



Gyimesbükk,
Transylvania

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The truncated coat-of-arms on the header symbolizes Hungary as mutilated by the treaty of Trianon.

This carving is found at Gyimesbükk, Transylvania.

Boldog Apák Napját kívánunk minden Édesapának! Happy Father's Day!

Apám

Csanády György

Öt emelet tornáckorlátján által
Hajol a napszállt rózsadombi őszbe,
Bámul a távol hűvösvölgyi temetőre.
Szellő gyérli öreg haját.

Kilenc cserép fonnyadt muskátli.
Megöntözé s megszedte őket,
Annyi holdon valaha úr
Idegen földön, tenyérynvi zöldön
– Örök gazda – elbíbelődget.

Annyi holdon idegen úr.
Némán is, most is könnyű füttyre illik szája.
- Gépkocsi búg fel odalenn –
S álomtalan szemei távolában
A Nyárád mentén maradt kúriára
Porfelhőt ver egy rég eljött szekér.

The author left Transylvania when the Romanians took over as a result of the Treaty of Trianon at the end of World War I. His father too went to Budapest where he had an apartment on the fifth (our sixth) floor. Here he is depicted as having watered and picked the faded growth off nine geraniums on his balcony – he had been master of nine acres back home, now the property of a foreigner. In his musing, a car's motor starting up below reminds him of a cart long ago throwing up a cloud of dust by the old manor house along the Nyárád River.

Csanády György (1895-1952) is best remembered as the author of the Székely anthem.



The Peace of Trianon

Here is a brief summary of how the mutilating Treaty of Trianon was signed at the end of World War I. The Hungarian version was published in the Scouting journal Magyar Cserkész, in their June 1991 issue.

After the end of World War I, the (Hungarian) peace treaty was signed at the Trianon Palace on the outskirts of Paris.

Count Apponyi Albert, head of the Hungarian peace delegation, the best orator of his time, delivered his speech in defense of the justness of Hungary's cause in French, English and Italian. It was not his fault that it was unsuccessful.

Attending him were the two chief delegates, Count Bethlen István, the most outstanding politician of his time who later became Prime Minister, and the geographer (Count) Teleki Pál. Both were fully aware that we could fight against the peace terms only with geographic and ethnographic arguments.

Contrary to every accepted diplomatic practice, the members of the

Hungarian peace delegation were treated like prisoners, which was not only degrading but also meant a tremendous disadvantage, since they could contact neither French politicians nor the press. Arguments may influence even a very biased person, but they would not even deign to speak with us. As a result, the peace delegation could only produce memoranda – they even took along a printing press for this purpose – but the documents were not even read by the French foreign office!

Although everyone in Hungary considered the peace terms to be horribly unjust, they knew that they could not refuse to sign, because that could lead to much worse consequences. The Hungarian government chose a unique way to show the world that it only yielded to raw force. The document was signed in Trianon on June 4th, 1920 by two totally insignificant persons entirely without power and holding no office who, neither before or after, played any role in Hungarian history. They were Drasche-Lázár Alfréd and Bernád Ágoston, who endorsed his signature with his signet ring. In his memoirs, Bernád relates that he had taken the penholder he used for the signing – they still wrote with a steel pen at the time – from his hotel, and threw it away afterwards so that no relic of this calamitous event would remain.

A trianoni béke

Az I. világháború befejeződése után a Párizs környéki Trianon-palotában kötötték meg a (magyar) békeszerződés(t).

A magyar békeküldöttség elnöke, gróf Apponyi Albert, korának legjobb szónoka franciául, angolul és olaszul mondta el Magyarország igazságát védő beszédét. Nem az ő hibája, hogy eredménytelenül. Mellette a két főmegbízott, gróf Bethlen István, a későbbi miniszterelnök, korának legkiválóbb politikusa és (gróf) Teleki Pál földrajztudós. Mindketten tisztában voltak azzal, hogy a trianoni békefeltételek ellen egyedül földrajzi és néprajzi érvekkel tudunk harcolni.

A békeküldöttséget Párizsban minden diplomáciai szokásjog ellenére fogolyként kezelték, ami nem csupán megalázó volt, hanem nagy hátrányt is jelentett, mivel sem a francia politikusokkal, sem a sajtóval nem vehették fel a kapcsolatot. Hiszen egy megannyira elfogult emberre is hatással lehetnek az érvek, velünk viszont nem álltak szóba. Így a békeküldöttség csak írásokat gyárthatott – külön nyomdát is vittek ehhez! – az iratokat azonban a francia külügyminisztériumban el sem olvasták!

Habár mindenki borzalmasan igazságtalannak tartotta Magyarországon a békefeltételeket, tudták, hogy nem lehet megtagadni az aláírást, mert az sokkal nagyobb bajokhoz vezetne. A magyar kormány egyedülálló módot választott annak nyilvánítására a világ felé, hogy csak a nyers erőszaknak engedett. 1920. június 4-én Trianonban a dokumentumokat két teljesen

jelentéktelen, hatalom és hivatal nélküli személy írta alá, aki sem előtte, sem utána nem játszott szerepet a magyar történelemben: Drasche-Lázár Alfréd és Bernád Ágoston, aki aláírását pecsétgyűrűjével hitelesítette. Bernád visszaemlékezéseiben elmondja, hogy az aláírásra használt tollszárat (akkor még acéltollal írtak) a szállodájából vitte magával, és utána eldobta, hogy ennek a gyászos eseménynek ne maradjon ereklyéje.

