



Hálaadás

Dsida Jenő

We could not find a more appropriate poem for Mothers' Day than this children's one, published most likely in Benedek Elek's children's publication. May the Good Lord bless all Mothers, not only on their special day, but throughout their lives.

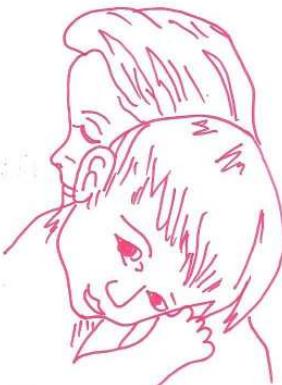
Köszönöm Istenem az édesanyámát!
Amíg ő véd engem, nem ér semmi bánat!
Körülvesz virrasztó áldó szeretettel.
Értem éjjel-nappal dolgozni nem restel.
Áldott teste, lelke csak érettem fárad.
Köszönöm, Istenem az édesanyámát.

Köszönöm a lelkét, melyből reggel, este
Imádság száll Hozzád, gyermekéért esdve.
Köszönöm a szívét, mely csak értem dobban
– itt e földön senki sem szerethet jobban! –
Köszönöm a szemet, melyből jóság árad,
Istenem, köszönöm az édesanyámát.

Te tudod, Istenem – milyen sok az árva,
Aki oltalmadat, vigaszodat várja.
Leborulva kérlek: gondod legyen rájuk,
Hiszen szegényeknek nincsen édesanyuk!
Vigasztald meg őket áldó kegyelmeddel,
Nagy-nagy bánatukat takard el, temesd el!

Áldd meg édesanyám járását-kelését,
Áldd meg könnyhullatását, áldd meg szenvedését!
Áldd meg imádságát, melyben el nem fárad,
Áldd meg két kezeddel az Édesanyámát!

Halld meg jó Istenem, legbugzgóbb imámat:
Köszönöm, köszönöm az édesanyámát!



Édesanyamnak



Dsida Jenő sírja

Dsida Jenő (1907 – 1938) was born in Szatmárnémeti on May 17th, 1907. His father was a member of the military engineering corps, and his mother came from a wealthy landowning family. During World War I, his father became a Russian prisoner of war, and an uncle fell in Galicia. Dsida's writing talent was discovered and encouraged by the „great story-teller” Benedek Elek, and most of his early poems and literary translations were first published in Benedek's children's publication titled „Cimbora” („Chum”).

In 1925, acceding to his parents' wishes, Jenő enrolled in law school at Kolozsvár, but did not finish his studies. Despite a heart condition, he took an active part in the literary life of Transylvania, as editor of, and/or contributor to various literary magazines. He wrote from a perspective of goodness and beauty, but often with a melancholy streak, and with great rhyme and rhythmic skill. His main topics were nature, love, youth, characterized by patriotism, deep religiosity, and a fear of death. Two volumes of poetry were published during his lifetime, and a third posthumously. He also published a diary he kept during a pilgrimage to Rome in 1933.

In 1937, he married his great love, Imbery Melinda. The following year, he fought what was diagnosed as a stubborn cold for a long time, and spent much time in the hospital, but eventually succumbed. He was only 31 years old. Like many literary figures, Dsida Jenő was buried in Házsongárd Cemetery at Kolozsvár. For many years, his works (particularly his „*Psalmus Hungaricus*”) were banned, and could be spread only samizdat-fashion. Now he may be freely read.

SUNDAY to SUNDAY – the story of my escape

Ella Bitskey

Working in Budapest, Ella Bitskey had to attend a “spontaneous” office celebration of Stalin’s birthday in December of 1949. Because she did not applaud, she was dismissed from her job with a “reference” that would make sure she could never be employed again. To make herself as inconspicuous as possible, she got out of Budapest, and was taken in by friends at Balatonszemes, who were themselves “politically unreliable”, and had nothing more to lose. But a secret police officer, during a pre-Christmas 1951 interrogation, ordered Ella to find a job within a few days, or face deportation. She picks up her story where she left off (see December 2011 issue of Magyar News Online) and describes her adventurous escape from Hungary.

Balatonszemes, early afternoon in late May, 1952, the Sunday before Pentecost.

A young woman is knocking on the door of the old country house, a one-time mill. The lady of the house, my friend and hostess, Hunyady Henriette, looks at her askance. The girl introduces herself: her name has a nice ring – is that a guarantee in 1952? She hands over a wrinkled scrap of paper that seemed torn off a grocery bag, with a name on it: Imre! The characteristic signature of Henriette’s brother living in New York! The mutual fear and stress dissolves. Henriette invites the messenger into the room left to her after nationalization of her estate. And the riddle is beginning to be solved.

Months earlier, Henriette had written a letter to her brother, Imre, in New York, describing her situation and asking for his help. The letter was taken to Budapest by the dear, brave Tisza Lili néni, to get it to New York with the help of Consulate X. She was jeopardizing her freedom by leaving Szemes, where we were all under police surveillance. And if Henriette’s letter was found in her possession, the consequences could have been unimaginable...

But Lili néni, with incredible ingenuity, completed her voluntary task while we were waiting to be taken to internment, and packing, for the deportation that seemed inevitable. Stuffing the allowable 50 kgs per person into big sacks. It’s anyone’s guess how far we could have lugged those...The rest of our belongings we gave away or tried to hide. And we were waiting, hoping that Henriette’s letter would get to New York in time. Thank God and everyone’s help, Imre had received the letter and acknowledged it with his inimitable sig-



nature on the scrap of paper delivered to his sister that Sunday afternoon in May, 1952. That scared young woman knocking on the door also brought a message from the leader of the escape group, Koltai Laci: we should be at a given time Tuesday afternoon by a certain advertising pillar in Budapest, on Ménesi-út, waiting for a man wearing a beret, a.k.a. Laci.

On Tuesday morning at Szemes, we left for the early train with two small bags, dressed in urban attire. At the given time in the afternoon we were standing by the designated advertising pillar on Ménesi-út. However, it proved to be a delicate location for the meeting. The face on a poster above us was no other than Koltai Laci. He was WANTED!

