

COLLEGE NEWS

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SCHOOL



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COLLEGE NEWS

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VOL III.

EASTER 1938

No 2.

EDITORIAL.

„Thus with the year seasons return . . .“
(Milton.)

Idle reflections!—The only kind of fiction an editor's mind, crammed with articles of various kinds, is able to produce when the second issue of the Boarding School magazine is to be printed. The pleasant Spring days are approaching and one prefers to sit on the benches, which have been put out anew, open one's mouth and breathe the fresh air feeling the tender touch of our old friend, the vagrant of the skies. It would need an exceedingly complete will—power to constrain the body of sound spirit not to follow his natural instinct and to seek mental and corporal revival during the time of Nature's recovery. By the way this is not worth while, for this tremendous revival in every respect is for our advantage. The healthy walks on our free afternoons in spring bring an uncontrollable number of thoughts concerning everything to our minds, bored so unreasonably during the long winter. “What a great burden it was“, we hear usually “What a relief to have this fragrant soft air again.“ Indeed, we adopt this point of view thoroughly. But, on the other hand, one need not be so much prejudiced in one's judgements. Overhastened judgements never bring about contentment in one's conscience, I suppose. If one waits a little till the vigorous enthusiasm over Spring abates it is possible to cast a glimpse backwards upon the days spent in the first quarter of the year 1938. A short contemplation convinces that it really was not so very disagreeable, but useful and advantageous. The beginning was fine, for all the students had a good, entertaining time at home. The event of returning was sad but one soon forgot these slight sorrows in enjoying the “white sports“, skating and skiing, and it was a pity that the season was so very short.

This way the dull Winter passed rapidly; a rapidity traceable to the sound spirit of the sporting life in the Boarding School. And now when one contemplates the clear sky and feels the crisp grass under the feet salvation has come again. The human spirit guarantees that this renewal, though with annual regularity, will never become wearisome. Spring will constantly bring fresh beauties and new thoughts and its joys never will be regarded as obsolete romance.

The Editor.

THE PROBLEM OF WAR — AS STUDENTS SEE IT

PREFACE.

The number of boys that usually waits excitedly for the daily papers proves that students constantly keep an eager eye on political and social events. This is quite an innocent interest which does not cause any eclipse of learning and in the following four articles, which were accepted as the best, we endeavour to give an impression of the general opinion on the problem of war as students see it. E.

THERE WILL NOT BE WAR!

By *László Hajdu* (Form II.)

In Spring it is so beautifully warm, that the hearts of all are happy. I do not think that any one wants war. If there is such a one I wish that God will punish him, never to be glad with the beautiful Spring sun.

War could cause only harm! I heard that many children's fathers died in the war. War would take away the children's bread, our bread. God save us from war!

WILL THERE BE WAR IN EUROPE ?

By *László Szilágyi* (Form IV.)

I think there will be war in Europe. And it will not be only a civil war or, as in China where only two nations fight against each other. No, when a nation starts a war then there will break out a great and terrible world war. The reasons of this war are, people and nations want to be rich and to have more possessions than others. People are very envious and can satisfy their envy only with war.

But I do not know when there will be war. The great nations which possess much territory are afraid to start a war because they think they can only lose their territory in a war. The poor nations want to be rich but they do not dare to attack or to start a quarrel with the great nations. So I hope that we shall have to wait for a long time before this world-war breaks out.

THE IMMINENCE OF WAR.

By *Gábor Tóth* (Form VII.)

The danger of war was very near a few days ago. All the world was excited. People spoke about the possibility and impossibility of war and everybody feared it. Our generation remembers the Great War and

does not wish to suffer so much again. If a war breaks out almost every nation will take part in it. I think this new war will last longer than the Great War. Gas, aeroplanes are the terrible arms which will be used.

War comes in a moment when nobody expects it. People live happily and do not think of any danger but, suddenly, they hear that a new war has broken out and they have to fight for their motherland.

Nations fight against one another because they want oil, because they want gold and silver.

The population of the world is very high. Millions of people die in war; they only make room for those who come after them.