Trianon Memorial at Nagykanizsa

Erika Papp Faber

Of all the monuments erected to memorialize the disastrous Treaty of Trianon, the one at Nagykanizsa stands out not only on account of its size and art deco style – but also because of its unique sponsorship.



Erected in 1934, it is over 30 feet in height. In addition to statues sym-





bolizing traditional national themes, on this monument can also be seen the coats of arms or shields of all 63 pre-Trianon Counties. Those Counties which were cut off from the mother country by the treaty are represented by blank shields; those which were partially removed have coats of arms that are half blank.

The monument was designed by architect Hübner Tibor, who several years later was also involved in the design of Nagykanizsa's city hall.

Sponsorship of the monument was unique in that it was commissioned by a private citizen, Schlesser István, born into a family of bookbinders in the city in 1885. He did not follow the family profession, however, choosing instead to pursue his studies at Debrecen. He became director of the cement factory at Kralován (located at the confluence

of the Árva and Vág Rivers) in Upper Hungary, then worked for the Skoda Works, one of Europe's largest industrial conglomerates at the time.

In 1918, the Czechs set fire to Schlesser's apartment and deprived him of his assets, so that he was forced to flee. He then returned to his native city. The Communist dictatorship which had been set up in Hungary after World War I was unable to provide employment for the people. Schlesser saw a solution to the problem: He established a construction cooperative which, in one week, hired and employed 400 workers.

Instead of appreciating his contribution to the people's welfare, his cooperative was denounced before the national work commissariat for not functioning on Communist principles. His bank account was

seized and his money ran out. Having neither Communist Party identification nor union membership, he could get food neither in a grocery store nor in a restaurant. He was forced to move abroad. Being an Austrian citizen on account of his father, he settled in Austria.

There, he lived from the income of several inventions, which included artificial marble, wood that would not burn below 1,200 degrees C, fire and frost resistant roofing slate, an oven using powdered Austrian soapstone, high pressure cement pipes, grid-plaster bandages for medical use. Many of them were utilized for military purposes in World War I. He made his fortune from marketing his inventions. His patents brought profits in 16 countries.

The sum he donated for the

Trianon memorial came from the sale of one of his patents in Switzerland. This became a thorn in the side of Austria: he was accused of creating international tension because he, being an Austrian citizen, had spent his own money on erecting an irredentist type of monument on Hungarian soil! The ensuing lawsuits totally depleted his finances, so that – for the third time in his life! – he had to start all over again, this time in Germany. Now he was aided by Swiss and Dutch syndicates who appreciated his genius. He moved to Vienna in the 1950s, and died there on December 23, 1962.

When criticized for not spending on the poor the money he donated for the Trianon monument, he said:

“If I distributed the money intended for the monument among the poor, that would run out in a week or two, and the needy person would continue to be destitute. And there would be no trace left of my donation in the life of the nation. But I have not forgotten about charity either. Last Christmas I distributed 3,000 Schillings among the needy. This time, I do not wish to engage in charitable work, but wish to erect a memorial in my native city, on the Trianon border, to the idea of historic Hungary. I was born in Kanizsa, from there I started out toward a career, that is where I absorbed the spirit of Hungarian history, that is where I learned to bow down before the beauty of the Hungarian soil, that is where I first saw waving fields of wheat, that is where I saw my first geraniums bloom in the windows of the little white-washed houses, that is where I heard the first song of a lark. It was from there that I started out, on foot, with a child’s enthusiasm, to visit the Hungarian battlefields – Piski, Kenyérmező, Mohács. I know every nook and cranny of every region within the old borders of St. Stephen’s land, its gold yielding

mountains, its ancient cities, its plains with their mirages. The thousand-year old Hungary lives in my every limb, every memory, every dream, and I have to see that the current Hungarian generation soon won’t know even the names of the 63 Counties. Over time, it won’t have any idea of the totality of the Hungarian homeland’s history. This is what I wish to express in the irredentist monument at Kanizsa. I can not express how I feel in any other way than by immortalizing the ideology of St. Stephen’s crown in its former glory.”

Father’s Day and Cape Horn

Olga Vállay Szokolay
Have you ever heard of a stranger reason for rounding Cape Horn than to spread your father’s ashes? Neither have I. You must be insane – or you have to be Hungarian!



The first time I heard the name “Kopár Pityu” was about three quarters of a century ago. My best friend, Bessy, a pre-teen at the time, had a crush on him at Balatonalmádi, where he grew up and she spent her summers at her family’s summerhouse. I have no recollection if her admiration was ever reciprocated or just a starry-eyed fantasy, and since they both passed away, there is nobody to ask. By

the age when lasting decisions were made, they both had interests elsewhere and married others. Both, however, had their first son born in 1953.

A few years ago, I received an invitation to the Library of the New York, NY Hungarian House to a lecture by *István Kopár, Solo Circumnavigator of the World*. Indeed, as a former sailor myself, I was interested. I wondered how anyone can last months offshore on a sailboat when I could not wait to walk on solid ground after a claustrophobic long weekend of sailing decades ago.

The family name being rather rare, it was no surprise that István, of course, was “Pityu’s” son.

