

The Back-to-Home Movement Is Not for Hungarian Women

They've Always Stuck to the Home-Making Idea Instead of Tripping Around To Dances and Parties

Budapest, Nov. 29—"Back-to-home movement" seen as American women take up knitting, sewing. "Kinder, Kirche und Kuche, Germany's new rule for women." So go the headlines as the feminine world turns once more to home and fireside.

Beside the Danube in far-off Hungary, the average housewife reads and smiles "What's all the fuss about?" she says. "I've been doing that all my life."

And she has. For the majority of Hungarian women are not, as the movies would have us believe, slim, ankle temptresses, dancing a Viennese waltz through life. On the contrary—they are thrifty, intelligent home-makers, who seem to have been born with a mixing spoon in one hand and a needle in the other.

Walk into any Hungarian home and, in a dozen different ways, you will see evidence of the housewife's industry. On the table is a brilliantly colored cloth, covered with embroidery. At the windows hang delicate lace curtains, a frieze of peasant girls worked into the border. On the walls are framed bits of petit point, the soft colors cleverly blended to resemble oil paintings. Even the kitchen is not neglected. There one finds, embroidered in bright red or blue, the distinctive Hungarian sampler which, in gusty, humorous verse warps those who would fritter away the housewife's time. One, freely translated, reads "The neighbor woman who comes to gossip had better stay away, for this is a household where work is the order of the day."

Taught to Sew

For, as soon as her pudgy brown fingers can put the thread into the needle's eye, the little Hungarian girl is taught to sew. On cold winter evenings when the fire roars in the stove—on warm summer nights when gypsy music seems to fill the air—at odd moments between her lessons—the little girl sits next to her mother and is initiated into the intricacies of cross-stitch, feather-stitch, hemstitch, every imaginable kind of stitch. So through the years she advances in skill and ingenuity, until she is ready to begin her "stafirung."

This "stafirung" is one of the marvels of every Hungarian household. In theory it is like an old-fashioned American "hope chest." In practice it is three times as large, a great tall cabinet, completely filled with handmade pieces.

Enough for Life

Dozens of sheets and pillow cases, hundreds of handkerchiefs, innumerable tablecloths, bedspreads, towels, curtains, stuff it to overflowing. Lovely underthings fill every spare inch of space. Fruit of a thousand winter evenings' work, embroidered and monogrammed with patience and artistry, it goes with the young bride to her new home a wedding gift to herself. And, though she lives to be a hundred, she never succeeds in wearing out every piece of it!

The Hungarian girl's education, however, does not end when she learns to "sew a fine seam." She learns how to wield her mixing spoon with as much skill as her needle. Born with that uncanny flair for cooking which the Hungarians seem to possess, she finds that part of her training comparatively easy. Before she is sixteen she can prepare a succulent goulash, season a paprika chicken to perfection, bake a strudel which literally "melts in one's mouth." By the time she is twenty, she is a past master in these arts.

By that time, too, she is well versed in the routine of the Hungarian household. In the spring comes the "big cleaning," when the house is practically turned upside down and every feather quilt is sunned and aired for days. In the summer begins the "preserving season," a round of continual preparation for the winter.

As soon as a fruit or vegetable reaches its ultimate ripeness—and the Budapest housekeeper knows that date as well as any peasant in the

provinces—the feminine world goes en masse to the weekly "market," held each Sunday. There, after much delightful bargaining and counting of pence, the housewife secures her plums, or tomatoes, or peaches. By noon of next day, her shiny jars stand—filled and sealed, on the kitchen table, waiting to be put into the commodious pantry which is part of every Hungarian home.

A Joy to Behold.

Like the "stafirung," the pantry is a joy to behold. Every fruit and vegetable is represented, with room left over for a few jugs of delicious wine. Queen of the pantry is the lowly pickle, without which no Hungarian dinner can be complete. And lady-in-waiting to the pickle is the spicy pickled green pepper, favorite of the men.

With the autumn comes the "tarhonya" season. "Tarhonya," let it be explained, is a sort of needle, cut into tiny pebble-like pieces, which serves as a substitute for potatoes and noodles. Early in September a husky peasant woman is sent for and, aided by the mistress of the household, makes from thirty to fifty kilos of the tasty yellow stuff in a day. Then, for days, the "tarhonya" is spread out to dry, covering every available table with a yellow snow which is not stored away until it attains the desirable brittle hardness which means perfection.

In the Autumn

In the autumn, too, the house is once more cleaned and scrubbed until the very walls shine. So the winter comes in, and with it the open season for embroidery.

