



***We wish all our kind Readers a
very blessed Christmas!
Áldásos karácsonyi ünnepeket kívánunk minden kedves
Olvasónknak!***

According to this Christmas folksong, Baby Jesus' boots and sheepskin jacket are ragged, He is chilled to the bone. "If I had little boots, I'd give them to Him, and cover Him with my sheepskin jacket. Then He would lean to me, perhaps even kiss me. No one in the whole wide world would be happier than I."

This song is the theme running through our Christmas story by Stolmár Ilona.

Rossz a Jézus kiscsizmája

Voice

Rossz a Jé - zus kis - csiz - má - ja, sír a köd - mö - ne.

5
Á - zik - fá - zik meg - ve - szi az Is - ten hi - de - ge.

9
Hogy - ha vol - na kis - csiz - mám, Jé - zus - ká - nak oda' - ad - nám.

13
Bá - rány - bő - rös köd - mőn - kém - mel jól be - ta - kar - nám.

17
Ak - kor hoz - zám ha - jol - na, ta - lán meg is csó - kol - na.

21
Bol - do - gabb a szé - les föld - őr sen - ki se vol - na.

Az én kiscsizmám

Stolmár Ilona

Nem esik a hó. Hűvös van, de süt a nap. Milyen karácsony lesz ez? Lesz-e karácsonyunk? Van egyáltalán karácsony Amerikában? Magyar karácsony!

Nyár végén érkeztünk, túristaútra. Bőröndjeinkben csak a legszükségesebb holmink: ruhák, néhány emléktárgy... Délen ritkaság a hó. Milyen lesz az első? Biztosan a legnehezebb. Távol a szülőktől, testvérektől, barátoktól, csak a legszűkebb család... Nem fogom kibírni. Sírni fogok – és velem a többiek. A Szeretet ünnepén. A legnagyobb ünnepén. „Rossz a Jézus kis csizmája...” A gyerekeknek is nehéz lesz. Talán ajándéokra sem telik, talán karácsonyfánk sem lesz. Van egyáltalán Amerikában karácsonyfa?

Nekem pici gyerekkoromtól már ősszel kezdődött a karácsony-várás. Édesanyám egyszerű karácsonyi dalt tanított, valamikor, nagyon régen. Milyen kicsi voltam még! Milyen jó volt még! Már megint itt motoszkál. „Rossz a Jézus kiscsizmája, sír a ködmöne.” Muszáj sírni! Én is megtanítottam a gyermekeimnek. Nem is karácsonyi ének ez. Hát persze. Magyar népdal. Csodaszép. A mi magyar pentatóniánk: dó, ré, mi, szó, lá. Rossz a Jézus kiscsizmája, hát adjunk Neki. Szeretettől a miénket, hisz megszületett! Adnám, de itt idegenben nekem sincs. „Ázik, fázik, megveszi az Isten hidege.” Magyar népdal ez, A-A-B-A forma...

A levél időben érkezik otthonról, úton a szaloncukor, apró ajándék is mindenkinek. Könyvek, hanglemezek, karácsonyi énekek. Magyarok. „Hogyha volna kiscsizmám, Jézuskának od'adnám.” De nincs. Csak a Szentestét kibírjam! „Báránybőrös ködmönkémmel jól betakarnám.” Milyen egyszerű.

A szaloncukor és az ajándék nem érkezett meg, de van fenyőfánk. Amerikai cukorral, amerikai dísszel, amerikai apróságokkal, de magyar szeretettel. Csak hó nincs, süt a nap.

Dél előtt beszaladtunk a kórházba, de

hiába. A gyerekek lázasan díszítik a fát. Az idén a legszebbnek kell lennie. Sietnek, készen kell lenni, mire hazaérünk, hisz akkor jön a Jézuska, hozza a nagy ajándékot. Csalódnunk kellett.

Délután újra a kórház, és haza, lassan óvatosan. December 24-e. Jézus Krisztus születése. Szenteste idegenben.

A gyerekek meggyújtják a fényeket, Mennyből az angyal..., és az öröm, a boldogság szinte kézzelfogható. Minden arc ragyog! A pici szobában, az első amerikai karácsonyfánk alatt életünk egyik legnagyobb agándéka: Péter, a koraszülött harmadik gyermekünk. Milyen pici és milyen gyönyörű. Alig másfél kiló, vigyázni kell rá, félteni, óvni. Mikulás napján született, február helyett. És Szentestére hazavihettük, hogy átsegítsen életünk legnehezebbnek ígérkező ünnepén. Van hát kiscsizmám megint, odaadhatom, és ködmönkém is, beta-karhatom...