But he was on time. He gave us two officially signed forged registration forms for Győr, for us to fill out with fictitious names and dates that we could cite spontaneously, if questioned. (Entry to the 50 km region from the border required official permits or proof of

residency in the area.) Further directions: Thursday afternoon we were to take the commuter train to Győr, so we could blend in with the crowd. From the station, we would have to turn left for the nearby small park. There, after dark, we were to wait for a man wearing a beret, smoking a cigarette, who was to lead us out of town. It was essential that we stay 50 meters from each other so that, if one of us should get caught, the others could vanish.

We found the park in Győr. Can you believe – it was just across the street from the ÁVÓ (secret police) headquarters and we, a group of more than 20, were congregating in plain view of the guard!...Some half a dozen small children, a very pregnant woman wearing a sheepskin coat in the May heat, her husband carrying their little daughter on his shoulders and several persons nervously smoking cigarettes, pacing up-and-down...All this in plain view of the armed guard of the building...!

By dark, the character wearing a beret and smoking a cigarette mingled in and we were off for the highway leading from Győr toward Vienna. As our group, divided by 50-meter distances, walked by the houses lining the streets, I overheard women, gossiping in the doorways, commenting: “Here go the fugitives...”

At long last we got out of the town and suddenly a large, black passenger car stopped beside us. (ÁVÓ?????) Its doors swung open and we were shouted at: “Quickly! Get in!” We managed to squeeze in – I found someone’s foot next to my ear...The car took off rapidly, then stopped abruptly near a truck on the roadside, being “repaired”...

Fresh command: on your stomachs! Roll down the embankment and stay there! The car took a quick turn and left for the others, to Győr. No idea how long it took but, at last, we were together. Next: climb up to the road, on the truck, under the tarp and – QUIET!

We took off. The two drivers and the two attendants had permits to take the empty vehicles to Hegyeshalom (a border station). The passenger car drove a considerable but visible distance ahead of the truck so that, should there be a police check, it would be stopped first and we'd have time to jump off and disappear in the dark. That's exactly what happened. Suddenly some ÁVÓ officers appeared in the light of the headlights. They stopped the passenger car, checking papers! We jumped off and, at Laci's command, we crawled next to a factory building. We were waiting. Waiting for the two vehicles to leave and then, following Laci, we started the trek...for the border...

It was a long, hard walk, stumbling in the rain. The rich soil stuck to our footwear. But we were making progress! In time, our throats got dry from jangled nerves, from fear, from anxiety. As we were trekking through a huge field of green peas, we tore off some fresh, moist peas and chewed them to replenish the progressively diminishing water in our bodies. None of us had brought any food or water. According to Laci's calculations, we should have gotten to Vienna by noon!...

It was daybreak. In May the Sun rises early.

Laci, crawling on all fours, was feeling for the lines of hidden mines and Gyuri, his companion, was cutting a one-man wide opening through the multiple "iron curtain". With their help we just started to walk across in single file when flares were shot in our direction.

Run!

We ran into a nearby forest and collapsed, not realizing how lucky we were.

We were at the edge of Nickelsdorf/ Miklósfalva, in the very vicinity of the Soviet headquarters! Judging from the scraps of Russian commands and the excited yelping of the dogs, we figured that they were in pursuit of us. In this fix, our help from Heaven was the incessant rain, washing away our tracks! And the trees, dressed in their spring foliage, shielded us from the searching single engine planes.

There we were: wet, cold, afraid, from dawn to dusk. Although water was provided into the palms of our hands by the rain, nobody had any food. Except... Nagy Bandi, the pregnant lady Hatvany Alexa's husband, the man often carrying their little girl on his shoulders, had been a soldier and hunter. He knew not to set off for the unknown without food. He brought some real treasure with him: a small bag of sugar cubes! And as a real gentleman, he shared it with his fellow refugees: periodically he went around and handed one to each of us. Meanwhile, night was falling.

Gyuri was from Burgenland and knew a farmer at Nickelsdorf. Led by our two guides, we started off in the rain and the darkness. Fortunately, even the Soviet guards stayed indoors in this foul weather and we could get into the village without attracting attention.

The drenched group was received with touching kindness. Hot tea was brewing – the likes of which I haven't enjoyed since! – and we were even fed. Then we were put up in different corners, some in the house, others in the attic. We chose the cow-shed since that was the only warm spot. But earlier, Laci had warned us to stay quiet. In those days, there was a prize of 20 Schillings per head for reporting suspicious elements. For our group of more than 20, that would have meant a pretty profit in 1952! But Nickelsdorf kept quiet.

Next morning our host took a train to Vienna to report our arrival in various religious organizations' offices and to ask their help for our further journey. While he was away, Laci held guard in the front porch of the house. Armed with pistols and hand-grenades, he

was ready to confront anyone who wanted to claim the prize. Since he was already "wanted" at home, if he got caught now, he would have been dead. As he noted, if the cops came, he'd "rather take someone with him", but would not surrender freely. Yet nobody came to the house that day. The whole village was quiet, as if Nickelsdorf had died. The village was keeping its secret!...

At long last our host returned. He came with the truck of the Zionists driven by two tough guys. We heard the well-known commands: on the truck, under the tarp...and QUIET!... We started off to the road to Vienna. We passed the Soviet headquarters at wild speed. The guards were shooting at us, but the two tough guys did not blink an eye. It was midnight by the time we arrived and stopped near the Karls Kirche. With remarkable coordination, the offices notified all relatives of our group living in Vienna. We took a cab and went to the guest-house of Herr von Schwarz, to meet with Laci and the agent of Henriette's brother, Imre, in the morning of Pentecost.

The agent, Ábrányi Aurél and Laci did show up around 11. But you couldn't recognize Laci: the beret-wearing people-smuggler wanted by the ÁVÓ had been transformed into an elegant Viennese dandy celebrated even by the press.

After personal "validations", there were hugs and mutual well wishes. For Laci we had a last piece of friendly advice: since he had brought his family with our group and was in constant danger at home, we urged him not to return. Leave the dangerous job to others. Unfortunately, he did not take our caring advice. He returned. He was recognized. He paid with his life.

