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GLAMOROUS BUDAPEST

THE Budapest of the Magyars is a curious captivating and intriguing mixture of the romantic and the modern, the ancient and the new. It is colourful, temperamental, silent and loud, tranquil and virile, hospitable and haughty—a city full of contrasts: shrill, surprising contrasts.

To-day, Hungary is small, mutilated and, so far as world politics go, almost insignificant. But there was a time when she was powerful and rich in Europe, when the splendour of her kings' court rivalled that of the Medicis, when her royal library was the largest in the world. And the Hungarians remember their past, they dream continuously of recapturing their bygone glory. And their dreams are reflected in stone and song.

No traveller can call himself well-travelled unless he has seen Budapest. And not merely because of the beauty of its geographical position, not only because of its health springs; not because of the famed Hungarian cuisine, or even because of its Roman ruins. But because, by some magic, it unites the metropolitan and the rural, the sophisticated and the idyllic into a distinct and unique blend.

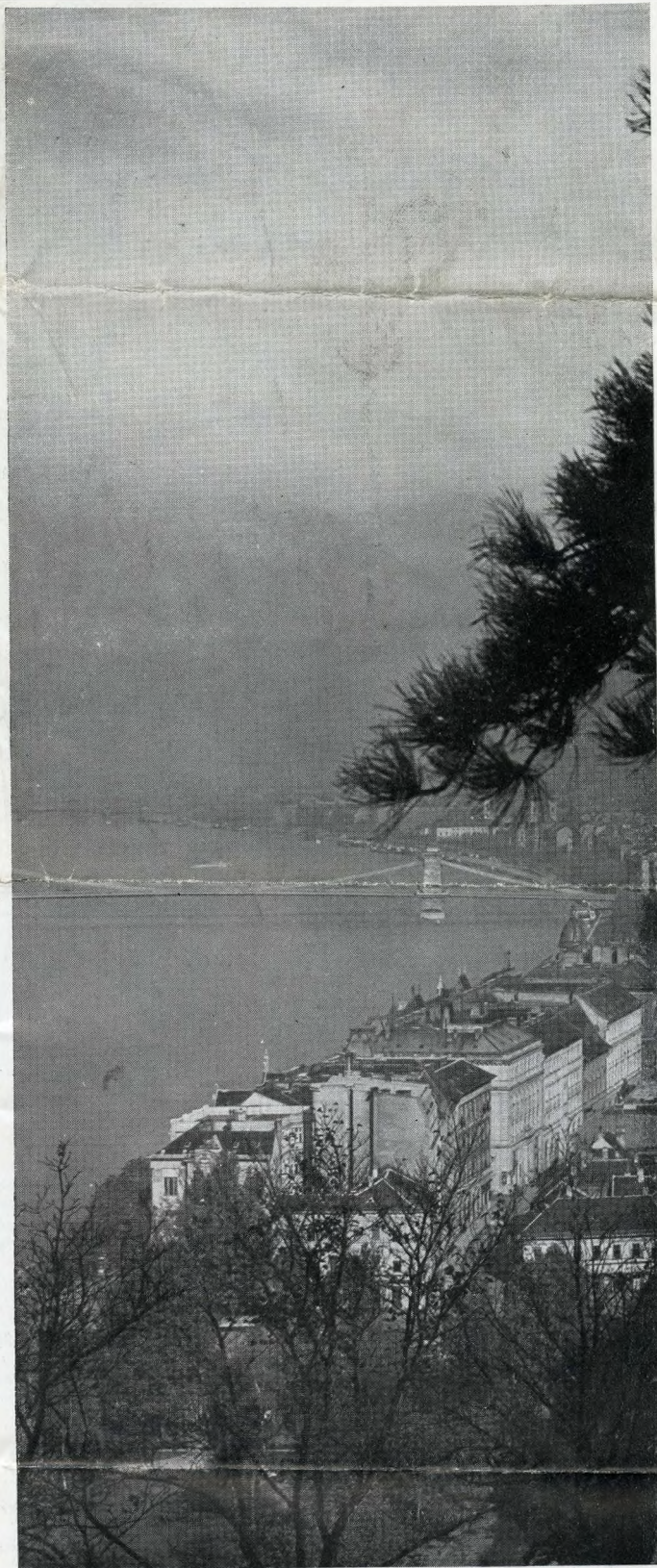
Scarcely five hours from Vienna by train and barely ninety minutes by aeroplane, the traveller will find a city that, for all its Western civilisation, possesses an Oriental suggestion, in the air, in the movements and gestures, in the leisurely tempo of life, in the almost reverential admiration of luxury.

They have built a capital in which to enjoy themselves. They enjoy wine and enjoy good food, they know how to flirt, how to spend hours in the gardens of summer restaurants, on the terraces of *confiseries*, in the halls of the sumptuously appointed cafés, on the dancing floors of night-clubs. They live charmingly, gracefully, and dazzlingly—whatever the state of their pockets.