Milyen jó, hogy nem esik a hó, megfázhatna. Melegben is van karácsony. Mindenütt van hát karácsony. Idegenben is. Ahol szeretet van, ott van karácsony. És ahol tiszta magyar szívvel, hittel várják, ott Magyar Karácsony van. Béke, boldogság, hisz Jézus Krisztus született..... Értünk, emberekért.

Örvendezzünk hát!

Stolmár G. Ilona (1948-1998) újságíró volt, Amerikában a youngstowni (OH) Katolikus Magyarok Vasárnapjának írt. Megjelent sorozata a Katyn-i tömeggyilkosságról. További írásai között találjuk: „A Dabas-Sári 'iskolapélida’”, „Az asszony, a halál és a szeretet”, „Vetés Kincseskalendárium 1995”. Férje Stolmár Aladár, a paksi atomerőmű tervezője volt.

A Post-War Christmas, 1947

Remig A. Papp

We had left Budapest in December 1944, and by the grace of God, survived bombings, near-fatal sickness,

and had just moved from Hannover to Essen, Germany. Reason: Dad's office, the British Control Commission for Germany, had just moved there. My American Aunt Louise and Uncle Raul Vajk regularly sent us food and clothing packages from the US, literally keeping us alive, for which we could never thank them enough. The following is taken from Dad's "Family News". Despite our cramped quarters, the wonderful heat and the fact that Dad could come home every night meant a fantastic improvement in our quality of life.

FAMILY NEWS # 20 Essen-Steele
December 23, 1947

Immediately on the Eve of Christmas, we would once again like to thank all of our dear relatives, who thought of us with so much love all year and have showered us with visible and edible signs of their love, and wish them a very pleasant and happy Christmas and a contented, peaceful and successful new year.

Yesterday, we received three letters ... and Dad's little package with sugar cubes (all from Hungary). We received Raul's last two packages mailed to Hannover, which were forwarded, and now we're glad that we didn't consume them there, but thus have insured that the holiday is a good one. Vivy had the poppy seeds, which had been sent from America some time ago, ground up and so it seems that, after four years, we'll have "mákos beigli" for Christmas once again.

Our provisioning situation is picking up here. It was solely the reserves Vivy had saved up from the packages in Hannover that helped us over the first two weeks. One can't even get vegetables here. Two weeks ago, Vivy had to go back to Hannover to take care of some of our affairs, and from there brought back five heads of cabbage, some carrots and celery. There they saw her off at the railroad station, and here Remy went for her, so she wouldn't have to carry so much.

This Saturday we went for an outing in the vicinity, and at a garden center got some dried peas and celery in exchange for some coffee. This is typical of the worsening situation, and of the difference between the two provinces (of Niedersachsen and Nordrhein-Westfalen), namely, that it was possible in the former to get, for coffee, some finer foodstuffs such as eggs, meat, perhaps some type of fat, and vegetables were available for money and sometimes for a little something else; here not even vegetables are freely available, though it's also true that this year's drought was especially bad for vegetables.

Our lodgings are still very tight, but also very warm. We can barely handle the small iron stove; in a trifle it's hot as hell—in the little room, and we have to strip to shirtsleeves. The room also keeps the heat rather well ... The kitchen on the other hand is cold, because our landlady, who is on a toughening course, keeps opening the door to the balcony so it won't get too hot. We have a little bathroom, which we were so happy about, but it seems it cannot be heated. There is a gas water heater in it, which doesn't heat the room at all (and only barely heats the water) and it's no great fun to wash in a cold bathroom. It's not really possible to take a bath either, because the low amount of gas allocated doesn't suffice...

We placed two beds and the sofa in our room. At first we tried to have either me or Erika sleep with Vivy, but neither worked. We poked each other a lot... Thus we finally brought in our four chairs from the balcony where we had stored them for lack of space, and now we make Erika's bed on six chairs facing each other, putting a featherbed and head mattress under her. So now everyone sleeps alone and well, only putting it together and dismantling it takes some time evenings and mornings. But we have no room for our papers, nor is there enough space for our underwear and clothes in the only wardrobe the landlady has put at our disposal. Our plan now is to have the other wardrobe, in which her other tenant's clothes are stored but which

stands in our room, put out without a fuss. In its place we would bring up our pretty new crates and put them one on top of the other, and hang some kind of curtain in front of them. Then we could arrange most of our things. For the time being, though, the top of the wardrobe and the space under the beds is full, and for every one thing to be taken out or put away, we have to turn up a hundred others. Each family member has been given a carton, the packing of an American package, in which to keep the things which are precious to each one personally. These cartons we then push under the beds...



