



# Stories of '56



# Life insurance with no health questions asked



## It's our way of saying 'thank you'

We would like to express our appreciation to our loyal and dedicated members by offering a **Member Appreciation Guaranteed Issue Special** program to members, their family and their friends. For a limited time, all qualifying member and non-member U.S. citizens may be eligible to purchase valuable life insurance through WPA with **no health questions asked**. You can choose from our Single Premium Whole Life plan or any other permanent life insurance plan currently offered by WPA. To apply for this Member Appreciation Guaranteed Issue Special, complete the form below and return it to Barbara A. Tew, Sales Coordinator, at the Home Office, or call Ms. Tew toll-free at 1-800-848-7366, ext. 120.

For this special program, these maximum face amounts will apply:

<u>Issue Age</u>	<u>WPA Members Maximum Face Amounts</u>		<u>Non-Members Maximum Face Amounts</u>	
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61 - 70	\$5,000.00	\$3,500.00	\$4,500.00	\$3,000.00
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Are you an existing member of the WPA? YES / NO (Circle One)    •    Smoker / Non-smoker (Circle One)

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Cover: Photos of Budapest during the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, courtesy of WPA member Tamás Markovits (seen in photo at top, left)  
This Page: Photo by John E. Lovasz

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# Turn your donation into a holiday greeting

This holiday season, why not wish your family and friends a Merry Christmas while supporting a worthy cause. When you make a donation of at least \$25 to the William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation, we will publish your Christmas greeting in the December issue of *William Penn Life*. The bigger your donation, the larger your greeting:

\$25 =  $\frac{1}{16}$  page (approx.  $1\frac{7}{8}$ " x  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ")

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All donations and greetings must be at the WPA Home Office by Monday, November 10, for inclusion in the December issue. You may also submit greetings for birthdays, anniversaries and any other special occasions at any time of year, using the same rates listed above.

To place your holiday greeting, send your check and message--along with your phone number and email address--to:

**WPA Scholarship Foundation**  
709 Brighton Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Please make your check payable to "William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation, Inc."

If you wish to design your own greeting, please submit your greeting as either a WORD or PDF document and email it to [jlovasz@williampennassociation.org](mailto:jlovasz@williampennassociation.org).

# A Big Thank You!!

There was one glaring omission in our coverage of the 31st Annual WPA Golf Tournament & Scholarship Days in our last issue, and we wish to make up for that now.

We want to gratefully acknowledge the generosity of four particular branches: Branch 18 Lincoln Park, Mich.; Branch 34 Pittsburgh, Pa.; Branch 71 Duquesne, Pa.; and Branch 352 Coraopolis, Pa.

Each year, these four branches donate the latest high-tech equipment to our golf tournament's electronics raffle held during the Friday night reception. This year, they donated prizes worth a total of \$2,000.

We thank them for thinking of our tech-savvy guests who love these electronic prizes and for their continued support of the William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation.

## Köszönjük szépen!

## Letters

### Mother and daughter shared a wonderful 'Experience'

We were the first to arrive Sunday afternoon, my daughter and I, giving us ample time to settle into the environment. Dinner was *paprikás csirke*, my all-time favorite growing up. I told Ica that it was almost as good as my mother made. She understood that it was only my "mother's hand" that was missing. All the meals were just as delicious. The weather was exceptional, reminiscent of August in Hungary.

My primary purpose in attending was to learn the grammar of the language I grew up hearing. I could con-

struct simple sentences and get the right tense, suffixes, etc., but I did not know why it was correct. By understanding the basics, it would be easier for me to speak it. I was amazed at how quickly it came flooding back to me. Within a couple of days, I found I was thinking in Hungarian. I learned some more of my ethnic history and culture in the beginner class.

My daughter did very well, also, and enjoyed it. It was very good to be able to share the Experience with her as we celebrated the life of grandma. We talked about the week all the way home to Virginia. When we would stop, I would want to say "*köszönöm szépen*," rather than "thank you." Guess I became immersed in the Magyar language.

The Experience was more about the fellowship, the fraternity. Knowing that most had attended multiple times, we were a little concerned about fitting in with the group. We needn't have worried. The staff was solicitous of our well-being and enjoyment of the event. As we got to know the individuals, we felt like we had always been part of the group--a part of the total Experience.

We look forward to keeping in touch with these new-found friends and hope to continue to enjoy Magyar celebrations sponsored by William Penn Association.

Viszontlátásra!

**Barbara Ann Bernard**  
Woodbridge, VA



# WPA exceeds expectations

NEXT MONTH, I will be completing my first year on the job as your National Vice President-Secretary. As us older folks say, where has the time gone? Other than time passing quickly, things have gone far greater than my initial expectations, and I appreciate this wonderful opportunity.

Prior to accepting my new position, I had heard good things about WPA. Word on the street was that WPA is a fine organization and a highly-respected fraternal, both of which I can now confirm. During this past year, I have come to know WPA as a society with a rich heritage that lends much support to numerous Hungarian-American cultural and ethnic activities.

A great support staff, trustworthy sales agents and dedicated Board members are leading the way to a brighter future. WPA continues to offer an array of low-cost life

insurance products, high-earning annuity investments, and a variety of fraternal benefits, including college scholarships.

I certainly enjoyed meeting so many members at my first WPA bowling and golf tournaments, along with the WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest this year and look forward to participating in the years ahead. Of course, there is still a lot to learn on many fronts, and I'm eager to do so. I'm excited to play a part in contributing to the continuing improvement of the Association, with anticipation of better things yet to come!

You will hear more from me in future issues of *William Penn Life* as I discuss a variety of important topics beneficial for members.

Until next time!

# Impact the future

The rewards that come with a higher education are priceless. But, that education comes at an ever-higher price. Studies conducted by the National Center for Education Statistics show that 85 percent of all first-time, full-time undergraduate students at 4-year degree-granting institutions receive financial aid. In short, our college-bound children need help.

That's why since 1972, William Penn Association has awarded nearly \$2.4 million in scholarship grants to its young members attending accredited institutions of higher learning. Last year alone, the William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation awarded grants to 158 students totaling \$79,000. We intend to grant nearly the same amount in 2014.

It is only through the generosity of our members, branches and friends that WPA can continue to offer this financial

support to our children seeking to improve their lives through education.

By donating to the WPFA Scholarship Foundation, you are saying that you believe in the potential of our children and in the power of education. And because of your help, our children will transform the world and our communities. It's not an exaggeration: your donation impacts the future.

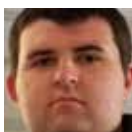
So, why not make an impact today? It's easy to do. Simply send your tax-deductible donation to:

WPFA Scholarship Foundation  
709 Brighton Road  
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Thank you for playing such an important role in their lives...and our future.







# Epilogue to a revolution

FAITHFUL READERS of *Tibor's Take* may remember the story of Csaba, which first appeared on these pages four years ago and continued with a second installment in last October's *William Penn Life*. What follows is the final chapter of that story. Csaba is a fictional character whose story is real, recounting the experiences of men and women who escaped the ruthless oppression of Hungarian Communism following the revolution of 1956.

We pick up the story as Csaba arrives in the New World....

\*\*\*\*\*

My time in Montreal, Canada, was limited to a brief layover of 10 hours. As I exited the Canadian military transport plane, I saw an old bus just off of the tarmac, a few hundred meters away. There, a priest motioned for us to come to the bus.

It was in the middle of the night, and a biting cold wind swept huge flakes of snow in a north to south fetch. As we boarded the bus, the driver greeted each of us with a gleeful "jó reggelt." More than 75 Hungarian men crammed onto the old, green bus.

The priest smiled at us and began to speak in an unknown language; the driver served as interpreter. The priest's name was Father O'Brien. He explained that although he was not a Magyar, he could identify with the plight of the Hungarian people because his ancestral home--Ireland--had suffered under similar circumstances. He further explained that we would take a half-hour ride to his parish and spend a few hours there before many of us would depart for Toronto via train.

The church basement smelled like cabbage. Árpád, the bus driver, explained that the previous evening a name day celebration took place in the hall. He elaborated that the church was named St. Patrick and the Irish people consider him as their patron just as we Magyars consider István ours. We were served piping hot bowls of corned beef and cabbage, soda bread and coffee. At the end of our meal, the good father refreshed our coffee cups with a shot of Irish whiskey. I then found my way to a dark corner of the huge room and quickly dozed off.

My nap seemed as if it lasted only a few minutes before I was awakened by Árpád calling out names. Half of our group took a short bus ride to a train station. There, Árpád handed us each a ticket and said the train ride would take about six hours, and once we got to Toronto, a man would be there to take us to another church.

The train ride was quiet. Every so often I could see the waters of a huge lake. I later learned that body of water was Lake Ontario.

It was early evening when we arrived in downtown Toronto. The buildings there were much taller than anything in Budapest, and the city seemed to be much larger as well. A man greeted us in Hungarian and told us that we would take a short walk to a nearby Hungarian church



Illustration © Can Stock Photo Inc./siraanamwong

named St. Elizabeth. The walk took about 45 minutes, but seemed to be much longer. Once at the church, we were told to quietly sit in the pews closest to the altar as a Mass would soon take place, followed by further instructions. I was introduced by the priest to two other fellows who sat at the opposite side of the church. They were to be my roommates in a third floor apartment on Bloor Street.

I began work the next day at a brass foundry and machine shop factory, cleaning and maintaining metal cutting machinery. After months of performing simple tasks, I was given the blueprints for a small part the size of a football. The foreman said that I had four hours to create the part. The diagram looked simple enough. Back in Hungary, I could make 10 of these in a shift.

As I prepared the setup, I noticed the numbers were not in metric units but in inches. I was at odds with myself. Do I approach the boss and ask questions? Or, do I show I am an independent machinist and figure it out on my own? After a few minutes I decided to ask.

Before I could say a word, my department leader said in Hungarian: "I wondered when you would ask some questions." He said he had assigned me menial tasks because I had never asked about operating the machines, and therefore he wasn't sure I knew my trade. Now, if I could make this part correctly, I would get paid by the piece and earn much more than I would as a cleaner. He handed me blueprints with conversions and wished me good luck.

Life in the Hungarian section of Bloor Street was wonderful. I made much more money than I did in Hungary. I worked more than 10 hours a day, but the pay based on piecemeal production made the long work hours bearable. Weekends were fun with dances and many events held at the various Hungarian churches and social clubs.

One Saturday evening, my roommate Robbie introduced me to a young Hungarian lady who had been living in Canada for three years. Magda was born in Arad, Transylvania, along the Mures River. Her family had been wiped out by the war, and she had lived in several countries. Magda did not live in the Magyar section of Toronto, but in nearby Hamilton. She was a boarder with a Scottish family and worked at their dress shop as a seamstress. Her command of the English language was much better than mine; living within a household that did not speak Hungarian had forced her to learn another language quickly.

From the beginning, we had a magical romance. She was four years older than me, but her blue eyes and slender features made her appear 10 years younger.

Magda had a friend who lived in Akron, who was prodding Magda to move to Ohio. We received old editions of the *Szabadság* (Freedom) and *Magyar Katolikus* (Hungarian Catholic) newspapers. Every issue was filled with companies needing experienced machinists and seamstresses. The pay was much more than in Canada, and employers would help with housing, transportation and, most importantly, citizenship.

After much discussion and planning, Magda and I decided to first get married and then immigrate once again. This time, our destination would be Youngstown, Ohio.

We arrived together by bus. I soon found work at a foundry, grinding excess metal from castings. The work was hard, but it paid more than any of my previous jobs. Our first residence was on a street of row houses that were part of the Hungarian Calvin Church on Mahoning Avenue. We lived there for less than a year before buying a small home not far from Our Lady of Hungary Church on the city's west side. Magda soon found a job at a wedding dress shop, altering and making all types of formal attire. She would work there for nearly 40 years, finally retiring due to arthritic hands. Not long after her retirement, the shop would be sold and closed shortly thereafter.