A CITY OF ELEGANCIES

Of course, not all of them live in the land of make-believe. The aristocrats, the magnates of commerce, industry, and high finance, do not need to fall back on pretences. But they are few in a city that, with its suburbs, has a population of a million and two hundred thousand. It is the reckless and magnificent abandon with which the

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A GALLANT CITY

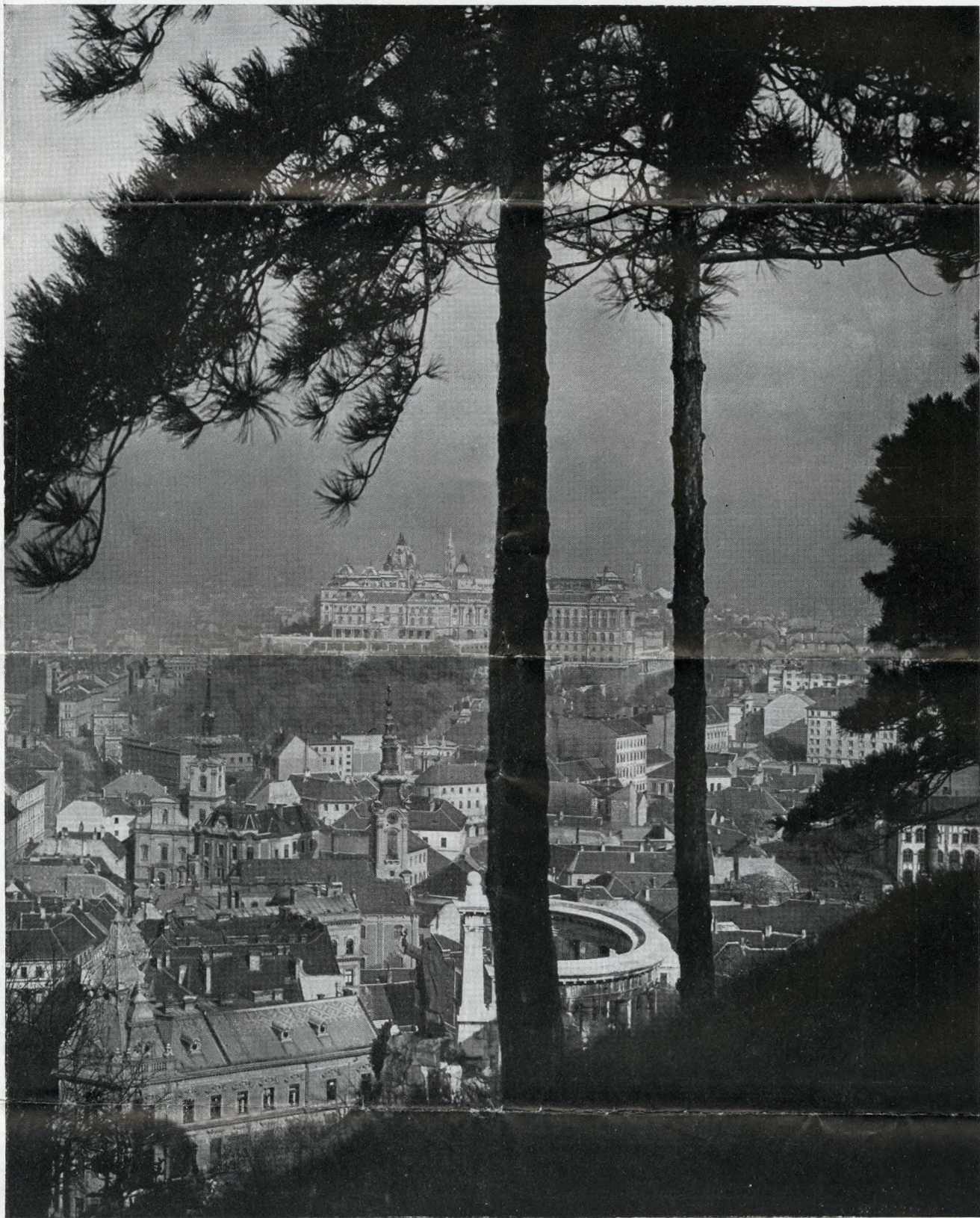
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upper strata of the bourgeoisie follow in their footsteps that lends Budapest its characteristic air.

True, the pace is set by the aristocrats, the Princes Esterházy, Windisch-Graetz, the Margraves, Pallavicini, the Counts Károlyi, Zichy, Festetics, Széchényi, Salm, Bethlen, Bánffy, Andrassy, Csáky, and by the industrial magnates, the Barons Hatvany, Kohner, Madarassy-Beck. But they are eagerly and not at all clumsily—oh, no, not imitated, but followed.

The attention of the waiters is most conspicuous in the myriads of cafés, restaurants, night-clubs, and *confiseries* that dot the city; with innate charm, they somehow manage to give you the impression that they have done everything just to please you. For Budapest is a city of cafés. Nowhere else in all the world will you find them in such abundance as in the capital of the Magyars. For the Budapest café is, indeed, his second home to the Magyar, this institution luxuriously equipped to gratify his inborn desire for comfort. It is the place where he transacts his business, consults his lawyers, begins—and frequently ends—his *affaires de cœur*, writes his newspapers, his books. In short: where he lives. GEORGE HALASZ



HUNGARIAN RAILWAYS

ON THE BLOND DANUBE