The rest of us were in Vienna, the capital divided and guarded by the four Great Powers, with the advantages and traps of being "guarded". We stayed with friends who, although we arrived unexpectedly, received us with incredible kindness and hospitality.

The inner district of the City was under French rule that month. The Soviets were camping out in the Hofburg. But to be on the safe side, I did not ride the streetcars, did not walk through the Hofburg under the noses of the Soviet guards, but took taxis everywhere. Regardless of who the cabbie was, before we got to the danger zone, I was warned to duck until told that it was safe.

We registered at the American branch office where I received my first western slap in the face. The busy-body clerk asked me sternly if I had money and to show my wallet. Inexperienced, I handed over my wallet. There was no money in it, but I had a very nice, old Hungarian stamp there that I brought with me as a souvenir. Unfortunately he must have been a philatelist because his face lit up. He took out the stamp and, noting that I wouldn't need it anyway, he stashed it away. But the unanimous appreciation of our forged registration forms from Győr was a positive experience. We found out in Vienna that the forest that had given us refuge belonged to one of Henriette's relatives, who also knew very well the City's English, French and American heads. Subsequently, on Wednesday, we climbed into a four-seater single engine courier plane that took us to Linz. This was really fortunate, since it spared us the very dangerous control point of the Enns-bridge on the Vienna-Linz railroad where we would most likely not have passed. (One of my dear former colleagues was taken off the train there. He was never heard from again...)

We smoothly arrived in Linz, said thanks for the nice, safe flight and bade farewell. Though ruffled in body and soul, we bought tickets to Salzburg at the train station. Once arrived, we were received by Henriette's aunt, the dear, ready-to-help Rudz néni, head nurse of the Red Cross. We were accommodated in a little room at the nurses' home, and served one meal a day at the Landeskrankenhaus (county hospital) built by the great baroque master Fischer von Erlach.

We had finally arrived!

Continuation of my "western" trip, with its surprising hurdles and complications deserves another report. But that has a setting never adequately appreciated: THE FREE WORLD!

Ella Bitskey worked for Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. She now lives in Florida and is a frequent contributor to Magyar News Online.

Translated from the Hungarian by Olga Vállay Szokolay.

St. Emery Cabaret

Anthony Procaccini

St. Emery Church in Fairfield, CT, founded in 1932, combined the "pleasant with the useful", as its Hungarian founders might have said ("a kellemeset a hasznossal"), when they presented a combination of good food and lively entertainment on a recent Sunday afternoon.

St. Emery Church parishioners and friends gathered in the church hall on Sunday afternoon, April 14 for the parish's first-ever "Luncheon and Cabaret Day." Good food and good music were in abundance, and the parish benefitted from the proceeds, the ultimate purpose for the event. Advisory Council president Kathy Sherwood created the idea in the early part of this year, and Music Director Anthony Procaccini and numerous volunteers quickly moved ahead in planning, respectively, the musical and culinary delights.

After a lunch including ziti, meatballs, sausage, salad and dessert, the audience was entertained with a three-part concert.

First, soprano Krista Adams Santilli, a Trumbull resident, wowed the crowd with her virtuosity and an eclectic array of music from liturgical sources, opera, popular music and Broadway. Selections were derived from Mozart, Puccini, Rodgers and Hammerstein, "Les Misérables," and "Sweeny Todd," to name a few. For an encore, demonstrating her wide range once again, Krista gave a bluesy rendition of the Etta James classic "At Last."

Next on the bill was a small Hungarian choir, consisting of Helen Kautzner, Ágnes Fazekas, Margit Viola (in front row of photo), and Lajos Kautzner and Sándor Szedlmayer (back row). They sang six spirited songs, many of which were recognized by audience members, who also sang and clapped at times. Their finale, "Az a szép," was an appropriate closer, a brisk *csárdás*, a typical Magyar dance song with lots of zest.

The closing act consisted of the Saint Emery Festival Choir, with help from

a few outside friends who volunteered to help. Their one number, a lively Gospel-style tune entitled "One Step He Leads," was performed with the right amount of poignancy and zeal, at the appropriate times. The audience applauded heartily.

Music Director Anthony Procaccini served as emcee for the music program, and as piano accompanist for all the singers.

The parish hopes to repeat the event, with new music, more singers and a different guest artist, every six months.

Anthony Procaccini is Music Director at St. Emery Church, Fairfield, CT.



HISTORIC ST. EMERY CHURCH FRESCO

Carroll Fencil

Even frescoes may have "roots", their own genealogy! Recently, St. Emery parish of Fairfield, CT undertook a search to find the original of its sanctuary fresco.

One of the most prominent frescoes in St. Emery's Catholic Church in Fairfield, Connecticut is the large sanctuary mural of St. Stephen and St. Emery (son of St. Stephen). The mural, titled "Admonitions", is based on St. Stephen's legacy to his son Imre (Emery), in which he laid out the principles for a good Christian ruler. It is a copy of a painting by the famous "Prince of Hungarian Artists" Károly Lotz (1833-1904). An Italian artist Joseph Natale painted the St. Emery church sanctuary fresco in 1932 when the church was constructed and founded. Given the significant meaning symbolized by the Károly Lotz painting, it is easy to understand why the St. Emery Hungarian parishioners selected this art to be their center piece in 1932. To our knowledge, it is the only known Hungarian ethnic church to have featured this famous Károly Lotz painting in such a notable way. Recently, St. Emery's parish initiated a search to locate the original Károly Lotz fresco in Hungary as part of an effort to determine if St. Emery's Church qualifies to be registered as a State and National Historic Place. With the kind help of Erika Faber, Editor Magyar News Online, and her contacts in Hungary, the original fresco was located in the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in Budapest. The Lotz fresco is the center fresco of a triptych located in the large ceremonial memorial hall in the Academy. Presented here are several photographs recently sent from Hungary (April 2013) as well as comparison photographs of the St. Emery's sanctuary mural.

The central figures of St. Emery's sanctuary fresco closely represent the original Lotz fresco figures of St.



*Hungarian Academy of Sciences
(1825), Budapest*

Stephen (center), St. Emery (left kneeling) and St. Gerard (behind St. Emery). St. Stephen was King of Hungary (1000-1038) and is considered to be the founder of Hungary. St. Gerard was appointed to be St. Emery's tutor. To the right of St. Stephen, a royal court figure is holding the apostolic double cross given to St. Stephen by Pope Sylvester II in recognition of his efforts to convert the Magyars to Christianity.

