The Village Cross

Legacy of Kardos family

Torontáltopolya-Töröktopolya-Banatska Topola

Praise be to Jesus-Christ
In honor of Virgin Mary the happy Isles
erected by the late KARDOS JÓZSEF and
His wife born BORSOS KLÁRA
and family: their seven children
István, János, József, Gergő, Péter, Ilona and Verona
In place of foreword

Academic: In any good dictionary this word is defining someone who is of higher education, someone with theoretical or intellectual skills. Therefore if one is reading a material that is presented to the wide public, one tends to be relaxed about the stated statements, if the author has presented self as someone of higher education e.g. a university graduate, and or even, a teacher.

At Universities of the western world for more than a good decade now, there is a scarecelly heard of subject, being tought that is called CRITICAL THINKING. And sometimes even gullible people can, and we all unsuspecting and relaxed readers, can fall victims to many many so called and selfadvertised ‘academics’ writings. If we are taking all of their statements for granted and don’t take the effort to educate ourselfs about the topics of there selfpopularised stories, we will be simply mislead, and sadly misinformed. And if we tend to spread their words, we will also mislead and misinform not only ourselfs but others too.

The duty of self education and the implementation of CRITICAL THINKING in the content of this booklet titled: The Village Cross, was made necessary by some false statements, misleadings, belittlements, worse than mud smearing and degrading descriptions, in three books published by an author called, Jacob Steigerwald Ph. D. His 1. -First book of our interest was published in 1992, titled: Banat – Topola Schwaben: 1791- 1945. The 2. -Second book published in 2001: Profile of an Americanized Danube Swabian Ethnically Cleansed under Tito, and a 3. -Third smaller booklet published in 2009: Finding Vital 1796-1945 Data Re German and Hungarian Ancestors of Banat(ska) Topola and Novo Selo Plus an Exposé About the Local 1945-1946 Internment camp for Germans of Yugoslavia: by Jacob Steigerwald, Ph.D.

In the following referred to as: 1, 2, 3.

Before even one word was made known to anyone about my intention to respond in writings, these author was approached first also in writing – as he was in the last 10 or 11 years by e-mail a few times – and informed about our reaction to the false descriptions he has made public, regarding our family, and his degrading comments regarding our grandfather Kardos János.

Jacob Steigerwald was always prompt to answer our e-mails before, in times when we did, ever so politely kept quiet about our disbelieve in some of his statements regarding our family, and only praised his efforts in presenting this three books to the wide reading public.

But as I have promised Jacob Steigerwald, I also started my own research regarding our Homeland. Of which the first completed part was also e-mailed to Jacob, and he responded.

But, horribile dictu, by just a very, very, very unintentional chance, we came to some information-knowledge which has made us think. And it has made us ask. Ask many, many questions: When? How? Why? Who? Where? What?
And only Jacob Steigerwald is refusing to answer our letter, he blocked his e-mail address from ours. Even so, with his knowledge, comes the following: In our present day lifestyle, today is Sunday 18. of November 2012, the world-wide use of the information technology has made it possible by just a click of a button to contact our loved ones in their homes at any place on this Globe of ours. And the Google search button and the tireless effort of many learned man and women has also made it possible for all of us, the possibility to check, and double check any information we come across. The availability of written material in any scientific or social field is so waste, almost unexplorable. The trick of the game is only, our ability to gain knowledge from the Academics and not the ideologists pretending to be the first ones.

It is the year 1866 and the place is Szeged, the Southern area of the kingdom of Hungary. A kingdom whose loyal population, since the year 1490 had to travel to a foreign country, if they wished to see their king. There administration was forced upon them in a foreign language. Their administrators were foreigners. And only those Hungarians who could bow their heads very deep to the ground were allowed to prosper, a little bit. The ones who dared to demand own king, own administrators, own language were simply beheaded or hanged.

Around this time of ours 1866-67, was the so much publicized and so called ’dual Monarchy’, the Austro-Hungarian one, formed. The Hungarian Ministries for Finance, Defense, Trade, Foreign Affairs were all dictated from that foreign country, fell under jurisdiction of that foreign country and dictated upon Hungary also from that foreign country.

From Szeged is not too far away a city called Kikinda, which is somewhat the central nest to our topic. In around 1875 the first school of higher education was opened in the Kikinda of ours, in a foreign language for us Hungarians living under a foreign king in our homes in our country, Hungary. But as it happens, that foreign absolutistic rule in our history of some 450 years, until 1918, has taught our people to endure, and bear its fate with patience. Or if not, to meet with the fate of Wesselényi-s The Nádasdy, The Frangepan, The Zrinyi, followed by Rákoczy’s, Kossuth’s, the Arad-er 13’s –beheaded and hanged, the WWI with its mustard-gas filled bullets brutality, the WWII, and the many, many, many millions of brutally murdered lives, all in the name of some sick ideology, called Feudal system of Habsburgs. And to gain knowledge about our history during those above mentioned 450 years, again it depends, are we reading objective historians or just a much popularized ideologist propaganda.

Consistent and ideology-free writing

The most valued treasure of the Szeged Cultural Institution is the work of one of the greatest Hungarian of his time in that city, Tömörkény István Steingassner. Born in Cegléd 1866 – died in Szeged 1917. Hungarian writer, journalist, archeologist, museum and library custos, researcher of ethnography. It would fill pages and pages full of documentation, acknowledging the amount of knowledge we can be thankful for, to this intellectual of Austrian descendant
schwabian. At the time of his birth his father was leasing the Cegléd railway stations Pub-restaurant. The business soon went broke and the family moved and his father leased another Pub-restaurant at Makó, a nearby town where in years 1877-1880 he studied at the grammar-school. His father was leasing another Inn there, but at István’s age 16 his studies had to come to halt as his father’s leased business again went broke.

From 1882 to 1886 he worked as a pharmacist. With some help from relatives, he changes his carrier and he works as journalist at the Szeged Hiradó. His talent for writing has flowered during those years, more so as he had this unique talent of observing the life’s and struggles of ordinary every day’s folks, who will become the theme of his many short stories called “novella” - novels. We can read about his detailed observation of ordinary folk, that he come to know and understand in his father’s leased restaurant and village Pub. From 1900 to 1903 more study years follow. From 1904 until his death Tömörkény is the director of the Szeged Library and Museum. 6000 unique museum pieces, 3500 word dictionary containing the original ancient vocabulary of the region of Szögedély-Szeged. His immeasurable work in the library of 40000 specially selected books, and the list is just beginning.

And dear reader, if we don’t have this knowledge, and the one that follows, we will not be able to comprehend one word, from the message of these pages.

The Hungarian ethnography chapter VIII. Community, in the depiction of social conditions / BÜN és BÜNTELES - SIN and PUNISHMENT, there are pages full of information’s that one needs to know, if we are describing someone, anyone to a wider ordinance in the world, who have no idea about the customs and ways of life of a given region.

As America had the so well portrayed COWBOY ERA in their history, so did we Hungarians of the Southern parts of our Homeland had our own cowboys. Put your hands up, those nations who didn’t.

And one of those intellectuals who did write a lot about our Hungarian cowboy era was our TÖMÖRKÉNY ISTVÁN STEINGASSNER.

The scholarly activities, the academic achievements of Tömörkény István Steingassner are characterized by naturalism and a consistent and ideology-free writing, the world of his chosen subjects is portrayed and integrated according to their way of life, their way of thinking, together with the uniqueness of their language in his narratives, events also from some of his incidental occasional observations in endless series of novels.

The bygone era of small villages and the surrounding farmhouses should we visualize with all their misery and struggle and hunger and exploitation from the merciless ruling class of the feudal system that was like a parasite spreading and enjoying itself on the lives of the bottom class. Where, to steal from the poor was the strength of the rich. To belittle and degrade one class was the virtue of the other. Where, only to half feed the country was the rule, because only the
hungry man will work very very hard for a miserable pay again tomorrow, in order to save himself and his family from starvation. And so the life and death struggle has taken many shapes and forms.

One of the forms was to carry with oneself a good sized stick, and if someone deserved it, hit with it, hit hard. When the csendőrs-the old gendarmes managed to eradicate the use of the stick, a smaller stick was made hanging from a rope over the shoulder and hidden in the jacket sleeves. And when that little stick was eradicated it was replaced by the ‘’bicska’’ a small knife, which was carried in the pocket.

It has become the weapon of the Hungarian puszta – just like the gun was the weapon of the American cowboy’s.

And the people of the puszta also become the makers of their own rules. The rules that would give the special characteristics of the village life of that by gone era of ours. In an era where the fight was not a sin but a simple exercise of strength. Szendrey Ákos writes in 1936 that a famous saying was: ‘’ the one who hits is not the lad, the lad is the one who is standing the blow’’ –’’Nem az a legény aki üt, hanem aki állja’’.

And the open fight was the open prove of one’s strength. Tömörkény István writes in 1896 in his novel *Legényavatás – Initiation of the young lad*, where the man of the village are standing in line to be hired by the rich for a day-laborer – napszámos - job, and are objecting when a young boy is also joining them to be amongst the ones to receive the full pay, one of the elders is defending him, by saying ‘’he is not a boy any more. He was yesterday already fighting at the dance hall.’’ The so called ‘’napszámos’’ day-laborer was the man who only had some farmland of his own to feed his family but was doing casual farming work for someone else in order to feed himself and his family. The young lad in this story is helping out his father in earning the living. In other writings Tömörkény also points out that ‘’a married man is not fighting, only a bachelor. And also the more mature man who has served in the army is also not fighting.’’

The village dance fighting’s mainly evolved in towns and villages out of rivalry love conflicts, represented even as one group against the other group. And this is, were in a drunken brawl the last kind of weapon was also used. The pocket knife called ‘’bicska’’. The villages where the most such knife fights took place were called ‘’bicskás’’ – meaning armed with the pocket-jack-clasp-knife.

Firearms like a pistol, or like the ones the cowboys used, only very rarely, and only the better off ones could afford. The data shows that the interference of the foreign rulers had but caused more harm than good, since the original stick was but replaced by the pocketknife, see- Tömörkény I. 1963: 345.
Contrary to the ruthless rules of the feudal system, the broad expectation was that due to this fighting’s, the fighters were not punished, only in cases of fatality were the authorities involved.

From Szeged and its surroundings, the general opinion was preserved for us by the data written by Tömörkény: “Why would he not fight? The authorities had a hard time finding the perpetrator. And then he would get 6 months in jail. Is than a human life worth 6 month only?”

In 1897 wrote Tömörkény his novel Táncrahúzás, meaning to choose to dance with someone.

On Sunday evenings there is always dancing in the Village Pub. The village girls have washed and ironed there dresses, some nicer ones, some just the poor ones they had. The band is playing; the girls are in one corner, when the bachelor walks in, the one who thinks of himself the most. The girls’ breath is silent, she will be the most admired the one who will be first called to dance with thee. And the poor polite girl, who loves him, gets ignored and the girl who is the most arrogant gets chosen. The poor girl sheds a tear or two; the dancing girl throws some comments that really hurt. Poor girl’s brother cannot tolerate the humiliation of his sister, gets involved, the usual village dance fight takes place, and the village has its weekly subjects to talk about. If nothing happened at the dance, there was nothing to talk about, and that dance was not interesting.

