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COLLEGE NEWS

OF
THE ENGLISH BOARDING
SCHOOL



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Note: In this issue of the College News over 20% of the students of the Internátus have made contributions. The Staff appreciates such a fine spirit of co-operation.

The Editor.

VII. 157

COLLEGE NEWS

EDITOR: TIBOR BODOR
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EDITORIAL.

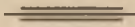
At the California Institute of Technology such a telescope is being built that will see 640,000 times farther than the human eye. To fancy this tremendous vision, imagine yourself standing on one side of Rakoczy Street looking at a sign which is on the other side. With this large telescope you could see, from Rakoczy Street, this same sign if it were in Calcutta. This large telescope will enable astronomers to see more in the heavens than has ever been revealed before.

If there is one thing an Education should give to a young man, it should be the aptitude to look with an intelligent mind into his future. To determine what the future will be in our ever changing world requires that type of mind which is alive and capable of grasping the significance of present day events.

The keynote in looking forward is contained in the continuous effort on the part of the young student to educate himself. Education is not ended with graduation ; on the contrary it is only the beginning. As Dr. Butler President of Columbia University once remarked, „If a man's curve of efficiency is ascending at 45, and keeps on ascending just after that period, it may well move upward for his whole life ; but if there is a turn downward at 45 he will never recover.“

It may surprise one to know that young men are often older than old men. It is true that physically, men begin to decline at the age of 40, but mentally some men and women never grow old. If upon self-examination, a man finds that his thoughts and reflections in solitude turn more to the past than to the future, then he is growing old. If a man's mind is filled with memories and reminiscences instead of future thoughts, then he is beyond the advancing stage in life.

We must keep our minds alive if we never want to grow old. A young man who is continually curious and who thinks always in respect to the future will never worry about senility.



STAFF OF THE ANGOL-INTERNÁTUS

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MR. ISTVÁN ZANA

VALETE.

- Lajos I. Borbás** 18 Sas Street, Budapest V. A student of the Internátus for three years. For two years member of the School Orchestra. In 1935 won Ski-ing Race, and Skating Championship. Captain of the Ice Hockey Team in 1936. Future plans are to study in a Textile High School.
- István Csóry** Megyaszó, Zemplén County. Student of the Internátus for one year, but Gymnasium student for eight years. In 1935 Vice-Secretary of the Sport Society. Secretary of the „Erdélyi“ Debating Society in 1935. Vice-President of the Rákóczy Society in 1935 and President in 1936. President of the S. D. G. in 1936. Future plans are to study Theology.
- Miklós Faragó** 39 Benczur Street. Budapest VI. Student of the Internátus for two years. Member of the School Orchestra for two years. Captain of Ice Skating in 1936. Vice-President of the Internátus Boys Club in 1936. Future plans are to study law.
- László Mándy** Szent Lőrincz, County of Baranya. Student of the Internátus for three years. In 1936 Captain of the Tennis Team. Member of the A. S. C. Future plans are to study Agriculture.
- Dezső Mészöly** 3 Tabor Street, Szeged. Student of the Internátus for three years. President of the „Erdélyi“ Debating Society. The school artist, poet, and actor. Chairman of the Student Ball Committee in 1936. His poetry has appeared in the „Ifjusági Közlöny“. Future plans are to study Theology and Art.

Endre Nagy

Felsőgalla, Komárom County. Student of the Internátus for four years. In 1934 Secretary of the Sport Society of the Sixth Class. 1935 Secretary of the Rákóczy Society. Secretary of the „Erdélyi“ Debating Society in 1935. Vice President of the Sport Society in 1935. Champion of the 100 metre Race. Has written for the „Ifjusági Közlöny“. Future plans are to study Law.

Baron Frigyes Vay

Megyeháza, Debrecen. Student of the Internátus for five years. Captain of the Tennis team in 1935. Member of the A. S. C. Held a lecture at the Rákóczy Society on Francis Liszt. Treasurer of the „Erdélyi“ Debating Society in 1936. Future plans are to study Law.

VALEDICTORY LETTER

By *Sándor Liphay* VII. Class.

Dear Graduates,

There is nothing more heart-breaking than when friends must part. After bidding farewell they go off upon a new way, different from that which they have walked together.

You, the graduates, are bidden farewell. It is not so much the parting from the boys who were not only your class mates, but from those with whom you have lived. This living together has built up such bonds of friendship which will last a life time.

We are sorry you are leaving us, in the first place, because of the personal contacts which will be broken up in your absence, and secondly, because the Internátus will feel the loss of your „spirit.“ It is for us who are remaining behind to propagate the good example which you have set for us. We bid you the best of luck and Godspeed for the new experiences of life which you will encounter.