Behind the apostolic double cross royal court figure is a figure holding a model (symbol) of a church with two bell towers and a central dome. By observation, the model is an exact replica of St. Stephen's grand and historic Basilica in Budapest (1851-1905). On the lower left of the fresco is a scribe (skull on a table) surmised to be documenting St. Stephen's "Admonitions" to his son St. Emery, of which the first three (of ten) are significant to this day: commitment to religion, faithfulness to the Church and following the counsel of the high priests.

Two additional figures appear in the far outer right of the St. Emery 1932 fresco, which were likely inserted

simply to add symmetry to the mural. Interesting to note is that the royal court figure kneeling and scribing near the skull (lower left of the Lotz original) was not included in the St. Emery 1932 fresco. Generally, human skulls represent mortality. St. Emery died very young from a hunting accident when he was 24 years old (1007-1031) and therefore never ascended to the throne. St. Emery's Romanesque Revival style church is notable for its beautiful nave ceiling paintings, sanctuary frescos, station plaques made from hand carved bronze castings by European artisans and imported statues. (The *Patrona Hungariae* statue of Mary with the Child Jesus, painted over the original terra cotta during the church's renovation, is by famous Hungarian sculptress Kovács Margit; others were made by Italian artisans.) The church's priceless stained glass windows are over 130 years old. In addition there are exquisite marble altars, discriminating gold leaf decor throughout the church and rare artifacts and tapestries from St. Stephen of Hungary Church (1887-1971).

St. Emery's Church is unique, rivaling ageless European classic art and architecture. After all, it is the creation of Hungarian European immigrants arriving in America beginning in the late 19th century, adding their creativity to the beautiful St. Emery's Church in 1932.

Carroll Fencil has been a resident of Fairfield, CT and a parishioner of St. Emery's Catholic parish since 1961. He received his Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering from Michigan State University, followed by a Master of Science in Control System Sciences from the University of Connecticut in 1967.



St. Emery Church Sanctuary Fresco as it appeared in 1932, St. Emery Church sanctuary fresco as it appears today (During restoration in 2000, a gray background structure was added to the fresco), Original Károly Lotz Fresco Academy of Sciences west wall of the Ceremonial Meeting Hall (Academy Publication), West end of Academy of Sciences Ceremonial Meeting Hall Shows Fresco Triptych with St. Stephen Fresco in the Center (1988)

Whitehead Flew First! "Sure, We All Saw Him Fly!"

Stephen Link

On March 22nd and April 2nd, 2013, aeronautic history was changed forever. On the first date, Paul Jackson, Editor of Jane's All the World's Aircraft, responding to a journalist, declared that he had been wrong in asserting, five years previously, that the Wrights had launched the era of airplane flight. "On the engineering facts alone, I am professionally convinced that the Whitehead aircraft was capable of flight", and that, "for a while, he (Whitehead) was front-page news around the World and his work featured in learned journals such as The Scientific American and Aeronautical World." On April 2nd, Jackson responded to another journalist by saying, "In essence, Whitehead had a hang-glider with 30 hp of installed power and one person aboard. If he didn't get off the ground, then the Almighty must have turned-up the power of gravity in Connecticut that day."

In other words, Jane's, the world's foremost authoritative publication on aviation history, confirmed that it was Gustave Whitehead who invented the first powered, controlled and sustained in flight, heavier than air, plane. Whitehead's August 14, 1901 flight preceded that of the Wright brothers by 2 years, 4 months and 3 days.

In 1900, Gustave Whitehead, his Hungarian-born wife, Louise Tuba and daughter Rose moved to a flat at 241 Pine Street, Bridgeport, CT. My grandparents, Stephen and Elizabeth Papp Koteles were their neighbors and friends. They had just built a multi-family dwelling, housing a grocery store on the street level which they owned and operated. It was typical of the housing in the area.

It was in the West End, the heart of the Hungarian community, where the efforts of the young genius inventor Whitehead were realized. He stirred the imagination of countless young boys and eager mechanical assistants who tirelessly developed engines and re-designed structural components to support his innumerable flights.

It was your grandparents and great-grandparents, uncles and great-uncles (all native-born Hungarians) – the Ratzenbergers, Papps, Le-skos, Koteles, Bereczs, Wargos, Ciglars, Pruckners, Harworths, Galamboshes, Haverys, Jusewicz/Savages, Feketes and others who enthusiastically and unconditionally contributed their mechanical expertise, meager financial resources, and "muscle" to transport Whitehead's experimental aircraft to launch sites, often by horse and wagon.

This highly socialized community



*Joe Ratzenberger, eyewitness,
signed sworn oath attesting to
Whitehead's flight*

observed countless Whitehead flights in the West End, at Seaside Park, Gypsy Springs, the embankment at Bostwick Avenue, the circus lot, and the flats near St. Stephen's School. When not spectators, they were frequently awakened by the roar of Whitehead's engines, rumbling in his work shed on Pine Street or his later workshop at Cherry Street and Bostwick Avenue. An article on Whitehead's assistants, taken from the webpage "Gustave Whitehead's Flying Machines", states that "Without the help of these interested boys and their efforts to keep up and

get along with the crazed inventor, Whitehead would never have been able to complete his historic projects."

When Whitehead and his family moved to Tunxis Hill in Fairfield, CT, they were welcomed by an enthusiastic contingent of Hungarian residents. He continued his experimental flights from atop Tunxis Hill, elevations at Turney Farms and over Fairfield Beach to Long Island Sound. They were greeted with enthusiasm and amazement by spectators. Over 20 sworn statements of eyewitness accounts fill the publications of previous Whitehead historians.

In 1965, at a Thanksgiving celebration, I tape-recorded a conversation with my grandmother, Elizabeth Papp Koteles at age 84, as to her recollections of family history and the Whitehead flights.

"Sure, lots of people see him fly. See it with our own eyes. Up in the air, then come down."