Such, broadly, is the life of the average Hungarian housewife. Often, she still makes her own bread, great loaves of it which are sent to the baker for baking. Instead of sending her clothes to the laundry each week, she has an enormous monthly wash day, when the whole family arises at five to get the fires going under the boiler, and to begin the twelve-hour task of rubbing the family linen to the proper state of whiteness. She has no electrical refrigeration and rarely boasts of steam heat or running hot water. Electrical aids, such as those enjoyed by American women, are practically unknown to her. Almost from childhood on, her life centers on the three "k's" of "kinder, kirche und kuche."

For recreation she has concerts, where she indulges her musical soul in everything from gypsy tunes to opera; movies, where she gets a glimpse of the weird life in distant America; trips to Austria and Italy, where she revels in new recipes. She knows neither cocktails nor first nights, neither psychoanalysts nor reducing diets. Yet she is completely happy.

And, in that neat little home of hers, reading of the "Back to Home Movement," she is puzzled and a little amused.

"Why," she says, smiling, "what's all the fuss about? 'I've been doing that all my life.'"

SYDNEY, N.S., Nov. 29—Plans of the Nova Scotia government to go after tourist traffic in a big way were outlined here tonight by Hon. A. S. MacMillan, minister of highways. "It is our intention to spend more money next year in advertising and publicity," he told the Cape Breton Tourist Association, "and for this purpose the staff and resources of the information bureau likely will be increased."

"Amherst is reorganizing today, Halifax last week, while other sections of the province are getting their affairs in order for the tourist traffic of the year which we will attempt to bring here next year."

"We also propose to have a tourist bureau at the Strait of Canso and to have some one in charge there that is entirely independent of any other section of the province. This should materially assist the tourist trade in Cape Breton."

TYPICAL ENGLISH VILLAGE IS NOW BEING RESTORED

National Trust Puts West Wycombe Back to 17th Century Style — It Is Now Practically An Open-air Museum

West Wycombe, Eng., Nov. 29—Singed out for preservation by the National Trust as a perfect example of the typical English village of the seventeenth century, or the time when the Pilgrim Fathers set sail for the New World, this little Buckinghamshire community of the West Wycombe has been transformed into what is virtually an open air museum-piece or national monument. This is the first instance in this country of an entire village being taken over bodily by the National Trust. The recent restoration of its old cottages has given West Wycombe the outward look of a village that went to sleep for three hundred years and then awoke without any loss of character in the twentieth century. All these cottages dating from the period of the Mayflower are now let by the National Trust to tenants.

Further interest is given to West Wycombe by its connection with one of the curious developments of the eighteenth century, the so-called Hell Fire Clubs, of which there were several, including one in Dublin. The eccentric founder and "High Priest" of the Hell Fire Club which met at West Wycombe was Sir Francis Dashwood, afterward Lord le Despencer. Memories of this oddly among men of affairs are still kept alive here by the strange-looking church and even stranger mausoleum built by him on a hilltop overlooking the village. The hill itself is honeycombed with caves where, if the stories of the period are to be believed, the secret meetings of the club were held.

Thousands of American visitors to Great Britain have motored through the picturesque main street of West Wycombe on their way from London, to Oxford astride the West Country. The village lies in a fold of the Chiltern Hills, 32 miles from London, astride the main highway from the metropolis to Oxford, along which traffic has passed from the days of the Roman legions to the automobiles and long-distance luxury buses of the present day. This village has never been a Sleepy Hollow although modernity has passed it by and the bow windows of its seventeenth century inns and red brick cottages are reminiscent of the days when chaises, the Oxford mail coach and the equipage of the landed gentry constituted the only traffic that clattered through its single main street.

The Hell Fire Clubs

In March, 1929, the entire village was bought by the Royal Society of Arts, which restored many of the cottages. The property, which has now been taken over by the National Trust, includes the manor house, a magnificent Queen Anne residence, several shops, the three village inns and fifty-two cottages. The interest attached to this unique relic of a bygone era as well as to its strange hilltop church and the caves of the Hell Fire Club has brought increasing numbers of visitors here in recent years.

The leading spirit in the foundation of the eccentric Hell Fire Club of West Wycombe, which also called itself the "Monks of St. Francis," was Sir Francis Dashwood, the owner of West Wycombe House, who in later years actually became Chancellor of the Exchequer and asserted without contradiction that he was the most influential holder of that office in the English history.

This association of gay sparks and aristocratic young bloods, which was founded in 1742, took the name of an earlier club which has been suppressed in 1721 after a short but hectic existence. The members of the resurrected Hell Fire Club held some of their meetings at Medmenham Abbey, a disused medieval monastery close to the River Thames and a few miles from West Wycombe, and in all probability in the caves beneath the church of St. Lawrence, at West Wycombe itself.