There is also the Original scientific paper of another Hungarian intellectual who is even closer to our way of life. Kalapis Zoltán’s examinations were focused on the village of Tóba, which is but 7 km from our village of Torontáltopolya. The timeframe of his ethnographical data is - 1918-1998: VILLAGE PEASANT FARMING LIFE IN 1980-s: The extinguishing way of life and customs of Tóba in view of changing times. The two well known ethnographers, Kálmány Lajos and Bálint Sándor did summarize the peasant life of the Southern Hungarian region, yet, remarks Kalapis, the area of Tóba is a real virgin land in a sense that the first ethnographer only heard about the place, and the second in his work: A Szögedi nemzet - The nation of Szöged, printed in three volumes, writes that ‘’we have no data about the village life of Tóba.’’ And so Kalapis Zoltán does his own research into the heritage of the village and documents that between the two WW’s the Saturday or Sunday Dance was a regular event. There was the well-to-do Main Street Tóth-Pub, and the poorer Little Street Berger-Pub. In the first one the waltz was the inn dance in the later mainly the csárdás was danced: the kétlépéses, the rezgős, the lassú, the friss, the röszketős, the mártogatós, the lippenős and the toppanós csárdás was danced. The guests of the two places often intermixed, friendships were formed, love-affairs happened and so as in the 1920-s, the differences often resulted in village Pub-dance-hall pocketknife brawls.

The dance-balls were also specified according to special occasions, like: almabál-appleball, borbál-wineball, aratóbál-harvestball, szüretbál-
grapeharvestball, batyubál-bring-your-own-ball, jelmézesbál-fancydressball, legénybál-initiationball, regrutabál-recruitball, párosbál-couple’sball, asszonybál-women’sball, emberbál-man’sball, vadászbál-shootersball, tűzoltóbál-firefighter’sball, cigánybál-gypsy’sball, Annabál-Anna’sball, Katalinbál-Katalin’sball, and also dugottbál-hiddenball that is if the ball was held in secret from the authorities, and also papucsbál-slipper’sball where the main raffle prize was a pair of red velvet slippers decorated with flowers.

In changing times the dancing occasions also changed, some balls were lost in the turmoil of times. But the one ball that was preserved to this day – 1988 – was the Village Pilgrim Ball – the Búcsú Bál. Remembered is the Pilgrim Ball of the year 1920, where the Tóba Village-Pub-brawl ended with the loss of a young life, the life of the bachelor named Deák Gyuri, from Csernye. And this young lads history was made into a pulp styled novel edition, in the words of Bálint Sándor, like a song was outsang into a ballad, since in those times in the soul of our nation the ballad singing’s penal servitude was living rife, filled with willing readiness and talkativeness to tell the message. This would have been the last messenger of the folk-poetry in our region, preserved for the posterity from the XIX Century. A real miracle that it has even blossomed, and no wonder, that by now it is hardly even remembered.

Dear reader, a Ballad in my Dictionary is a simple narrative poem or song, often of popular origin, especially one of sentimental or romantic character, having two or more stanzas, all sung to the same melody.

In my Hungarian Dictionary – a Ballada – is a dramatic procession of a tragical event, with interrupted and broken mysterious presentation, a short narrative epic poetry – a folk-ballad.

And after all this very important and very short introduction, let as start the narrative that is not being sung in a ballad – yet.

But as the reality of our modern world is here around us today, so is the necessity for us, Hungarians and non Hungarians of our Homeland, to reflect on the long bygone era of our predecessors, and write and sing, happy and sad songs, ballads and modern verses of the deeds of our forefathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers and great-great-great-grandfathers. Because if we continue living in the oppressed silent mentality, forced upon us during those 450 years, we will be robbed of our identity, of our dignity, our truth, we will be robbed of our bear existence.

The content of this booklet is dedicated to the loving memory of our beloved grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather. In the name of all who knew Him, who belonged to His Family, His Friends, His Relatives and His Descendants who will learn, how easy it is to distort one’s loving memory, degrade one’s simple greatness, one’s simple honesty, one’s simple good Heart-ed-ness. How easy it is to destroy His reputation, if His descendants are not vigilant and let evil prevail, over His humility and human greatness.
In Memoriam
Kardos János

Torontáltopolya -
-Banatska Topola
On the 55-th anniversary
The good looking man on this about one hundred-100 years old photo is our grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather, the Torontáltopolya’s Village Hungarian Pub owner. His suite is one of the more expensive qualities. His hat is definitely one of the upper brands. He looks relaxed, honest, his look is stern, earnest, his body language tells me, he is a serious character. He does not smirk in my face. He does not snicker or muck about. His look tells me, I am me, take it or leave it.

At the time of his death he was mourned by his only surviving daughter Maria, son-in-law József, two grandsons, and the wide circle of close family members. He was one of seven children to his parents Kardos József and Kardos, born Borsos Klára. And he was mourned by the compatriots of the village of his birth, where everybody knew everybody. He is remembered as the well to do owner of the village’s Hungarian Pub, the “Kardos kocsma” – “Kardos Pub”.

In the memory of his descendants, we knew:

- When a young lad, he went to America with his brother Gergő.
- Gergő but returned earlier, maybe he did not even get to America.
- When Kardos János returned from America, he bought his house which was also the village’s Hungarian Pub. The Germans had the “Wassa Pub” to entertain in, and the Hungarian entertaining was at the “Kardos Pub.”
- He married his first wife, they had a daughter who died very young after childbirth.
- His first wife died in the Pub during a drunken brawl, when the petroleum lantern was knocked down, and in the dark, she was fatally wounded by Kardos János’s younger brother Gergő. Apparently while she was trying to stop the fight. Investigations followed and the authorities of the day dealt with the tragic event.
- The harsh reality was, the family had to come to terms with this terrible tragedy, it was repeated over and over again that the fatal wounding was not intentional, it was a shocking accident.
- The reality was but, Kardos János lost his wife, their little girl lost her mother.
- WWI was about to start, but Kardos János made sure, he was not to be drafted. He jumped from the horse driven farming cart, to make his already existing hernia pain worse, and so, he did not go to war. His worry was the care of his daughter and looking after the Pub.
- His second wife was a widowed German woman, Bálint born Leitner Barbara, from the village. Kardos János’s second daughter was ever so proud to speak her mother’s schwabian dialect. The grandsons always spoke so lovingly about their German grandmother, who was speaking in Hungarian language to them. Grandmother’s name Borbála was a worshiped name in the family. The birth certificate of Kardos Maria
shows that her mother’s name was spelled Barbara Leitner. While one grandson called grandma Borbála, the other grandson is correcting: Grandmamma was called Barbara. Both agree that by others, grandmamma was affectionately called Pevi.

- From her first marriage Borbála had 5 sons. Her eldest son became a father for the first time, on the same day when Borbala Kardos gave birth to her sixth child, a girl named Maria. Borbála was grandmother for the first time, when she gave birth to her daughter Maria Kardos, on the 19. October 1921. That first grandson was to become a well respected school teacher in the village.

- Kardos János and his second wife Kardos Borbála born Leitner did look after their daughter very well, as already in our times, with tears in her eyes, mother-in-law Maria was remembering her childhood. Her mother bought her the most expensive overcoat from Kikinda. She believed that she was the best dressed girl in the village. At the time of her marriage, her dowry was really rich. She had a laundry-basket full of shoes, and her dresses filled the entire length of the clothesline on the verandah.

- Kardos János was remembered by his second son-in-law, Szanto József for his great generosities.

- When the ‘’bazáros’’ the fancy good’s seller - the bazaar man, came to the village, Kardos János would buy up everything the man had to sell, and shared the goods around to everyone.

- When the ‘’szitás’’ the sieve maker, came to the village to sell his sieve’s for sifting the flour, Kardos János would by all the sieve’s, and gave all away to the women in the village.

- And Kardos János bought the first Radio for the village. That was a really big story: “my father bought the FIRST RADIO for the village”, his daughter Maria used to repeat and repeat, many times.

- But his second son-in-law also had some more news to this RADIO story:

- When Kardos János was in good mood, in his Pub everybody was drinking for free- József Szántó used to remember the good times.

- One day, in one of his good moods, after everybody had the free drink, he turned to HIS RADIO and offered IT ALSO a free drink.

- And not only offered it, but gave it too, TO the Radio, a drink to drink.

- And the Radio, may have had a “free drink”, but the Radio did NOT TALK any more.

- The good heartedness to: “No then, you also have a drink too”, sadly ended in the Radio’s forever’s silence.

- We knew, that Kardos grandfather’s first grandson was mentioned many times in the family. He was the son of his first daughter who was married to someone, the soda water seller, and was known as the ‘’sodásch’’. That grandson was half-orphaned when his mother died soon after she gave birth to her baby. That grandson was always referred to as ‘’sodasch
Mischi’’ only. At the beginning of WWII this grandson, still a minor, volunteered (or made volunteer), and was maybe a ‘‘HIPO’’ or something like that, in Hitler’s army. Sometime after the war, once he came with his wife to visit his grandfather, they stayed overnight, and sometimes after that left for Germany. No contact was known thereafter.

- Mother-in-law Maria Szántó born Kardos, was explaining how she did what she could at that unexpected visit, gave hospitality, and told ‘‘szódás Misi’’ that there was nothing there that belonged to him. She took down from the wall a religious icon painting, wrapped it up and gave it to Misi, as there was nothing else to give.

- One uncle of mine also talked about that visit, telling us how mother-in-law Maria – (called Maris by everyone) said, she has nothing there to give ‘‘sodás Misi’’.

- About grandfather was also talk that also, when he got angry there was no playing around. He was strict. And he was firm. E.g. when the grandchildren let out the water from the ‘‘trough’’ the ‘‘vályú’’ from the farmyard animals, he would chase them away with the first stick he could grab. But the stick never reached anyone.

- There was never allowed, to bring in children from the street. The then children and today’s adults are only thankful for that. A Pub and its yard is NO PLAYGROUND. The whole world agrees in that today. Grandpa’s thinking was so much ahead of his time.

- In the backyard grandpa had a ‘‘kuglipálya’’ - bowling line. That was a proper undercover line that took a lot of maintenance work. At the front area of the bowling lane was placed a round tin box, something like the biscuit box only some 40-50 cm. high. The top of it looked like a money box with a narrow slit and a round whole, for coins or rolled up paper money. It had a lock on it.

- The bowling players were left for themselves to insert the money. It worked on TRUST.

- The problem only started when the children tried to pick some money out of it. Then they had to run, if grandpa caught them in action.

- The keys, the money and so all over, the valuables were kept in grandpa’s bedroom, where nobody was allowed entrance. Understandably, his room was his Bank, his safe, his livelihood’s guardian. And the whole family’s as well.

- Yes, there was but occasion, maybe once, that he even called the police, because he suspected that he was robbed of his money.

- When really annoyed and a bit drunk, his daughter had to run too, to the neighboring relatives, until Kardos János’s anger had passed. (Hands up, who was NEVER ANGRY IN THERE LIFE).
- But his second son-in-law was telling with a happy smile on his face, HIS FATHER-IN-LAW WAS ALWAYS GOOD AND KIND AND FRIENDLY TO HIM. He learned much wise knowledge from him.

- Only when he left for a short visit to his parents to Torda, there was usually running from grandfather.

- And also, KARDOS JÁNOS HAD AT TIMES, SOME PEOPLE TO HELP HIM AND WORK FOR HIM, also in the PUB.

- Not to miss anything, it is a must to mention, Kardos János was a proper and serious mathematician. He was a man of numbers. When during and after the war, paper was scarce, he was writing and adding up and adding up his numbers, on many many bits of flatly laid out cigarette packing papers. His descendants, at least one of them, certainly inherited grandpa’s knowledge of numbers, and is proud for it.

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And life so rolled on for us all, it happened that after my marriage into these Szántó family (in 1967), where my mother-in-law was the village Pub owner Kardos János’s only next of kin, in 1969 we went to Germany as gastarbeites. A good year later in 1970, we were living in Sydney.

It is plain human nature, that we all in our community are nurturing fond memories about the Homeland. How could we not, great-great-grandparents and their great-great ones all left there footprints in the soil, and in the air of our village.

It was therefore only natural, that with the help of the internet, a book title, containing the name Banat Topola, grabbed my attention. Some correspondence followed the advertisement, and maybe in the year 2001, book no 1, arrived from Colorado.

Written in half German and half English language did not cause any surprise. Only reading the content was ever a great surprise.