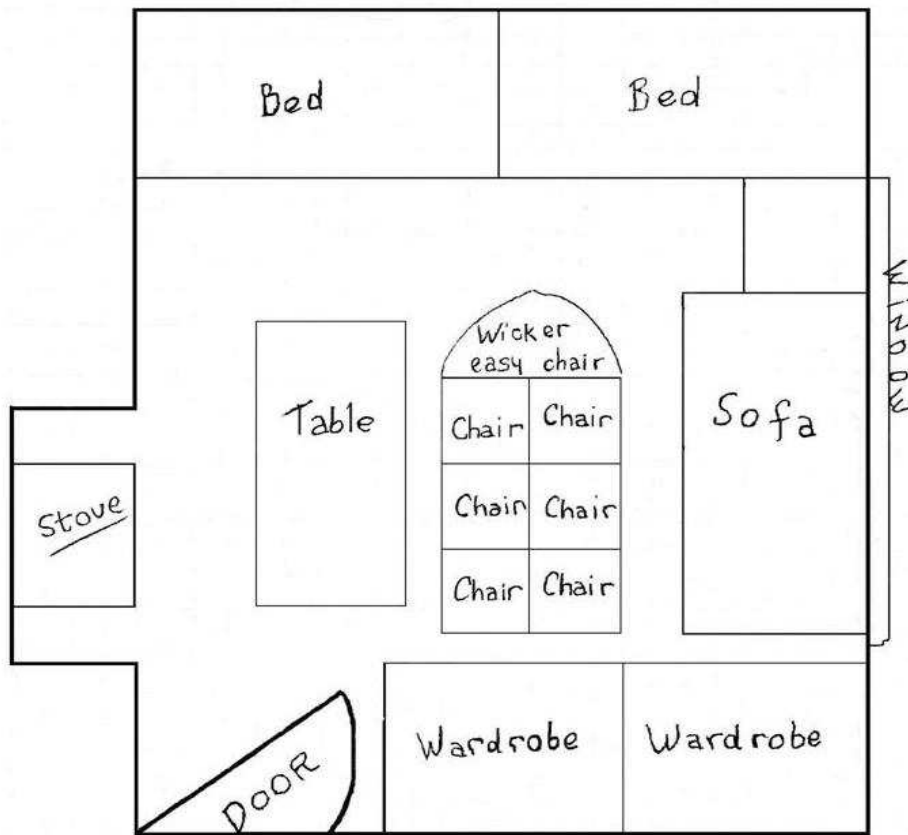
Today, on December 29th, having gotten over Christmas, I'm able to report on that too. It's very fortunate that Erika has been enlightened about the Christ Child or rather the angels, because we'd not have been able to create any kind of illusion in the one room.

The trouble began with spruce trees having joined the list of black market items, available only for a great deal of money or with "compensation"... Finally, on one of the fine days before Christmas, we managed to buy three tiny trees for 10 cigarettes and 6 marks. Two were scarcely taller than a hand's breadth; the third was perhaps three hands' breadth tall. Vivy

skillfully combined them, one above the other, and so got an almost three-foot high tree, a little slim and the tip slightly drooping, but still a nice-smelling fir tree. We even managed to get simple decorations for it (last year, the shoemaker's wife had lent us glittering, peacetime decorations), and she put the candy received from Louise's on it. She couldn't make the traditional *szaloncukor* because she didn't have any sugar and I kept secret Raul's package containing sugar, which arrived at the office on December 23rd, holding it as a Christmas surprise. Gifts nowadays are such small nothings without value, that an American package arriving the day before would have taken the thunder out of Christmas. So we put the contents of the package among the gifts and at one stroke had a high-class Christmas.

It seemed as if we wouldn't have much to eat for Christmas. However, the above-mentioned package arrived, and so did another American one, mailed on October 25th (both forwarded from Hannover, and both arrived intact.) On the morning of the last day I also received a shopping bag full of food from each of my bosses (they are considerably better off in the matter of foodstuffs, but even so it's extremely nice of them, because their sources of supply are also limited). In addition, I too had taken steps to get a kilo of meat for which they wanted 11 English or American cigarettes. They promised beef (pork we haven't eaten in years) and I had gone to get it four times, until I finally got it in great secrecy from a waiter late the last evening. Only when we opened it at home did we see that it was horse meat. But we ate it with gusto, because Vivy prepared it in mock-venison style, with mashed potatoes. Vivy too had gotten a can of meat which she used to make stuffed cabbage, and so we had plenty to eat during the holidays. She even made poppy seed rolls, of real peacetime quality, but I believe every single ingredient was American.

On Wednesday morning, I took Erika to the office with me, so Vivy and Remy could work undisturbed at



Translated by EPF Remig A. Papp (1901-1985) was born in Budapest, where he obtained a diploma in Civil Engineering, and worked in Germany and France before the Depression. Returned to Hungary, he designed the Budapest winter harbor, among other projects. Leaving with his family before the siege, he emigrated to the US in 1949, where he worked his way up to Associate in an engineering consulting firm, designing dams and other structures.