Fraternally yours,
The Seventh Class.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

By *Fred Rapoch* VII. Class.

It is always a great problem to find books which suit the tastes of every boy. For this number of our paper I have found two interesting books. The title of the first one is, „The Jungle Book“ by Rudyard Kipling.

I think that everybody has heard about Kipling and his book. During his youth he spent many years in India. There he became inspired to write stories about jungle life. The hero, Mowgli, and his companions (all animals) take the leading role in the story. Mowgli, the young boy, who gets lost in the jungle, grows up under the care

of a wolf family. Father Wolf, Tabagui, Akela (The Lone Wolf), etc., find a place in our hearts. Kipling contributes to the liveliness of the story by letting his animals talk like human beings. His imagination in creating the excited jungle nights, the council of animals, and the home of the Wolf family gives the reader many exciting moments. Every boy who has the opportunity to read this book will find it such that he will never want to pause even to sleep.

The second book which I am recommending is an auto-biography, a book written for people who are interested in life and its problems. „The Story of San Michele“ by Axel Munthe has such a beautiful style that one almost feels the author speaking as he lives in the pages of the book. Upon finishing the book a deep admiration is felt for Dr. Munthe that makes one feel as though he would want to read it again.

ON CO-OPERATION

By *Anthony Wollner* V. Class.

Youthful organisations always run into difficulties during their process of organising. This difficulty lies in the lack of co-operation and in criticism on the part of individuals who seek by this criticism to break down instead of building.

Many times criticism against an organisation creates a fighting force within it, which enables it to survive and even thrive. But there is also another form of criticism. This is constructive criticism which is sought and appreciated by any organisation which desires to grow and expand.

It does not take a great amount of intelligence to criticise destructively. But to have constructive thoughts requires a certain amount of wisdom seasoned by good common sense and sound judgement.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

By *Mihály Székely* President of the Boys Club.

Looking back over this school-year one of the most interesting events that has happened has been the foundation of the Angol-Internátus Boys Club, last January. As a new organisation without any experience, the Club found itself faced with many difficulties. These have been overcome by everybody working together and giving of their best. This is not the place to report on the various activities of the different branches of the Club, but there is no doubt that each branch has made great progress. If we continue in the same way, there is every reason for great hopes in the future.

Although the Club is still very young, a definite organization has been formed. Considering the various difficulties which have been over-

come in every branch, it is impossible not to continue advancing toward the high ideals, which everybody wishes to reach.

If everybody continues to work together in the same spirit of helpfulness, it is sure that membership in the Club will prove to be worth while.

EXTRACT FROM MR. FULTON'S LETTER

Deanfield,
Londonderry,
N. Ireland,
England.
15 th. April. 1936.

Dear Bodor and Rapoch.

Very many thanks for the „College News“ received. You have no idea how delighted I am to be made aware of this new effort on the part of the English side of the Internátus. It is certainly a step in the right direction and an advance, and, indeed, just such an innovation as I should myself have worked to introduce. Please accept my heartiest congratulations. I hope the magazine may prosper and grow.

— — — — — I should be very pleased to get letters from any of the boys I taught, and any correspondence would be good for your English.

With very best wishes for the success of the magazine, and kindest regards to all the boys and girls, who were once my pupils, and to the members of the staff whom I knew.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) Robert J. Fulton.

St. LÁSZLÓ AND THE CUMANIANS

By *Gábor Tóth* V. Class.

Hungary had a very good and brave king towards the end of the eleventh century. His name was St. László, and many strange things happened to him while he was yet a prince. At this time Soloman was king of Hungary, and during his reign the Cumanians or Kuns very often invaded Transylvania. These Kuns were horsemen and fought very bravely. They used to invade neighbouring lands, and to rob and burn villages.

Once, a band of these Kuns came on a plundering raid. Loaded with treasure, they started back on their way home when László learned of it, and taking a small troop of good soldiers, he began to pursue them. Very soon he overtook them and wanted to get back the stolen treasure. But this was not so easy as he at first thought, for the Kuns wanted to keep the treasure and fought very bravely. At last, László's small troop had to retreat, because many of them had died, and there were too few left against the army of the Kuns. But László only noticed this after he had been surrounded by the Cumanian sol-

diers. He then fought more furiously, than ever, and made his escape as soon as he could. But it seemed as though the Kuns would surely catch him, when at this critical moment the earth opened behind him, and his pursuers were swallowed up into its depths. This gap in the earth, near Torda, is still to be seen to-day.