My old roommate from the days in Toronto soon came to Ohio. He had relatives in the area and secured a job at Youngstown Sheet and Tube.

Magda and I wanted a little place in the country. We bought ourselves an eight-acre plot of land not far from the Pennsylvania border. We scrimped and saved, and together, we built a lovely two-bedroom ranch. I built a barn, planted a large garden, raised chickens, geese and a few cows. I eventually changed jobs and worked my way up the ladder of success, becoming a lead foreman in one of the largest aluminum extrusion plants in America. We both became American citizens.

We continue to prosper by investing much of our savings into various high-yield stocks and bonds. We remain active in the Hungarian community not only in Youngstown but also in Cleveland, Akron and Sharon, Pa. We also support many causes both here in the States and

in Hungary, choosing to remain anonymous when donating monies to philanthropic causes.

Since the fall of Communism, I have visited my village in Hungary twice, but Magda refuses to go back to her birth place. Last year, I regained my Hungarian citizenship.

\*\*\*\*\*

Most, but not all, of the characters in this story became successful American citizens. A few never left Hungary and suffered immensely.

Csaba's father suffered years of abuse by Communist authorities. He died in 1961 from throat cancer.

Csaba's mother moved to Győr after her husband's death and lived in a government apartment until her death in 1988.

Csaba's siblings moved to various parts of Hungary and continue to communicate with each other. Two brothers have visited Csaba in America.

Father Dezső, a pastor in Csaba's hometown, escaped from Hungary in the winter of 1957. He eventually immigrated to the United States and became pastor to several Hungarian parishes in New Jersey. He passed away shortly after his retirement in 2011.

Árpád, the bus driver, started a trucking company and would eventually expand his business into international shipping. He retired and handed control of the company over to his three sons. He now splits his time between three homes located in Quebec City, Naples, Fla., and Lake Balaton.

Robbie, the roommate in Toronto, eventually returned to his hometown 86 miles southwest of Budapest. Although he lived under the loving guidance of relatives in America, he missed his home village immensely. He kept every penny earned while working at the mill and returned to Hungary in 1963. He was able to sneak his earned fortune past the Communists. He married and had two children. He passed away in 1972 from complications from liver disease. His nickname in Hungary was "Kennedy."

Éljen a Magyar!

# Tibor II

*Tibor Check Jr. is a member of Branch 28 Youngstown, Ohio, and a graduate of the Cleveland-Marshall College of Law. He serves as a host of the "Souvenirs of Hungary" weekly radio show broadcast on WKTL-90.7 FM in Struthers, Ohio.*

## Let's hear your take

If you have any questions or comments about me or my column, please email me at: [silverking1937@yahoo.com](mailto:silverking1937@yahoo.com), or drop me a letter in care of the William Penn Association, 709 Brighton Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.



# The Hungarian Kitchen



with Főszakács Béla

## A pizza primer, part two

### FÁRADJON BE A MAGYAR KONYHÁBA!

Cooler weather is upon us, and that means we can spend more time in a warm kitchen, creating and preparing many dishes for our friends and family.

My paprika plants yielded more than 50 peppers, which I dried. I have enough to last me all winter. While most would grind the peppers into a powder, Chef Vilmos and I add half a dried, seeded pepper into the dishes we prepare. It makes quite a difference in the taste, using a fresh, dried pepper as opposed to a dry powder. We have a few recipes we will share at the holidays.

Over the next few months, many branches will be active with projects, meetings and other fraternal activities. Check with your branch and see what you can do to support WPA. Christmas parties are right around the corner along with charitable activities that branches undertake to help all enjoy the holidays. WPA is only as strong as its branches, so support yours!

For those in the Philadelphia area close to Delaware, on Sunday, Oct. 5, from 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., I will be cooking crab cakes at Coast Day on the University of Delaware Lewes campus. My "classical" recipe was chosen as one of the eight for the final cook off. Please stop by, say "hi" and try my crab cakes.

Before we continue with our pizza primer, here is your monthly trivia question: *What happened on Friday, June 17, 1994, and how did it lead to a pizza-related record?*

Last month, we learned the basics of making a simple pizza from scratch. While you can buy all the fixings in a kit at the supermarket, a tastier pie can be made by augmenting the recipe with more savory ingredients.

In addition to regular pizza pie, there are three other Italian delights related to pizza that you can enjoy. One is a **calzone**, a filled bread shaped like a pizza folded in half. Typically, it is filled with ham, salami, mozzarella, Parmesan or Pecorino Romano cheese with the filling held together with a beaten whole egg. The dough is made from bread flour, yeast, olive oil, water and salt. In the U.S., the dough used is normally pizza dough made from all-purpose flour, not high gluten bread flour. The fillings are the same for Europe and the U.S.

Another treat is **stromboli**, a turnover filled with cheeses, Italian meats and veggies. The dough is traditionally of Italian bread origin. The difference between a calzone and stromboli is that a calzone is folded, while stromboli is rolled.

Finally, there is **Sicilian pizza** which consists of a thick bread dough crust and may be made deep dish style. Either way, the crust is at least one inch thick. In Sicily where this style originated, the shape is rectangular with a thick crust and finished Neapolitan style. Neapolitan is made with tomatoes, not tomato sauce, and topped with mozzarella cheese. The crust consists of wheat flour, brewer's yeast, salt and water. Using whole wheat flour makes for a softer crust.

There are three official variants of Neapolitan pizza, all of which originated in Napoli. **Pizza Marinara** is topped with tomatoes, garlic, oregano and extra virgin olive oil. **Pizza Margherita** has tomatoes, sliced mozzarella, basil leaves and extra virgin olive oil. **Pizza Margherita Extra** has tomatoes, mozzarella cheese from Campania sliced into extra thick fillets, basil and extra virgin olive oil.

Where you are in Sicily determines what particular style of pizza you will be served.

- In Palermo, the pizza is rectangular in shape with more dough, sauce and cheese than a regular Sicilian pie. Toppings may consist of onions, anchovies, fresh herbs and stronger flavored cheese. The sauce is on top, covering the other ingredients so as not to soak into the crust and make it soggy.
- A Siracusa pie is round and stuffed with similar toppings, then covered with a thin crust on top that is brushed with olive oil for color and flavor.
- In Catania, a normal layer of dough, less than a half inch thick, is covered with local cheese and anchovies or potatoes, sausages and broccoli, then finished with tomato sauce. The top layer of dough, thinner than the bottom crust, is brushed with egg wash for color.
- The Messina version of Sicilian pizza is in the form of a calzone stuffed with endive, tuma cheese (which resembles ricotta), vegetables and anchovies.





Here are some helpful tips and techniques for making and baking a great pizza, calzone, or stromboli:

- When making your dough, don't over sugar or over salt the dough as it will slow down the reaction of the yeast.
- If you're using fresh yeast in your recipe, direct contact with salt will kill the yeast and not allow the dough to rise.
- Using a little shortening or oil in the dough recipe tenderizes the dough, allowing it to be stretched paper thin.
- For tender dough, use the minimal or exact amount of flour in the recipe. Flour contains protein, which contains gluten. The more flour you use, the chewier your dough.
- In a pinch, you can use tomato puree for your pizza sauce. Simmer some fresh herbs like oregano or basil in the puree for 30 minutes to develop more flavors, making for a tastier pizza. You may even simmer the puree with split garlic cloves, if you're a garlic lover.
- Try using more than one type of cheese, mixing your own blend of Parmesan, Romano and mozzarella, or spread fresh ricotta on your pie.
- Meat choices can include any form of protein, such as meatballs, meatloaf, ground pork or beef, chicken, tuna, anchovies, shrimp, scallops, lobster or calamari. If you're using sausage, you can try mild or sweet (both containing no fennel) or hot sausage loaded with black pepper and red pepper flakes (but no fennel).
- When using fresh veggies that are hard--like onions, peppers or broccoli--soften them by cooking lightly in oil, then cool and top your pie.
- For extra flavor, put dry herbs into your dough before adding the water or top your freshly baked pizza with fresh herbs before serving your family.
- Frozen bread dough from the supermarket makes a quick pizza crust. Just top and bake, then serve.

For this month's recipes, use the dough recipes from the September HK, and try the above techniques to enhance and create your perfect pizza. The two recipes for this month are favorites of mine. Enjoy with your family and friends!

*Jó étvágyat! Főszakács Béla*

### Super Veggie Pizza

2 teaspoons active dry yeast  
1 cup warm water  
3 cups all-purpose flour  
1 tablespoon white sugar  
2 tablespoons dried oregano  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 egg  
1 tablespoon extra-virgin olive oil  
1 (15 ounce) can diced tomatoes  
1 (6 ounce) can tomato paste  
½ small onion, chopped  
1 clove garlic, finely chopped  
1 teaspoon onion powder  
1 pinch ground black pepper  
1½ cups shredded mozzarella cheese  
½ cup chopped green bell pepper  
½ cup chopped onion  
½ cup sliced fresh mushrooms  
½ cup fresh sliced broccoli florets

Sprinkle yeast over warm water in a small bowl. The water should be no more than 100°F. Let stand for five minutes until yeast softens and begins to form creamy foam.

Sift flour, sugar, 1 tablespoon oregano and 1 teaspoon salt into a large bowl. Mix egg and oil into dry ingredients;

## RECIPES

stir in yeast mixture. When dough has pulled together, turn out onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic, about eight minutes. Lightly oil a large bowl, then place dough in bowl and turn to coat with oil. Cover with a light cloth and let rise in a warm place (80 to 95°F) until doubled in volume, about one hour.

Preheat oven to 450°F. Lightly grease a baking sheet.

Cook and stir diced tomatoes, tomato paste, onion, 1 tablespoon oregano, garlic, onion powder, 1 teaspoon salt and pepper in a saucepan over medium heat. Cook until sauce has thickened, 15 to 20 minutes.

Punch down dough and turn it out onto a lightly floured surface. Use a knife to divide dough into two equal pieces--do not tear. Shape dough into rounds and let rest for 10 minutes. Form dough into rectangles and place onto prepared

baking sheet. Spoon tomato sauce over dough, then sprinkle with 1¼ cup mozzarella cheese. Top with bell pepper, onion, mushroom and broccoli. Sprinkle ¼ cup mozzarella cheese over top. Bake in preheated oven until crust is browned and crisp and cheese has melted, 20 to 25 minutes.

### BBQ Chicken Pizza

4 boneless chicken breasts, cooked & shredded  
1 cup hickory barbecue sauce  
1 tablespoon honey  
1 teaspoon molasses  
⅓ cup brown sugar  
½ bunch fresh cilantro  
14-inch pizza crust, baked  
1 cup Monterey Jack cheese, shredded  
1 cup Vidalia onion, sliced thin

Preheat oven to 425°F. In a saucepan over medium high heat, combine chicken, barbeque sauce, honey, molasses, brown sugar and cilantro. Bring to a boil. Spread chicken mixture evenly over pizza crust and top with cheese and onions. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes or until cheese is melted, then slice and serve.

*Trivia Answer: On that June day 20 years ago, the famous O.J. Simpson car chase took place in California. Rather than miss any of the televised chase by preparing and eating a normal dinner, many people ordered pizza for home delivery. In fact, Domino's Pizza claims it set a single-day sales record, selling more pizzas that day than even during any Super Bowl Sunday.*



## Weather, spirits mostly warm and sunny at Fest

ROCKWOOD, PA -- More than 1,000 members and friends of the Association ignored dire predictions of wet, cool weather and gathered Sept. 6 at Scenic View for the 14th Annual WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest. As it turned out, the forecasters were the ones who were all wet, as the weather stayed mostly dry, sunny and warm until the end of the afternoon.