Karácsonyi ételek

Here is a menu of recipes to make your holidays really festive

Wine Soup with Champagne

1 ½ cup semi-sweet champagne
 2 cups water
 1 ½ cup good quality wine
 6 eggs
 Zest of two lemons
 8 pc whole cloves
 1-2 sprigs of mint
 Sugar to taste

Boil the champagne, half of the wine, with the lemon zest, cloves and sugar.

Beat the egg whites with sugar until stiff, using a icing bag press stars into the soup. Cook and remove stars.

Mix egg yolk with some sugar and the rest of the wine, and add to the soup before serving. Do not boil soup after, just warm it up. Before serving, decorate soup with the stars and mint leaves.

Turkey filet with prunes

2 lb. of turkey breast filet
 12 oz. prunes
 Salt
 Pepper
 Thyme

Night configuration. During the day, 4 chairs were taken out to the balcony, and the table with the remaining chairs moved closer to the sofa.

home. I set her up in the bathroom (the marble one), and we brought her a small table. She had brought a coloring book with her, and she used the colored inks I got her from our draftsman. Meanwhile she received cookies, jam, tea; the above-mentioned packages arrived and so did three letters from Raul. We had to pack things into the suitcase, so it was a very eventful morning, which the young lady thoroughly enjoyed. She declared too, "Daddy, you're not doing much work today!"

Afterwards, we ate my Christmas lunch together. From the office I received half a pound of cookies. We put them into the shopping bag with the others and took the train home. Then we spread the packages and the gifts on the table and the sofa and covered them, while Vivy and Remy worked in the kitchen. Afterwards, they sent us out into the bathroom (because the tree had to be brought in from the balcony through the kitchen), and there

we sat on the edge of the bathtub until they were finished inside.

Vivy received a handbag made of paper, with which she can go downtown in dry weather, a book ("Daddy Longlegs"), and we also put the entire package with her gifts to make it seem as if she received more. Erika received two skirts from the package, a storybook (from Grandpa in Hungary. Trans.), a coloring book, and most importantly, the large American doll, a rubber ball from our former landlord in the garden colony, and a little Christmas fairytale. Remy received a book, a map and the Christmas supplement of an American newspaper. For me, the Christ Child had one of my drawings framed; I received a cutlery case because we have to bring our own cutlery for the office lunches, and two copies of "Szabad Száj" (a Hungarian humor magazine. Trans.) which we had received a few days earlier, but which I fortunately didn't have a chance to read before Christmas.

Basil
Oil
½ lb. Swiss cheese

Slice cheese.

Slice turkey breast, sprinkle with salt, pepper, thyme, add a slice of cheese and prunes. Roll up filet, sprinkle with salt and basil.

Oil baking dish, and bake filet covered with aluminum foil on 390 ° F for half an hour, remove foil and bake another 15 minutes until golden in color.

Tipsy Carp

2 lbs. carp filet
2 lbs. onion for marinade
1 lb. mushrooms
2-3 Tsp flour
3 oz. grated cheese
Parsley green
Salt
Pepper
Oil
2/3 cup red wine
2/3 cup milk

Cut up onion and place carp filet on top for 4-5 hours, then roll filet in flour and fry it in a frying pan. Place it on a serving tray.



Cut up mushroom and parsley green. Simmer it on oil; when done, place it on top of the carp filet. Add salt and pepper on top and pour red wine over it.

Fry flour in a small amount of oil, add milk, bring to boil and pour it over fish.

Spread grated cheese on top.

Linzer cookies with orange marmalade

2 cups flour
1 ¾ stick margarine
1/3 cup sugar
1 egg yolk
2 Tbsp sour cream
Zest of one lemon
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 tsp baking powder
Salt

For filling:

Orange marmalade
½ cup ground almonds
3 – 4 oz white chocolate

Mix the dough ingredients and work until smooth. Cover dough and put in the refrigerator for one hour.

Remove and roll to ¼" thick and cut with pastry cutter. Cut a hole in every second one.

Bake on 375 for 10 minutes.

Mix orange marmalade with the almond and put cookies together with marmalade mix.

Melt white chocolate in double boiler and cover top pastry with chocolate, sprinkle some almond on top.

Boiled Wine with Fruit

2 cups wine
2 cups grape juice
3 whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
Sugar or honey
2 orange peel and juice
Apple slices

Boil wine and grape juice. Add spices and peel and juice of 2 oranges. Let it stand and sweeten to taste.

Serve it with apple slices and orange peel slices.

Recipes are from "Karácsonyi ételek könyve" cookbook, published by "Pannon Lapok Társasága".