One part of this book is about us. It is about Kardos János our grandfather, the village Pub owner.

Of course there was a large amount of information that was news to us. And there was a lot about “stuff” and about “things” that we had NO IDEA ABOUT.

I am always referring here, only on parts in these books that involve our part of the family only.

Some correspondence followed with the author, Jacob Steigerwald. We cannot tell about his surprise, when he found out who we were, but in his first answer he wrote: “…his brother was “’shockiert’” (or something to that meaning),
when he found out that Jacob is corresponding with Maris’s daughter-in-law from Australia.” …
Jacob Steigerwald in his first letter to us, also introduced himself as “’szódás Jaksi’”, the son of Josef Steigerwald – the ‘’sodasch Seppi’’.

From the book:
It was somehow unbelievable that grandfathers Pub was called ‘’Steigerwald Gasthouse’’ and ‘’Steigerwal Inn’’ – we never ever heard that name from anyone before. It was always just ‘’Kardos kocsma’’.

But being polite, as we were, did not question further.

At least TEN – 10 years have passed, since the 1. book arrived, followed by 2. and 3.

1st book:

2nd book:
Profile of an Americanised Swabian Ethnically Cleansed Under Tito, (2001) by : Jacob Steigerwald

3rd book:
Finding Vital 1796-1945 Data Re German and Hungarian Ancestors of Banat(ska) Topola and Novo Selo, Plus an Exposé About the local 1945-1946 Internment Camp for Germans of Yugoslavia, (2009) by: Jacob Steigerwald

A few years ago now, we decided to collect our Family Tree. We are talking a lot to relatives, collecting photos and asking questions.

Only at the beginning of this year, 2012, did one relative mention something, that grabbed our attention.
Of course by now, I did look through this new Donauschwabisch Homepages. Overall, some of these History tellers should go back to kindergarten. I feel sorry for all their unsuspecting readers. Since some are presenting themselves as retired teachers and academics, I sincerely hope that their students will one day become proper intellectuals, and correct the miss-leadings they had to learn. Not worth wasting much time on the work of this so called ‘’history-tellers’’ ……concerning the history of our Homeland……
But what happened was that my husband Joseph Szanto has found on the internet an uploaded page from book 1, with the plan of the house both he and his brother and their mother were born in. The whole house is labeled “Steigerwald house”, Steigerwald Yard”, “Steigerwald Gasthouse”, LAYOUT OF THE STEIGERWALD INN AT BANAT TOPOLA (1934-1945). … STEIGERWALD ENTRANCE TO THE INN………

The property owner Kardos János is but confined to one room, as a tenant even, and everything else is Steigerwald’s.

After some confirmation of data, I did write a letter to Jacob Steigerwald’s E-mail address. No answer and my second e-mail letter was denied access. One more letter was sent on his postal address, informing Jacob that the Village knows the truth, and that THIS MATTER NEEDS TO BE CLARIFIED in the name of honesty and objectivity. To date, no answer.
One more e-mail was also sent from my husband’s e-mail address, no answer.
- We cannot let his sad mockery of our family, to go unrectified.

2. book p. 33
Josef Steigerwald (1894-1940) started out as an apprentice in Ruskodorf: “where he and the young lady of the house were having amorous feelings for each other” - and was told by the storeowner Anton BUCHNER to leave at once, as the owner intended to marry his daughter to a wealthier man.
He returned to Banatska Topola.

1. book p. 86: In Topola:
“Eventually, Josef Steigerwald (1894 - April 1940) acquired ownership of one of the two local inns, too (see layout on p. 53)”. The story continues on p. 94.
… Johann and Anna Martin in the year 1908. bought the inn near the village hall, opposite the church and had six children, when in 1914. Johann was called in WWI for active service in the war, returned in 1919 and died. His wife was ill with cardiac condition dropsy and died the following year, in September 1920.
Kardos János then bought the inn from the Martins in 1920 on time payments. But he also failed to make those payments. Kardos János had a daughter Victoria whom “sodasch Seppi” got to know when delivering soda water to her father’s inn, and they married in winter 1922/23. However Victoria died after childbirth in 1924 (?!). “Sodasch Seppi” then married Elisabeth, the youngest daughter, of the Martins six orphaned children.
Josef Steigerwald (1894-1940) finally was the owner of one of the villages “Gasthouses” in Banat Topola.

Our data:
What did not add up was: Kardos János tragically lost his first wife (Anna) in the Pub “kocsma” where she was the landlady. János married the second time, and mother-in-law Kardos Maris was born in 1921 in the Pub. How could all these fit into years 1920 / 1921 ???
Since “szódás Jaksi” had all those dates, I asked him around 2005?, by e-mail, in what year could the tragedy happened, and if he knew what was the first wife’s name? As we had no idea. By e-mail we were explained by Jacob Steigerwald that, give one year for mourning time, and one year for pregnancy time -unless already pregnant- and the first wife was killed in 1919. About her name we were given her maiden name, Fejes.
-But then how could she die in her own Pub in 1919, if “János bought the inn from the Martins in 1920” ? Jaksi probably overlooked his dates here.
My husband but, who was living with his grandfather from his birth (1947) until grandpa’s passing in 1957, simply could not accept that his grandfather would purchase the “kocsma” after his wife died there so tragically.
- No, it is not possible, never, he did not buy that place after his wife died there.
- Also, mother was always talking about how, her father came home from America, bought the house with the Pub, and then got married.
- He owned that place before he married his first wife. That was always known like that, in the family.

And for every unanswered question, soon another and another come up.

We had no other option, but to start involving everybody we could think of.

But first some more stories that the world can read about our family:
In German language, quite brutal statements, that Kardos Jáno’s presence in the “Steigerwald Gasthouse” made life hard for everyone, as they had to put up with this about 60 years old, toothless with “nearly total luck of teeth”, angry, aggressive, cranky man, his toothless mouth was exposed when he was eating at their table, in their house in their Gasthouse….. And that these drunken man’s own drunken brother has “versehentlich” stubbed to death his first wife. And that also this János had a great liking to pointed knives from which he was keeping quite a few in his draw. And his thirst for drunkenness’ was the cause of him living separated from his second wife “Pevi” (Barbara?). And that one day
this drunken János was standing wavering in their Gasthouse at their bar, he poured wine into their radio that his entrepreneur father has bought and so they had to ban János from entering ‘‘their Gasthouse’’. And their free time was also ruined because János chased out play mates from their own backyard!

(if) They moved into the Hungarian ‘‘Gasthaus’’ winter 1934/35.  
(Born in 1881, Kardos János was 53 years old then.)  

page 39.  
‘‘In April 1940 but, his father Josef Steigerwald ‘‘szódás Szeppi’’ died from alcoholic liver disease. He was sick for some time and he had to learn to walk again. He was drinking a lot because he was so good that the visitors in their Gasthouse talked and persuaded him into drinking with them. And then his widowed mother had to look after the whole household, the 5 children and their ‘‘Gasthouse’’ all by herself.’’

2.  
Kardos János acquired the inn, when in 1920 the estate of Johann Martin was liquidated after he died in 1919 and his wife in 1920. The orphans did not receive any money because János did not meet the payments…. (or maybe the children’s guardian used the money for himself, is but also stated on one of these pages). But in 1934 the inn was burned down, and János did not have liquid assets for reconstruction, he was financially ruinier, so Steigervald Szódás Szeppi sold some of his own land and rebuilt the house, in return he took over the real estate and the ‘‘Gasthause’’ and János become a lifelong Tennant in one whole room of the house. ‘‘the title to the property was transferred over to János’s grandson Misi – Steigervald Michael (1923-1956), (this author’s half-brother)… And his godfather and uncle, and guardian, Michael Steigerwald (1895-1944) was appointed as Kardos János’s grandsons guardian…after his father, the Szódás Szeppi died in April 1940……. And his mother was now the fulltime innkeeper……….. The customers in ‘‘their’’ inn, after few drinks, missed the spittoon, and it still makes him nauseous today thinking that his mother had to clean those germ-laden floor ‘‘vessels’’…. Having to put up with Kardos János who was present at meal times, returned intoxicated and behaved threatening made life uncomfortable ……….”

.................................................................
And so, now the Banat Topola Pub owner’s story, the way we know it:

We do not have the date when did Kardos János (1881-1957) return from Amerika, but we know:
He married Anna Fejes (1885-1908) from Újfalu – a settlement next door to Torontáltopolya, also called Novaszella or Navaszella:
(Not Novo Selo as stated by Steigerwald…)

**Married:**
**In 1905** there daughter Viktória Kardos was born.

**Anna Kardos born Fejes, the landlady of the ‘’Kardos kocsma’’ was fatally wounded, and died from her injury in 1908.**
It is very hard to comprehend what business has someone, anyone born in 1931, to do with miss-describing her tragic passing. The authorities of the day had dealt with the shocking event and ordered what Gergő had to serve, the family had to come to terms with their loss, Anna had her parents, sisters, her husband and her 3 years old child and her in-law’s to come to terms with what happened. We did not ask for anyone’s brutality, to play judge and story-teller of our family’s mourning. Let’s just respect the pain and sorrow, of every human being, on this planet Earth of ours.

Portraying Kardos János as someone with some twisted attitude towards ‘’pointed knives’’, is not an easy case. Kardos János could not see any knife in the ‘’kocsma’’ any more. When drunk, yes, of course he would collect them, and ‘’talk’’ to them, as to the causatives of his miserable life. He could never forget his first love any more. We don’t need a University degree to comprehend that. But one should have a University degree in Psychology, before spitting around the world, about other people’s private lives.

**The fact is, Kardos János was the rightful owner of his property in 1908. Anyone producing official document to contrary, will be considered.**
But, our FAMILY had no interest what-so-ever, spreading falsifications. Maria Kardos knew that her father bought his house before he was married, and that was in 1904.

What we have but is the official KATASTER DOCUMENT of 1912, where it is clearly described that KARDOS JÁNOS WAS ALREADY THE rightful owner OF HIS PROPERTY. Anyone contesting this fact will be considered.

And so WWI came along, forcing one neighbor in Europe to go and annihilate the other. Mustard gas was not speared either. How many 000 000 ? was drafted by Habsburgs alone?…..when 1,200,000 never came home any more.
And Kardos János was at home, with his daughter and his income to look after. But many of his compatriots were drafted into that senseless war. One of them was a very well to do, 36 hold land, and house owner Bálint István, who lost his life in the first year of the war. His widow with 5 sons was Bálint Borbála born Leitner. The youngest child was 6 months old when his father was drafted in 1914. It is very hard to believe that a well to do Donaschwäbin widow would just marry anyone in the village. The WWI. War widow Barbara Leitner of Banatska Topola, married the village Pub owner, another widow from 1908, Kardos János.
Their wedding day was: 1. October 1916.
The two witnesses were, two prominent persons of the village TORONTÁLTOPOLYA-BANATSKA TOPOLA: 1-st witness: Willár Ferenc the village Vegetable Gardener. 2-nd witness: Jakob József the village Store owner.

And so, Kardos Borbála born Leither was the new landlady of the “Kardos kocsma” from 1916. until sometimes 1928-29. And all that time, she was looking
after the hygiene and cleaning of the ‘’Kardos kocsma’’. We never heard about any ‘’snot’’ problems in her household. And a large household she had, that’s for sure. And no snotty and no phlegm ‘’vessels’’ in her Pub, that’s for sure.

On 19th October 1921. Their daughter Maria Kardos was born. She was my husband’s mother, my mother-in-law. Here we must clarify the following:

2. book page 39.-42
After signing over all his property to: sometimes to ex-son-in-law Josef Steigervald, or sometimes, to his 11 years old grandson ‘’szódás Misi’’ when Kardos János was ‘’full’’ 53 years old….