A brief period of cloudiness and the sound of distant thunder brought a premature end to the annual fishing contest, and the bleak forecast forced the cancellation of inflatable play equipment for the children, but those lone negatives could not dampen the overwhelmingly positive fraternal spirit shared by all in attendance.

Once again, National Vice President-Fraternal Endre Csoman organized and orchestrated a dedicated crew of more than 100 volunteers who made the picnic possible. A number of those volunteers spent up to a week at Scenic View preparing all the delicious food and the grounds. We can't thank all of these wonderful people enough, especially those volunteers who travelled from out of state to help. They all embody the true spirit of fraternalism.

Among those attending the picnic this year was Annushka Molnar. Annushka and the story of her white silk dress were featured in the August 2014 issue of William Penn Life. Annushka, who brought her famous dress with her, spent much of the afternoon near the szalonna fire pits, warmly enjoying her mini-celebrity and posing for pictures holding the dress.

George Batyi and his ensemble, along with the William Penn Association Magyar Folk Dancers, brightened everyone's spirits with lively music and energetic dancing. Many picnic guests took to the dance floor themselves to dance the *csárdás*.

When they weren't dancing or getting their fill of delicious *pörkölt* and *nokedli*, homemade *kolbász* or freshly-made *gulyás*, guests strolled through the Hungarian marketplace, enjoyed a hayride around the grounds of Scenic View, or took part in that most Hungarian of summer traditions, the bacon roast. Young guests had fun making crafts and getting their faces painted in the children's activities tent.

We thank all our members and friends for the generosity they displayed during the picnic. The day's events raised \$10,826.50 for the benefit of the William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation. About half of that total--\$5,440--was raised by the always-popular Chinese auction. The remainder of the funds were raised through the sale of *palacsinta*, pastries, *langós*, funnel cake and leftovers (\$2,961.50); instant bingo (\$366); the 50/50 raffle (\$705); the sale of WPA Christmas ornaments (\$30) and cookbooks (\$140); various donations (\$616); and proceeds from the raffle for a guitar autographed by country music star Darius Rucker (\$568). □









# *Faces Of A Great*





# *Fraternal Fest*





# Stories of '56

To commemorate the  
Hungarian Revolution of  
1956, *William Penn Life*  
asked readers to  
submit stories about their  
personal recollections of  
this pivotal time in  
Hungarian history.  
We proudly present two  
of those stories on the  
following pages.

## The Story of Pista

by Lisa Papp

I SIT ACROSS FROM MY FATHER-IN-LAW. In the past week he has lost his wife of 56 years. He is adjusting to a new life. Another journey. I have prepared the best dinner I can for him: breaded fish, fresh salad and, the must-have of the evening, potatoes. I feel sure he must have grown up around potatoes in his native Hungary. They are still a source of comfort for him.

"Tell me that story again," I say, "the story of how you left."

He takes a deep breath, but I can tell by the way he looks at me, he will tell it.

One more time.

"Újfehértó," he starts, slipping into Hungarian, and I can't follow a word.

"Now in English?" I say, smiling.

He stares at me for a split second, just to let me know that I am inconveniencing him. Then he begins.

"Újfehértó. That's where I grew up." I know this town sits in northeastern Hungary, and that the winters are cold.

"Was it small?" I ask.

He considers the question.

"Rural?"

He nods. "Oh yeah, lots of farmland."

Steve, or "Pista," as he was known, began his life on a small farm. And, yes, they grew potatoes. Lots of them. And wheat. He was the youngest of three, arriving eight years after his two sisters.

"We grew lots of *krumpli*," he says, lifting the potato from his plate.

"Hard to grow?"

"Nah." He motions, putting the whole potato into the ground and mounding up the soil around it. "When it's ready, when the leaves dry..." he smiles, "lots of *krumpli*."

Like most rural families, they harvested a variety of vegetables to sustain themselves during the cold Hungarian winters.

I sense these were happy times. Full days with honest work. And a love of the land.

But in 1944, amid the chaos of WWII, Russians arrived at their doorstep. Steve was only 14 when he and his parents were forced to leave their farm. They watched their land, their livelihood, come apart at the seams. Hedgerows and fences were destroyed as fields were plowed over into one large acreage. Small family homes were removed for sake of ease; it was simpler to drive a tractor straight than maneuver around existing homesteads.

Our meal is only half done. We are eating slowly because there is so much storytelling. Most of it told twice--once in Hungarian, then, with less enthusiasm, in English. I fear much is lost in the translation. I shake my head. "What happened to the farm?"

He waves his hand as someone refusing a second helping. "It's gone."

And as simple as that, a life's work is taken away; a family's heritage, erased.

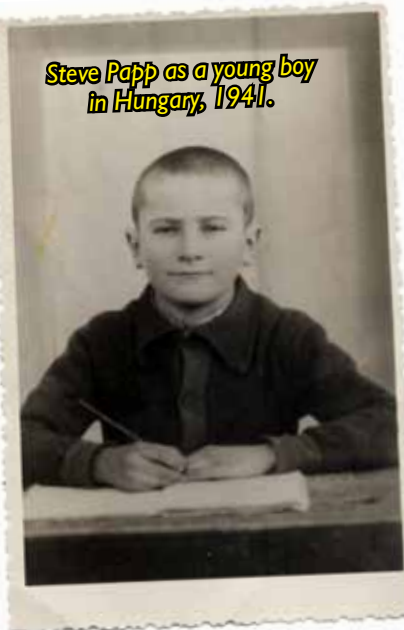
We eat a while in silence. There are so many things I want to ask, but don't. I can't imagine my grandparents' farm in Iowa being stolen, and then destroyed.

"I'm sorry," I say.

"They want everything for themselves," he says in his thick Hungarian accent. But he doesn't say more.

In 1956, when the Hungarian uprising began, Steve was a young man working in Budapest at a milk factory. He was 26 then, and making his way around

Steve Papp as a young boy  
in Hungary, 1941.





Budapest on a used Pannonia.

"Very nice motorcycle," he says. "Red." And he smiles again.

"Is that how you got to the border?"

"Noooo. That was later." He takes another bite. "First time, we got caught."

"You never told me that."

He shrugs.

"What happened?"

"We hitched a ride on a milk truck."

The trucks visited rural farms during the day, then drove to Budapest to deliver the milk. After Steve's shift at the factory, when the truck was returning to rural farmland, he and two companions were on it. The driver obliged, taking them almost 80 miles before letting them off somewhere near the border. It was late November and already quite cold.

"We didn't know where we were going," Steve says, "and we got caught."

"What did the guards do?" I wondered aloud.

"They took us to a room. Lots of other people there, too. They write down our names, address, and they warn us, 'Do not try this again!'"

"And then?"

"They sent us home on a train." He raises a finger. "But, we didn't go. Three stops before Budapest, we got off. We came back."

"It must've been late then."

He nods. "We ask everyone, how do you cross the border? How do you get through?"

"Did they help?"

"Oh, sure. They all know." Steve reminds me there is no white line painted on the ground, that they are navigating unfamiliar land.

"Thirteen miles we walked," he tells me.

"Through pastures, past cows."

With the aid of a man on a bicycle to guide them, Steve and his companions arrived at the Hungarian-Austrian border. There, their guide left them to confer with another man who never showed himself. It was this man, apparently, who could best guess the most advantageous time to cross.

Their guide returned with a simple nod. "That way," he said. "Be careful." Then he left them.

Steve and his companions began their journey away from their native land. For the first hundred yards, all was quiet. Then, the shooting started. They hunched over. What began as a quiet walk, was now a full out run. When they reached a wide, barren field--a sort of 'free zone' between the two countries--the shooting ceased. Strange are the rules of war.

They kept running.

Alerted by the sound of gunfire, an Austrian border guard called to them, beckoning them over. Speaking only Austrian, he gathered them in and led them to a camp.

"Lots of people there," Steve tells me. "All Hungarians."

I was pleased to hear they were given warm meals, a clean bed.

"And there was heat," Steve recalls. "They took good care of us."

He says this often. I am warmed by the generosity of the Austrian people and those who managed and transported

more than 180,000 Hungarian refugees to brighter lives, accomplishing this great task with not only kindness, but efficiency.

Our meal is long done, but we stay--Steve recalling details, me jotting notes on the backs of sympathy cards that have stacked up alongside the table.

"How long did you stay at the camp?" I want to know. "Where did you go next?"

Steve raises a hand to slow me down. "They took our names. You had to get registered. Over and over. Every stop, they registered you again."

I nod, reaching for another envelope.

"After one or two days," he continues, "we went on a bus to another camp. Bigger. Maybe it was a school or something."

"Were you still with the men you crossed with?"

"Yes. They kept us together. Families, too, all stayed together."

"What about your family? Did they know where you were?"



Steve Papp and his two sisters, Yolanka (left) and Annush, with their mother, Annush (seated), at the family home in Újfehértó, Hungary, 1968.

"Not yet." Steve dismisses the question, and I guess there was not time for formalities. This would come later.

He sighs, running his hand across his face. "After that--I don't remember how long it was--we took a bus to the German border. After that, we got on a train."

"Where to?"

"Water," he says, as though I should know better. "You got to go to water to get on a ship."

He tells me they rode this train all day and through the night until the following afternoon when they arrived at a port in Germany, Bremerhaven.

"We could see the ship, the stacks," he says.

I sense they were quite an impressive sight from the train window. I know the ship was called the USS General Haan because my husband and I framed a picture of it for him many years ago. It still hangs in his room.



*Steve Papp and his mother, Annush, at a river near Újfehértó, Hungary, 1968.*

After another registration process, Steve and his fellow refugees are allowed to board. It is Christmas Eve.

Steve smiles. "The dining hall was on the lower deck. Very nice. Oh, tablecloths on every table."

Again, this warms my heart.

Then, he laughs. "But we didn't eat much. Everybody was sick."

"Sea sick?"

He nods and mimics holding a bag to his face. "Everyone."

"So, you missed out on a lot of good food."

"Yeah, but we didn't even think of that."

They slept maybe a hundred to a room, men separate from women.

"The beds folded up against the wall during the day," Steve explains. "Four high." His was second to the bottom, and apparently he spent many an hour there, sometimes eating just one orange a day.

There is a knock, and Steve excuses himself to answer the door. Another neighbor offering condolences. I wonder if they know even a little of what he is telling me.

I use the opportunity to clear the table and make sense of my notes. Steve returns with another card in hand and sets it on the table. He does not bother to open it.

I wait a bit, then ask, "What was it like on the sea?"

"We were a hundred miles on the river before we saw the North Sea," he reminds me. "When we left the river, we saw England to the right...."

He slips into Hungarian, and I miss most of what he is saying, but I can hear it was a fantastic sight. I wait for him to return to English. When he does, he tells me of the cold and storms they passed through, the slick deck where you had to be careful, the vastness of seeing nothing but water.

Steve stares at the freshly cleared table. "For New Year's they made Hungarian chicken," he says softly.

"A taste of home."

He nods. "We all tried to eat a little."

After two weeks of travel, they arrived in New York harbor on January 7, 1957.

"We knew we were close when the ship settled down."

He steadies the movement of his hands. "When the waves calmed down."

"You were happy then."

"Oh, we were all happy. But it was Friday, and we couldn't come in until Monday. So, we sat in the harbor and waited."

"All weekend?"

"Saturday and Sunday." He rises from his chair. "You want more?"

"Yeah. You only just got here."

He feigns tiredness.

"Camp Kilmer," he continues. "That's where they brought us from New York." He drags his hand down the length of his arm. "We had tickets on our right shoulder, and on our left. Like packages or something--our name, where we were from, everything. Then, they ask you if you know someone."

"And did you?"

Steve nods. "Annush."

"Your sister?"

"Yes. Her husband's brother was here. But, I didn't know where."