István junior was born in 1953 in Budapest, Hungary, a landlocked country, then behind the Iron Curtain. Although he grew up in the suburbs of the capital, his family’s ties to Balatonalmádi, at the northwest corner of Lake Balaton, acquainted him with sailing at an early age. He became infatuated with it and knew he wanted to sail all his life. Prior to attending college, he joined the Hungarian merchant marine to learn about the sea.

The younger Kopár holds multiple Bachelor of Science degrees: in Maritime Studies from the Technical University, and in Economics from the College of Economics/Foreign Trade of Budapest. Following in his father’s footsteps, he worked 25 years for the Hungarian shipping company MAHART and traveled to well over 100 countries: he lost count. He had worked as a naval officer, sailing racer and instructor. In the 1980s he started his own marina/charter operation and sailing school in Europe.

In 1994, he moved to the United States and became a naturalized



: Father and Son, sailing on Balaton, 1958; Golden Globe Race 2018 Course; "Puffin" sailing. Know your ropes or else....; Ocean fashion in sun....; ...and in freezing weather; Arrived alive!; Just for fun....

citizen in 2000. Here he served as one of the operational managers of the biggest vessel-recovery company from 2000 to 2010. He has taught at Sea School in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and is a trainer of instructors for U.S. Sailing. He is also a USCG (Coast Guard) licensed commercial captain. Though this is all very impressive, there is nothing unique about it.

*During 1990-1991, however, István did his first solo one-stop circumnavigation of the globe, which, to the present day is his proudest feat. By then, he had 13 years of sea sailing behind him; but he had yet to realize how different solo sailing was. He built his own 9.5 meter (31 feet) long boat, *Salammbó*, for the voyage. Due to his shoestring budget, he sailed *without* a GPS, autopilot, radar, water-maker or any heating device. He had to rely on the use of a sextant and manual chart plotting for determining his course, and receiving the weather forecasts in Morse code. As first Hungarian ever, he sailed four months and 18 days without landing, making a 30-day stop for repairs and re-stocking the pantry. Kopár recounted his adventures of this journey and his life in his book "*Kihívás*" (Challenge). After his safe return, *Salammbó* was exhibited at the 1992 World Expo in Seville, Spain, alongside a replica of the *Santa Maria* and the U.S. Space Shuttle *Discovery*.*

The first international *non-stop, single-handed, round-the-world yacht race* was the *Golden Globe*, held in 1968-69. Of the nine skippers who started, *only one finished*: Sir Robin Knox-Johnston. The race, as a would-be tradition, thus came to a halt and had a Cinderella-like sleep for 50 years. On its golden anniversary in 2018, however, it was rekindled with 18 contestants starting off.

Since his first solo circumnavigation, Kopár István participated in and won several other international races, including one with a Hungarian crew and flag. He was determined to enter – and hopefully finish – the 2018 Golden Globe race, with the private agenda of *spreading his father's ashes at Cape Horn*, which is considered the Mount Everest of the sea. It is the southernmost of the capes, closest to Antarctica. Winds produce a characteristic funnel-like effect and huge waves there; it snows, it's freezing cold, temperatures are about 3 degrees Celsius (less than 38 degrees Fahrenheit) even in the cabin, for weeks. Everything is damp. In the old days at the English pubs, if a guy wore two earrings and was permitted to put his feet on the table, it meant that he had rounded Cape Horn.

Theoretically, modern-day equipment could have made the sailing easier, but the rules of the *Golden Globe 2018* race limited the use of technical gear to those that existed 50 years earlier. Thus, István was left with resources similar to those he had 28 years before, aboard *Salammbó*.

The 18 boats started off from *Les Sables d'Olonne, France*, on July 1, 2018. This time the 65-year-old Kopár sailed his 32-foot (9.8 meter) boat *Puffin*, a restored and refitted *Tradewind 35*. During most of the trip, luck seemed to evade him. Due to a window left open, soon after the start, the vessel partially capsized, allowing some 3-400 liters of water to enter the boat with the threat of sinking it, and it damaged his autopilot equipment, a must for solo sailing. This curtailed his resting time, often robbing him of sleep for days. His mechanical wind-gauge, antenna and mast-light were sheared off by birds, his speedometers by fish.

Under the circumstances, changing clothes often must wait for days, even weeks. Clothing must provide protection in extreme heat as well as extreme cold. Food and water must be carefully chosen and rationed to last the duration of the voyage: in this case, over eight-and-a-half months!

István was well equipped with food; upon arrival back he still had some to spare. His family surprised him at the last minute with a "care package" containing *Globus* canned food and *Balaton* candy bars (what appropriate choice of names!) as well as some "drops of comfort". Being amply supplied with sardines, lox and a variety of dried fish, he did not even have to resort to fishing. He was also armed with encapsulated vegetable and fruit concentrates.

One special food called *Pemmican*, invented by Native Americans hundreds of years ago, is ground beef preserved with lard and honey. Great figures of old expeditions: Amundsen, Scott and others had consumed it in their travels. Nowadays it is packaged like hot dogs and can be consumed from one's pocket at the helm in the cockpit. No utensils, no dinner table. It is not considered gourmet food, but its energy content is colossal.