INDIAN LIFE

By *László Zombory* V. Class.

The Indian Club was organised to teach the boys the life and ways of the Indian. Everbody has the desire to live in the open as his ancesters once did. Our modern civilisation does not give expression to this desire because we are always living indoors. Thus in practice, the art of living out has gradually died away. To recall the past experiences of how our ancesters lived out brings joy and pleasure to boys. So we have tried to bring as many outdoor experiences to light as we possible could. The arts and crafts of Indian days still have a great influence over boys who are naturally anxious to create things.

This has been the purpose of the Indian Club. Not only in knowing the life of those great outdoor people, but in trying to live the character from which we have much to learn.

THE TWO BRAVE BOYS

By *Gábor Prónay* IV. Class.

(The story is written exclusively for the „College News.“)

The sky is quite red from the rising sun. A fine breath is in the air. Two ragged boys are slowly walking up a winding path on the side of a huge mountain. They seem to be tired. At last they arrive at a forest which is at the foot of a mountain. They sit down under a big tree. Their dogs (they have two dogs, a white and a black one) are running to and fro to find a hare. One of the boys, who is about twelve, a fair haired, thin little boy, says to his brother, „I hope we shall find a place to sleep and some food soon. I am very hungary!“ Just now the white dog is running towards them; he brings a hare. They cook it and eat it with pleasure. They lie down with the happy thought that perhaps to-morrow they will succeed in finding him for whom they have been searching for so long. These two boys have no mother because she died a long time ago, and their father is in prison. They want to free him. They are already near the town in which he is a captive, held by the Turks. The Turks have captured the whole of Transylvania, and now they leave the towns with many slaves, and they are to return later.

As the boys wake up they see two men standing at their feet, and their dogs are howling. The two guards take them to Ali Pasha.

Nobody cares for them except one man. He looks at them for a long time, and then suddenly he makes a sign which only the two boys notice. They recognise him: it is their father.

Ali looks at them with searching eyes. At last he says that they are captured and they have to follow his camp. The boys take no heed of Ali's words, they only think about their father. How near he is and yet how far! All at once they feel two strong men catch hold of them and tie them up, and they are thrown into a cart. Now they find how weak they really are.

It is getting dark and the moon and the stars are coming out. The cart rolls on. The boys look out and see their father in the front beside the driver. They are only waiting until the Turks stop to rest. Half an hour passes and the Turks stop. They are making camp for the night. Soon all are asleep. Now the time has come. The fair-headed boy whistles to his dog which is lying in the straw at the back of the cart. He recognises his master, jumps immediately to his feet, and licks his hands. The boy makes him chew the ropes which bind him. It is hard but at last it is successful. In this way both boys are freed. They immediately jump out of the cart and run to their father. They untie the ropes that bind him. The work has to be done quickly. They run to the horses and all three ride away. But it is too late, the Turks awake and pursue them. It is a long hard ride, the horses are tired, and cannot go further. The father takes his gun and shoots one of the Turks who falls dead from his horse. But at the same time the father falls from his horse. Now there are only two against nine.

At the break of day two brave boys lie dead on the green grass beside their father. Two dogs are howling bitterly, and only the Angels can see in them a happy family.

DIÁKSZEM (Student Eye)

By *John Diner* III Class.

„Diákszem, Diákszem“, cried every third class boy on the 29th of February. But oh! Why should I begin at the end? Is it not better to begin at the beginning? Now then!

It was a nice day as the boys were walking along Rákóczy Street. Everybody could see that they were talking about something. They were talking about a class newspaper. The next day the idea was put to the class and they accepted it. Three days later, after the next meeting enough money was collected, from among the boys, to print the first issue. Mr. Hegyi, our patron, wrote the leading article in which he stated that everybody should write something good for the „Diákszem“. Every third class boy was very happy and it was everybody's wish to write something.

The second number also appeared and for the second time everybody was happy. But oh! „There is no rose without a thorn“, and also

no newspaper without another newspaper. After the second edition of the „Diákszem“ the boys of the V Class also made a newspaper. The name of it was „Kronika“, but it was not successful because after the second number it died.

But oh! the nice Spring days. Everybody went to play football, handball, tennis, or to swim or to row. Who thought of the „Diákszem“?! But after three or four weeks the third number appeared. Now we have more than fourteen pengős and for the third time everybody is happy. Money is much, but not everything. The success of the „Diákszem“ must not only be in money, but also in the good articles that are in it.

However, as I have said before during these nice Spring days everybody (even me) thinks not about the „Diákszem“, but how much he can play. But even in spite of these things a few boys have written some nice articles for the fourth issue which will appear in the next few days. I wish that the „Diákszem“ will remain always with the boys who have started it and that when we have graduated it shall pass on to another class which will carry on the good name of the „Diákszem“.