I see the concern in his face as he recalls the memory.

"He sent letters to Hungary a few times, so I knew his name--Markus," he says. "They called him."

Steve pauses, eyes tearing. "He came."

I imagine the uncertainty of not knowing the language, what you will do, or where you will live, and I understand his tears. I begin to understand the relief of being accepted in your new country.

Two days later, Markus and his wife came for Steve.

"And your family?" I ask.

"I write to them; tell them where I am."

"And?"

"What can you do?" He runs his fingers along the edge of the table. "Now, they know."

"When did you first go back?"

He shakes his head. "Not allowed."

It is four years before refugees are allowed to return to Hungary. Steve's father passes away before this opportunity to visit.

I don't ask more. It is yet another heartache of war time.

In America, with the help of his host family, Steve begins work in a copper factory, taking English classes at night. He excels and soon, with enough money, finds his own home. In the coming year, he will meet Elsie (my mother-in-law) at a picnic, and fall madly in love.

It's late. Steve is tired, and I've run out of paper.

"Thank you," I say. One more time. □



*Steve and Elsie Papp on their wedding day, January 16, 1958, New Brunswick, N.J.*



# The Story of Imre

by James Turuczka

On Oct. 22, 1956, I was almost 18 years old, and the Communists--the puppets of the Russians--had been in control of the Hungarian government since 1948. I was working as a machinist at the Mavag locomotive factory in Budapest that day, when I heard rumors of something happening at the Parliament building and at the local radio station. When my shift ended at 10:00 p.m., I went straight home to the village where I lived, about an hour away. I didn't think much about what I had heard, as I was tired and needed to sleep.

The next morning, my mother told me an uprising against the Communists was occurring in Budapest. As a young man, I was curious and wanted to see it for myself. I met a friend who was just as eager, and we took a train to Budapest. When we arrived, none of the street cars or buses were running, so we walked for about 45 minutes until reaching the middle of the city. The streets were filled with people carrying the Hungarian flag--with the Communist emblem cut out.

We walked further, over Petöfi Bridge toward Calvin Circle. We saw a lot of Russian trucks with their windshields shot out. As we walked into Calvin Circle, two or three tanks approached us. Bullets began to spray from the tank. My friend and I jumped into the doorway of a flower shop, but realized it would provide little shelter. As a tank turned towards us, we ran into an alleyway. A moment later, the front window of the flower shop exploded and glass showered the area. We had dodged death by mere seconds.

As the tank passed, we emerged from the alley and continued to walk. A Hungarian freedom fighter joined us and began shooting his rifle at the back of the tank. We yelled at him to stop and ran away into another alleyway until the gunman passed.

Again, we took to the streets of Budapest and continued to walk. The sight was horrific. Dead bodies lined the sidewalk in the wake of the tank. We heard machine gun fire coming from a five-story building across the street. Soon, the tank turned back, aimed its gun and fired. The whole building was destroyed. We were scared, but joined a large crowd. They had just hung a secret police officer from the Communist government. The crowd kicked him and spat on the corpse.

We saw much bloodshed that day. We went to the radio station, which was another terrible sight. The security police opened fire on the crowd the night before, and many had been killed. We went to see the Stalin statue that had been pulled down and broken into pieces with a sledge hammer. As night approached, we were exhausted from walking all day. It took us three hours to get home.

The next day, three friends and I again took to the



*'We saw the Kilián barracks badly damaged.'*

Photo courtesy of Tamás Markovits

streets. We saw the Kilián barracks badly damaged. A boy who looked to be about 10 years old threw a Molotov cocktail at a passing tank. Another tank then ran the boy down. We could not help him, but we did give first aid to some of the other wounded.

Next to the Corvin Theater, the whole street was littered with Russian tanks, trucks and armored vehicles. As we ran, I noticed a shiny six-inch bullet on the ground. I don't know why, but I picked it up and put it in my pants pocket.

Two streets over, Russian soldiers caught us and a group of other citizens. They made us raise our hands and lean against a wall in order to search us. They told us that anyone with a weapon would be executed. I remembered the bullet in my pocket. As the soldiers started at the other end of the line, I quickly pushed the bullet through a hole in my pocket, and it fell into a sewer drain I happened to be standing over. Thank God for that hole. One of those detained with us had a pistol. After the soldiers let my friend and I go, we heard a shot but did not turn back to investigate. We ran away as fast and far as we could.

We came upon the statue of Stalin, lying on its back. Pieces were being taken away as souvenirs. All around the city there was damage from the fighting. We saw one Russian tank retreat from the city; we wished him a good trip home. The revolution had been won by the people, and everyone was happy, celebrating.

Imre Nagy formed a new government. The people wanted all the Russians who had been living in Hungary to return to their homeland. The Hungarian people called for free elections and independence from their country.

On Nov. 5--my 18th birthday--the Russians invited the new government to meet to discuss the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary. It was a trick. They arrested all of the new government officials and formed a new Communist government in their place. The traitor János Kádár

became the head of the state and the Communist party.

The Russian army arrived with fresh troops. The Hungarian people tried to resist and put up a good fight. They hoped help from the West would come, but it never did. I later learned President Eisenhower had told the Russians that the U.S. had no interest in Hungary and to do as they may. There was no hope left for the revolution. Hungary was a small nation with about 10 million people. We were no match against the 250 million of the Soviet Union. Escape to neighboring Austria became the new hope for many Hungarians.

One night, I was playing ping-pong with five friends. We decided that we, too, would escape. My mother was against the plan, so my first escape would be from her.

We started our journey by hitchhiking to Lake Balaton. The boat we took across the lake broke down about half way across, stranding us for five precious hours. Finally, the boat was repaired, and we made it across the water.

We then hitchhiked again, and a truck stopped for us. We jumped in but soon realized our mistake. Twelve uniformed men sat holding machine guns and pistols. They were AVH--the secret police. The captain spoke to us and said he knew we were heading for the Austrian border. We denied it, saying we were going to a funeral to pay our last respects to a classmate who had been killed in the uprising. The captain said he would turn us into the police at the next town. For some reason, he didn't and instead let us go.

We walked for about five miles until we arrived at a railroad station. It was late afternoon, and the place was nearly deserted. A railroad worker warned us to leave the area. Militia and the Russian Guard patrolled the station at night. We hid in a railroad car that night. At about midnight, the patrol arrived. They flashed a light into our dark car but did not shine it upon the open luggage rack where we were hiding.

The next day, we took the train to an area close to the border. We found a man who was willing to show us the way to Austria. We stayed on his farm that night, but we were not alone. My friend and I were joined in the farmer's wine cellar by a young lady. There was only a tiny bed and one chair on which to sleep. My friend laid down and immediately fell asleep. I, on the other hand, began drinking much of the wine with the young lady.

The next morning, I woke up inside a horse and buggy with the others. My head throbbed, and I didn't know how I had gotten there. The buggy was heading for the border, and when it was within a mile of it, we disembarked. Mostly everyone waited there. However, I followed our guide, as did several other young people. We came upon a narrow but deep river. The guide showed us a small boat and told us to move swiftly as the border guards would be patrolling in the area within 15 minutes. We gave him some money and returned to the rest of the group. About eight of us used the boat to cross the river to Austria without a problem. Once on the other side, we ran to a bus that was waiting for refugees taking this route. We later heard that

there was a shooting at the border where we had crossed, and that someone was killed. Many people who tried to swim across the river were also not so lucky.

The bus took us to Eisanstad, where we registered and were given food. I found some straw to make a bed and tried to sleep. There were hundreds of people in the camp. Around midnight, a friend of mine found me and told us to get ready to take a train to Vienna. There were too many people here, and probably more would be arriving in the days ahead.

We boarded the train and arrived in Vienna the next morning. We were taken to an old, empty school and, again, I slept on some straw. We registered again, ate and took a walk. The neighborhood was run down. It was a refugee camp housing Arabs, Poles and Slovenes. We walked about two or three miles to the nicer center of town. The Austrian people recognized us as Hungarian refugees and were quite friendly. Some even gave us money and fruit and invited us to a bar for beer. Later, we were given free passes to the streetcar and public bath houses. We met many pretty girls during our two weeks in Vienna. I have very fond memories of Austria.

But, we knew we would have to leave because many Hungarians would not escape the coming reprisal. I suggested going to Australia, but my friend said there was a shortage of women there. So, we decided to go to America.

In our group, there had been two older guys, about 28 to 30 years old, who we did not know well. We suspected they were secret police from Hungary. While in Austria, they told us they had been army officers with Béla Király, who was secretary of state in the revolutionary govern-



***'The neighborhood was run down. It was a refugee camp housing Arabs, Poles and Slovenes.'***

ment of Imre Nagy. These guys told us they had connections and to stick with them if we wanted to go to America. So, we did.

During those days, the American consulate was a busy place. Daily, thousands of people lined up to obtain visas to the U.S. In the early morning of Nov. 17, we went to the British embassy and were given some references. We returned to the U.S. consulate, showed the paperwork to a U.S. Marine guard and were allowed to bypass the half-mile long line of other refugees.

We then looked up a Mr. Allard, who was a top International Red Cross officer. We were interrogated separately.



*'We then proceeded across the Atlantic and landed in Newfoundland, Canada.'*



UN Photo

An official asked if I spoke English and whether I was in the Communist party. I answered no to both questions. He also asked if I had gone to trade school or had a high school diploma. I told him I had graduated with honors from trade school. I was then taken to another room where there was a television camera and more officials. They gave me a bible and I swore on it that everything I said was true. Everyone shook my hand, and I thanked them in English. All smiled. The idea crossed my mind that I may have been on Austrian or even American television. They told me I would be leaving for the United States in two weeks. I was to check for my name on a list posted at the embassy and then report to Carita's, a Catholic organization. Within a week, I saw my name and my friend Frank's name. We would leave for America on Nov. 29 on a chartered flight, Transport of America, from Vienna.

We were taken to the airport with a small group of Hungarians. The pilot invited us to dinner; it was the first time I tasted Coca-Cola. I did not like it. After that, we thought it was a bit strange that the plane departed with only 22 people aboard. The ride was rough, and I was the only one who did not get motion sickness. After landing in Munich, Germany, we all met in the airport cafeteria and ate for about an hour.

When we returned to the plane, we found it was now two-thirds full for the next leg of our journey to Lisbon, Portugal. Once in Lisbon, we again visited the cafeteria. A lot of photographers and reporters took our pictures. A TV camera was there, too. After we sat down to eat lunch, we were surprised by a visit from Miklós Horthy, the former leader of the Hungarian government. He shook our hands and had tears in his eyes. So did many of us.

Afterward, the plane departed and landed in the Azores Islands for refueling. We then proceeded to cross the Atlantic and landed in Newfoundland, Canada. After waiting there for a couple of hours, we took off again, this time for McGuire Air Base in New Jersey.

After landing at the base, we took an army bus to Camp Kilmer. We arrived around 10:30 a.m. My first impression of the small town was not very good. We had hoped to see big skyscrapers, not a little village, and we were disap-

pointed. But, there were lots of people waiting there to greet us. We were the third or fourth plane of refugees from Hungary, but only a few refugees were taken to Camp Kilmer. Many in the crowd were Hungarians who had immigrated earlier.

We went through an official registration process, and everyone was assigned to a barracks. We ate lunch at the mess hall, and it was actually very good. We met some people who asked us a lot of questions about Hungary, the revolution and the refugees. We were so tired. One lady asked if anyone was from Érdliget, and Frank and I answered that we were. It turned out this woman's sister lived there, and Frank and I knew her. The woman told us she would introduce us to a Lutheran minister--the Rev. Louis Bell--who would take us to New Brunswick and help us find jobs and a place to live. We also met a priest who was willing to take

us to San Francisco, but we decided against that; New Jersey was closer to Hungary, should we ever want to return.