Her two brothers, Andrew and Bert Papp, were mechanics who assisted Whitehead with all aspects of his production and experimentation in flight. When asked to assist, she volunteered, and with Mrs. Whitehead, they disassembled her silk wedding dress and petticoats. These pieces were then sewn into sheets of fabric used to cover portions of the aircraft



Papp family: Elizabeth standing , Bert - smaller boy standing, Andrew - standing behind Bert, Both boys were Whitehead mechanics; Wedding photo - Stephen and Elizabeth Koteles, wearing fabled white silk dress, used on planes' wings; Storefront: residence of Stephen Elizabeth Koteles, neighbors and friends of Gustave and Rose Whitehead, Pine St., CT - photo courtesy of Robert and Dorothy Koteles; Whitehead is 3rd from left in back row, wife with baby in back, right.

structure, as silk was extremely expensive.

At the age of 93, she was contacted by CBS 60 Minutes for an interview, as the last living eyewitness to the Whitehead flights. Approaching 94, she was clear-spoken, despite her Magyar accent. Cognitively intact, she recounted her observations, and when she did not know something ... she said so . That interview speaks to the authenticity of her recollections, and the validity and reliability of her statements.

The two most singularly important individuals responsible for the amazing revelation of events, affirming and attributing to Gustave Whitehead's aeronautical genius as inventor of the airplane are John Brown, Aviation Research Historian, and Paul Jackson, Editor of Jane's All the World's Aircraft. Indeed, all the world owes them a debt of gratitude. A search for the truth has been an uncompromising task for 112 years. The champions of this quest have displayed courage without reserva-

tion, and fulfilled the expectations of generations of Hungarians who held strong to their testimony as humble eyewitnesses. To their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nephews and nieces who have submitted countless academic reports elucidating the experiences of their proud Hungarian heritage, and extolling the humility and nobility of Whitehead (the genius of the century), who have been rebuffed by the unenlightened ... know that your

moment is at hand for the world to appreciate Whitehead and to revere his accomplishments as you have!

For Whitehead himself made a contribution to the Hungarian culture and lexicon: the word *repülőgép*, not common to their *Magyarország* when they departed Hungary in the 19th century.

Whitehead's ghost can now step from the shadows, with his Hungarian wife and family who endured much hardship, flanked by smiling Hungarian co-workers and friends whose faith in him has been unshakeable for over a century.

I am personally convinced that a wealth of knowledge has yet to be discovered in the photo albums and documents stored in the attics of the Hungarian community. History now welcomes your contributions, no matter how insignificant you may feel them to be, in depicting the era and places in which Whitehead lived and worked.

If you have any information you are willing to share, please contact
Whitehead Researcher

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Stephen (István) Link is an Adolescent Psychologist. He is former Editor of the CT Personnel and Guidance Association Journal, and has written for TIME magazine, Family Health magazine, etc. Born in Bridgeport, three of his grandparents were Hungarian. His maternal grandparents could trace back their Hungarian roots to 1425. His wife is a granddaughter of the pianist and composer Jan Paderewski, who served as Prime Minister of Poland in 1919.

Pünkösdi királynéjárás – a Pentecost Custom

Since Hungary was a Christian nation, Pentecost was observed as an important holy day, and various folk customs were connected with it. One of these was pünkösdi királynéjárás (Pentecost queen's walk), that had different variations on the Hungarian Plain (Alföld) and in Transdanubia (Dunántúl).

No matter where the custom was observed, it had the following common elements: At least four older girls would surround and lead a fifth, the smallest, usually the prettiest. She was dressed in white, with a garland of roses around her head - the "Pentecost queen". The group would go around the village on the forenoon of Pentecost, strewing rose petals from the "queen's" basket, and stopping in people's yards. Asking permission "to show the Pentecost queen", they would stretch out a white kerchief over the queen's head, or cover her with it, accompanied by a designated song. They either stood or walked around the little one who, in some regions, was not supposed to laugh during this time. Then they would recite a brief wish for a good harvest, while lifting up the little one ("May your wheat grow this high"). They would be rewarded for their trouble by the people of the house.

The custom eventually metamorphosed from a rite invoking a good harvest into one asking for a donation.

In some areas, the girls sang only hymns, while in others, they added a formula asking for a donation. They may even have closed with a farewell song.

The custom is still observed in some parts of Hungary today.

EPF



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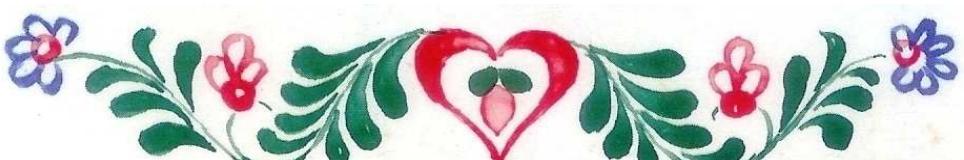
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50 éves az Arany János Magyar Iskola

Papp Faber Erika

On April 20th, the Saturday Hungarian School of New York celebrated its first half century of existence. The Consul General, Dán Károly, whose two daughters also attend the school, was the Guest Speaker. The students, ranging in age from two to the teens, performed in song and dance, chaperoned by their teachers. Photo panels posted along the walls and a slide show recorded some typical moments of the School's history. From its humble beginnings in the Small Hall of St. Stephen's Church – take it from an eyewitness and participant! – I can honestly say, "You've come a long way, baby!"

Szombaton, 2013. április 20.-án ünnepelte fennállásának 50. éfordulóját a new-yorki Arany János (hétvégi) Magyar Iskola, a Szent István templom Fehér Termében. Öröm volt látni a sok gyereket és fiatal szülőt, akik – ismerősökkel és barátokkal együtt – zsúfolásig megtöltötték a termet.