Water supply was also crucial. At the start, Kopár had two tanks of water totaling 400 liters. The consumed quantity is typically replenished by rainwater. His problem was the lack of "proper" rainfall during the first 4-5 months. The largest rain catcher is the sail, with a canvas bucket, and a hose conducting the water to the tank below. In a storm the skipper must attend to other tasks. In a short shower, the dried-on salt from the sail would get mixed with the collected rainwater, poisoning the supply. Long, soak-

ing rains are needed for “proper” replacement of potable water. István ultimately ended the race with a few liters left.

Of the 18 starting vessels only five finished, Kopár in fourth place, in 263 days, one hour and thirty minutes, on March 21, 2019, back at Les Sables d’Olonne. By his account, his boat was the slowest, having smaller sails than others, rendering *Puffin* about 25 nautical miles per day slower than the finisher before him. Some commented that the first three had outside communication and should have been disqualified. For lack of proof, however, István did not protest; yet, he believes that besides Sir Robin Knox-Johnston, he was the only solo circumnavigator of the Earth without outside help.

As per his resolution, *he duly sprinkled most of his father’s ashes over the ocean at Cape Horn*, saving some for a future venture: into Lake Balaton from the old steamship Helka that his father had rescued for posterity. Dr. Kopár István senior (a.k.a. “Pityu”) who passed away at age 91 on December 28, 2017, had spent his life working for Lake Balaton, the most important Hungarian tourist spot after Budapest. He was part of the team designing four locks on the Sió-canal in the 1960’s, which have not been built even to this day. They would facilitate year-round navigation, securing affordable removal of the silt that is constantly filling up Lake Balaton and must be dredged regularly.

Now 66, István is not planning another epic journey. He would like to continue his father’s lifelong ambition to see Lake Balaton saved for our grandchildren.

He plans to pursue his passion, albeit on lakes only, leaving a sign on

the door: “Gone Sailing”!

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

Fekete István, Nature Author

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, Tima Irma
The most widely read writer after Jókai Mór in Hungary is Fekete István, author of “Bogáncs”, and who doesn’t know about Vuk, the little fox?*

“Time may pass; beauty and kindness, love and truth never pass with the centuries, never pass with men, but are eternal, like the ethereal truth, of which everyone receives as much as he deserves.” (Fekete István)

The life of Fekete István began in Gölle, Somogy County on January 25, 1900. His father, Fekete Árpád was a principal and teacher at the village school. István attended the same school for his first four years.

His father was very strict, not shirking from using the stick to discipline his children. Of course, his children had to be the best in town!

István had his first hunting adventure when he was only 3 years old. Later in life he wrote about this experience in his autobiographical novel “*Ballagó idő*”. He started to write at an early age and wrote short poems and sketches about his outdoor hikes. His first poem was published in 1916 in a student magazine.

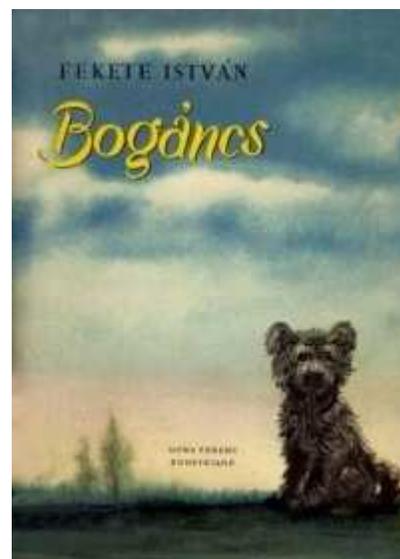
As the family grew, his father decided to move to the city of Kaposvár, where his children would be

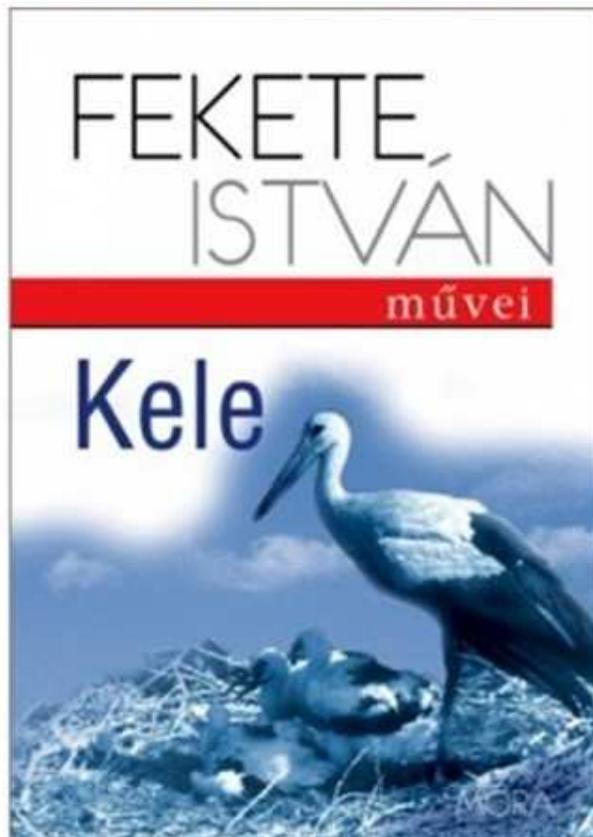
able to have a better education. After struggling in the city school (he flunked), his father registered István in an all boys’ school, where he “found himself”, although he was bored and kept dreaming of green fields, forests and nature.