We went with Pastor Bell and stayed with him, his wife and their two sons for the next two weeks. The family was very nice to us, and Pastor Bell found us both jobs in a factory, working the second shift earning 82 cents an hour. The job was not easy: we were removing fiberglass insulation from railroad cars. At that time, there was no paper around the fiberglass, and it was terrible. The fiberglass stuck to our bodies and would go through our clothes. But, we continued working, as did other Hungarian refugees working similar jobs. But after several months, the work slowed, and we were laid off. For the next 16 weeks, I collected unemployment benefits. That would be the only time since coming to America that I would rely on such benefits.

My friend Frank and I moved to upstate New York to a small town called Minetto. Frank had an uncle there, who was a refugee like us. We found work at Oswego College as general kitchen help, making \$32.50 a week. I stayed there for eight months before returning to New Brunswick.

I was speaking better English and even took English classes at night at a local high school. I also took a refresher course at night at the New Brunswick Vocational School to brush up on my skills as a machinist. In less than five weeks, I was skilled enough to teach another student this specialized trade.

Eventually, I found work as a machinist, got married and assumed much more responsibility. My easy life was over. Soon, I had one daughter, and then another. I changed jobs, purchased a new house and worked 12 to 14 hours daily.

In 1968, I visited Hungary for the first time since emigrating. I had a wonderful time.

Two years later, I became a partner in a machine shop. It was exhausting, so two years after that I started working at Johnson & Johnson.

In 1974, I visited Hungary again. I later learned that I had been under government surveillance, as I had taken my brand new American-made car. The Communists thought I was a spy. I laughed heartily at that idea. □

# Just 4 Kids

with Gerry D. Clown

## Hi, Friends!

Autumn is my favorite season. The leaves change colors and then fall all over the grass. Mama clown rakes them into big piles, and we run and jump into the leaves. Mama clown loves all of the pretty colors that they change into.

Today, we are going to paint leaves, press them onto paper and make our own tree. We are going to work outside since I am a little messy when I paint.

Supplies that you will need are: (1) construction paper; (2) craft paint; (3) paint brushes; (4) different size leaves from your yard; and (5) brown crayon or marker

First, you need to collect a few different size leaves from your yard.

Next, take your brown crayon or marker and draw a tree trunk and a few branches on the construction paper.

Now comes the really fun part. Take a leaf and paint it on one side. You can paint it any color you choose. Then, turn the leaf over--so the painted side faces down--and press the leaf onto your tree drawing where the leaves should be.

Peel away the leaf VERY SLOWLY.

Repeat this process using different size leaves and different colors until you have a tree full of colorful fall leaves. You will have a perfect picture to hang on your refrigerator!

Have fun and remember to have a grown up help you with your project.







# COLOR THE CLOWN!

This is my neighbor Dottie. This is what she looks like when she is riding her bike. Dottie is the most colorful clown in the whole neighborhood. Color Dottie as colorfully as you can.





### Branch 14 Cleveland, OH

by Richard E. Sarosi

We hope everyone is enjoying the beginning of fall. This year has been flying by.

As I write this, I am preparing for a trip to Hungary with many other WPA travelers. My camera is ready to capture the sites we will be seeing, and I will share some of our journey with you in a future issue.

It is hard to believe that the 14th Annual WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest has already taken place. We had a great day. In spite of predictions of rain, we had nearly a full day of sunshine and warm temperatures. The rain showed up around 5:00 p.m., so the day was not lost. It was so good to reconnect with friends and family and see everyone enjoying themselves. The food was wonderful and plentiful. The Chinese auction offered such a wide variety of prizes that I had to purchase additional tickets.

Special thanks go to the Home Office staff for their support and to National Vice President-Fraternal Endre Csoman for the planning and coordinating of this event. Not to be forgotten are the many volunteers who help all week long to set up the grounds, clean up afterwards, prepare and cook food for more than 1,000 people, and truly make this event the success that it is.

The scholarship fund says "thank you." It was truly "A Great Fraternal Fest."

The members and friends of Branch 14 enjoyed their bus ride and the goodies provided by Branch 14, Mary Jane Barbey, Jan and Andy Tajgiszer, and Joyce Wargo. To set the mood going to the picnic, we watched "The Grand Budapest Hotel" and laughed to "Blended" on the return to Cleveland.

Branch 14 member Jennifer Horvath was the winner of the Darius Rucker guitar and the karaoke machine. Is there a career in music in her future?

Thank you to Alberta Slusarczyk, a friend of Branch 14 member Goldie Simon Szabo, for the beautiful afghans that she made and gener-



*This Chinese auction basket at the WPA Picnic, donated by Branch 14 Cleveland, included an afghan made and donated by Alberta Slusarczyk of North Royalton, Ohio.*

ously donated to Branch 14. We added them to five prize baskets our branch donated to the Chinese auction that also included DVD movies, candles, lotions, popcorn, T-shirts and wine. I hope the basket winners enjoy them.

Be sure to mark your calendars for WPA events taking place during the remainder of 2014, including the Branch 14 family Christmas party, to be held Saturday, Nov. 22. Be sure to check your *William Penn Life* for updates and more information for all activities.

The officers of Branch 14 would like to say "welcome" to our new members.

Remember: you can impact the lives of our college-bound members with your donation to the WPFA Scholarship Foundation. Please make a donation today.

Also keep in mind that as your children grow up into young adults, their juvenile insurance certificates can be converted into adult life certificates when they reach age 25. Converting their juvenile certificates ensures them of continued WPA insurance coverage into their adult years, and they can continue to enjoy

the fraternal benefits that come with life membership.

The officers of Branch 14 would like to extend our sympathy to those WPA members who have recently lost a loved one.

Get well wishes are being sent to all Branch 14 and WPA members who might be feeling under the weather. Please keep all of our members in your prayers.

Happy birthday and happy anniversary wishes are being sent to all our branch members and Home Office staff who are celebrating a birthday and/or anniversary this month. A belated happy 85th birthday wish goes to E. E. "Al" Vargo.

Congratulations to Leah Uveges and Ricky Ortiz who were married on Aug. 29. Leah is a member of Branch 14 and graduate of Cleveland State University (Go Vikings!) who is currently working with neglected children.

Our next Branch 14 meeting will take place on Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 7:00 p.m. at The First Hungarian Reformed Church, 14530 Alexander Road, Walton Hills, Ohio. Adult Branch 14 members are welcome to attend.

We ask that our Branch 14 members "join hands to touch lives" by bringing food items to the November meeting which we will donate to our local food bank. The Branch will purchase additional food items so that we can make a difference in the lives of others.

Remember, Branch 14 members having news to share about themselves or family members can reach me at [RichSaro@att.net](mailto:RichSaro@att.net) or at 440-248-9012.

### Branch 18 Lincoln Park, MI

by Barbara A. House

By the time you read this, our WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest and our annual trip to Hungary will be wonderful memories. I will share all the very special moments with you at a later date.

There are a few events I want you to plan on attending:

- The Hungarian American Cultural Center in Taylor is hosting its annual Szüreti Bál on Oct. 11. Call



October 2014

**PLEASE NOTE:**

The deadline for the  
November issue of  
William Penn Life is  
Friday, Oct. 3.

Friday	Saturday
3	4
10	11
17	18
24	25
31	New moon 23

734-946-6261 for more information.

- The Hungarian Reformed Church in Allen Park is also planning a Szüreti Bál on Nov. 8. For more information, call 313-730-0500.

- Branch 18's next meeting is Oct. 15 at 7:00 p.m. at the Cultural Center. Don't forget your animal donations. The Rescue Center has so many animals that need help. They are asking for food, blankets, towels and rugs to help keep the animals off the floor.

- Our annual Soaring Eagle trip is Oct. 21 and 22. Your cost for the overnight trip is \$95 per person. That includes the bus, a lovely room and many casino perks.

- Our first-ever trip to Firekeepers is Nov. 11 and 12. The cost for this trip is also \$95 per person, covering bus, room and perks.

Call me anytime for more information on branch activities and to reserve your space. You know we need your support to keep these events alive.

Special get well wishes to Doug Truesdell, Emma Poliska, Olga Wansa, Mary Ann Deri and Teresa Toth. We hope you are all better soon.

Special "thank you" to the Wansa family for their scholarship donations following the death of their

husband and father, Al Wansa.

Thank you for thinking of us.

Happy belated birthday wishes to National Director Kathy Novak and Home Office employees Krista Broderick and Toni Garofalo.

Happy October birthday to George S. "Pete" Charles Jr., John E. Lovasz and Carol Truesdell.

Please remember our deceased members and their families in your prayers, especially Margo Koroknay-Palicz, Shirley Gegus, Emmett Hannah, Margaret Szikszay and Julia Larker. Special condolences to Jerry Fazekas and his family on the death of his granddaughter, Victoria. We shared a lovely afternoon.

Wasn't the cover of the September *William Penn Life* super? I wish you could have seen more participants. Each and every one were very special in their own way. Thank you to all who made this a success. It gets harder and harder to top it each year.

Special "hello" to the Barbara Anns.

Thank you to Erzsi Krajcz and family for sharing their Labor Day with us. I even learned how to make *lángos*. First *csiga*, now *lángos*. That's the end of my culinary skills. Speaking of culinary skills, Erzsi is teach-

ing Hungarian cooking classes at the Cultural Center. Please call 1-248-763-1617 and ask Ms. Mosteller for information.

Thank you everyone for your great articles in our magazine. They are always so informative and appreciated. I need to look for that Peter Falk statue in Hungary in District Five. I was a *Columbo* fan.

Pizza! I was surprised to read that. I love pizza. I hope Chef Béla will come up with a Hungarian pizza.

Did you use your scholarship donation envelope in the August *William Penn Life*? I hope so. We awarded 177 scholarship grants this year at \$500 each...well, you do the math. Our wonderful children need our help, so please donate what you can.

Don't forget to send us your immigration stories. We don't want you and your experiences to be forgotten.

Please contact me anytime at 313-418-5572. I would love to share your news or help you with your insurance needs.

Have a happy and safe Halloween. Children, watch for our special surprise.

### Branch 26 Sharon, PA

by Gerry Davenport

Wow! The 14th Annual WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest is now a memory. All who attended had a great time eating delicious food, listening to lively music and experiencing Hungarian culture, merchandise and great fraternalism.

Member Alexandra Tew graduated with high honors in nuclear medicine. She will now enter the Air Force in November to pursue her career in the medical field. Good luck, granddaughter.

We extend many happy wishes to all those celebrating birthdays and anniversaries this month. Also, remember in your prayers all those who are ill or who recently lost a loved one.

If you have any news to share, you may contact me at [gdbeanie@hotmail.com](mailto:gdbeanie@hotmail.com).



### Branch 28 Youngstown, OH

by Kathy Novak

Once again, a wonderful job was done by Endre Csoman, his committee, the National Officers, Home Office staff and the National Directors in preparing a great fraternal fest.

The weather was warmer than expected, and the rain held out till very close to the end of the event. There was plenty of delicious food and sweet treats to keep everyone happy. The music and dancers proved very entertaining. And, the Chinese auction keeps offering more and more unique items. It's always so nice to visit with friends at this event. I think everyone who attended would agree that it was a great success. I know the travelers on Branch 28's bus all agreed this is a truly wonderful, annual tradition, and all the first-timers are ready to return next year. Thanks again to everyone who worked for days to prepare for such an enjoyable day for everyone.

The new location for Youngtown's Magyar Nap this August proved to be very successful. The Youngstown American-Hungarian Federation graciously received help from WPA National V.P.-Fraternal Endre Csoman and Vice Chair of the Board Bill Bero. They helped prepare the paprikás Sunday morning. As always, it was wonderful.