Az Iskolát Beke Imre és Szekeres Szabolcs alapították, mert újonnan érkezve megrőkönyödve látták, hogy New Yorkban sehol sem oktatták magyarul a gyerekeket. Se a Református lelkész (akkoriban Nt. Csordás Gábor), se a katolikus pap (Szlezák Imre Atya) nem tudtak bíztató felvilágosítással szolgálni. Itt már kétszer is próbálkoztak magyar iskolával, mondták, de nincsen tanító, nincs remény ilyesmit megvalósítani. Ezért Imre és Szabolcs maguk álltak neki, tapasztalt Cserkészvezetők segítségével, vasárnap délutánoknál gyorstalpaló tanítóképzést nyújtani. Tanáraiak egyetemisták voltak, akik önként vállalták a tanítást, és ami hiányzott pedagógiai képzésből, azt lelkesedéssel pótolták. Egy fél év multán beindították az Arany János Magyar Iskolát, 26 gyerekkel. Bár nem kaptak tantermeket, de karácsonyra már 106 gyerek járt hozzájuk. Ma 80-85 gyerek jár New Yorkban rendszeresen az Arany János Magyar Iskolába. A tanítók mind képzett pedagógusok, és kapnak valamely fizetést. Két óvodás osztály van – az első 2-3 ½ éveseknek, akiket három, és a másik, a 4-5 ½ éveseknek, akiket két óvónő gondoz. Ezek a legnagyobb osztályok, mindegyikben van 20-20



csöppseg. Ezen felül van még 5 osztály, a felső négyben mindenki cserkész. Az ötödik osztály tagjait, akik ugyancsak mind cserkészek, ugyanaz a tanár tanítja már hét éve, tehát jól összebarátkoztak.

A tanítás tartama szombat reggel fél tíztől fél egyig. (A kicsiknek valamivel rövidebb.) Tíz órakor reggeli, és tanítás után egy rövid ebédszünetet tartanak, majd cserkészfoglalkozás folyik fél négyig.

Az ünnepség Fővédnöke Magyarország Nagykövete és New York-i Főkonzulja, Dán Károly volt, és ő mondta az ünnepi beszédet. Neki és kedves feleségének, Kacskó Dán Fruzsinának két kislánya is jár az Arany János Iskolába.

Ót követte Beke Imre rövid összefoglalója az Iskola kezdetéről. Ezután látott a közönség egy diákok összeállítást az Iskola történetéből, amit Szabó István, Giricz Idikó és Petreczky Katalin (a mostani igazgatón) szerkesztett. A tanárok, valamint mindegyik osztály szerepelt verssel az ünnepély programján.

Körbe a terem falain különböző fénykép panelek mutatták be az Iskola tanulói életét az évek során. Zenét szolgáltatott a Fényes Népi Együttes. A finom svéd-asztalos

vacsora után következett egy népi tánc bemutató, és utána folytatódott a tánc a közönség bevonásával. Én csak ámultam, hogy mennyit fejlődött az Iskola ami óta én is tanítottam ott a hatvanas évek közepén. Akkor még csomagolópapír ragasztottam a falra, táblát helyettesítendő, és igazán nem is álmodtam, hogy majd a hétvégi Magyar Iskola fennállásának ötvenedik évfordulóján is részt fogok venni. Abban az időben még nem használhattuk a tantermeket, hanem csak a templom alatti Kis Termet, ahol először két, kesőbb három osztály foglalt helyet egymástól nem túl messze. Én a legnagyobbak csoportját tanítottam, tehát a 14-15 éveseket.

Amellett Beke Imre, az Iskola alapítója, kinevezett "igazgatónak". Annak idején ez azt jelentette, hogy szombat reggelként végig kellett nyargaljam a nyolcvanköttes utcát, kezdve a Református templommal, ahol két vagy három osztály működött, hogy megnézzem, megjelent-e az összes tanító. Mivel tanítóink abban az időben mind egyetemisták voltak, bizony előfordult, hogy elaludtak, vagy egyszerüen nem jelentek meg. Néha a templomban volt valami rendezvény, amiről nem értesítettek előre, és akkor a gyerekeket át kellett küldeni a Szent Istvánba.

Miután megnéztem a Szent Istvánban, hogy ott is megjelentek-e a tanítók, rohantam fel a kilencvenhatos utcába, ahol egy egyszobás cserkészotthonban foglalkoztam a legnagyobbakkal. Háromnegyed tizenkettőkor pedig rohamlépésben az egész osztállyal vissza nyargaltunk a

Szent Istvánba, mert ott ebédeltek a gyerekek, és azután ott tartották a cserkészfoglalkozást.

A következő évben "könnyebb" volt nekem, mert a cserkészotthon feladták, így én is a Kis Teremben kaptam helyet osztályommal együtt.

Tankönyveink nem voltak. Egyik évben - Móra Fe-renc "Történelmi elbeszéléseit" használtam, mert abból lehetett olvastatni, tollbamondást csinálni, és a történelmi hárteret magyarázni. Máskor rövid összefoglalón keresztül ismertettem történelmi regényeket – Gárdonyi "Láthatatlan ember"-ét, "Isten rabjai"-t, az "Egri csillagok"-at, stb. És próbáltam verseket is tanítani.

Jegyzeteim között megtaláltam azt, hogy egyik év folyamán három tanítót vesztettük el – az egyik külföldre távozott továbbtanulás végett, egy másiknak megváltozott a munkabeosztása, a harmadik pedig, bár fiatal volt, orvosi tanácsra abba kellett hagyja a tanítást. De a Gondviselés mégis segített új tanárokat toborozni, és folytatódott a tanítás! Évtizedeken keresztül...

És még ma is folytatódik. Áldjon meg a Jó Isten minden Tanárt, minden kedves Szülőt, és főképen áldja meg a gyerekeket, akikért érdemes áldozatot hozni annak érdekében, hogy megtarthassák öröksgégüket, a páratlanul szép és gazdag magyar kultúrát!



Tested Yellow Cheese Recipe

(Recipe provided by Veronika Horváth Mocsyi)

We did not prepare the Yellow Cheese recipe for our March issue in our "test kitchens". Now we have tested it, and find that the quantities have to be adjusted. This version has been prepared and pre-tested by our Webmaster, Karolina Szabo. Enjoy! See photos of the progress

4 cups milk
10 eggs
8-10 Tbsp sugar
1 Tbsp vanilla
Salt
White raisins - optional

Mix eggs until smooth. Add sugar, vanilla, and salt. Mix eggs with cold milk. Put in a saucepan, on medium heat cook for 10 – 15 minutes, until curds form and start to separate. Mix in raisins (optional). Pour mixture in cheesecloth, squeeze as much liquid out of it as you can. Tie cheesecloth and hang it up. Put a dish under it, so



it catches the liquid. After a few hours, put cheese in the refrigerator to cool. Remove cloth, slice and serve.