In 1917, he was called to military service. During that time, he graduated from the army high school, and after the war was accepted at the Debrecen *Gazdasági Akadémia* (Agrarian Academy) in 1923, followed by the *Magyar Királyi Gazdasági Akadémia* (the Royal Hungarian Agrarian Academy) in Magyaróvár.

He started his first job as an agriculturist in Bakóca, Baranya County for Count Mailáth György. This is where he met his future wife, the local doctor’s daughter, Piller Edit. Edit’s father had escaped from the Vajdaság area of southern Hungary after the Trianon treaty. István fell for the always smiling Edit, maybe because he himself was the quiet type.

After their marriage they moved to Ajka, where he obtained a position at a model farm. This is where their daughter and son were born. The daughter became a nun, later a principal in an all-girls’ high





Fekete István's birthplace; Young István; Vuk; "Kele" Book cover ; Adult photo

school in Austria. His son, István Jr., took part in the 1956 Revolution, and therefore had to leave Hungary. He went first to Canada, and currently lives in the U.S.

Fekete István Sr. received an offer at the Agricultural Ministry in Budapest, and the family moved to the capital.

On the side he wrote articles for the hunting magazine *Nimród*, whose editor was Kittenberger Kálmán (Africa explorer, zoologist, hunter and travel writer). The two men became good friends when he wrote his first novel, "*Koppányi agatamentuma*" (The Testament of Koppányi Aga). The book won 1st prize in the novel competition of the *Királyi Magyar Egyetemi Nyomda* (The Royal Hungarian University Press). It was an outstanding success, and became so well known that today every child and grown-up is familiar with the story.

István loved nature. He went on long hikes, hunted and traveled the country. He observed the animals in their habitats, their life habits, and he wrote down his experiences so true to life as no one else has. He was a master of forest and animal literature. His stories of young people and animals captivated children and grownups alike. His animal stories became part of the school curriculum.

After WWII, his writing was not published due to his anti-Communist, old-fashioned and religious beliefs. He was expelled from the Writer's League. The AVO (secret police) arrested him, he lost one of his eyes and one kidney was smashed during a beating. He was thrown out of a car and was found the following morning by a passerby in front of the János hospital in Budapest.

He recovered, and created the most true-to-life, most beautiful animal stories in world literature: "Lutra", "Kele", "Bogáncs", "Csí", "Vuk", just to mention a few. Every one of them leaves a lasting memory in the reader's mind.

The most widely read is "Tüskevár" – there is not a Hungarian child who has not read the book. The story continues in "Téli berek". The heroes of these stories became ideals for children. They learned to love nature, animal and plant life in the fields, forests and waters. He never exaggerated anything, he wrote the truth, the way he experienced nature. He was also a workaholic; he would tour the fields for days, then would write for days.

Many of his novels were made into films to the delight of children.

His final work was a collection of his own writings, a total of five hundred novels.

His strictest critic was his wife Edit, and he listened to her. Edit was a sick woman, manic depressive. István's life was hell one day, heaven the next. Yet he stayed with her until his death in 1970. Edit lived longer and she took care of his grave at the Farkasréti Cemetery. After her death, both were buried in Gölle, where he had been the happiest. Bogáncs, their favorite dog was buried in the same grave.

Many schools were named after Fekete István, as were many establishments and streets.

There is no family in Hungary whose library does not contain Fekete István's books.

Among the awards bestowed on Fekete István was the József Attila award in 1960. He received the highest (gold) version of the Labor Award (*Munka Érdemrend*) on his 70th birthday.

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

This article was translated from the Hungarian original by her sister, our Webmaster Karolina Tima Szabo.

(Editor's note: There is a Fekete István museum in Dombóvár, displaying his works and some personal effects.)

Mushroom Dish for Vegetarians

Mushrooms are the best meat substitute. They can be prepared many different ways: fried, stuffed, for soup, stews, sauces or as a side dish for poultry, beef or pork. The flavor of mushrooms is magnificent, and truly Hungarian.

If possible, mushrooms should not be washed. They should be cleaned with a paper towel. If they need to be washed, do only a brisk rinse. Do not soak them in water. Mushrooms are very delicate, do not overcook them or fry them, or they will lose their flavor.

Mushroom Soufflé

1lb chanterelle mushrooms
3 eggs
½ hard roll
½ cup milk
1 Tbsp breadcrumbs
½ stick butter
1 tsp salt
½ tsp black pepper
Grated cheese
¼ stick butter

1. Preheat oven to 400°.
2. Grease and flour oval casserole dish.
3. Soak hard roll in milk, squeeze out milk and crumble roll.
4. Cut up mushrooms and simmer with salt and pepper until all the liquid is evaporated.
5. Add butter, roll, bread crumbs

and egg yolks.

6. Beat egg whites until peak forms and slowly mix into the mushroom mixture.

7. Pour mixture into prepared casserole dish.

8. Pour hot water in a larger baking pan, about 1" high. Put in casserole dish.

9. Put in oven, steam about 5 minutes on 400°. Lower oven temperature to 350° and steam for 25 minutes.

10. Remove from soufflé water bath and turn it into a warmed up serving dish.

11. Heat up ¼ stick butter, pour over mushrooms. Generously sprinkle grated cheese on top. Serve hot. Do not let them cool, they will lose their flavor.

Why Csíkszereda and Szombathely?

viola vonfi

I love to study maps, specifically, the map of Hungary, and have often been intrigued by the city and town names that include a day of the week. So I decided to investigate.

