At noon, the sound of their bells travels far, mixing together in a strange rhythm, coming together from time to time in a common bang, only to separate and each to go its own way, some slow, some at a nervous speed.

A screech is heard from a nearby watering well, as the bucket is lowered or drawn up, and making the whole contraption look like an elevated see-saw. The hoofs of the cattle pound the ground around the well, probably in the hope of squeezing some cool water out of it.

Suddenly, part of the horizon changes, as if someone opened up an accordion. Fuzzy horizontal lines, with all sorts of shading in them alternate with blank ones, moving and changing place with each other. A phenomenon is coming to life, a mirage is about to happen. And so it is. An image of trees with cattle around them appears out of nowhere in the sky, uncertainly floating above the land, pulsating with the vibration of the heavy heath. One might think that there is a lake of fresh water between the land and the image. A reflection of the phenomenon as one would see it on a real lake appears, where the imaginary lake is, then it suddenly grows to take over the horizon and there we see the trees and the cattle upside down, hanging from the emptiness of the sky.

One could ask: Is it a twilight zone? No, it is a reality, it is the true existence of the summer on the Hungarian flatland.

*This is Claudia Margittay-Balogh inserting this dream-like chip into the Great Hungarian Mosaic.*

(Aired June 30, 1985)



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