Dán Károly New York-i Főkonzul,
<<< mellette Beke Imre és felesége
Beke Magdi

Snapshots: Veszprém

Karolina Szabo

In the middle of North Transdanubia and North of the Lake Balaton lies Veszprém the 'City of Queens'.

This beautiful, charming and picturesque city was founded on seven hills; they are Castle, St. Benedict, Jerusalem, Cemetery, Herd, Calvary Hills and Cserhát (*Várhegy, Benedek-hegy, Jeruzsálem-hegy, Temetőhegy, Gyiyadomb, Kálvária-domb and Cserhát*). According to a legend, it was named after a chieftain, or perhaps the son of Princess Judith, St. Stephen's sister.

During the time when King Stephen led the Hungarian people to Christianity, he defeated his opponent, Koppány near Veszprém. Veszprém County is one of the oldest historical counties of Hungary, and the city of Veszprém has county rights (*megye jogú város*).

Queen Gizella, wife of King Stephen, favored the city above all, and spent a long time there, thus the name *City of Queens*. For many centuries, queens were crowned by the Bishop of Veszprém.

The Castle was the oldest building in the city. According to King Béla III's scribe Anonymous, it was standing there when the Hungarians occupied the Carpathian Basin. The castle protected the city from the Mongolian invasion, but centuries later it was almost totally destroyed by the Turkish, Habsburg-Turkish, and the Hungarian-Austrian battles. The castle itself was blown up by the Austrians in 1702, and was not rebuilt even after the rebuilding of the city in the 18th century.

The city changed hands many times

between the Austrians and Ottomans after the Battle of Mohács in 1526, although the Turks could not hold on to the city, and it remained



Kossuth utca

part of the Kingdom of Hungary.

Veszprém was one of the first cities in Hungary with a university, but it was destroyed by fire in 1276. It became a university town again in the 20th century.

Through centuries of stormy history, the city kept her charm, and still has many attractions today. Most of them are on Vár utca in the Castle District.

The Queen Gizella Museum, and the Gizella Chapel (unearthed during the building of the Bishop's Palace) has many religious artifacts. The 13th century frescoes (under reconstruction) are the most famous.

Behind Óváros tér (Old city square) stands the *Tűztorony* (fire tower), which was built in the 19th century

over a medieval base, as were many wonderful baroque style mansions. The Laczkó Dezső Muzeum has many Roman era relics, and local folk exhibits, including those of the *Bakonyi betyárok* (highwaymen).

St. Stephen Bridge is a 164' high viaduct over the Séd Valley. It was built in 1938, and offers a breathtaking view of Castle Hill.

The Theater was built in 1908, and took the name of Petőfi in 1920. It has had its own theater company since 1961, and underwent reconstruction in the 1980's.

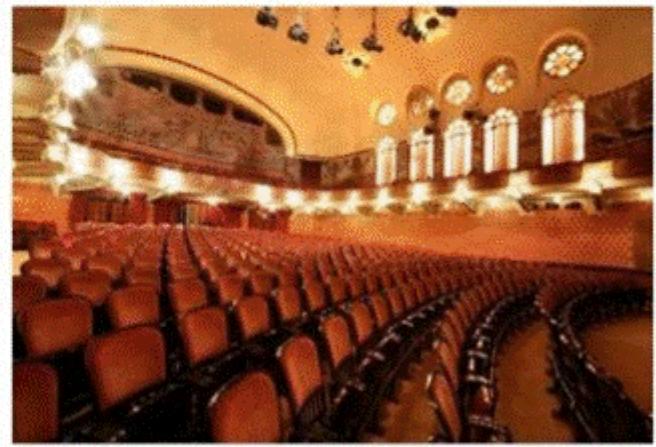
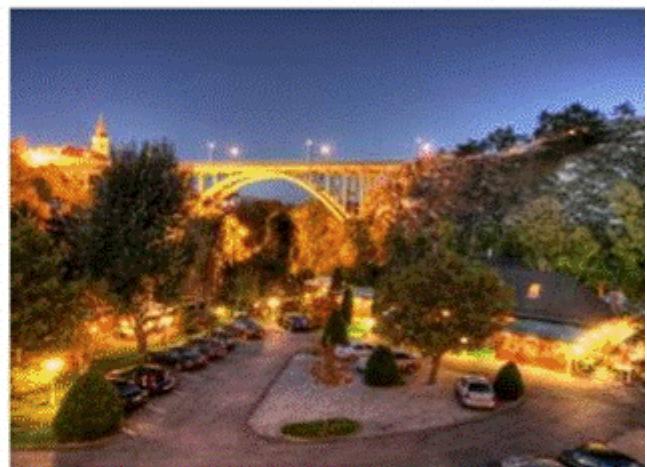
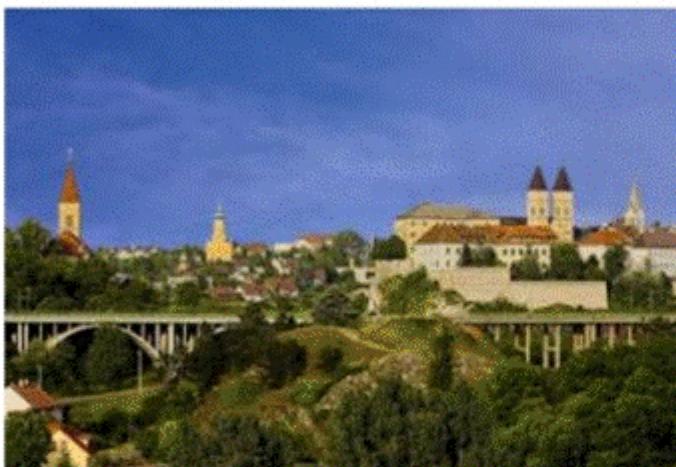
The *Kittenberger Kálmán Növény és Vadásspark* (botanical garden and zoo) is Veszprém's newest attraction, opened in 1958. Kittenberger was a famous Africa traveler, zoologist and author.