SPRING

By *László Gaskó* III Class.

The so much expected Spring, a new life, the friend of the boys, and the enemy of the old masters has come. Every warning is in vain. Maths, Hungarian Verse, or Conjugation is all taught in vain. Spring is here reviving the whole world from its deep sleep. The trees in the school park are wearing their new clothes. The heart of the student beats stronger. He becomes happier and gayer again. It is not the bare Autumn, the cold Winter, nor the hot Summer which causes this great change, but the Spring. The life bringing fairy. The fresh air makes the boys desirous to walk in the school garden and the football field finds the boys running to and fro. On the Tennis Courts life is also vigorous because soon the matches will begin.

The old gloomy Bodrog is now inviting those who wish to swim. Some boys are already bathing and rowing. Spring is somewhat like this, but one would have to write much more about the full effects of Spring.

IN THE ZOO

By *Róbert Halmi* II Class.

When the little boy goes into the Zoo he is very much afraid. First there is a very big noise, lions roaring, tigers roaring, elephants bellowing, monkeys squeaking, and queer birds squawking. Then he sees a very large animal. But when his mother says to him, „You can ride on the elephant's back“ then the little boy is happy, and he is no longer afraid of the big animal.

But when the big boy goes into the Zoo he is nearly a hero, because he is not afraid of the animals, and he bravely gives food to them. And he does not cry when the tiger comes to the front of his cage and yells, but he says, „Shut up“, and it goes away.

And lastly, when the big man (perhaps he has a big black moustache) goes into the Zoo, he is not afraid, but he is very careful not to go too near the cage. When the little child will give some food to the animals he says angrily, „Do not give it food you stupid boy, the animal will bite! Give it to me and I will give it to him.“ Now I ask you, boys, Does the animal know who is the child and who is the father? He will bite the father just like the child. Why does he not let the child give the food to the animal? Now I tell you boys; because he is more careful.

THE STORY OF TWO FLIES

By *Lóránd Juhász* and *Gábor Kende* Students of the II Class.

In the kitchen there was a great silence. The only sound to be heard was the talk of two quarreling flies. The older one would not let the younger one eat of a big loaf of bread that was on the kitchen table. But the little one was hungry and wanted to eat from the bread. Then the bigger one became angry and flew after the little one. But the little fly was wise and hid himself behind the glass of the window. The other silly fly flew against the glass, and fell down into a tub of water, which the maid had put there not long before, when she was washing the dresses. The awkward fly could not swim out of the water. Now the little fly was happy and ate as much as she could.

From this story you can learn that the older is not always the victor.

THE FARMER AND HIS CHILDREN

By *István Hetey* II Class.

Once upon a time there was a farmer. This farmer had three children. Two of them were very bad and foolish, and only the third was wise and good.

When their father died, the two foolish boys began to quarrel and fight. They both quarreled very much, and drank very much wine also. One time they found that they had become beggars. Then they went to a thick wood, and whenever rich people came along they killed them. But one time very many people came to this wood, and caught the bad brothers, who were very afraid and killed themselves.

The wise boy went away from the farm and left the fighting brothers behind on the farm. He went into a village and then went into a post office. There he worked very industriously, and got enough money to live. He married a beautiful lady, and after a few years they had a family.

Now we see from this tale that we must work very industriously if we want to live.

REPORT OF SCOUTS AT UJHELY

By *Lajos Bottka III Class.*

It was not pleasant to wake up before 7 o'clock but we did it with some difficulty. We went to the school square and from there to the station. We got into a special carriage. In the neighbouring compartment some of the boys began to sing, and we closed the door for it was a terrible noise. Meanwhile the train started and after a time we reached Ujhely. From the station we went to the football ground. There with some scolding, shouting, and repeating of orders we took part in the festival. After this we marched to the church, to the music of a brass band. When the church service was over we placed a wreath on the statue of heroes. Then we went back to the football field.

After the festival there were races; a carriage race, relay race; and then we had a tent competition. Our company won two prizes. For the mid-day meal we went to the hostel. It was very hot. Somebody said that we must walk a long way, and that we should eat our poor dinner immediately. The dinner really was bad, and nobody had an appetite to eat it except Prónay who ate two dishes of soup. In the afternoon we all came together and there was singing. After that we went back to the town and there we walked for five minutes. Then we returned to the station where we waited for one hour. Finally we arrived back at Sárospatak sometime after 8 o'clock.