We get the following ‘’explanation’’: Kardos János has struck an excellent bargain by signing everything over to Steigerwald’s, he was rid of his ‘’business headaches’’ – we never knew he had any - , ‘’gained comfort and security from his farmland’’ – yes land he had plenty – but that land did not produce on its own – and wait for this, ‘’Kardos János gained rent-free lifelong tenancy’’, - in plain Hungarian that means, he WAS MADE TENNANT IN HIS OWN HOUSE. And he was so ‘’clever’’ this Hungarian that Elisabeth Steigervald even had to cook for him, that is ‘’for this clever Man’’. And born in year 1931, this ‘’sodás Jaksi’’ sounds very informed about what happened to Anna Kardos in 1908, and he has to let everyone in the world know: -‘’ Some years before, the first wife of János had fallen victim to a fatal stabbing committed by his own intoxicated brother Gergő who mistook her for someone else one night in an unlit hallway.‘’

- He fails but to explain where that ‘’unlit hallway’’ was? – In the ‘’Kardos kocsma’’ maybe? But then the dates would not add up!? , and who was that mistook person? , and why would any snot sniveling brat be so obsessed with the lives of people HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH?

- Where did Gergő follow Anna, his sister-in-law in the night? where? In whose house was that ‘’unlit’’ hallway in 1908? That the someone born in 1931 is judging around the world, in 2001???

O, I almost forgot, from Freud to Piaget, to Erickson it is mainly agreed, a child’s personality is formed but, by age 5…..???.

19
Lets continue but reading further about the degrading of our family: ’’Pevi (Barbara?) was the second wife of János with whom he fathered a daughter named Maris.’’

And our little ‘’Jaksi boy’’ knows exactly why did János and his second wife went their separate ways. And this Kardos János, the rightful owner of his own property was - ‘’refused service at our inn too, - meaning ‘’the Steigervald’s inn’’ -that is…

How romantic.

Producing from a landlord, a restricted, confined tenant on his own rightful property, in his own house.

Watch out, all of you over 53-s, out there!

But there is also something very ugly and very sinister here. The parents of Maria Kardos were MARRIED FOR 5 – FIVE YEARS, before their daughter was born. By our Hungarian customs, our Man ‘’DON’T FATHER CHILDREN’’. Our MAN are making LOVE TO US WOMEN, when as a blessing, a child is born.

But what can we do? Deine schprache ist deine seele. Your words are from your soul, and your soul is in your words…
The beautiful WWI widow of Bálint István (1876-1914). The mother of his five sons. Her youngest two-and-half, the oldest sixteen, when she married Kardos János on 1.10.1916. All her sons learned a trade. We have amongst her descendants: Teachers, Magister, Pharmacist, Solicitor, Professor, GP General Practitioner’s, Inventor, Agriculture technician, Science PhD, wife of School Master, Health Care Workers, well to do Farmers. None of them were ever cursing Kardos János, yet.

♥♥♥
And now we must pay tribute to: Anna Kardos born Fejes,  
And Viktoria Steigervald born Kardos.  
♥♥♥  
The Torontáltopolya-Banatska Topola cemetery is  
guarding their beautiful memory.  
No amount of slime and dirt can harm them.  
Kardos János made sure, their name and pride and dignity  
outlives all ugliness, and all abuse.  
The two forever LOVES of that great, decent, and caring  
unfortunate man, named KARDOS JÁNOS.  

Viktoria Kardos Mrs Steigervald 1905 – 1923  
And her MUM  
Kardos Anna born Fejes 1885 – 1908
In the cemetery of Banatska Topola

Rest in peace two most beautiful roses
Of our village called, Torontál Topolya,
The neighbour of place once called Ójfalu-Navaszella
The village will never forget the two beautiful roses,
Your lives lasted but to the very early dawn,
Your legacy will last to the eternity of the time,
The one who loved you both, has endured, and carried,
The memory of both of you on the palm of his hands,
On the shoulders of his humiliation, on the land of his sorrow,
For you are the true Love of this great, and this poor, this
Best of his kind, MAN, called Kardos János.
Do not judge me, if you don’t know,
Do not make up false stories about us,
We did not hurt you or any of yours.
Do not thrive on our early lost Young Life.

♥♥♥

The landlady of the “Kardos kocsma”
Anna Kardos 1885-1908
And her daughter
Viktoria Kardos 1905-1923.
♥♥♥
Lets continue but on our reflections and our knowledge.

The Radio:
Jacob Steigerwald states in his books, how his parent’s owned the first Radio in the village of Banatska Topolya. He also explains in detail the type of “that” Radio and states that his entrepreneur father bought the first Radio in the village.
Let’s reflect:
For someone, anyone, to go through and make such an ugly mockery of people who had NOTHING to do with this family of eight, is really sad. NO man in his right mind, would ever leave the comfort of his own home and move in with all 8 of his family members, into only 1 room, and into someone else’s house. We know that “Szodasch Szeppi” was desperate to leave his parent’s house after his father died (1930?), because his older brother was moving in there with his own family. Szódás Szeppi only used his ex father-in-law’s love for his grandson, and the great plan, to grab that house and income, could have been also there in their daily talk. Even the widowed grandmother Steigerwald had to come with them.

What sort of fire took, or didn’t take place in 1933 or 1934 at that village Pub, is of no importance. Nothing is proven, along with many other mockeries. The big false story is that his father had to extend the house by adding a “soda water machine cammer-room.”
Well, that is a total rubbish. Every house in the village and that one certainly, had a pantry room next to the kitchen. All the preserved fruit and vegetable jars, the smoked ham, smoked sausages, smoked speck were always kept in the pantry-kamra room, next to the kitchen.
We don’t know anything about anyone having to ever ‘’save Kardos János from going ‘’broke’’ or ‘’ruiniert’’.

KARDOS JÁNOS comes from one of the most well of families in the village. All seven of his siblings had their own houses in the proximity of the village center. He was never ‘’ruiniert’’.
He always had plenty of ‘’liquid assets’’ – whatever that is supposed to mean……
Next:
How long does an alcoholic suffer with liver disease?
First stage 10 years? At least. Even in 1930-s.
Second stage 5-6 years? At least.
Third stage 2-3 years THE LEAST.
From somewhere 1937, szódás Szeppi had to be a very, very sick man. No doubt about that.
He did not ruined his liver since 1935, ‘’because of the Hungarian customers of the Pub’’. His liver was already in bad shape by 1935.
In desperation, and knowing his ex-father-in-law’s generosity, he found a roof, a table to feed, and an income to care for his large family.

HAVING 8 PEOPLE to share ones house and ones income with, is not a small deed, even in this today’s, good days of ours.

Hands up who has done it! Not many! Right?

In the Hungarian Pub’s, called ‘’kocsma’’, only the MAN was serving the customers. Always. The women were cleaning up and cooking.
Interestingly, I did not hear anyone of the many descendant’s from these Pub to complain, about some snot on the floor, or in the tap-rooms, for that matter. And my mother-in-law was working in that Pub since 1940 living there with her father. Right until the government took over – the nationalization (around early 1950s – by 1952-53 even 1954 maybe).

No ‘’snot’’ ‘’vessels’’ were ever mentioned.
I am told that only our healthy man went for a drink in the kocsma. Grandpa Kardos had a spitting dish, with some ash in it, when he was already sick in bed, and the family looked after him. His grandsons were asked many times to empty the ash and bring clean one in, they did not catch any deadly diseases or killer bacteria from it. That, after
handling the spittoon-‘’köpő-csésze’’, they maybe didn’t always wash hands, is a different story.

But back to szódás Szepi: As much as we like him and feel sorry for him, it was not easy to live with someone, whose body was, without medications, filling up with liver toxins. Poor everybody there. Their every day’s are not to be envied. I am not envying his poor wife’s life with him, that’s for sure.

But, Ok, let’s accept that he was good and sober minded to the end. (Impossible to accept)

Until April 1940.

Ok, but we also researched that Hungarian Radio business of ours, a little bit. (Read in great detail in the Hungarian booklet)

The Hungarian Wolfram lamp Factory was the predecessor of the ORION. After the owner Kremeneczky János died in 1934. Standard, Phillips, Siemens Telefunken also open factories in Hungary. They were the new competitors for the already wide customers, of the Radio listeners. The ORION produced RADIO was thus also exported to: Germany, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Turkey, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries.

The Orion ‘’Folks-Radio’’ was bearing the Kossuth Coat of Arms. These ‘’ Hóman-féle Néprádió’’ – the wide distribution of Radio’s, to the people of the country, came into organization by OCTOBER 1939 and DURING 1940. The government treasury subsidized Radio’s, first 20,000 Radio’s fast sellout was, followed by another order of further 25,000, during FEBRUARY 1940.

It is highly unlikely that Topolya was amongst the first 20,000 recipients.

And sometimes in April 1940, Szeppi was no more.

But even in the very first contract in October 1939 – szódás Szeppi DID NOT BUY ANY RADIO, he had enough to worry about himself, and he was NOT MAKING ANY MONEY, not from his own work that is for sure.

AND THE NOT UNIVERSITY GRADUATE mother-in-law of mine, HAD NO REASON TO LIE when she was repeating over and over the story about THE FIRST RADIO IN THE VILLAGE, THAT HER FATHER BOUGHT.
After 1940, came 1941 and the then 16-17 years old grandson ‘sodás Misi’ volunteered (or made volunteer by his godfather…) into Hitler’s army.

And here is that we almost let Jacob Steigerwald trick us, by believing that there was some sort of problem with someone minor, minderjárhige. Yes of course, the question that needed to be answered was, that: from that household, during the war, one person served in the occupying German army, and as such, by the new regime was classified as a war criminal. And the so called war criminals property was also confiscated by that new regime.

It had to be clarified that while living with his grandfather, the, in year 1923. deceased Viktoria’s, and in April of year 1940. deceased Szódás Szeppi’s orphaned son Misi-Steigerwald Mihály was but a MINOR who needed looking after. In 1941 the 17 years old Misi went, with his godfather and apparently “guardian” Michael Steigerwald (1895-1944), for “active military service” in the German army. And after the war, he did not return to Topolya.

What a sad story.

But this story became really interesting when, during our search for members of our Family Tree, around mid-year of 2011. one very close cousin of ours, just casually mentioned the events of my in-law’s marriage. Maria Kardos moved to Torda on her wedding day 10. Feb. 1943. -FROM HER FATHERS PUB- where she was living. And only a few months later, already pregnant, she left her husband in Torda and returned to her father to Topolya. She couldn’t do the heavy farming work, and didn’t want to live in Torda, and her husband didn’t want to live in Topolya.

Yes, and mother-in-law was from 1941 working with her father in the ‘’Kardos kocsma’’. And here is what happened:
During 1941-42, she got to know a farmer, József Szántó from the next village Torda. He was coming to attend the village dance on Sunday’s.
In February 1943 they were married. After a few month, Maria Szántó born Kardos, left her husband in Torda, and returned to her father, as the heavy farming work was too hard for her, she only knew the Pub work. Her first son was born in Topolya 1943. Eventually she made up with her husband, when he agreed to move to Topolya.
And when we heard about this event, and the dates that were of no concern for us to explore before, we really started asking questions from relatives.
And the 93 years old village elder, the no Ph.D. German-language University graduate aunt of ours, has lightened up our heads. Because she is a Ph.D. graduate of life, graduate of honesty, graduate of integrity, graduate of humility, graduate of decency.

"This szódás boy is only writing like he does, because when his father died, KARDOS JÁNOS took his mother with her two boys and one girl in, and they were living together, AND MARIS WAS LIVING WITH THEM TOO."
In plain Hungarian language, that means:
-Kardos János did not show the door to the unfortunate widow in February 1940, but took her into his house, and continued to care for her, and pay for the education, of her children.