Studying the framed map of historic Hungary, I was often intrigued by names such as Muraszombat and Csíkszereda. Why were they called so? Finally I just had to find the answer. Yet it is really very simple: these towns were named for the day on which they held their weekly market!

In the days before Stop'n Shop and Big Y, people brought their produce to town once a week, and that day was very important in the life of the townspeople. So important, in fact, that the day for Sunday was originally "*vásárnap*", or market day.

St. Stephen had ordered a church to be built for every 10 villages. There the people of the area would gather for Mass on Sunday. Since

they were conveniently together, the custom soon developed of holding the weekly market at the same time. After all, they did not have the convenience of cars and bicycles, and it was difficult enough to get people together once a week. So the people decided to set up the market in those church hubs at the same time as the services were held. (Made good marketing sense, right?)

Later on, holding a weekly market had become a privilege for which the king's authorization was required. So, Sunday did not remain the only market day, as these names attest. We thus have Muraszombat, Szombathely, Nagyszombat and Rimaszombat. (I wonder why all of them are found in the western and northern part of the country?) They all held their market days on Saturday. Muraszombat takes its name from the Mura region where it is located, and Rimaszombat from the Rima River, along whose banks it lies. Other towns – Csíkszereda, Dunaszerdahely, Szerdahelyszék and Boldogszerdahely – held their markets on Wednesdays, hence their names. (Boldogszerdahely was mentioned in documents as early as 1358.)

While we're on the topic of days of the week: the Hungarian calendar week begins with Monday, hence "*hétfő*", or head of the week. The Christian calendar considers Sunday to be the first day of the week, and in olden times the word "*hétfő*" was applied to Sunday as well.

As a matter of trivia: The second day – "*kedd*", as in *tizenkettedik* – was shortened to "*kedd*". (I didn't know that either!)

"*Szerda*", "*csütörtök*" and

"*péntek*" were probably borrowed from the Slavonic, in which "*szerda*" meant "middle", i.e., it referred to the middle of the week. "*Csütörtök*" and "*péntek*" were the equivalent of "fourth" and "fifth".

And "*szombat*" is a direct derivative of the Sabbath.

Information derived from Wikipedia

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



*Top: Csíkszereda market;
Bottom: Szombathely Market*

“To be or not to be” a Hungarian

Karolina Tima Szabo

Ninety-nine years ago, an unimaginable tragedy occurred to a nation I proudly call my own. All my ancestors, as far as we know, were born in the Dunántúl region of Hungary. They were Hungarians and Hungarian citizens. So are my sisters and I. We were all Hungarian citizens. I left the country over 50 years ago; I am still a Hungarian citizen.

Not so with many people, who were born on Hungarian land, never left their birthplace, not even their house where they were born. Thanks to the Trianon Treaty, they lost their citizenship, more than once.

I will tell you a true story that will blow your mind.



According to Marcса néni, she was always Hungarian. Geréd Margit was born a hundred years ago in



Geréd Margit; Tóth László, Vice Consul ; Ferencz Tibor, Mayor of Szépvíz

the town of Csíkszentmihály, Transylvania. Her mother was from Ózd, Hungary, and married a young man from Transylvania, where she followed him after their wedding. They moved into a house in Csíkborzsova, where she, Marcса néni, still lives.

She was born a Hungarian citizen, but she lost her citizenship when she was only one year old. The so-called 'peace treaty' of Trianon robbed her of her citizenship and she became a Romanian citizen.

In 1940, as a result of a Vienna ruling, she became a Hungarian citizen again; so, she could lose it again 7 years later, after the Paris (another) peace treaty. Geréd Margit lived for 72 years again as a Romanian without having a drop of other than Hungarian blood in her veins.

On April 23, 2019, she received her Hungarian citizenship she was born with, for the third time in her life, which she had lost due to a

political storm that went over the Hungarian people's head after WW I.

Marcса néni didn't have an easy life. She lost her husband in 1962, to cerebral hemorrhage, the day the Communist government took their lives' work. She was left alone to raise her seven children. According to them, she did well, they never lacked anything.

She kept her spirit, good nature and wits. She is well read, speaks Russian, Romanian and Hungarian. She still lives alone, enjoying her 15 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

On Tuesday, April 23, on her 100th birthday, Geréd Margit recited her oath and received her Hungarian citizenship from Tóth László, Vice Consul of the Hungarian Consulate of Csíkszereda. Present were her family, friends and Ferencz Tibor, Mayor of Szépvíz, who congratulated her. Finally, she recited Pósa Lajos' poem "Magyar Vagyok".

Magyar vagyok

Pósa Lajos

Magyar vagyok, magyar; magyarnak születtem,
Magyar nótát dalolt a dajka felettem,
Magyarul tanított imádkozni anyám
És szeretni téged, gyönyörű szép hazám!

Lerajzolta képed szívem közepébe;
Beírta nevedet a lelkem mélyébe,
Áldja meg az Isten a keze vonását!
Áldja meg, áldja meg magyarok hazáját!

Széles e világnak fénye, gazdagsága
El nem csábít innen idegen országba.
Aki magyar, nem tud sehohol boldog lenni!
Szép Magyarországot nem pótolja semmi!

Magyarnak születtem, magyar is maradok,
A hazáért élek, ha kell meg is halok!
Ringó bölcsőm fáját magyar föld termette,
Koporsóm fáját is magyar föld növelje.