The Arena, the cultural center, which is only a few years old, is a place for concerts, exhibits and is a sport center of the area.

Veszprém is the birthplace of famous violinist Leopold Auer (1845 – 1930); Dezső Kolossváry (1854 – 1919), who was named Minister of Defense in 1903; and Hungarian composer Rudolf Raimann (1861 – 1913).

The baroque character of the city, with its quaint streets and squares, makes this a favorite for visitors.

Karolina Szabo is Webmaster of Magyar News Online.



Óváros Square, Bishop's Palace, Viaduct with Castle Hill, Viaduct at night, Petőfi Theater main staircase and interior, Arena and Gizella Chapel

Kicsi a világ!

At a recent March 15th Memorial Celebration, a lady who sat next to me introduced herself as *A. I.* After I did the same, I told her that I used to know a family by that last name, but they moved back to Hungary. To my surprise, she said, "That's me!"

Thirty years-ago, my friend Ann took me to see a family not too far from where I live. She told me that the family was moving to Hungary, and they were selling everything in the house. I needed a few things, so I went with her. The lady and I were drawn to each other; her husband was funny, and the children adorable, a girl 8, the boy 3 years old. I visited them often after that day, and I was there the day when the limousine came to take them to the airport. Before they left, we hugged and said that it was too bad we had not met a long time ago, and that we'll keep in touch. So they left, and I never heard from them, until now.

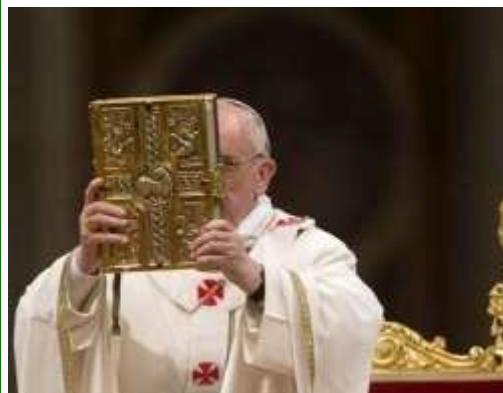
She proceeded to tell me that her daughter, being an American citizen, moved back to the U.S. when she turned 21, her husband died nine years ago, that she and her son live in Budapest, and she came to visit her daughter now.

Her last few weeks before they moved were very hectic for them, so that after 30 years, she really didn't remember me. Only when she visited me at my house and saw the "old bone bedroom set" in my spare room did she say, "Oh my God!"

After that meeting in March, we talked on the phone, met a few times. But the story doesn't end here. During one of our lunches together, I told her that I plan to visit my family in Hungary in the fall. She invited me to visit her there. I told her maybe I will, since my nephew, András O. lives in Budapest, and I'll visit him with my sister. She asked his name again, and said her son has had a friend by the same name for years. Lo and behold, they are one and the same! What a small world we live in!

Did you know...

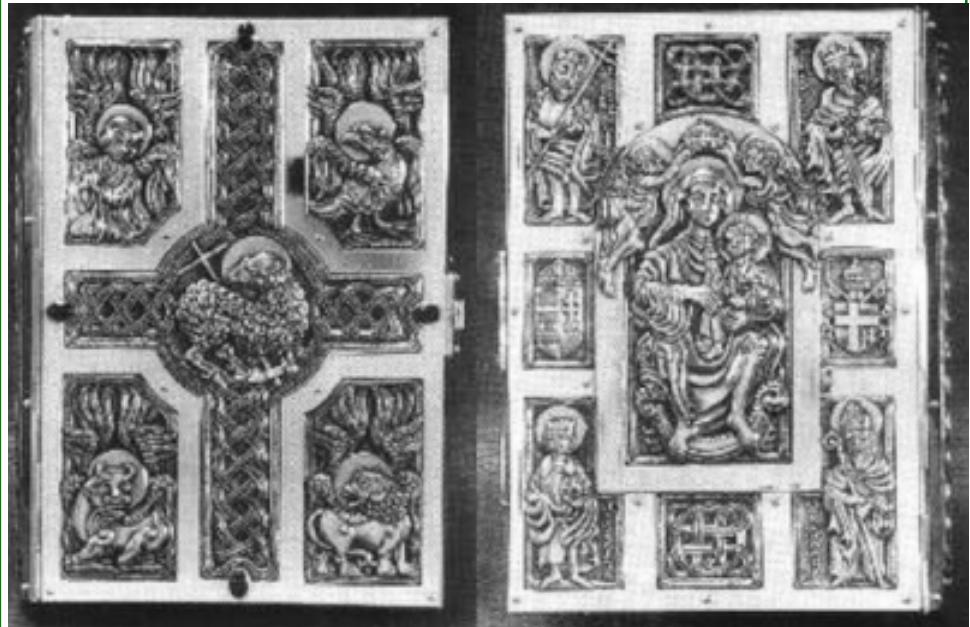
... that as you watched the Easter ceremonies transmitted from Rome this year, you also saw an exquisite piece of Hungarian ecclesiastic art?



The lectionary cover used by Pope Francis I during the Easter celebration, the one that was seen on TV as he held up the book in front of him and gave his blessing, was created by a famed Hungarian goldsmith, Ozsvári Csaba (1963-2009).

It had been donated by the Hungarian Catholic Bishops' Conference to Blessed Pope John Paul II during his visit to Hungary in 1991. On the back, the side facing the pope, the cover features Mary, as *Magyarok Nagyasszonya* (Great Lady of the Hungarians) as its centerpiece, with four Hungarian saints in the corners: St. István (Stephen), St. László, St. Imre (Emery) and St. Gellért (Gilbert). The Hungarian coat of arms may be seen on the left side, and the papal coat of arms on the right. (The side presented to the camera shows the Lamb of God in the center.)

Ozsvári had created numerous other pieces which had been donated to the Vatican. They include a pectoral cross given to (then) Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger in 1998; a chalice given to Pope Benedict XVI by the Hungarian bishops at the time of their *ad limina* visit in 2008; and a crucifix he himself presented to the Holy Father in the name of the Schönstatt Movement in 2009.



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