As this szódás Jaksi is saying himself, the only income in those WWII. years was from the “’Gasthouse”, that is from the “Hungarian kocsma” only.
And our 93 years old aunt also read the German part of the 1.-st book, with another relative (passed away) of ours, years ago, (most probably someone sent this book to Topolya, in the 1990-s, that copy is still there), and their comment was:

- “That book is not honest to our family, not even half of it is true, what is written about us.” (“az a könyv tele van hazugságokkal, a fele se igaz annak amit ez rólunk leírt.”)
My beautiful 93 years old Viktor-néni aunt’s, mother-in-law was but one of Kardos János’s sister’s. The Ács born Kardos Verona.

And she also has no reason to be dishonest. And our 93 years old aunt also told us, that when they got married, from the parents all 5 of the Kardos boy’s received one house each and 10 holds of farming land each.

The two girls were given 12-12 holds of farming land each.

Fore, the KARDOS’s were a well to do family. KARDOS JÓZSEF the father, and his wife KARDOS KLÁRA born BORSOS, had over 100 hold’s of farming land. They were living on the Main Street, on the side of the village Church, in the second house from the corner where the Village Cross stands. Their son Kardos János’s house and Pub, is the closest on the opposite side of the street, opposite the Church. Kardos József junior’s house was the first house after the corner, in the Grose Gasse, practically across the road from János. Kardos Ilona was married in the house right next door to him, to Német János in the Grose Gasse. Still in the prominent Grose Gasse further to the middle of the street on the opposite side, was the house of Kardos István – Pista. Kardos Verona was married to Ács whose house was opposite the German “Wassa Pub.” And Kardos Gergő’s house was just a few houses down the Main street from the “Wassa kocsma”, towards Kikinda. The youngest one Kardos Péter was living with his parents, just opposite the Village Cross.

And when we mentioned, could it be possible that Kardos János didn’t pay of the house in 1920-? our aunt got really serious: !!!

“’How could he not pay for his house, when the parents made sure every son had a house before marrying. They were well of people.

And also!
THE VILLAGE CROSS WAS ALSO ERECTED BY THE KARDOS FAMILY.’’
Wow, that is news to us. Let’s confirm:

Engraved in white marble, for about 9 decades, the truth stands
(Kardos József was the son of Kardos Márton)

I need to spend time with Tömörkény István Steingassner now. I like to share with You, Dear Reader a beautiful Tömörkény novel. It will be my first translation work, hope I can do it Ok, and hope it will not be my last one either. And the novel will be somewhat shortened as well:

About being tongue-tied – dumb

After Tömörkény István:

On Sunday afternoon, the old soldiers get some off time, to enjoy to their likings. The old soldier is not going out to entertain, he needs a quiet, peaceful place to sit in the corner, with his glass of beer, or glass of wine, staring into the smoke clouds of his pipe, and his thoughts are at home. Then comes another, sits beside him, and also thinks of home. They don’t utter a word. A third one is coming, a fourth one, all stretch behind the long table alongside the wall. What are they at home in civil life, does not matter. From which barracks is who, also does not matter. There is no introduction to each other. No good day, no greeted is God, no prise be to God, just a wave with the
right hand towards ones cap, and that is all. The man don’t know about each other, who they are, what they are, they are not interested either: they are soldiers, and that’s it. Some don’t even say one word, when ordering his drink, he is pointing on his neighbor’s glass, he is to be given, the same. When the old soldier wants to light his cigarette, silently he is reaching out to a hand with a cigarette in, pulls the hand towards self, the other lets him light his cigarette, and lets his hand go. No please, no thank you, no with pleasure.

What for? Their thoughts have walked home, there is the best place for them. Who is rich and who is poor amongst them, no one is interested to know. And also who was where during the war, up, or down, in that no one is interested. Every one of them had enough, of what he had to experience. To the civilians of and on, on the questioning they answered and repeated things so many times, that they are weary to talk.

Where you down there?

He is nodding with his head, yes.

After a while one of them starts humming the tune of an old Hungarian army song. The rest of them join in with him. But not all of them. Some are silent. For, in different tongues are all these man, praising the Lord. Sometimes at a table like this, five different languages are spoken.

Hungarian, German, Bulgarian, Romanian, Serb.

And some also, from the old Torontal County’s French settlements, from the former Soultour and Charleville, where today, only every now and then is someone found, who speaks the language of his ancestors. Because they were assimilated by the Hungarian swabians. Those swabians from whose military honvéd-soldiers, at the Szeged market-place in 1848, Kossuth was asking the following question:

Nich wahr, kinder, ihr seid Schwaben?
(You are Swabians, is it true, lads?)
- And from one of the lines of the guard of honor, one soldier angrily replied:
   Wir sind Schwaben, wir san aber halt ungarische Schwaben.
   (We are Swabien, we are but Hungarian Swabien.)

One of the softly humming soldier turns to his silent neighbor.

- You are not Hungarian, mate?
  He is shaking his head, no.

- Swabien?
  He is shaking his head again, no.

- Bunyo?
  No.
- Romanian, -he said. - No knowing Hungarian. Would say song, if knew, but don’t knew. When marching, Hungarian sings, in Hungarian honvéd Army, no allowed singing Romanian. Why no can sing Romanian?

The man are turning to each other, but really, but really, this one would also march with much more energy, if sometimes he could sing in the tongue of his own breastfeeding mother. But why would they be not allowed to sing in that?

The Romanian continues:

- Bad. In village no Hungarian: don’t know Hungarian. Bad: no speak Hungarian. Romanian standing on the guard, get ordered, no well understanding, when not knowing hungar.

Silence. From the next table a young lad, a serving sailor on his military break here, takes over the conversation:

You are the same just like we are, my daddy. At our post they are spiyking german, they are kayzaling in istrian, they are panlaryng in taliyanin, only in hungarian not. I am repeating in vain, don’t understand what they are teaching, still they don’t speak hungarian,
the all colored starry rainbow’s thunder to hit these many kinds of speakings.

Sort this out justly, Dóczi.

One man is stating:

- That’s way; the best is when one is but, tongue-tied – dumb.

1916.

♠ ♣☺ ☼☼☼ ☺♣ ♠

I love You, Tömörkény István Steingassner. Because, you concreted into this, thought provoking educational novel of yours, the names of the former settlements of Soultour and Charleville of ours. For, by 1916. the former settlements of Soultour and Charleville were promptly renamed Szentborbála – Saintbarbara, (from 1893). For, on the territory of the former settlement of Szentborbála, Soultour and Charleville was the former settlement of Horogszeg. What settlement!?

Horogszeg was the settlement where the castle of the Szilágyi’s stood, with its high watchtower. No, it was not a fairy tale castle, it was the military castle of the jobbagianis of the middle ages, where the mother of Europe’s greatest king, Mathias Corvinus was born, Horogszegi Szilágyi Erzsébet, the wife of Joannes Corvinus also called Hunyadi-Hunjadi János or Sibinjanin Janko. The savior of Europe in 1456, at Belgrade, the former city of Nándorfehérvár. For next door to this middle-aged settlement of Horogszeg stood the settlement of Hollós also with its military castle. Hollós means Corvinus in Latin and that is where there son Mathias – the king – was born in 1440. Corvinus- Hollós-Raven was this family’s Coat of Arms. That is why they were the Raven’s-Corvinus-Hollós.

These family crest was brought here to this part of the Homeland of ours, by Verebi Peter vicewoywod of Transylvania in 1370-s
from the forefather’s, from the settlement called Veréb, which is
the former settlement of Mátraverebély. Where one of the first
churches was built by the landlord Vereb, and where it babbles
the famous spring ‘fountain de Vereb’, a place of pilgrimage
today.
But, the former settlement of Hollós and its Hollósvár-the
Corvinus military castle, is but today called Kikinda. Although,
maybe because of its famous past, also called Great-Kikinda –
Nagykikinda today.

In the century of the 1300-s, this whole area was a blooming
agricultural area. The neighboring city of the prosperous Galád-
Galad (not even in your dreams the invented ‘Glad’- for
that is but a forgery fiction), along with its wide stream called
Galacka was an important port, for the transportation of the
Transylvanian salt exports, one of the main income for the
Medieval Kingdom of Hungary.

Let’s spend a little time, dear reader in this Medieval Hungary
of ours, with the help of one great historian of his time: Borovszky
Samu and his work: Magyarország vármegeyéi és városai – The
Counties and Cities of Hungary:
Official documents of 1399-1441: Újfalu is the settlement that
belongs to today’s Navaszellapuszta, belonging to today’s
Töröktopolya, belonging to the estate of Becse.
In the middle ages in the County of Torontál, the fortress of
Becse was standing in 1342. In 1450, Becse with its fortress
belonged to the Gubernator of Hungary, Hunyadi János. In 1451
the lord of the fortress is George Brankovich, in 1458 Brankovich
handed over the estate to Szilágyi Mihály, the brother-in-law of
Hunyadi János. From him again to Brankovich who is but
handing over the estate and territory in 1459 to the Hungarian
king Matthias Corvine. After the king, the ownership goes onto
his son, prince Joannis Corvine.
In 1440 the following settlements belonged to the fortress of Becse,
(which is the today’s town of Törökbecse): in 1440, Aracsza,
Szenthely, Ecsehida, Aradi, Szent-Király, Bazsal-hida,
Becskereke, Endréd. Next door to Törökbecse in 1341-1441 is named Endrőd. Galád, south of Nagy-Kikinda called Galacka – the Galadzskaipuszta in 1412 belonged to Torontál, in 1462 to Temes, and in 1561 to the County of Csanád.

To Csanád County also belonged at times: Begenye, Erdős, Horogszeg, Galád, Nagy-kökényd, Kőcse, Öcse, Peterd, Temérdekegyház. Nagybeszermény, Kisbeszermény, Hollós around Horogszeg in 1408-1462. Bezd around Kikinda in 1462.

Tószeg in 1408 belonged to the estate of Horogszeg.
Újfalu, Vámhalom, Galád, Virághát, Hollós, Szőllős is often documented together in 1405-1408.

Than the Turkish invasion happened in our Homeland from 1526.
And the Turkish army came, and the Turkish army went. By 1700, most of them.
And in their Turkish defters, all our Medieval settlement places stayed PUT.
But then the Habsburgs came, from 1725 they sent the one count Florimund Mercy, and then the Habsburgs started sending to, by them, created “Banat” – first all there unwanted robbers and criminals. Then they needed to clean up Vienna from derelicts and prostitutes. So, down they sent them on the Danube into Torontál County now renamed Banat – almost meaning “Sorrow” in Hungarian – bánat. By this Mercy, but, where ever a bit of rain fell, the settlement was labelled but, an uninhabitable “swamp” area, that “they” had to colonize.

Joy.
And so the royal Fortress of HOROGSZEG becomes:
Soulour-StHubert-Charleville, all foreign names in our Country. Horogszeg is always distorted into some Horgzek. After the downfall of Spanish-Habsburg, from Vienna the Habsburg Spaniards were dropped to Becskerek made into “little Barcellona” in 1739.
As is the faith of other Medieval settlements names of ours.

Soulour was named for the first French settlers, who could but not ignore the towering tower of the Szilágyi Fortress, and translated the Hungarian words – Magányos Torony – into French: Soul Tour, the: – Lonely Tower.
And because Saint Barbara also has the duty: to defend the military TOWERS of Castles, in around 1893 Soultour was renamed Szentborbála – Saintbarbara.