Magyarország Csíkszeredai Fő-konzulátusa Geréd Margit visszahonosítási okiratának kiállítására alkalmából ismét emlékeztette az érdeklődőket, hogy továbbra is lehetőség van előzetes egyeztetés alapján a magyar állampolgársági kérelem benyújtására. 2011 óta egyébként világszerte több mint egymillióan szereztek meg a magyar állampolgárságot az egyszerűsített honosítási eljárás által, a magyar külképviseletek közül pedig hagyományosan a csíkszeredainál adják le a legtöbb erre vonatkozó kérelmet a visszahonosítást igénylő magyarok. (Ezt a cikket a Székelyhonról másolták: <https://szekelyhon.ro/aktualis/egy-evszazad-alatt-harmadszor-lett-magyar-allampolgar>)

Karolina Tima Szabo is a retired Systems Analyst of the Connecticut Post newspaper and Webmaster of Magyar News Online. She is the proud grandmother of two.

Explorer Sass Flóra – Florence Baker – part 4

Éva Wajda

when the Pethericks would reach Gondokoro in the Sudan, a trading station on the White Nile 750 miles south of Khartoum, or if they would reach it at all. No one had heard of Speke and Grant.

On June 1, 1862, they reached Khartoum. They were happy to be back in a town with houses and luxuries they hadn't seen in over a year. No matter that the streets were filthy and dusty, the smell of sewage indescribable, and the houses in poor repair, it was Khartoum with some 30,000 inhabitants. The British

consul Petherick and his wife had gone down the Nile to rescue John Hanning Speke and James Augustus Grant whose expedition sponsored by the Royal Geographical Society, left the east coast of Africa on October 2, 1860, to confirm that Lake Victoria was the source of the Nile. This was Speke's second attempt to put to rest all doubt of his earlier findings of July, 1858 when he discovered the lake.

The Pethericks were accompanied by a Scot, Dr. James Murie; an American, Dr. Clarence Brownell, who was interested in tropical botany; and a few other Europeans. In their absence they had invited Florence and Sam to stay at the consulate. Word had come back that their boats were leaking and that they encountered abundant areas of papyrus, the beginning of the impenetrable swamp known as the *sudd*, much farther north than they had anticipated. They abandoned the river and were continuing overland. No one could tell

Florence and Sam were looking forward to be with other Europeans. The city's European population was less than one hundred and with the exception of Petherick, none had European wives, nearly all had African mistresses and clusters of half-caste children. The most intriguing people they met were three remarkable Dutch explorers: the Baroness Adriana van Capellan; her sister Harriet Tinné; and Harriet's daughter, Alexine, who was the driving force behind the expedition. It was Harriet's endless flow of money that made it possible. They were charged exorbitant prices, from the rented steamer for one thousand pounds, versus the forty pounds Sam paid for one. The French consul produced inflated receipts for everything, and they never suspected any irregularity.

Harriet Tinné was astonished by Florence. She wrote in her diary: "A famous English couple have arrived. Samuel and Florence Baker are going up the White Nile to find Speke. They have been traveling in Ethiopia and I hear she had shot an elephant! She wears trousers and gaiters and a belt and a blouse. She goes everywhere he goes."

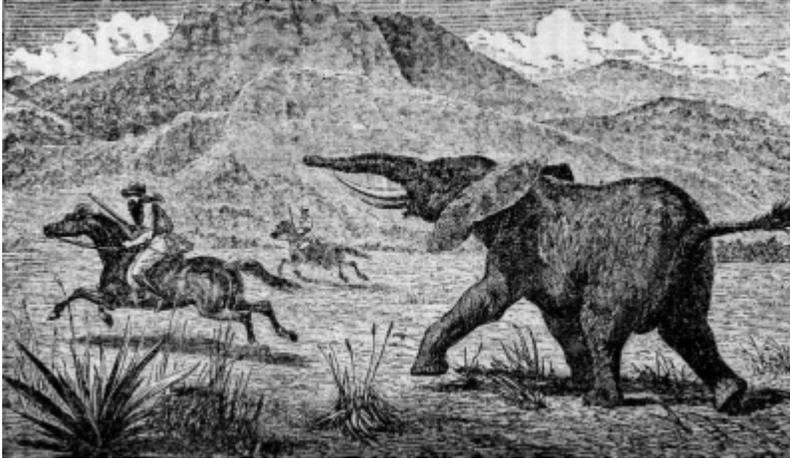
Khartoum bustled with Sudanese troops and a thriving trade in all the raw products of the region, but morally the worst and financially

most desirable commodity was black slaves. Dealers shipped kidnapped men, women and children up the Nile from farther south. They were chained, beaten, poorly fed and inhumanely housed; the ones who survived were sold. To be paid in slaves was customary for the Egyptian officers. When Sam tried to hire men for his expedition, they expected to be paid in slaves. To produce new slaves, constant raiding was necessary and the tribes of the White Nile were very hostile to outsiders. White men were hated and distrusted.

Sam was advised to travel with a military force of well armed men, but the viceroy in Alexandria refused Sam's request for soldiers. Sam and Florence were not deterred and decided to form their own small army. By October 20, Sam hired 45 soldiers plus an additional 40 men to work as sailors, and 10 servants, a German carpenter, Johann Schmidt, to be headman or *vakeel*, making a total of 98 expedition members, including himself and Florence.