Szaloncukor Adorns our Christmas Tree

Judit Vasmatics Paolini

*Hungarian immigrants gave up not only their homeland but also some traditions when they arrived in the US. But one Christmas tradition that survived in most households was a real tree and **szaloncukor!***

As young children in Hungary we eagerly awaited the arrival of the angels who always brought a beautiful Christmas tree, year after year. The fir tree was never artificial! Adorning its branches were *szaloncukor*(candy), apples, candles and angel hair instead of tinsel and garland. Furthermore, sparklers gingerly appeared here and there; everyone was fascinated by the vibrantly bursting stars whenever one was lit.

When my family came to America we were surprised to see our neighbors' Christmas trees up and beautifully decorated weeks before Christmas Day! To our surprise, we discovered that the angels didn't bring their trees. No, our neighbors decorated the trees with tinsel, garland and lovely ornaments. These trees even had colorful lights shining brightly weeks before Christmas!

However, there were no presents! I thought surely the angels will bring them; but I was told, "No, Santa Claus will bring them on Christmas Eve." I found this amazing because in Hungary St. Nicholas visits children with gifts of delicious chocolates – not on Christmas Eve but on December 6th. In time, I understood that Santa Claus is not St. Nicholas whose arrival children so eagerly await in many European countries, as I did in Hungary.

In America, the angels continued to bring our Christmas tree—always a delightful evergreen and its branches adorned with *szaloncukor*. In addition, it also had tinsel, garland, lovely

ornaments...However, the *szaloncukor* tasted quite different! Oh, Mom was so clever! My parents would take great delight in seeing their grandchildren's Christmas trees laden with *szaloncukor*! Some of them make *szaloncukor* as cleverly as Mom had in December of 1957 when we celebrated our first Christmas in Connecticut. She bought chocolate candy, white tissue paper, and aluminum foil. Mom patiently cut strips of tissue paper just the right size and shape. She cut the aluminum foil which she placed on top of the each tissue paper. She also cut strips of white thread. Once the preparations were ready, Mom carefully placed the chocolate inside the white tissue paper with the foil on the outside and carefully rolled the tissue and tin foil around it. Finally, she wound the thread around the tin foil and the tissue paper! The *szaloncukor* was ready to adorn our Christmas tree!

When our Nagymama (grandmother) came to the USA in the mid 60's, she made *szaloncukor* as she would have when living in Hungary. Wow! It not only looked like *szaloncukor* but also tasted like it! Long after Nagymama was gone, my sister Róza set forth with great enthusiasm and made *szaloncukor* like our Grandmother! Oh, it was so much work, for though the ingredients were simple enough, she had to practice, practice and try again until the consistency of the mixture was just right. That year she made *szaloncukor* as gifts for everyone in our family – brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews...no one was left out. And what a delightfully scrumptious gift it was!

In Budapest, my brothers, sisters and I sang *Mennyből az angyal* during the Christmas holidays. However, growing up in the USA, we struggled remembering the words! Then, one summer, Mom returned from a trip abroad with a book containing Hungarian Christmas carols. Even today, we so proudly (and some with tears) sing *Mennyből*

az angyal on Christmas Eve—a Hungarian tradition which is so dear to us, the Hungarian side of us! The American side of us enjoys singing Silent Night.

Boldog Karácsonyt! Merry Christmas!



Taking a closer look at *szaloncukor*, one realizes that it is a very popular sweet which annually makes its appearance during the Christmas holiday season in Hungary. However, it is not the only European country where people string this delicious candy wrapped in colorful foil and hang it on the branches of a Christmas tree. It is also well-liked in Slovakia and Romania. Here too children young and old are delighted with the *szaloncukor* adorning a lovely evergreen. Oh, this scrumptious sweet must be eaten! Children – like my brother, sisters and I when were oh so young – very cleverly unwrap the foil, remove the candy and rewrap the foil ever so gently. Someone, unsuspecting, may reach for it ready to indulge their taste buds, but sadly discover the foil is empty!

Szaloncukor is a fondant (a thick paste made of sugar) and is usually covered in chocolate. The French began to make fondants during the medieval period and in time it made its way to Hungary.

The tradition of stringing *szaloncukor* as decoration on Christmas trees started in the 19th century. It's worth noting that *szaloncukor* came from the German word *Salonzuckerl* which literally

means *sugar in salons*. When we look at the word "*szaloncukor*" more closely, in Hungarian "*szalor*" means parlor and "*cukor*" means sugar. At the time, people placed the Christmas tree in the parlor where they received guests and surely savored the sugary treats. Today, many people living in the US have Christmas trees throughout their home; however, it is most often placed in the living room where one entertains. And some Hungarian Americans delight their guests by offering this yummy candy!