Santa Barbara the guardian Saint of medieval pilgrimage and Military City of Horogszeg from 1893 called **SZENTBORBÁLA**

And this unique area of the greatest -Royal House oh Hungary-, the Corvinus family’s estate here, was renamed by the new invading, locust like army of the Habsburgs.
Let us reflect:
Horogszeg becomes: Soultour, Charleville, StHubert, Tószeg becomes: Mastort and Heufeld
Szőllős: Becomes Nákodorf
Hollós, Nagy-Kökény, Őcsehida?: Becomes Nagy-Kikinda
Homokrév: becomes Mokrin
Kisorosz: becomes Ruskodorf
Galád, the flowering royal city of king Matthias Corvinus, where the king in 1459 ordered the Castle Fortress walls reinforced with stone walls, and surrounded with deep trenches was but, wiped of the Maps, the settlement destroyed, as if it never existed….or in best variety is but falsified into some nonsense “Glad”………..
Bazsalhida or Bosorhida of 1332-1441, became Basahida.
And Horogszez was never ever some invented ‘‘Orosin’’…
And then came the self glorifying Hapsburg centuries …
There own country would not tolerate such cruel destruction.
And that become the fate of the ones prosperous Medieval
Hungary of ours.
But even before that, as one of the best European historians, Professor
A.A. Vasiliev wrote in 1952 in his Academic work titled: History of
the Byzantine Empire 324-1453,
On page 316:
After the accession of Leo VI (in AD 886) , …Leo aware of the fact
that he was unable to offer adequate resistance to attacks of Simeon as
his army was engaged in the Arabian campaigns, appealed for help to
the wild Magyars.
…‘’This was a very significant moment in the history of Europe. For
the first time, at the end of the ninth century, a new people, the
Magyars (Hungarians, Ugrians; Byzantine sources frequently call
them Turks, and western sources sometimes refer to them as
Avars), became involved in the international relations of European
states, or, as C. Grot put it, this was ‘’the first appearance of the
Magyars on the arena of European wars as an ally of one of the most
civilized nations.’’
History was but continued as in following:
History professor Henry Bogdan, at the Paris University, in 1978
writes in his work titled: From Warsaw to Sofia –in chapter:
Independent Hungary at its Height ( 1458-1490) ‘’… the Hungarian
Diet of January 1458 rejected the Habsburg candidate Emperor
Frederick III. in favor of a national king, Matyas Hunyadi. Born in
1443 (1440!), Matyas came from a Transylvanian petty noble family
that first made history when his father, Janos Hunyadi, stopped the
Turks at Belgrade in 1456. Matyas is often referred to as Matthias
Corvinus, a term originated by the Italian Humanist, Bonfini. The
name refers to the king’s coat of arms; the coat of arms of the Hunyadi
family contains a crow, corvus in Latin, which is an allusion to the
family’s origin in the village of Hollos, meaning ‘’to crow’’ in Hungarian.
Matthias Corvinus was one of Europe’s greatest sovereigns during the 15th century. Under his reign, Hungary becomes the heart of a vast empire centered on the Danube. ‘’

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As we understand today, the Hungarian word Hollós – means – Corvinus - in Latin. It is describing someone who is from a place called Hollós. – He comes from Hollós.

♥♥♥

The great Italian humanist Antonio Bonfini, who was employed as king Matthias’s personal historian, wrote around 1485, in his work, The history of the Hungarians, about his king:

‘’In Corvino vico (Hollos) natus ’’
–‘’Born in the village of Hollós.’’

100 years later Holosvariensis is falsified into Colosvarensis…

●●●

(Just like the ‘’Kardos Wirtshaus!’’ into Steigerwald Gasthaus?)

●●●

The Medieval military fortress of Hollós is called Hollósvár-Castri Rabenburg – Hollósvár.

But after 1725, from Vienna and Temesvár they started auctioning away our Homeland, and the property of the Corvinus…

I need to reflect on Freud, Piaget, Kohlberg, and Erickson:
It is stated so humanly, so dignified, ‘’Erickson was his mothers child from an extramarital union.’’ – For, from a union of love, a child is born. Only the mean meaning tongues are distorting the God given birth right of all of us humans on this planet of ours.
But, also, in child development, a child’s personality will develop according, what it experiences from its environment. “By age 6 a child will become what he learns from his parents.”

It is no doubt in our minds that all that humiliation and exploitation and profiteering talk against our grandfather, Kardos János did take place in his house. It is no doubt that talk had to take place behind his back.

It is no doubt in our minds, “Kardos János’s presence in his own house, at his own table”, restricted the malicious discussions to take place behind his back, about how to grab his property.

And it comes but the reality:
What a child learns, what a child hears from his parents: a child will do that, a child will tell that.

Let us confirm:

2nd book, page 41:

“What made life in the inn uncomfortable in addition to cramped quarters and having to put up with KARDOS JÁNOS included the following particular circumstances:

8) With the outsider János present at meal times, family discussions were limited in scope and subject matter.

(Remembers a child age 4 to 9 about “scope” and “subject matter” about the, “outsider János”-the property owner.)

Well, these statements beat baron Münchausen, as even that liar couldn’t invent a smarter story.

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I need to turn to Critical Thinking. Not to my University notes, only to the easier to understand Wikipedia will do.
Critical thinking is a type of reasonable, reflective thinking that is aimed at deciding what to believe or what to do. It is a way of deciding whether a claim is always true, sometimes true, partly true, or false. Critical thinking can be traced in the Western thought to the Socratic method of Ancient Greece and the East, to the Buddhist kalama sutta and Abhidharma. Critical thinking is an important component of most professions.

Socrates: 469 BC – 399 BC classical Athenian philosopher

Socratic questioning is disciplined questioning that can be used to pursue thought in many directions and for many purposes, including: to explore complex ideas, to get to the truth of things, to open up issues and problems, to uncover assumptions, to analyze concepts, to distinguish what we know from what we don’t know, to follow out logical implications of thought, or to control the discussions. The key to distinguishing Socratic questioning from questioning per se is that Socratic questioning is systematic, disciplined, and deep, and usually focuses on fundamental concepts, principles, theories, issues, or problems. Socratic questioning is referred to in teaching, and has gained currency as a concept in education particularly in the past two decades.

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In the year 1853 was published the work of Francis W. Newman: The crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects. (In September 1856 Newman vacationed with the family of Kossuth and other Hungarian refugees at Ventnor…)

In order to understand the 450 years of Hapsburg rule over Hungary, learning from Newman’s book is a must. More so, as we note the year of publication. In 1853. Newman could foresee, the following 100 years, when finally, unanimously, the whole World come to a conclusion, enough was enough. In his Foreword – ADVERTISEMENT – Francis W. Newman writes:
‘On the recent events I will only say, that I have taken pains to inform myself aright from various sources. The Hungarian facts are now quite beyond dispute, and the Austrian organs are wise enough to avoid the argument.’

THE CRIMES
Of The
HOUSE OF AUSTRIA
AGAINST ITS OWN LIEGE SUBJECTS.

I. ----- What is political crime

(Some sentences from this part): All great empires have been born in crime. Every dynasty, and every republic, lies open to so many grave imputations, that official man and soldiers are apt to look on princes and statesman, like gods of Paganism, as free from moral restraints. ....Since war has become a profession, a few of its atrocities have been lessened; but if we accept this, the morality of international statesmanship in general is no higher now than among the old Greeks and Romans. In such a state of things it may seem absurd to censure any one power in particular. Nor do we for a moment imagine that in any class of political crime, the House of Austria is the sole offender. The House of Bourbon….the House of Bonaparte…the House of Stuart…the petty tyrants of Germany and Italy…. But the Hapsburg princes have been signal for extraordinary number of similar offences, and the high development of the freedom which they crushed. Among them it is not one preternaturally wicked man who has done the foul deeds, and left a clear field to the dynasty: many treacherous emperors of the Austrian House have been personally amiable. We do not overlook the fact, that the guilt of kings is shared by their ministers; though it is impossible to exculpate a monarch from the acts of his servants, when those servants are not imposed on him by parliament, but are maintained by him against the people and its organs. When a wicked policy is hereditary in a court, and sustains itself under better and worse princes alike, this is the greatest of all testimonies that the dynasty is incurably evil. The crime which history charges against the House of Austria, is not merely that they have waged unjust and cruel wars against foreigners, (that is guilt too common here to touch;) but that having been freely
accepted to protect the laws and liberties of a large number of nations, they have in every instance played the part of a guardian who murders his ward. .......no lawlessness of individuals will justify the official guardian of the laws in extinguishing law. The House of Hapsburg was the constitutional ruler over nations ones freest in Europe: over Austria, The Netherlands, Castile, Aragon, Sicily, Bohemia, Hungary, the German empire; in every instance... the Austrian dynasty flagrantly betrayed its solemn trust; and, - generally by open violence and perfidious ferocity, else by gradual encroachments, -- has annihilated the fundamental compact on which its royal dignity was founded.

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...These princes, like all others, encroached and invaded wherever they were able, and with no small success: - using there (self) hereditary dominions to support their imperial pretensions, and their imperial powers to extend their hereditary authority. But the vast aggrandizement of the House of Austria has depended, primarily upon royal marriages, and secondarily, upon dread of the Turks.

``Wars, let others wage! But thou, lucky Austria, marry!
For the kingdoms which Mars gives to others, Venus gives to thee."

A well-known Latin epigram celebrated the matrimonial alliances of the House of Hapsburg in the words above. ‘’

..............................

Interestingly enough, in Hungarian writings, the above epigram is quoted in many Habsburg topic writings, but conveniently, the second line is but always ‘’tongue tied – mute’’ - dropped from publications. The line which in Habsburg mentality meant: ‘’what property belongs to my neighbor – in my Habsburg books, belongs to me only.’’
Let us continue but, with F.W.Newman: on page 38,

XII. --- HUNGARY

Under this word a vast subject remains, which must be too summarily treated.

Castile and Aragon lost their liberties by a single campaign, so entirely were they surrounded by the overwhelming force of their legal guardian. Bohemia, though hemmed in between Germany and Hungary, was overpowered not at any effort, but by two wars. But Hungary, on the eastern frontier of Christendom, with the fortress land of Transylvania and the marshes of the Teiss as its defense, struggled for three centuries against the perfidious dynasty. To tell all its crimes in these few pages is impossible (and just for our reminder: that was written 160 years ago).

Ferdinand of Austria was freely elected king of Hungary in 1526-27 (after the Turkish invasion); and from that date to 1826-7 he and his royal descendants perpetually broke the Coronation Oath on many most cardinal points. To use the recent words of Count Teleki, all the sovereigns of these dynasty have been perjured, except Leopold II, who reigned only 18 months, and Joseph II., who, in order to evade the oath, refused to be crowned, and thereby made himself a foreign usurper and not a legitimate king. All his acts were for these reason declared invalid by him on his death bed. ….In the long period before and of 186 years-from 1740 to 1826, the liberties of Hungary were saved by a twofold support, -- firstly, by great princes of Transylvania, men of genius wisdom, --secondly, by the Turks, who, though hostile to Hungary as Christian, were soon discovered to be far milder masters than the House of Hapsburg. …– The Turks did not interfere with protestant religion: Rudolf II. And Ferdinand II. Tried to murder every Protestant whom they could not convert. -- - The Turks did not interfere with local self-government, but were satisfied with moderate tribute and nominal homage: the Austrians could be satisfied with nothing short of rooting out all the institutions of Hungary, local as well as religious. – The Turks observe treaties as faithfully as any nation of Christendom: the Austrians in that whole period never observed the treaties by which again and again and again they made peace with Hungary.
Yet the English apologists (and many, many, many misleading others I.Sz.) of Austria talk of her as having saved Hungary from the Turkish yoke! – In fact the deplorable misgovernment of Hungary by Austria almost led to the conquest of both countries by the Turks. Vienna was saved from them, only by Sobiesky, king of Poland, A.D. 1683, who thereby enabled Leopold I. to inflict horrible miseries on Hungary. The “Bloody Shambles” of Eperies were held in 1687.

Cont: page 44.

... February 1848 .... The Galician massacres had exceedingly terrified the selfish part of the great proprietors.... The whole diet came over the side of the Opposition, Batthyanyi and Kossuth were leaders of a united nation. Kossuth proposed a petition to the Habsburg king....But while making oath to Hungary, the royal House was plotting to break the oath; and betook themselves as in Galicia to ferocious craft. Agents were sent to stimulate the Serbs to make murderous inroads into Hungary. Jellachich was made Governor of Croatia .......used military terrorism to pack the croatian provincial Assembly with men hostile to Hungary, and raised an army to march against the Hungarian capital. .....by perjured Hapsburgs .... new orders were sent to the Austrian forces to invade Hungary from all sides.