Toledo's Birmingham Ethnic Festival was a very nice two-day event. WPA's booth had a great location, directly across from St. Stephen's Church. The weather made it so much easier to enjoy all the food, vendors and entertainment.

Congrats to WPA member Rebecca Horvath who was named kicker for the Elyria Catholic High School varsity football team.

Mark your calendars for a free concert by the Accord Quartet from Budapest on Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30 p.m. at St. John's Episcopal Church, 323 Wick Ave., Youngstown. A reception will follow, sponsored by the Youngstown American-Hungarian Foundation and WPA Branch 28.

Many happy wishes to all those celebrating birthdays or anniversaries,



*Congratulations to Kristin Cornell and Branch 28 member Nathan Papalia who were married June 20.*

saries, especially Bill and Loretta Bacho, and Bill and Dorothy Skebo. Both couples are celebrating 50th anniversaries. Congratulations!

Congratulations also to Branch 28 member Nathan Papalia and Kristin Cornell who were married June 20. Nathan is a graduate of Loyola University Chicago, University of Illinois and University of Cincinnati with a master's degree in physics. He is a medical physicist for Trinity Healthcare in Moline, Ill., where the couple resides. Kristin is the owner of Lillee Leighton Salon and is a professional artist. We wish them many happy years together.

Our sincere sympathy goes to all those members who have experienced the loss of a loved one, especially the Tollas Family on the passing of my dear uncle, Sandor Tollas Sr. Special thoughts also go out to the Rev. Barnabas Kiss at this time for his mother, Terezia Nemeth.

Get well wishes to everyone who's been under the weather lately, especially Roger Nagy, Irene Korpak,

Sandy Stasko, Teresa Toth, Violet Sarosi and the Rev. Louie Pintye.

Looking forward to seeing photos and listening to all the great stories about the trip to Hungary.

For information about WPA or something to share in the publication, give me a call: Kathy - 330-746-7704.

Enjoy the beauty of fall.

### Branch 34 Pittsburgh, PA

by Marguerite McNelis

Hope everyone's summer was great and you had a nice Labor Day.

Please take a moment and pray for all our service men and women, especially those in harm's way.

The WPA Picnic was again a huge success! We had beautiful weather the days before the picnic, but the weather forecasters were predicting cool temperatures and rain for Saturday. They were wrong, and we were grateful! Many, many thanks to all of the volunteers, the Home Office and last, but certainly not least, Endre and his chefs. Everyone that I talked to had a great time and commented on how delicious the food always is. Way to go, everyone!

Happy and healthy belated birthday wishes go out to everyone who celebrated their birthdays in September, especially my daughter-in-law Valerie, my niece Nicole and great-niece Gabrielle (sorry I didn't get this in the September issue). Happy and healthy birthday wishes go out to everyone celebrating their birthdays in October, especially our dear friend and branch coordinator, Maria Bistey.

I would also like to congratulate my grandson, Donovan, for being chosen as captain of his football team. We are always proud of you.

On a sad note, Anna Kertesz and Jean Robertson passed away. Our condolences go out to the Kertesz and Schmidt families and the Robertson family. May they rest in peace.

If you have any news you would like to share, please contact Andy McNelis at 412-421-6031. For information about WPA life insurance and annuity plans, please contact Branch Coordinator Maria Bistey at 412-431-6035.



LEFT: Jim from the Tammy Runyan Glustich Foundation holds an auction prize basket donated by Branch 40 and 349 to help raise funds for the foundation. RIGHT: Praise His Name Board of Directors accept a door prize basket donated by the two branches: (front l-r) Keith Wilson and Dan Pinciario, (back, l-r) Pastor Bill Westling and Harry Nicholson.

## Branch 40 Martins Ferry, OH Branch 349 Weirton, WV

by Joyce Nicholson

Hello from the WPA branches in Martins Ferry, Ohio, and Weirton, W.Va.!

As always, the WPA Picnic- A Great Fraternal Fest was a wonderful event. It was a fantastic time with lots of friendly folks and great food. Our thanks to everyone who worked, cooked, entertained, prepared or cleaned-up. Your time and efforts are greatly appreciated.

Our branches continue to perform "Join Hands Day" projects throughout the year. Recently, we worked on two more such endeavors.

Praise His Name, which is a Christian Internet Radio ministry, and Brentwood United Methodist Church, both in Wintersville, Ohio, held a fund-raising concert on Sept. 7 featuring national Christian recording artist Jim Cole. Our WPA branches donated a gift basket for a door prize drawing held at the con-

cert which helped raise additional funds.

Our branches also donated a gift basket for an auction to help raise funds for the Tammy Runyan Glustich Foundation. This non-profit foundation provides financial help to cancer patients in the Ohio Valley area. All money raised for the auction, held Aug. 9, stays in the valley to help cancer patients with expenses related to their treatment.

The date for the next Ohio Valley Hungarian-American Cultural Society picnic and bacon roast was just set at press-time for this article. It will be held on Sunday, Oct. 5, at Warren Township Park, Yorkville, Ohio, beginning at noon. Please bring a covered dish, your bacon-roasting fork and a chair. Beverages, meat and utensils will be provided by the club.

Halloween will soon be here and the little goblins, witches, princesses and super-heroes will be out in full-force. So, watch out, drive safely and take care of those little ones.

For additional information about branch and WPA activities, please call Joyce Nicholson at 740-264-6238.

## Branch 89 Homestead, PA

by Lisa S. Toth-Maskarinec

WPA Branch 89 hopes everyone had a very safe and relaxing summer. Enjoy these lazy days of autumn as we brace for the very cold winter being predicted. Christmas is just around the corner.

We held our Third Annual Golf Outing at the Westwood Golf Club in West Mifflin, Pa., on Aug. 10. It was a huge success, and we're still receiving donations after the event. Proceeds from our outing were designated for the building and maintenance fund of the First Hungarian Reformed Church of Homestead, Pa.

Speaking of which, we want to congratulate the church as it celebrates its 110th anniversary on Oct. 12. Our church might be small in numbers, but we're mighty in spirit. Come visit us sometime. We'd love to have you.

Mark your calendars: Our first-ever Halloween Cosmic Bowling Party will be held Saturday, Oct. 25, at the Brunswick Playmor Bowling Lanes, 5840 Buttermilk Hollow Road, Pittsburgh. Price will be \$10 which will include bowling, shoe rental, pizza and soft drinks. We'll be giving prizes for the best costume, adult and child. It promises to be a fun, family event and will be held early enough so that kids can still go trick or treating later in the day. Reservations will be necessary and can be made by calling Lisa Toth-Maskarinec at 412-872-5022. When leaving a message, please state number of adults bowling and number of children.

Also, in November our Branch will be holding a gulyás-making project to benefit the First Hungarian Reformed Church of Homestead. Gulyás will be made by Chef János, whose gulyás draws raves every year at the WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest. So, if you love the gulyás served at Scenic View, now is the chance to restock your gulyás supply. More information to come in the next issue of *William Penn Life*.

We extend get well wishes to Patricia Walochik who suffered a rather nasty fall while on vacation.



There's never a good time to suffer a fall, but to suffer it while on vacation is terrible. We hope Pat is back on her feet and motoring around Atlanta soon.

We extend our condolences to one of our branch members, Helena Lubiano Walochik, on the recent death of her grandmother, Pilar Martinez Arranz. Pilar was 96 years young. What a wonderful, long life she had. May God comfort Helena and her family during this difficult time. Remember all the good times you had and treasure those many, many wonderful memories of a wonderful woman.

For any of your life insurance or annuity needs, please continue to call Ruth Toth at 412-872-5022.

Branch 89 would like to thank William Penn Association and its officers for their continued support for our various branch activities. It was great to see so many of you at the WPA Picnic in September. The weather was nice and the food terrific.

Please continue to submit your suggestions for branch outings. We're interested in hearing from you.

Enjoy the fall season as it won't be too long before winter coats start coming out of closets and the countdown to Christmas begins.

### Branch 129 Columbus, OH

by Debbie Lewis

Hello, all, from Columbus, Ohio!

Well, here it is October, and we have been feeling the cooler temperatures of fall. This is such a beautiful time of year, with the leaves changing colors. Hope all enjoy this time before winter weather arrives. They say we will be having colder weather than last winter!

Holidays for this month are Columbus Day on Monday, Oct. 13, and Halloween on Friday, Oct. 31. We hope the weather will be good for all the trick-or-treaters this year.

The Hungarian Reformed Church in Columbus will host a program remembering the October 1956 anti-communist Hungarian Revolution on Sunday, Oct. 19, beginning at 10:45 a.m. Afterwards, you can enjoy



Branch 89 President John S. Toth (in background) and the rest of the branch were pleased to welcome Laura, Mike and Eleanor Colicchia to the branch's annual golf outing in August.

a three-course breaded pork Hungarian dinner. Reservations required by Oct. 12. Call Erzsi 614-738-4415 or Marla 740-654-0094 for reservations or take out orders.

We had two of our members, Dan and Erzsi Wagner, go on the WPA trip to Hungary. Hope they and all who went had a great time.

Our next branch meeting will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 4:30 p.m. at the Hungarian Reformed Church, 365 Woodrow Ave., Columbus.

Mark your calendars for our annual family Christmas party to be held on Saturday, Dec. 6. We will be mailing out information in November.

We extend congratulations to all celebrating birthdays, anniversaries and recent additions to their families.

Get well wishes go to all who have been ill or hospitalized, especially Branch Vice President Terry Albert and his wife Linda. Hope all have a speedy recovery.

We also extend our sincere sympathy to all who have recently lost a loved one.

For all your life insurance and annuity needs, please contact Debbie Lewis at 614-875-9968.

If you have any news you would like to share, please contact Debbie Lewis, at 614-875-9968 or e-mail [DAL9968@aol.com](mailto:DAL9968@aol.com).

### Branch 226 McKeesport, PA

by Judit Ganchuk

Happy birthday and happy anniversary to all our members celebrating their special day in October! Please keep all those under the weather in your thoughts. Our heartfelt prayers go to all those who have recently lost a loved one.

Our branch's monthly meetings at Malvene's home will start back up this month. Please contact Malvene Heyz at 412-751-1898 for more details.

The William Penn Association Magyar Folk Dancers presented their last performance of 2014 at the annual WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest. The picnic had everything: a fishing contest, prizes, crafts and games in the kids' tent, hayrides, bacon roasting and, of course, dancing!

Our dancers met so many nice people who had so many kind things to say. We'll keep up the hard work!

Despite a powerful rainstorm, most of the day's weather worked in our favor.

The volunteers make the picnic one amazing event.

Please keep your eyes peeled here for more info on our branch's annual Christmas party.



Branch 226 members Kate McCauley, Shelby Harris and Alyssa Trunzo perform with the WPA Magyar Folk Dancers during the International Village held in McKeesport, Pa., in August.

If you have recently moved or would like to have some news printed here, please contact Malvene at 412-751-1898.

## Branch 249 Dayton, OH

by Mark Schmidt

Here we are, driving back from the WPA Picnic at Scenic View. It's a beautiful day, 75 degrees and not a cloud in the sky. Too bad the weather didn't cooperate as fully for the picnic. For the most part, the rain held out until later in the afternoon.

We had some lightning scares, so we had to shorten the fishing contest for safety. But, 25 kids still had good luck, with 10 fish caught, including bass, bluegill, perch and even a rainbow trout. Congratulations to all who participated and especially to the winners: Alec Dankovich, who caught the biggest fish; his brother Jacob, who caught the first fish and tied for the most; and Abby McKnight, who took third place.

Even with the rain, 1,000 members and friends enjoyed themselves immensely, listening to George Batyi and his Gypsy Orchestra, watching the WPA dancers and feasting on delicious Hungarian food and pastries.

Thank you to the many volun-

teers who make this annual fraternal event such a success and wonderful time.