Over time, *szaloncukor* evolved and is no longer made using only fondants. Today, *szaloncukor* is made of various delectable sweets which include jelly, walnuts, marzipan and hazelnut – just to name a few.

*

Recipe for *szaloncukor* using walnuts:

3 cups walnuts—shells removed
2 tbsp. of rum
2/3 — 3/4 cup of powdered sugar
Zest and juice of a half lemon
Zest and juice of a half orange

Toast walnuts in a dry pan. Using a food processor, finely chop the walnuts. Place the walnuts into a mixing bowl and add the rum and powdered sugar. Zest the lemon and zest the orange. Squeeze out the juices. Add the zested lemon and zested orange into the mixing bowl with the walnuts; also add the juices from the lemon and the orange. Mix all the ingredients in the bowl together. Add more powdered sugar if needed to thicken. Cover and let it rest overnight in a cool place. The next day, when the walnut mixture is cool and firm, make tiny balls and place them on wax paper. Finally, each ball is ready to be wrapped in tissue paper with colorful foil.

Judit Vasmatics Paolini is a member of the Southern Connecticut State University Alumni Association Board of Directors, former lecturer at Tunxis Community College, and a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.

Recording the Hungarian Past – in Canada

EPF

Although he concentrates on documenting the history of Hungarian settlements around the world, Dr. Tóth Gergely has published a survey of Magyar immigrant traces in Canada in the not too distant past. Currently he teaches German at Florida Atlantic University.

In addition to his life-long work and dedication to issues of environmental protection, Dr. Tóth Gergely is a Professor of languages – Hungarian and German. (He currently teaches German at Florida Atlantic University.) He has compiled over 300 oral history interviews and in a race against time, is photographing the remaining, and often rapidly disappearing, built mementos of Hungarian emigrants.

He has published a 40-page summary of a trip through Canada's prairie region, from Vancouver to Winnipeg where, in 2017, he searched for the remains of Hungarian churches. Titled "Magyarok a kanadai prérin – láthatatlan értékeink" (Hungarians on the Canadian prairie – our invisible treasures), it summarizes his discoveries. For at the end of the 19th and early 20th century, the Canadian government invited settlers, offering land at minimal prices, in order to populate and work the hinterlands. Many Hungarian farmers took up the offer, established numerous settlements, and built little churches and chapels of various denominations – Roman Catholic, Reformed and Baptist. These served the small congregations, scattered over vast, sparsely populated areas.

In the part of Canada that is the subject of this summary, Dr. Tóth had scant references to go by, and depended mainly on the local people for information concerning the whereabouts of these (mostly abandoned) churches and cemeteries. Often di-

rected to distant fields by descendants of the original settlers, he recorded the Hungarian names he found on tombstones and grave markers in deserted cemeteries.

Interspersed with photos, this small work provides a glimpse of the community spirit of these early Hungarian immigrants who, so far away from their native land, still held fast to their ancestral faith in their native language.



*Reformed church at Békevár, SK,
1910-1967*



It's a Small World – With a Twist

OVS

Man's best friend can sometimes prove to be a connecting link in ways we would never think of!

My good friends, Liz and Lajkó Cséry of Wilton, Connecticut, own a handsome young *Magyar Vizsla* named

Toby. They regularly take the dog along on trips, as one of the family.

Visiting his mother a few months ago, Lajkó was walking Toby across the Lánchíd in Budapest. A young couple stopped to pay a compliment on the well-groomed purebred. Upon their inquiry, Lajkó told them that he had purchased the canine from a breeder in New York State. In their further Hungarian conversation it turned out that the couple also lived in the United States and happened to know the breeder!

This small world of ours can even be reversed but there are Hungarians – and Americans! – everywhere. Even in Hungary...



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"THE PAUL STREET BOYS" IN LONDON

Olga Vállay Szokolay

Professional as well as amateur artists around the world are using bare urban firewalls for artwork. This one is by Hungarians, to the world, with love.

The Latin saying "*Natura abhorret vacuum*" (Nature abhors a vacuum) still seems to be applicable in our daily lives. Just a decade or so ago, bare walls of buildings facing empty lots waiting to be built on, posed an open invitation to graffiti by street "artists". In countries affected by wars and violence, such as Hungary, buildings were ruined and the ruins demolished, exposing unsightly firewalls rising to the sky. It is hard to investigate now how and when the unsolicited and often eyesore graffiti gave place to fascinating surrealistic art. All of a sudden, professional as well as amateur artists began to use bare urban walls as gigantic canvases for their contemporary murals from Berlin to Rio, from Melbourne to Prague, from Budapest to London.