To transport this immense expedition, Sam engaged three vessels for their voyage: two sailing barges and a decked *diahbiah*, or paddle steamer with a comfortable cabin. The boats were loaded with provisions for four months, plus extra corn and supplies in case they met up with Speke and Grant. They also planned to carry 21 donkeys and four camels on the boats so they wouldn't have to hire porters along the way. While

trading goods, uniforms and equipment were being assembled, Florence sewed clothing for herself and Sam, compiled and checked off lists of supplies, figured out what would be packed with what and collected information on the



Sam Baker being chased by an elephant

local tribes. Sam designed uniforms for his men, but it was Florence who saw to it that they were properly made. Sam drilled his men daily to turn them into a military unit.

By early November, Sam and Florence were sick of the Europeans of Khartoum who drank too much, had no intellect nor natural curiosity, but had a distasteful penchant for sly gossip and half truths. All were into the slave trade, even if only buying slaves for their household.

In November, the Dutch ladies returned from Gondokoro. Virtually everyone on their boat had fallen ill. They had seen neither Speke and Grant nor Petherick, but heard that the American doctor with Petherick, Clarence Brownell had died of fever on May 22nd. He was buried on one of the only dry spots that could be found, a massive termite hill. His grave was marked with a brass plaque that

had once graced his medical office in East Hartford, Connecticut.

By late November, an awesome quantity of medicines, tools, guns, ammunition, cloth, trading goods, and cooking and camping utensils had been assembled and carefully enumerated in Sam's book. Sam copied notes from Burton's publications, including tribes they expected to encounter and useful information about rivers, lakes, and other water sources.

On December 2, Sam wrote his will, leaving money and goods to Florence, had it witnessed and had the acting British Consul put the official consular seal on the document. Should anything happen to him, Florence would be provided for.

They left Khartoum by boat on December 18, 1862 with 96 followers, for the most part ruffians and cutthroats. When they passed the Dutch ladies' steamer – they were off to explore the Bahr el Ghazal – they waved merrily to one another. Fever claimed the lives of nearly all the Europeans on the Dutch expedition: the two older ladies, their maid servants and two European men. Only Alexine Tinné, the youngest, survived. She was killed by Tuaregs on a subsequent expedition through the Sahara Desert.

A short time later, sailing south, John Schmidt the carpenter, who had been ill for weeks with a fever, died and shortly thereafter one of the arms-bearers, a courageous Nubian was killed in a buffalo hunt, a wounded animal tossing and goring him to death. Sam became melancholic, moody, only

after Florence cheered and encouraged him did his melancholy end. In January, his men lassoed a monstrous hippo that nearly destroyed their boat. Sam came to the rescue and killed it.

The boats made fair progress until within fifty miles of Gondokoro, where the river became shallower and in places the grass was so tall as to block the wind. Mile after mile, the floating mass of plants grew denser. When they passed the mouth of the Bahr el Ghazal, Sam noticed the current died completely. The fetid smell of stagnant water and decaying vegetation was stifling in the still air. The marshes were endless and the grass so tall they couldn't see anything. It was hot and humid; their clothes were soaking with sweat and their hair stiff with salt. The boats could not sail any longer, it was impossible to proceed. The men dragged the boats with long ropes which were attached to the reeds ahead and those on board could haul the boat along. It made for very slow progress; it took several hours to proceed one mile, and this afforded Sam the opportunity to hunt hippos and crocodiles, converse with the natives and learn their manners and customs.

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

to be continued

Did you know ...

... that in memory of his Hungarian-born father, Tony Curtis, son of Emanuel Schwartz, footed the bill for the Tree of Life Memorial located in the Raul Wallenberg Memorial Garden at the rear of the Dohány Street Synagogue in Budapest? The work of Varga Imre, it resembles a weeping willow whose leaves are inscribed with the names of some of the 400,000 Hungarian Jews who were murdered by the Nazis.



...that 13-year old Százados Ábel, a Hungarian boy shot a video for fun, on his phone and won at the Cannes Film Festival? He received the Most Promising Young Filmmaker award at the World Peace and Tolerance Institute Awards ceremony. The film was submitted by Ábel's uncle to the Hungarian Mobile Film Festival. Titled "Never", it is only one minute long. It advanced to the Mobile Film Festival, then to the Global Short Film Awards' mobile phone section's finals, where Ábel's video became a winner. He filmed his younger brother, and the video became a short film about suicide.

... that a bust of Dr. Semmelweis Ignác was unveiled at the New York State Department of Health in Albany, NY recently? A gift of the Hungarian government, it was set up on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of Semmelweis' birth on April 24, 2019.

Semmelweis Ignác was known as "the savior of mothers" for introducing antiseptic procedures – handwashing by doctors! – before examining women who had just given birth. Alarmed by the high mortality rate of new mothers in

Vienna hospitals, he realized that the same doctors who had just performed autopsies would then examine these women, many of whom then developed puerperal fever. By the simple expedient of requiring doctors to wash their hands in chlorinated water, he was able to drastically reduce the mortality rate of new mothers.

Despite living proof that his idea worked, he was ridiculed by his colleagues for such an "unscientific" procedure, to the point of persecution. He suffered a nervous breakdown as a result and died at the early age of 47.