As soon as we got home, we started packing for our next adventure with WPA--the trip to Hungary. More on the trip next month.

Locally, on Sept. 27 the Old Troy Pike Community Church and Dayton Festival Club hosted a wonderful Szüreti Bál, featuring George Batyi and his Gypsy Orchestra. Also performing rousing Hungarian ethnic dances were our own Dayton Festival Club Dancers. The ladies in the kitchen outdid themselves with the delicious Hungarian gulyás dinner and, of course, my favorite, the pastries. Many people saw old friends and had a great time dancing the night away.

Our next meeting will be held Nov. 9 at 1:00 p.m. at the Upper Deck Tavern, 2651 Blanchard Ave., Moraine, Ohio. Please plan on attending this extra important meeting. We will be holding our Branch election of officers.

Also, mark your calendars for the Branch 249 family Christmas party on Dec. 14 at 1:00 p.m. at the American Czechoslovakian Club. Remember: Santa is watching, so be good!

Get well wishes go out to those under the weather. We hope you get better soon.

We extend our deepest sympathy to all who have lost a loved one. Please keep them in your prayers.

To those celebrating a birthday in October, I hope you get your wish when you blow out the candles.

And to those married in October, may you have many more anniversaries with your spouse.

For all your life insurance and annuity needs, contact Michele Daley-La Flame at 937-278-5970 or Anne Marie and Mark Schmidt at 937-667-1211. We will be happy to assist you.

See you at the fall events!

## Branch 296 Springdale, PA

by Mary A. Kelly-Lovasz

Happy October to one and all. This is my favorite month, and I always look forward to the beauty the autumn season has to offer.

Our branch bacon roast was held Sept. 28. Since I'm writing this before the event actually occurred, I'll report on it in November's column.

I will tell you, though, that I received a delightful phone call from Joe Krotki, a member of Branch 1 Bridgeport, Conn., who wanted to know more about our bacon roast. Mr. Krotki is 93 years young, and we had a great conversation about the Youngstown/Boardman, Ohio, and Dormont, Pa. areas, where he has relatives.

He's originally from Bridgeport, so I mentioned if he remembered a grocery store on Wordin Avenue that was owned and operated by my husband's grandfather. Absolutely, he did! Mr. Krotki even remembered my father-in-law as a boy and his sister, Vera, who worked in their store.

We had such a nice conversation, and I could hear Mrs. Krotki giggling a bit in the background. That phone call really made my day. I'm so happy that you called, Mr. Krotki. God bless you and your dear wife.

Birthday greetings to all of our 296er's, including my husband, John. Happy anniversary, too, to John and to all those who chose October to tie the knot.

We extend get well wishes to those who are on the mend, including Irene Charles and my father-in-



law, John.

Our condolences go to those who have recently lost a loved one.

If you have anyone that you would care for me to mention in future columns, please feel free to contact me at 724-274-5318.

Our next two branch meetings will be held Thursday, Oct. 9, and Thursday, Nov. 13. Both will start at 7:00 p.m. in the back meeting room of King's Family Restaurant in New Kensington. Please join us for a brief meeting, refreshments (pecan ball, anyone?) and fellowship afterwards.

Noreen Fritz, FIC, LUTCF, our energetic agent, is available to answer all your questions about life insurance and annuities. Call her at 412-821-1837. She can also be contacted at [noreenbunny.fritz@verizon.net](mailto:noreenbunny.fritz@verizon.net).

Until we meet again, stay happy and stay well. Get out there, enjoy the autumn colors and walk around in the leaves.

### Branch 352 Coraopolis, PA

by Dora S. McKinsey

Fall has arrived, and it is a most beautiful time of the year. Nothing can rival the colorful display we witness each year. Warm days and cool nights--it doesn't get much better than that.

The 14th Annual WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest is now history. The rain held off until later in the day, so spirits were not dampened. It was a great day to be in the mountains and enjoy the good food and great fellowship. A lot of time and love goes into making all of the food from scratch. Many thanks to the hands that worked so diligently to prepare and serve the food. I know you worked long and hard so that others might have a good time, and everyone certainly appreciates it.

It's hard to believe that it's time for Halloween already. Make sure all the little ones have bright costumes that can be seen at night. WPA will again be sending out a safety gift for all of the juvenile members to be used on Halloween.

Look in the November issue of *William Penn Life* for details about the children's Christmas party our branch holds each year.



Members of Branch 8114 gathered recently for their annual "cook your own steak" picnic at the Knights of Columbus pavilion in Clarion, Pa. (Photo by Art Aaron)

Happy birthday wishes to all those who have a birthday this month. May you have many more, and may all of them be healthy.

Our prayers and condolences to all those who have lost a loved one recently.

We would like to welcome all new members of Branch 352. Remember, if you have any news to share or need help with any insurance questions, please contact me at 412-319-7116 or by email at [dmckinsey@hotmail.com](mailto:dmckinsey@hotmail.com).

### Branch 800 Altoona, PA

by Dave Greiner

We hope everyone had a great time at the WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest at Scenic View.

Autumn has arrived, bringing cooler weather. Throughout Pennsylvania, one can see the changing of the leaves with all their beauty.

We at Branch 800 hope your favorite football teams are doing well. Bishop Guilfoyle Catholic High School in Altoona is doing extremely well in Class A. We wish them continued success and good luck as the playoffs approach. We also wish Pitt and Penn State continued success, as well as the Steelers. Baseball playoffs have started, and we hope the Pirates will still be playing as you read this article.

Branch 800 extends birthday wishes to any member celebrating a

birthday this month.

We want to remind members that October has two days we can celebrate: Columbus Day and Halloween. We hope all trick-or-treaters have a safe night out and enjoy the fellowship with others in their favorite costumes.

Our branch meeting this month will be held Monday, Oct. 13, at 7:00 p.m. All members are welcome to attend and help support Branch 800. Plans for our annual Christmas party will be discussed.

Don't forget to contact Bob Jones for all your life insurance and annuity needs at 814-942-2661.

Until next month, enjoy the changing of the leaves in our beautiful state.

### Branch 8114 Clarion, PA

by Noreen Fritz, FIC, LUTCF in Pittsburgh  
Branch 8114 recently held its annual "cook your own steak" picnic at the Knights of Columbus pavilion on Rte. 66 in Clarion, Pa. The cookout featured sizzling steaks, baked potatoes, salad and desserts, and was enjoyed by all who attended. The fraternalism was "over the top" with friendliness, and the opportunity to meet neighbors on a warm summer night made for an event that was beyond compare.

Everybody missed Dottie and Gordon Rice. Gordon is recovering from a recent hospital stay. The

Continued on Page 28



## The Magyar Revolution of 1956:

### The Beginning of the End of Communism

As we mark the 58th anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution, let's reserve a moment to reflect upon the fact that the Magyar rebellion provided inspiration to others who would lead future revolts against Communism. The Hungarian heroes of 1956 were, to a certain degree, the motivational force behind the Prague Spring, Polish October and Solidarity movement. Anti-totalitarian leaders such as Alexander Dubček, Václav Havel, Pope John Paul II and Lech Walesa studied and learned from the initial triumph and eventual defeat of the Magyar Revolt of 1956.

The Iron Curtain finally fell 25 years ago after a series of mostly peaceful rebellions known as "The Revolutions of 1989." My cousins in Hungary told me that it was not until the last Russian soldier left Csót in 1994 that they actually felt safe from Communist oppression.

This month, our puzzle has 13 clues. Each clue is a person, group or ideology oftentimes associated with the events leading up to the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. Further information on the 1956 Revolution can be found at the following two websites:

[www.freedomfighter56.com](http://www.freedomfighter56.com)  
[www.thenation.com/article/empire-falls-revolutions-1989](http://www.thenation.com/article/empire-falls-revolutions-1989)

Good luck! See you next month.

Éljen a Magyar,  
 Lizzy Check (Cseh Erszébet)

## Puzzle Contest #109 WINNERS

The winners of our Puzzle Contest #109 were drawn Sept. 4, 2014, at the Home Office. Congratulations to:

**Stephen K. Flowers, Br. 132 South Bend, IN**  
**Susan E. Lippert, Br. 705 Mayville, WI**  
**Michele Orsag, Br. 296 Springdale, PA**  
**Leroy J. Phillips, Br. 174 Scranton, PA**

Each won \$50 for their correct entry.

## WPA PUZZLE CONTEST #112 OFFICIAL ENTRY

N	E	H	K	C	U	D	Y	O	P	N	P	M	M	F
Y	B	O	J	O	U	E	R	Y	S	E	F	S	A	H
U	G	X	A	L	V	E	M	P	T	R	Y	I	L	T
S	B	A	R	L	G	Q	J	O	W	V	I	N	E	S
A	T	B	N	E	U	B	F	A	E	I	W	O	N	N
Y	J	A	C	C	U	I	N	U	Q	H	V	I	K	G
E	U	X	L	T	C	H	T	L	G	E	O	S	O	C
Y	G	F	O	I	R	Y	W	Q	H	O	R	I	V	N
R	O	Z	R	V	N	V	D	C	K	A	B	V	T	I
I	W	C	A	I	S	I	H	U	K	C	O	E	M	M
C	L	N	Y	S	F	S	S	O	V	A	Q	R	Z	J
E	X	S	S	M	U	N	S	T	X	Z	R	Q	U	S
O	Y	E	Z	R	T	I	S	R	A	D	A	K	E	E
A	Z	A	H	K	I	K	Z	S	U	R	Q	A	Q	T
J	R	K	C	O	M	M	U	N	I	S	T	H	G	W

### "1956 Magyar Revolution" Word List

Collectivism	Khrushchev	Rákosi
Communist	Malenkov	Revisionism
Gerő	Nagy	Ruszkik Haza
Kadar	Petőfi Circle	Stalinist
	Rajk	

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

WPA Certificate No.: \_\_\_\_\_

## RULES

1. ALL WPA Life Benefit Members are eligible to enter.
2. Complete the word search puzzle correctly.
3. Mail your completed puzzle, along with your name, address, phone number, email address, and WPA Certificate Number, to:  
 WPA PUZZLE #112  
 709 Brighton Road  
 Pittsburgh, PA 15233
4. Entries must be received at the Home Office by Nov. 28, 2014.
5. Four winners will be drawn from all correct entries on or about Dec. 3, 2014, at the Home Office. Each winner will receive \$50.



## Branch News

### Continued from Page 26

branch just wanted you to know that we are concerned and are hoping that you feel better soon.

This annual outing would not have been possible without all the hard work provided by the branch officers. Bob Donahue, Art Aaron and Kevin Slike--thank you so much for all that you do for Branch 8114, especially for the steak fry and Christmas dinner.

If you have any questions about

life insurance, IRA's, annuities or retirement planning, call me at 412-821-1837 or email me at noreen-bunny.fritz@verizon.net.

### Branch 8121 St. Marys, PA

by Mary Lou Schutz  
Members gathered for our latest regular branch meeting on Sept. 4 in St. Marys.

Our branch donated a prize basket for the Chinese auction conducted at the WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest. The theme of our basket was "Elk County Americana," which was decorated red, white and blue, and filled with many interesting items from our area.

Our next regular branch meeting will be held on Thursday, Oct. 2, at 7:00 p.m. at 515 N. St. Marys Road in St. Marys.