The "*Szines Város Csoport*" (Colorful City Group) is a Hungarian group of graffiti artists which has many international works of street wall art to its credit, in Moscow and Berlin, among others. One would not suspect Magyars behind the aliases "*iamsuzie*" and "*Cokestd*", yet they are members of the successful group. Not long ago, the Hungarian Cultural Center of London asked them to enrich, with their art, a busy public place of that City that is frequented by locals daily. The pur-

pose was twofold: one, to promote the renewal of the playground at Old Gloucester Street; the other, to reacquaint the Brits with one of Hungary's most famous writers and playwrights of the 20th century, *Molnár Ferenc* (see magyarnews.org article, June, 2015), whose 140th birthday was celebrated this year.)

His most translated novel, originally published in 1906, "*The Paul Street Boys*" (*A Pál utcai fiúk*) had already inspired street art in Budapest: Szanyi Péter's sculpture at Práter utca. The topic also seemed a most befitting choice for the London playground.

The well-known and beloved story takes place in 1889. The protagonists are schoolboys who spend all their free time at the "*grund*", an empty lot between buildings, used as a lumberyard. The *Paul Street Boys* keep their group organized in military fashion under their duly elected smart leader, *Boka*. Their "flag" is green-and-red. Another gang, the *Redshirts*, whose headquarters are in a nearby park, have a strong leader, *Áts*

Feri who plans an attack by his group against the Paul Street Boys in order to take over their *Grund*. Strategic planning and execution, treason and repentance are all part of those boys' repertoire, culminating in heroic sacrifice and a tragic ending.

The artists, *iamsuzie* and *Cokestd*, picked a 50 square meter (about 540 square feet) wall for the mural. It portrays *Csónakos*, the big, strong and faithful member, *Boka*, the smart strategist and leader, and little *Nemecsek*, the only private among the higher ranking "officers".

Besides domestic works, the *Szines Város Csoport* is planning similar projects in other foreign cities as well. We look forward to seeing more of their work.

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.



Top: The Hungarian artists in front of their work in London; bottom: location behind a playground; sculpture in Budapest

“Nanushka” from Hungary

Karolina Tima Szabo

While I was visiting Hungary this fall, an ad on TV caught my eye, for Nanushka's designs.

The designer is Sandra Sándor, who



Sandra Sándor

was born (March 29, 1982) and raised in Budapest. She attended and graduated the London College of Fashion. Soon after she graduated, she launched her own “Nanushka” clothing label. (Nanushka was her childhood nickname.)

Sandra's mom designed children clothing, that is when she decided to continue in that business, only for women. Her aim is to create clothing for women that is traditional in style, still modern, comfortable to wear, and that never goes out of style. Among the fabrics she uses is vegan leather, to avoid the slaughter of animals.

In 2006 she won the “Az Év Fiatal Divattervezője” (Young Designer of the Year) award in Budapest, where her collections were introduced for the first time.

In 2008, she won the Forbes “A jövő ígérete” (Promise of the Future) title.

After her life partner, Péter Baldaszi joined her in 2016, the Nanushka name became well known internationally.

Her first presentation at New York

Fashion Week, an important breakthrough, took place this past year. In February 2018, she opened her own store in Los Angeles.

The clothing is designed in Budapest and produced in Europe. Fabric and workmanship are the best of quality. It is sold in over 30 countries online, also in Bergdorf Goodman, Selfridges, Liberty and Browns, Net-a-Porter and Mytheresa stores; and is shipped to over 100 countries.

Lucy Liu, Selma Blair, Uma Thurman and Charlize Theron are only a few who wear her clothing. “East meets West” is her 2018 fall/winter collection; in September she introduced her 2019 Spring/Summer collections.

My favorite? The polka dot Nevada pants.

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



Snapshots: Korond

EPF

Let us give you a quick introduction to Korond, famous for its glazed pottery. I was told that the way to distinguish it from others is to look at the colors used: if there is any red in the

decoration, the piece does not come from here. Whether this rule of thumb still applies, I cannot tell.

Known far and wide for its glazed ceramics, Korond is a favorite of tourists. The settlement was first mentioned in 1333 in the papal register of tithes. Some of these pictures were taken in 2006, when I visited with friends, others were taken by Zsuzsa Lengyel in 2011.

The pottery industry here dates back to the 16th century, since suitable clay



is found in the area, but glazing did not become widespread until the end of the 19th century. By then, almost 400 potters worked in the village. Unfortunately, they used lead oxide – a health hazard – as a base for the glaze.

But pottery has not been the only industry. At the end of the 19th century, a spa was built next to the Árcsó mineral water spring, whose waters were recommended for people suffering from anemia and lung disease. It became one of the three most famous thermal baths of the Székely region. An aragonite factory was active in the village for over 50 years, until 1962. Sawmills, grain mills, oil presses, felt mills provided for the needs of the local population. They grew their own grain, vegetables and fruit, and raised cows, sheep, goats, swine in household farming.

