

NEWS FROM HUNGARY.

It was the day of days on a Hungarian collective farm, which is one of the biggest in the country. Work was forgotten, and there was a mass wedding.

Seven brides for seven farmers. Romantic memories stirred the oldest hearts as, in Holy Matrimony, fourteen happy people were joined together. Not all together, of course; that would have been too much, even for a collective farm. But it was more economical to share the expenses of the wedding pictures. Nobody had any mind for ploughing or milking, nor harvest, yet awhile.

As the traditional feast of sheep and paprika was to be shared by all on the farm, outdoor cooking was the only way. And what a feast it turned out to be.

Guest of honour was no less than the President of Hungary himself, Istvan Dobi, bringing the congratulations of the government. As to the wedding presents, the only difficulty was to remember whose where which. Perhaps that applied to the brides as well.

After the cake had circulated in style, it wouldn't have been a jelly Hungarian wedding without national music.

Remember? That day sixty years ago?