Perfect Setting for Mystery

The entrance to these tunnels, which are believed to date back to a much earlier period than that of the Hell Fire Club, is an old ruin in the side of the hill which dominates the village of West Wycombe. The first tunnel connects a series of caverns and ter-

minates in one larger than the rest, with a high vaulted roof. The self-designated "Monks of St. Francis," according to the stories current at the time, caused considerable excitement in this peaceful neighborhood by their secret ceremonies, of which little is known except that they were probably of a mock religious character.

Some of the leading lights among them were Sir William Stanhope; John Wilkes, at one time a member of Parliament; two poets, Lloyd and Paul Whitehead, and a Dr. Benjamin Bates. The antics of the club finally created such an uproar throughout the country that it was forced to disband. It was after its dissolution that Sir Francis Dashwood, its president, entered Parliament.

The dominating features of West Wycombe are the church and stone mausoleum built on the hilltop by the eccentric Dashwood in 1763, after he had been created Baron le Despencer, to expiate the misdeeds of his youth. He built the church immediately after resigning from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he held in the Marquess of Bute's ministry of 1762-1763. During his period of office he appears to have been a constant target for wisecracks both inside and outside of Parliament, and, according to one of his contemporaries, he was "a man to whom a sum of figures was an impenetrable secret." His only budget was received with shouts of laughter and was, in fact, the cause of the downfall of Bute's ministry.

A Strange Mausoleum

The church is built on the site of a much earlier structure and forms a landmark which can be seen over several counties. The top of the rather unusual looking tower, 646 feet above sea level, is mounted by a huge hollow golden ball, which, so the story runs, was another meeting place of the Hell Fire Club. It is large enough to hold fifteen men.

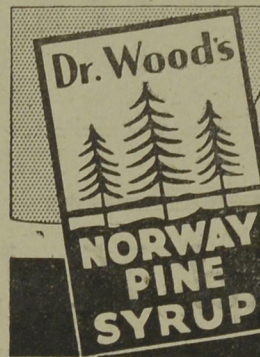
Adjacent to the churchyard is the extraordinary stone mausoleum which is the crowning example of the first Lord le Despencer's eccentricity. It was erected in 1763 with money left by George Bubb Doddington, the first Lord Melcombe Regis, who had been a leading spirit in the Hell Fire Club. It is a roofless, hexagonal structure, large enough inside to contain a tennis court. Niches in the wall contain imitation funeral urns, and there are also monuments to Lord le Despencer, his three wives and his daughter. In the grass-grown center of the mausoleum is a monument to the poet Paul Whitehead, also a member of the Hell Fire Club, who, on his death, bequeathed his heart to Lord le Despencer, his patron.

By Lord Despencer's order the poet's heart was wrapped in lead, and in 1775 it was placed in a marble urn here to the accompaniment of a mock funeral service in which choristers, a military band, two German flute players and a platoon of soldiers took part. Guns were discharged every three minutes as this strange procession wound its way laboriously up the steep hill to the mausoleum and the band played the "Dead March" in Saul. In succeeding years the urn was often removed from its niche for the edification of visitors, but in 1829 some one stole it and it was never recovered. Since that time the mausoleum has remained locked, though its interior can be seen through the iron gates.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 28—Hearing of a case against Peter Veregin, Doukhobor leader, on a charge of assaulting Fritz Ammeter, his former secretary-interpreter, and causing him actual bodily harm, was adjourned until Friday in police court today.

KINGSVILLE, Ont., Nov. 28—Chas. Gould, 23-year-old Gosfield South Township farmer, was under arrest here today on charge of writing an extortion note.

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NOTICE OF SALE

To LOUIS K. STERLING, of the Town of Devon, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Railway Employee, and ANNIE M. STERLING his wife, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of March, A.D. 1928, and made between the said Louis K. Sterling and Annie M. Sterling his wife, of the first part, and John H. Stone, of the said Town of Devon, Gentleman, of the second part, and duly recorded in the York County Records in Book 204 at page 289, under number 80393, which said Indenture of Mortgage was assigned to the undersigned Ernest A. Belyea, of the said Town of Devon, Machinist, by Owen Reid Stone and Alfred H. Stone, as Executors of the last Will of the said John H. Stone, by Indenture dated the twenty-first day of September, A.D. 1932, registered in the York County Records in Book 218, at page 151, under number 84745, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, contrary to the provisions of the said Indenture, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall in the County of York, on MONDAY, the THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1934, at the hour of TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage and Assignment thereof, as follows:

"ALL that certain lot or parcel of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Gibson aforesaid, and described as follows: to-wit, Fronting on the westerly side of Barker street and known and distinguished as lot number three upon a plan of building lots, prepared by A. G. Beckwith, being 58 feet 3 inches in width and extending back from said Street on the Northerly side 110 feet and on the Southerly side 113 feet."

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or appertaining.

Dated at the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, this Twenty-ninth day of October, A.D. 1934.
(Sgd.) ERNEST A. BELYEA,
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