Today, craftsmen also process tinder, the fungus growing on trees from which they make hats and decorative objects. Alabaster deposits are found nearby, and the translucent, fine-grained material is carved by skilled artisans into decorative items.



logue, using their own language. The deaf person wears a colorful glove and signs to the camera; the colors of the gloves help the technology to differentiate the fingers. The hearing person uses voice, and the speech is picked up by automatic speech recognition."

The only university in the world for the deaf and hearing-impaired is Gallaudet in Washington, D.C. SignAll worked together with them last June to fine-tune the program.

This program could also be used for businesses besides education and social interaction, allowing the needy people to communicate better, making their lives so much more pleasant and interesting and giving them more joy. This is definitely a very good invention and all the professional team involved in this project should get great recognition for their achievement.

István Arato, son of Hungarian immigrant parents, was born in São Paulo, Brazil where he was a journalist. He came to the US in 1996 and now works in the hospitality/restaurant business. He attends the Hungarian School sponsored by Magyar Studies of America in Fairfield, CT.



Did you know ...

... **that** there is a new technology that translates American Sign Language to English?

The Budapest based company SignAll developed it. This is great news for the deaf and hearing-impaired people to communicate better. As Zsolt Robotka, co-founder and CEO of the com-

pany said in one of his interviews, that was the reason they created this software that makes the translation.

The system consists of two monitors and four cameras; one camera is for the deaf user, and one for the hearing user. The SignAll website explains how it works: "The deaf and hearing party sit down and communicate via on-screen chat dia-

Top: Zsolt Robotka; Bottom: signing

The Danube – Bottoms Up!

Olga Vállay Szokolay

While the Eastern Seaboard of the United States experienced record rain-falls, most of Europe was in the throes of unprecedented drought this year. According to some reports, water had to be airlifted to the cows on the steep Swiss mountain pastures, where the winding, steep roads would not accommodate tankers. On the Danube River, for the first time, the Viking cruise ships had to cut their itinerary short of Hungary, due to the low water levels. Then day by day, more and more of the River's bottom became exposed, uncovering unexpected artifacts, luring treasure-hunters from the vicinity.

As reported in mid-October, the latest important finding was a shipwreck from the 18th century, giving rise to a lot of questions and speculations.

In one of his books, the Italian writer, Claudio Magris, calls the Danube the River of Mysteries. This time, the River's puzzling history is being enriched by a new riddle. This year's drought and subsequent low water levels produced not only bombs and other unusual findings at the exposed bottom. An amateur treasure-hunter from Érd-Ófalu, with his metal detector, found a bell there with the image of the dragon-killer St. George. Following that trace, with assistance by the local police, archeological authorities dug up some rare and very valuable objects.

According to experts of the Ferenczy Múzeumi Centrum at Szentendre, the origin of the numerous coins, weapons and utensils that constitute the find is thus far unknown. The most feasible conjecture attributes it to an 18th century merchant ship which had sunk nearby. For the time being, archeologists are searching in the archives of Érd for data of shipwrecks around 1745. Using a drone for assistance, they could identify the potential location of a shipwreck about 80-100 meters (250-300 feet) from shore. Archeological divers were ex-



The nine gold coins; All that glitters isn't gold; Various tools and weapons.

pected to examine the wreck.

The head of the Museum's Numismatic Department declared that the find contains about 1,600 silver and nine gold coins. The latter ones were minted between 1665 and 1743. Five of them originated from the reign of four Hungarian monarchs, concluding with the time of Maria Theresa. The foreign mints include a very rare piece, a Vatican coin of Pope Clement XII, as well as ducats from Zürich and Holland.

Most of the silver ones are also from abroad. Besides the larger units such as *tallérok* (thalers) and half-thalers, everyday coins of one, three, six, 15 and 30 *krajcár* are common among them.

The combination of the find is not characteristic of Hungarian money circulation, which seems to indicate that they are dealing with a foreign merchant ship.

Other objects found at the site include sabers, lances, hatchets, axes, boat hooks and even cannonballs. Amateurs with metal detectors assist the museum's experts in the dig. The explorers raced against time, as the River's water level was expected to rise any day. Therefore, instead of fine-digging methods they turned

over the gravelly soil in about 30 cm (one foot) depth in smaller parcels and checked them with detectors.

Upon restoration of the finds, the Szentendre Museum is planning to organize a special exhibit of the items. Realistically, this could happen around 2020, since they will need to resort to outside help as well. This will render the Ferenczy Múzeumi Centrum the holder of one of the most significant numismatic collections of the country.

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Treasure hunters