S P O R T S

By *Tibor Kovács* Sport Editor for the „College News.“

TENNIS

Since the Easter Holidays the tennis players have been very industrious. Some of them reached good form; namely Székely, who won the Internátus Championship, Liphay, Wollner, and Bekény. Unfortunately serious tournaments could not be held. There was, however, a match with the M. O. V E. sport team of Sárospatak which the home team, the A. S. C., won. One or two more matches are being planned. An Internátus Championship for the lower classes is now being played.

ROWING

A few weeks ago the ever popular sport of rowing started on the river Bodrog. Forty-three members of the A. S. C. are taking part in it. On Sundays there are all day rowing trips which are always a lot of fun. During the next vacation, Whitsuntide, there is going to be a trip for two or three days. For next year the A. S. C. is planning to have some private boats.

FENCING

Ascension Day was a great day for the A. S. C. Fencers. Nyiregyháza Reál Gymnasium was the visiting team. The match took place in the

Angol-Internátus and the A. S. C. team was victorious. The A. S. C. team was composed of Király, A. Kiss, and Bekény. The results are as follows:

Individual Matches

1. Király 2. Frankó 3. Diószeghy 4. A. Kiss 5. Bekény 6. Vajda

Team Competition

A. S. C. Team 1. Király, A. Kiss, Bekény.
Nyiregyháza 2. Frankó, Diószeghy, Vajda.

TAMAR TROUPE

(Story for Parents)

By *Lloyd Hooper.*

Spectator

Pit's thich and round. Wooden, cheap. You pay three piastres to go in. A few strands of wire fixed at the top. Three bands of black painted on the side. Guides probably. Round, round, slippery, glassy, round. The stripped, roaring engine comes gashing at you. Within six inches. Keep hands off those wires. Want' lose your fingers.

Then down, swooping. He's got detonators in the exhaust. Scare, fascinate, noise. Fifty pounds a week. No one will insure him. And the girl. What' she get? Meat. And the lion, poor geld? Dope when he's mad. Oh, and meat.

Like to know what they do off show. Hell d'you think? Hell wants anybody? One thich slice of pork, a cigarette, a pink gin.

Watch out, they've started.

Woman

Billy, Billy, know I love you?
Billy.

Round, round, round. Up against those faces peering over. Three piastres each. You might smash in those damn faces.

Swerving, spitting fire, slewing. Fifty quid a week! Ten. Glut in the market.

Wait a moment.

Outside there's the moon. Remember the Serpentine? Way from here, eh, kid?

Up, hell for luck. They're scared. Three piastres, the white-faced bastards.

Billy, when we're together and it's silent and dark. Some guys talk like they knew. Say! when your hand's on my cheek.

No, kid my own, we're not in Kew with those trees bursting white lamps. We're in Luna Park. Ten quid. It's the same moon, cold, white. About all we've scrouged from this old life.

Don't look down at me. You know damn well it's hard

with the balance when you've got your legs straddled over the handle-bars.

Don't look down. Kid, I'll love you till the earth's all blue. Yes, I'm ready. Time for me.

(Swerving, swooping. Up, round. Outside Leo roars. His turn next. Hardly hear him above the din.)

Man

Jean's started now.

Must keep away from her. Must keep away from her. Two inches from the top. Black hand. Mark. Wrench handle-bars, down, sweep up, and round, and down, sweep, up, up.

Must give up this rutting game. See 'em away back. Three piastres each.

She's climbing. Then she'll be round the top. Up again, right into their blurry faces.

Who wants children. She gives herself to me. That's all, all.

Frighten 'em. Ten bloody quid. Safe as houses, while you've got the nerve. Now she's up top. Black line. She'll keep to that. In front of her. Detonator. Behind her. Detonator.

They ought to be letting Leo in. Wasn't me who'd be having Leo in. New stunt, Poor lion, scared stiffer than those goddam white faces.

They've opened the cage. He's leaped up in the centre down there.

Christ, the engine.

Look out.

Slipping, slipping, round slithering. Front wobble.

Touched her back wheel, Jesus sake.

My kid, your smooth bare arms and you've washed off the stink of petrol. And you've dusted on mascara. Expensive. Do I care?

Your back wheel.

Sliding.

And Leo.

It's all balance.

Round, round. Can't stop it. Faces screaming. What they screaming for, anyway.

Leo.

Kid, I'll get down. Must. Get my hands round Leo's throat.

His teeth at your throat.

It's crashing. I can't control.

Jean. Jean.

Leo's roaring.

Up, up. Into the crowd...

We'll start again, kid, just where we left on the Serpentine. Remember?

And the moon stood serene.