## In Memoriam

*We ask you to pray for the eternal rest of all our recently departed members listed here:*

### AUGUST 2014

0001 BRIDGEPORT, CT  
Joann Stiliha  
0014 CLEVELAND, OH  
Barbara Santo  
0015 CHICAGO, IL  
Paul Radnoti  
Bessy Wesesku  
0016 PERTH AMBOY, NJ  
Irene Anderko  
0018 LINCOLN PARK, MI  
Victoria C. Fazekas  
Shirley G. Gegus

Emmett Hannah  
Margo Koroknay-Palicz  
Julia Larker  
Margaret Szikszay  
0019 NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ  
Leonard Bello, Jr.  
Anne Deak  
Anna Trosko  
0025 CITY, ST  
Louis Gyovai  
0027 TOLEDO, OH  
Ilona J. Miller  
0034 PITTSBURGH, PA  
Catherine E. Shawkey  
0044 AKRON, OH  
Wanda T. Vargo  
0048 NEW YORK, NY  
Warrie Pearson

Julianne Velasquez  
0051 PASSAIC, NJ  
Elvira Abonyi  
Ina I. Petro  
0089 HOMESTEAD, PA  
Francis Bradish  
Carmel T. Vargyas  
0129 COLUMBUS, OH  
Paul Duane Jones  
0132 SOUTH BEND, IN  
Alphonso Dennis  
Milan Vukosavljevic  
0216 NORTHAMPTON, PA  
Elizabeth Kirchkesner  
Stephen L. Klucsik  
Mary Pollock  
0226 McKEESPORT, PA  
Theresa Bakos

0249 DAYTON, OH  
Anna Kertesz  
0336 HARRISBURG, PA  
Helen M. Kandybowski  
Jeanette R. Walck  
0352 CORAOPOLIS, PA  
Albert D. Furedy, Jr.  
0590 CAPE CORAL, FL  
Denise J. Baptiste  
0720 DEDHAM, MA  
Ruth F. Stackhouse  
0800 ALTOONA, PA  
John M. Stoltz  
8020 McKEES ROCKS, PA  
Elizabeth Gawaldo

## Recent Donations

### WPFA Scholarship Foundation

#### Donations Through Premium Payments AUGUST 2014

**Branch - Donor - Amount**  
8 - Clarence H. Showalter - \$5.00  
18 - Amelia K. Polakowski - \$2.04  
18 - Anita P. Kosaski - \$1.74  
26 - Joan M. Gualtieri - \$1.00  
28 - Maria E. Schauer - \$3.90  
28 - Wesley A. Spencer - \$2.50  
28 - Rebecca A. Spencer - \$2.50  
28 - Mary C. Janovick - \$3.00  
28 - Christine M. Allison - \$1.00  
28 - Garry W. Allison - \$4.00  
44 - Bobbie H. Gambol - \$20.00  
59 - Margaret I. Martin - \$2.00  
89 - Eric J. Berger - \$10.00  
89 - Tracy B. Findlay - \$3.06  
129 - Jean A. Boso - \$5.05  
129 - Amy E. Deeds - \$2.00

129 - Stephanie L. Koser - \$3.43  
159 - William Scherfel IV - \$11.71  
226 - Timothy R. Holtzman - \$1.40  
226 - Carol S. Burlikowski - \$5.00  
226 - Robert W. Serena - \$5.00  
226 - Angela J. Kushto - \$10.00  
336 - Charles S. Johns - \$4.21  
336 - Margarita R. Rader - \$6.00  
352 - Eleanor Coleman - \$10.00  
352 - Dora S. McKinsey - \$2.18  
525 - Tibor T. Marton - \$5.42  
705 - Richard F. Orbon - \$7.88  
725 - Adeline P. Scagliarini - \$13.00  
8019 - Sarah Pace - \$50.00  
8036 - Leah Yantko - \$4.00  
8036 - Zachary J. Kaider - \$3.00  
**TOTAL for Month = \$211.02**

#### Additional Donations AUGUST 2014

**Donor - Amount**  
Jeffrey DeSantes - \$14.00  
Elizabeth M. Markley - \$50.00  
William Penn Association - \$365.00  
(Proceeds from 50/50 raffle at Hungarian Heritage Experience)  
WPA Cookbook Sales - \$275.00  
**TOTAL for Month = \$704.00**

#### Donations In Memoriam AUGUST 2014

**Donor - Amount**  
(In Memory of)  
William J. Bero - \$50.00  
(Julia Genes)  
John G. Demeter - \$25.00  
(Anna Kertesz)  
Judit & Perry Ganchuk - \$25.00  
(Julia Genes)  
M/M Thomas F. House - \$50.00  
(Julia Genes)  
B. Jean Kennedy - \$10.00  
(Anna Kertesz)  
M/M Andrew W. McNelis - \$25.00  
(Anna Kertesz)  
James W. Robertson - \$100.00  
(Anna Kertesz)  
Richard E. Sarosi - \$50.00  
(Anna Kertesz)  
M/M E. E. "Al" Vargo - \$25.00  
(Anna Kertesz)  
Br. 18 Lincoln Park, MI - \$125.00  
(Deceased Members Thomas M. Raiche, Albert J. Wansa, Eldon Boshoven, Eugene Kovach & Diane M. Larsen)

#### TOTAL for Month = \$485.00

#### Donations From "Impact The Future" Appeal AUGUST 2014

**Donor - Amount**  
Nick Constantino - \$25.00  
Paula J. Jakowlew - \$25.00  
Paul Niglio - \$25.00  
Joseph F. Paukovits - \$50.00  
Carol J. Perkins - \$25.00  
M/M Joseph F. Steh - \$20.00  
**TOTAL = \$170.00**

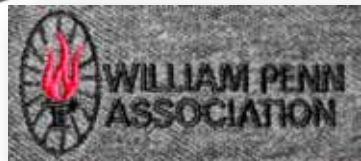
#### Corrections To Donations Published In Sept. 2014 Issue

226 - Timothy R. Holtzman - \$1.40  
M/M George S. Charles Jr. - \$100.00  
(Mary E. Jackson & George S. Charles)  
James KlineBauer - \$100.00  
(Albert J. Wansa)  
The Theodore M. Mazurek & Jean E. Mazurek Revocable Trust - \$25.00  
(Albert J. Wansa)  
Br. 28 Youngstown, OH - \$100.00  
(Deceased Branch Members)

**LIMITED  
TIME OFFER**

Only  
**\$25**

Includes  
Shipping  
& Handling



## Show your WPA pride!

For a limited time only, you can purchase a Lands' End® brand, 100% cotton, short-sleeved polo shirt featuring an embroidered William Penn Association logo. These are the same comfortable shirts worn by volunteers at our 13th Annual WPA Picnic-A Great Fraternal Fest. The men's shirt features a two-button placket, and the women's shirt features a four-button placket. Available in charcoal heather grey only. First come, first served while supplies last.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Size (Circle One): Mens S M XXL • Womens M

Make check payable to "William Penn Association"  
Mail form & check to: Shirt Offer, William Penn Association,  
709 Brighton Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15233

## Enjoy a taste of Hungary today!

### The Official WPA Cookbook

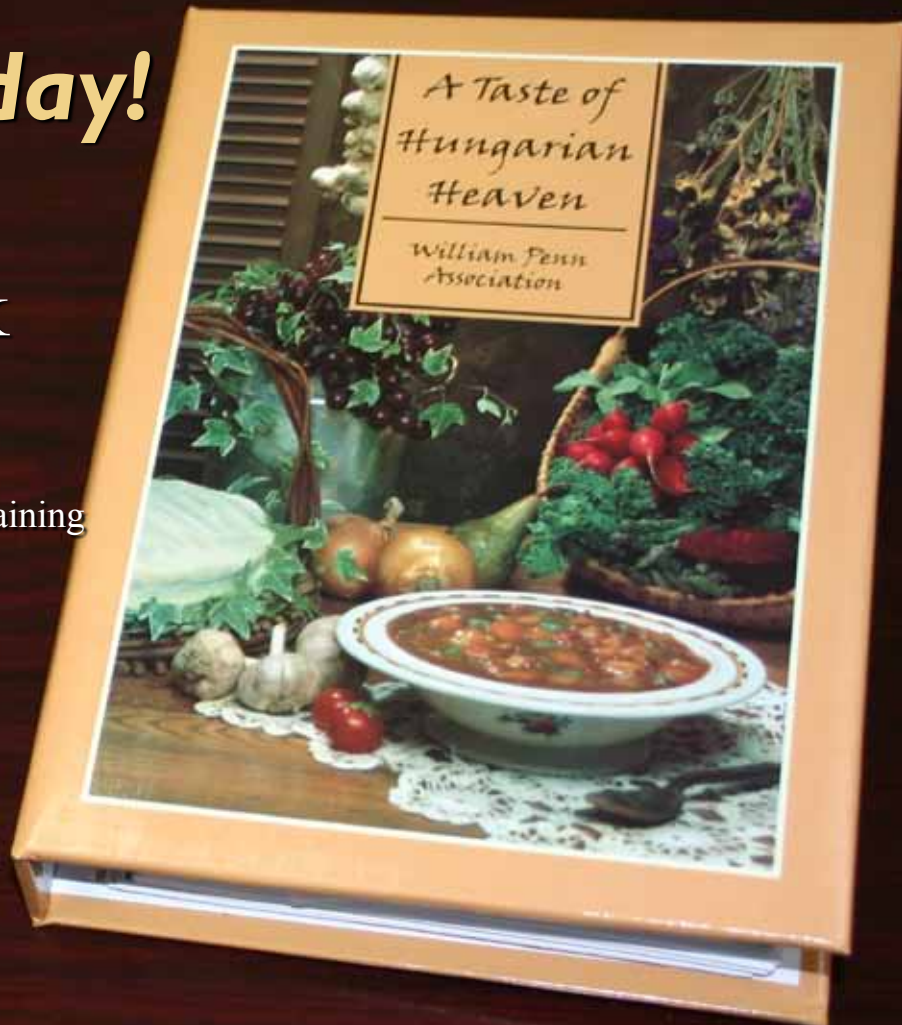
- Over 500 recipes
- Hungarian favorites & other tasty dishes
- Kitchen tips from Chef Béla
- Information on cooking, dieting & entertaining
- PLUS an enclosed book stand

**\$20** (includes shipping & handling)

For your copy, make your check payable to  
"WPFA Scholarship Foundation" and mail to:

**WPA Cookbook, William Penn Association,  
709 Brighton Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15233**

All proceeds benefit the William Penn Fraternal  
Association Scholarship Foundation, Inc.





### Inside this issue:

Jerry A. Hauser shares a few 'Notes from the Secretary's Desk'...**PAGE 3.**

Epilogue to a revolution...**PAGE 4.**

Part Two of Chef Béla's pizza primer...**PAGE 6.**

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INDIANA, PA

## William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation

# Tree of Knowledge



Helping our young members meet the challenges of modern educational economics requires great effort by all our members and friends. Towards this end, the WPFA Scholarship Foundation has created the **Tree of Knowledge**. The Tree is mounted in the second floor foyer of the WPA Home Office. Those making donations through this program will be recognized with individual "leaves" on the tree, which can be used to honor and remember loved ones. Donations are being accepted at three levels: Gold (\$1,000), Silver (\$500) and Bronze (\$250). Those wishing to purchase a leaf may use the form below. Please help our tree "grow" and allow us to continue to assist young members reach their educational and professional dreams.

## Our Newest Leaf

We thank the following for being the latest to donate to our Tree of Knowledge:

**In Memory of  
Joe & Katy Molnar  
of Daisytown, PA  
Unoka, Jerry Rimsky  
(Gold Level)**

I want to help the Tree of Knowledge grow. Please accept my tax-deductible contribution of:

☐ \$1,000 - Gold Level    ☐ \$500 - Silver Level    ☐ \$250 - Bronze Level

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Leaf Inscription - Maximum of 4 lines with 20 characters per line (including blank spaces):

Line 1: \_\_\_\_\_

Line 2: \_\_\_\_\_

Line 3: \_\_\_\_\_

Line 4: \_\_\_\_\_

Please make checks payable to "William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation, Inc." and mail to:

**William Penn Fraternal Association Scholarship Foundation, Inc.**

**709 Brighton Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15233-1821**