The war which followed is in itself a history. (just like during the Rákóczi uprising in 1703) The barbarous burnings, slaughtering, and tortures inflicted by the Serbs were presently backed up by similar ferocities of the Wallacks in Transylvania, stirred up by Austrian officers. .......

King Ferdinand was an imbecile, little removed from an idiot; but he was morally too good for the convenience of the dynasty. He refused in November to sign the commissions for invading Hungary, because such an act was a breach of his Coronation Oath. He was dethroned by a secret cabal, by his family and some from the cabinet. The same conspirators placed on the throne the
18 years old Jesuit pupil Hapsburg Francis Joseph, and he without taking the Coronation Oath was but a pliant tool of the ‘‘camarilla’’, or secret cabinet. ....And so perfidy has triumphed. The House of Hapsburg has consummated the darling object of her ambition, --- to annihilate the laws and liberty of Hungary. Nobody knows what is law there. .... Rights of property, rights of law, rights of religion, rights of speech, are all gone: the tax gatherer, the hangman, and the soldier domineer over the nation which in 1809 resisted the enticing of Napoleon I to forsake their unworthy king.


The complete work of this unique English thinker and academic called Frances W. Newman is a must knowledge, before someone, anyone writes even one word about Habsburg colonization of the land of the Hungarians. The Hungarian translation version, for every high school curriculum, is buy 160 years delayed today.

Some numbers to reflect on:
Military Casualties in World War I. 1914-1918
Military death Grand Total: 9,722,620
Civilian death due to direct military action: 1,000,000
Civilian death due to famine and disease: 6,000,000

**Deaths Total: 16,563,868**
**Total military wounded: 21,228,813**

And, dear reader, unless we familiarize our self’s with these academic work of F.W. Newman, we will be so easily mislead, even today, at some 160 years distance from his time. Primarily by the waste publicized works of those, who even today are dreaming of some grandiose Habsburg era fantasy, of being better and above everyone else...primarily their neighbors in Eastern Europe.... Whom they occupied, colonized, oppressed, exploited, annihilated in there centuries of merciless warfare’s.
There is also a great amount of new literature examining the work of Oscar Jaszi: The Dissolution of the Hapsburg Empire. In an ‘’empire’’ where the education remained restricted to the glorification of the Hapsburg dynasty, as the only source of someone’s legitimacy and identity, it is hard to comprehend now in the XXI. Century, there is still nostalgia after some Hapsburgs and their deeds of 450 years in
Europe. Where even the official language of a Country was made to be, the language of those invading foreigners, called Hapsburg.

Having but, all the above in mind, it is of little surprise to read in the 2. nd book of our topic, by Jacob Steigerwald on page 41: How our grandfather Kardos János is referred to in his own Country, in his own village, in his own house, in 2001, as: ‘’the outsider János’’.

That ‘’outsider’’ whose only surviving daughter Maria Szanto born, Kardos was but in 1944-45, in Banatska Topola, under the cover of dark, in secret from the guards: from her father’s table and her father’s pantry, taking food to her compatriots, held detainees in the village church yard, just across the road from the house where she was borne, and the house her father owned, where she was living with her father.

Having married into her family in 1967, it is with vivid memory remembered to this day, mother-in-laws lovely affection, when talking about her German mother, and her mother’s unique, Donauschwabish accent that was still being nurtured by her in those days. Her tears got mixed with her sad giggle, about her 5 half brothers with whom she always had a loving and caring relationship. To this day we did not hear any cursing or belittling or degrading towards her father, or his property.
Everybody, always knew, Maria -often called -Kardos Maris, inherited her father’s property in 1957, only after he passed away, and only after Maria cared for her father in his old age, during which time, her father’s bed was in the same big room where the whole family slept. And nobody ever complained, ‘’how crowded’’ it was. As that room was the only room in the house, that was ever, heated with that special big farmhouse oven, called ‘’kemence’’. And winters were –25C.

Kardos János was already of poor health when in January 1955, his never divorced second wife, Kardos-Leitner Barbara passed away, peacefully in the household of her youngest son. That January of 1955 was especially cold, the snowfall in the village of Banatska Topola was so high that one could not see from one side to another, across the street.

The mourning procession of the brave WWI. Widow of Bálint István, the lawful wedded second wife of Kardos János, with their bellowed deceased mother: † Leitner Borbála † was heading across the snow humps towards the village cemetery.
The 74 years old, old Pub owner, Kardos János was lying in his own bed, in his own room, in his own house, being warmed by the warm bricks of that special village Owen of his, being accompanied by his 8 years old youngest grandson, by his side.

And when the village church passing-bell’s across the road started tolling for the soul of the, by all who knew her, beloved Leitner Barbara-Borbála, across the road, in that old, peaceful Pub house family room, the warm silence was broken, but by the quiet sobbing of an old man in sorrow, laying in his bed, turned towards the window.

The tears of one lifelong pain were, running down his thin face. Tears for these heroic, lovely women who gave him his only surviving daughter.

Tears to his God, to have mercy for him and his loved ones. Tears for his long gone first love and first wife, Anna.

Tears for his forever loved first child, Viktoria, and her prematurely orphaned infant, Steigervald Misi: – the half-Hungarian - half-Donauschwaber grandson, the half-brother of this, future author Jacob Steigervald from Colorado.

And perhaps, the powerlessly paining old man, was crying in fruitless effort, to wash away all of his years of sufferings, to wash away all the un-asked for, dumping, of someone else’s sad mockery rubbish, that was to come his way, across this globe of ours called Earth, - called ‘’földanya’’ in Hungarian-, that is so caringly tender and kind, to good, and to the bad of all kind.
Surrounded with the care of his daughter Maria, Kardos János passed away peacefully, on the 1.October 1957.

On the 55th anniversary of his passing:

His legacy and the legacy of his parents, and the seven siblings but lives on in the memory of all the descendants.
Praise be to the Lord, Jesus – Christ

(We are not showing, in the background of these Village Cross today is the ruin of the house of the greens-grower Willár Ferenc, who was married to our relative Roza-néni, whose next of kin was my uncle and Godfather Ács Péter. That property is at the T section at the beginning of the Main Street of Topolya. Willár Ferenc was lost to his family in 1944-45, one day he went somewhere and just did not come home to his wife any more. Roza-néni didn’t have any children, my aunt Ácsné Veréb Vera’s husband Ács Péter was her next of kin.)
The Kardos Family’s moral deed has been but preserved for future generations on the main Street of today’s Banatska Topola.

In the white marble engraved stands

The Village Cross

and in the Cemetery:

Rest in peace dear great-great-grandparents:

Kardos József (1850 – 16.05.1923)


The names of your loved ones we mentioned all

The false sacrosanct mockery is revealed to all,

With sadness is written the fact, to all the faithful.

Irene Szanto born Vereb
Szántóné Veréb Irén
Sydney, 7.12.2012
Above here stands an interesting summary. But, neighbouring to Torontáltopoly was never Novo Selo sondern **Navaszella only**. To be pronounced with that unique Hungarian sound of **a** and nicht **á**. Right until the 1960-s. We know who lived there, and we know how the settlement was called amongst the inhabitants. **Never** Novo Selo as such named place is to be found somewhere else.

Interestingly, the surname of the German Landlady from 1916 - 1955 of the ‘‘Kardos Wirtshaus’’, **Mrs Barbara Kardos born Leitner is missing! Barbara Leitner lived and died in Topolya...** Even more interesting, the Hungarian surname **Kovács** is missing, and is falsified into some Kowatsch which **never was**. Let’s **confirm**:
Leonhard Springer died very young, age 43 in 1901 from a cardiac condition maybe? His Hungarian wife Katharina was born Kovács and never ‘’Kowatsch’’, the headstone inscriptions in the Topolya Cemetery are dignified, and are forever peacefully documenting and preserving the TRUTH of the past.
Kovács Katalin and Leonhard Springer were the parents of Anna Springer who in 1920 died young from cardiac condition.

Anna Springer and a Johann Martin were the parents of Elisabeth Martin (1906-1944) Mrs Steigervald.

So, Katharina Kovács was the maternal grandmother of Elizabeth Martin Steigervald (1906 – 1944 November 10.)

The grandmother was almost certainly of Hungarian descent, within the family they spoke Hungarian, and grandmother was talking to her grandchildren in Hungarian language and brought them up in her Hungarian custom as well. That is why Elisabeth Martin was also attending school and education in Hungarian language. After a long lasting cardiac condition and when she could not even walk any more, the unfortunate, in year 1940 widowed Elisabeth Martin-Steigervald passed away on 10th November 1944 in the household of the Topolya Villages Hungarian Pub owner, Kardos János. For in that household she found shelter, food and money for the education of her four children. May They All Rest in Peace.
In 1440 Church and city of Horogszeg – here Horgzek
Also the city of Galád and Szenthely – here Zentel
Properties of Hunyadi and Szilágyi Families.

Between Horogszeg (Horgzek!) and Galád is Hollós and Szőllős
And that city was never some non-existing ‘‘Glad’’. 
In 1684 stand the cities of Horogszeg and Galád.

In 1684 not exactly swamps and Morastes, on the contrary, the best farming land far and wide. Galad becomes Galat here? Half way in-between Galad and Temeswar is Hollós and Horogszeg. Becskerek is here Beczkerck...
In 1725 unfortunate Mercy documents Sellos-Szőllős, Ollos-Hollós and Orosin-Horogszeg. Hollós will be part of Kikinda.
Navaszella-Újfalú here is but Novazello??? Originally Újfalú
1723-25: Szőllős, Hollós. Horogszeg was never ”Orosin” mal
Orosin was Kisorosz. Our best farmland is called Truckener Morast?...

No Topolya yet, but we have Novaszella as a large settlement
And Horogszeg is falsified into Seultour. Kisorosz is Klein Oroszin
In 1700 after the lost Habsburg-Spanish War, a lot of Habsburg oriented people fled from Spain to Vienna. Not wanted there they were conveniently sent to Becskerek – here ”Bethskeros”

They were given a new city called Neue Stadt Barcellona...1737...

One cannot stop and wonder, what would be the German’s or for that matter anyone else’s reactions be, if such locust like demolishings would happen to ancient settlements in their Country?

O, I almost forgot, the Hungarians are labelled barbarians, anything and everything is allowed towards them by the ”civilised”...
The good thing is, Újfalu since 1399. - Navaszella stands, Hollós-Ollos, Szőllős-Sellos are standing, even if a bit distorted. And the so called ”swamps” are Truckener Morast. Not wet that is. Dry.
1780-90 Topolya comes into existence, Navaszella stands. Unexplained why is Török-Turkish. ”’Topol’” means Poplar and the Osman word ’’Terek’’ also means Poplar. The Hungarians of the Great Pannon Plain often like to pronounce Ö instead of E.

By 1893 Soul-tourn the lonely Tower changes into Szentborbála St Barbara is the guardian Saint of the Medieval Castris Towers.

The Military castles of the Hunyadi and Szilágyi families and others.

The rest of Horogsze, because it was such a large settlement, is divided into suburbs of Kárályliget that was named Charleville first, and Szenthubert. Torontáloroszi was also named Ruskodorf by the camarilla. Kikinda contains the suburb of Hollós or Velika Holluša.

Can be traced from the Turkish Tax Books – The Turkish Defters.
G. Kikinda is a suburb of Hollós or vice-versa. **Orosin is definitely Horogszeg of the 1200-1300-s.** That for some tongues Horogszeg was hard to pronounce, does not justify the FALSIFICATIONS.

Lipszky topped up the falsifications, for him by 1810 everything was uninhabited land. Yeh, for those who appointed him certainly...what a wickedness...Hollós was gone, forever? No, not in the Turkish Defters. And not in the history of the Hungarians. Never.
Main Square of NagyKikinda, here Gros-Kikinda.

The villages Szöllős and Szent-Hubert were the Medieval Mittelalter Hollósvár - Rabenburg the home of Hunyadi’s and in its neighbourhood Horogszeg, the family nest of Michael Szilágyi’s.

In the background is the Tower of the Assisi Szent Ferenc Church. Hunyadi János was the great protector of the Assisi Franciscans.
Horogszeg – Szentborbála the birthplace of Horogszegi Szilágyi Erzsébet, the mother of Corvinus Hollós Mátyás király Rex of Hungariae 1458 – 1490.

Why was this settlement ransacked and falsified into a number of strange and foreign names? Why did the ”barbarian” Hungarians deserved that? Or are the ”civilised” maybe hiding something more sinister than just to destroy the past of a region and its inhabitants? Maybe, just maybe.

Hollós is an unnamed suburb of Kikinda today. The Eastern part of the city. And Hollós was a local administrative center in the 17th century, during Ottoman administration. Read Milivoj Rajkov: The History of the city of Kikinda until 1918, (2003), Page 16. And read the Turkish Defter of that time.
Just like from **1904** the rightfull property of Kardos János in Topolya, here is made out to be purchased in 1920 and that it was not payed for...

**That Hungarian Pub was never ”Steigervald Inn”**

And that in **1935??** Kardos János transferred the title of his property to his **12 twelve years old grandson, when he was 53 years old!**

For Jacob the ’’outsider’’ János...

**Only the Kardos income and house and business and property was ’’not outsider’’...???

And the money from the Hungarians in the Hungarian Pub and the food from the ’’Kardos Kocsma’’ didn’t stink and didn’t “make him feel vomiting”?

**What a pathetic ”story”**
Above is a copy of page 47 from his first book:

The ”’Kardos Wirtshaus’” – Kardos kocsma was never ”’Gasthaus Steigerwald’”

In Topolya the German population was entertaining in the German ”’Wassa Wirtshaus’” – Német ”’Wassa kocsma’”
And the Hungarian dances and entertainment was always in the Hungarian ”’Kardos kocsma’”

Every elderly person in the village knows that even today.
The population was about 50-50 % Hungarian-German.
The Kardos family was a well to do hard working family. All seven siblings had own houses in the proximity of the village center. The father Kardos József and youngest son Péter owned the house next to the Village Cross - Falu Kereszt that the family paid for.
It takes a lot of very hard work to pay for a house like this. Even in the olden days, Kardos János was the rightfull owner of his property and Village Pub **from 1904 until his passing in 1957**. This was never Steigervald property – never.

The only way could the Hungarian Pub be a ’’Gasthaus’’ for the Steigervalds is, that they come to be the guests of Kardos János and forgot to go home. No wonder Kardos János was a frustrated and bitter man when forced to care for a family of eight.

It seems he was also very patient.
We will never know the truth as to why Kardos János was so disappointed with his first son-in-law at times, when from 1935?? he had to care and provide for all this Steigervald family of 8 – eight for the duration of 10 ten years.

Yes Kardos János lived separated from his wife Barbara Leitner, BUT they were NEVER officially divorced.

Grandmamma Barbara Leitner was also a hard working and well to do provider for her family.

Around 1952, Barbara was living in the household of her youngest son – the one that was 2 years old when she married Kardos János the Topolya Village Pub owner in October 1916.

By 1952 in that household was raised also her granddaughter, by then the around 10 years old Bálint Manci.

*Here is Kardos János in Manci’s memory today:*

*It was winter and it was New Years Day. Little children went on that day to greet and wish a Happy New Year to everybody they were close to. The adults were happy to see the smiling faces of little children, the pride and joy of every household. That custom is being observed to this present time of ours. Manci also went around the village with two girlfriends of hers. From every household they visited, a small New Years Day present was recieved. That was the added joy to this special occasion. Every child feels special when, for nice and well wishing kind words, in return is also lovingly spoken warm words and of course a present is offered. Round and round the streets in Topolya the three little girls went. And grandpa Kardos János’s house was also not missed. And Kardos János was the only one in the village who for the New Years gift gave paper money to the girls. ’’We didn’t get paper money from anybody else in the village, only Him.’’ ’’I can still see Him even today,’’ remembers Manci with a specially kind and softly spoken voice from the 20000 km distance that is parting our telephones – ’’how he reached his pocket and how he
was taking out his valet from his pocket and opened it and gave us paper money from it. He made us three girls feel so very happy. Write this also down Irénke”,- Manci is advising me in her disbelief as to what the world is reading about the Hungarian Pub and its occupants in the village of Topolya. Paper money was a huge and big thing in those days in our region. Not many children got to hold paper money in their hands, let alone to receive it as a gift.

That was something huge, another relative is telling me today.

Another Leitner granddaughter is remembering:
Her older sister got married in November 1954. She knows this date well because her Leitner Grandmamma was still dancing and ’’mulatott’’ had a good time at one of her many grandchild’s wedding, before her sudden passing in January 1955.
At that wedding Leitner Barbara’s and Kardos János’s son-in-law Szántó József was the best man.
Before her sister was married, Erzsi was also attending many of the village Ball’s that were held in the ”Kardos kocsma” dance hall. Their mother was always accompanying her daughter Veri, as the gardi mama always did. And the younger sister was also allowed to be there.
’’That was a very nice and clean Dance Hall.’’ One of the village musicians, today remembers the Hungarian Kardos János as well, nobody was ever cursing him. There was the popular violinist Lőrik Pista bácsi. He was one of the regular musicians there. And his grandson Veréb Pali was also following in his grandfathers footsteps later.
’’We used to play snow-balls in the Kardos Pub backyard’’- continues Erzsi, the Leitner granddaughter. ’’And made Snowman. That yard had the biggest and nicest pidgeon house, – dove-cot. It was a masterpiece. The only one of a kind in the village. That was in the 1950’s’’.
Another grandson of Barbara was asking to be contacted as he wished also to contribute to the Kardos Pub. His family was also always close with grandpa Kardos. With his wife Barbara, Kardos János made sure all of Bálint siblings had a trade in their hands. His only daughter was
respected by her five Bálint halfbrothers and their families. "Why didn’t they ring me?", he asked his sister. Sadly, Bálint Misi passed away in May 2013. We will always cherish his memory and thank him for his unspoken, kind words.

Relatives from Germany often travel to their Village to visit their relatives and the graves in the Cemetery, while at Kardos Gergő’s granddaughter’s house they were talking in disbelief as to what was written by these German, about our family.

Kardos Gergő had a son who was born in 1923. His name was also Gergő.

Kardos Gergő junior, as a young boy, helped out in his uncle’s "Kardos Pub" at the time when the roof had burned down.

This is proof that Kardos János had a good relationship with his brother Gergő, as well as with other siblings.

"There was never any mention of Germans there," states the granddaughter today.

**That house was insured. The insurance paid for the renovations.**

We did not ask one word about the circumstances there, the granddaughter just remembers what her father was telling them, as he was present at the time of the event.

Everyone is hugely surprised to hear the Steigerwald story about our family. Family members are asking themselves and others: "Why did he do this mockery to our family?"

"For the real estate property maybe?"

**We will never know. Were’re not interested either.**

We know that on that faithful day in the Hungarian Pub, there was a very ugly and very unfortunate love affair broll.

As a result of that broll, it was even a more unfortunate reality that in 1908 Anna Kardos born Fejes, the Landlady of the Kardos Pub found herself in the middle of that ugly broll. Did she try to protect someone? Did she tried to stop the fight? The event of more than 100 years ago, it is nobody’s business any more.

As it was nobody’s business in 1992 and in 2001, to rubbish and trumpet around the World the tragedy of people he has **NOTHING TO DO WITH.**
The authorities dealt with the tragedy, Kardos Gergő was found not guilty of purposely causing such harm states his granddaughter today. Someone had to leave the village, and Gergő was not allowed to leave the village for one year. That was the official verdict. Today we are proud of our forefathers, we are proud of everything they had to endure in their lives, in their own homes in their own village and in their own country. We will not do justice to our past, our history and our traditions if we leave out one more unclarified fact about our families past. We must know the difference between a Gasthaus, a Pub, an Inn and a Csárda. We are only interested to know that the Csárda was a Pub outside settlements and always near a main road. It provided a resting place for horses and food and drink for the travellers. Many of the Grait Plain of the Hungarian Alföld was renaund for the Csárda where the Betyárs (the Hungarian cowboy’s) found food, and shelter and hiding place often from the authorities.

In the villages there were three establishments that the authorities ordered: the Church, the School, and the Village Pub. These three establishments were also controlled by the authorities. Not everyone could randomly open a Pub because it was regulated and had to be insured. The house of Kardos János was especially designed and built to be a Village Pub.

It definitely had a pantry room on the original plan. No Steigervald or anyone else was able to add a pantry to the original pantry that was already THERE. No mockery can change the original house-plan. As a rule by the authorities, the Village Pub owners were under obligation to hire an employee whose duty was to serve the customers. That is why we heard that Kardos János always had some people working for him.

Our dear 93 years old aunt Viktoria also knew something more to these Steigervald situation in the Hungarian Pub. ”’That family was running into debt”’- ’’Azok el voltak adósodva.”’ Her speech was short, honest, firm but it was prompt.
Ács Viktoria born Veréb (1919-2013) passed away on 22.02.2013. The last time I visited her and talked with her was around 1955-58. We contacted her last year with our most unusual questions. Viktor néni helped us to put together many of the missing mosaic pieces.  

*May she rest in peace and continue to guard the events of our past.*  

Kardos János loved his grandson Steigervald ”’Szódás”’ Misi and cared for his grandson’s new family’s well being, and their future. And yet, -’”János had no teeth”’ writes a german-language-teacher in his 60’s and 70’s today, and that was also János’s fault. For crying out loud, it was wartime, and he spent his money on Steigervalds, instead on the Dentist. Who was attending Dentists in Topolya in those times??? Nobody! Nowhere! Right?  

**Never did Kardos János suspect that for everything he has done, one day a wicked deed would be his reward...**  

Also our most sincere gratitude goes to everyone who helped us collecting our knowledges about our Family members. The authorities were always approachable. But then, all we asked for were the names of ordinary village people and the dates of their birth’s and death’s. And also, a ’’Golden Man - Aranyember’’ was not only born as the fantastic romantic-hero of our great novel-writer Jókai Mór, but a GOLDEN MAN was also born in our TÓBA and NAVASZELLA, I mean to say in our TOPOLYA too.  

**The - topolyai Aranyember.**  

Without the wisdom of our dear relative by marriage, Kovács János sógorunk we would not have known even where to start looking for relatives born a century and a half ago. To his wife Kovács Borbála - dear Bora, we can only say a huge thank You for the countless hours of telephone conversations, our requests and further requests, for which You always had understanding and time to listen. For without Your help Bora and Erzsi and Manci, we would never be able to find out the names of our more than 150 years ago born great-greatparents. *Their blessed memory, the Jesus Cross on white marble in Topolya stands. Legacy of their offerings for the Village of today.*  

*And a photo is always telling a 1000 words.*  

A huge thank You to all our dear Family members.
Hungarian Village Wirtshaus – Village Pub
In einem Ungarischen Wirtshaus
Egy Alföldi Magyar Kocsmában
U jednu seosku Mađarsku Krčmu

Let’s just observe
human dignity and respect for all.

 Emberi méltóságot és megbeocsülést valamennyiünknk.

Szántóné Veréb Irén
Irene Szanto born Veréb
The last page will always remain empty. This is a remainder to all of us, never ever to forget, we must write and write and write. Then no-one can trample on our past.