If a war breaks out I think every young man would go and fight for his country. We build many plans and perhaps a war would crush all these beautiful dreams. But young men do not think about this. If our motherland needs us we go and fight and perhaps die for her.

Every nation is afraid of war because it is utterly destructive. I fear that war is very near but God hears the prayers of millions of men who do not want war.

“CRY HAVOC!”

By *Mihály Székely* (Form VIII.)

Will there be war or not? This is a problem which keeps us all in a suspense nowadays. Looking over the leaves of history we may assert this simple but eternal fact that nations and countries fall and arise and war is followed by peace and yet again by war.

Officially there is peace to-day but we can hear from a distance the confused bray of the trumpets of Mars. After the embittered struggle and clash of ideas comes a final account, for it is bound to come because peace is followed by war.

From the preparations of the nations we can prophesy war. Yet its out-break may be postponed by the Latin proverb: *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

To keep the balance of power peacefully politicians travel and hold conferences. But these conferences are two-edged weapons, the one edge bringing perhaps a blissful peace, the other covering the world in blood.

What is going to happen only God and perhaps the politicians pursuing their intricate paths can tell us.

VANITATUM VANITAS.

By *László Deme* (Form VII.)

He died, and two days later he was buried. He was the last member of the family so that there was not one man to weep for him. The priest said one prayer over him and went away.

His soul saw the funeral and he was sad.

It was in the evening that he heard a knocking at the side of his coffin.

“Who is there?” he asked.

“Your brother.” Answered the ghost. “Come out, we are waiting for you.”

They saluted each other sadly and went to the family. There was no change in them. Father was fat, as he was when he died, and mother’s hair was still gray.

The moon looked at them amazed.

“Let us walk” said father.

They went along the Andrassy Street and looked at the policeman who saluted them. There were very few people on the streets.

The family went into the Arizona where they ate a feast, being happy to meet. After this they drank gin.

They enjoyed themselves till the break of day. The soul went to his beloved and spoke to her. “Do not be sad we’ll meet again.”

They went back to the churchyard. They heard the cock-a-doodle-doo, so they had to part.

Before going back the soul asked his brother. „If everything is the same, as when we were living, why had we to die?”

“The question is”, he answered“, what had we to live for?”

FUNDAMENTAL INCLINATION.

by Géza Huszthy (Form VII.)

Now he swiftly opened the door, meanwhile taking care that the party, though possessing a slight touch of intoxication, should not notice it. From the half closed door he cast a glimpse backwards to get convinced that his secret action was undiscovered.

So being sure that the general attention was not drawn upon him, he closed the door from inch to inch, till at last the click of the lock gave him a vague feeling of security. He was alone. Looking around, he noticed a room greatly different from the previous one which was but a specimen of the modern room, so a medley of all sorts of furniture. Where he was now, that looked like the hall of an ancient mansion somewhere in England. Around the walls ran a richly decorated wainscot, that covered the walls to the ceiling. Light was supposed to enter in smaller quantities only through a huge painted oval window, opposite to which stood a carved fireplace, now unused. Before this the eye of the expert could discern a fine massive Chippendale table. The eyes of the baron were fixed on that very table, as he entered in such a mysterious way. Upon the table-coth he might have perceived a lot of different things and instruments, but among all these insignificant articles he noticed only one special thing, that was a very delicate tiny Buddha statue, apparently Chinese work, but not of great value. As

his eyes' wishes were satisfied, he approached the table with short steps, the noise of which were completely absorbed by the thick Persian hall-carpet. Standing near the table he looked once more around to be sure of being unobserved, and re-assured, he stretched his hand towards the image. In the next moment it was in his pocket but contemptuously the soft cry of a woman was heard from one corner. He turned in an instant, and faced a young woman rising from an arm-chair located behind a curtain. She came out probably to get refreshed a little, and now she saw what he he did.

"But Sir N...! Why do you have such ideas! You could buy a million of those trifles, why do you have to take them so?"

He turned pale and did not answer, his speechlessness proving his guilt. She turned away with a slight feeling of disgust from him, and uttered not a single word. As she did this, the baron's hand quickly seized her little silver handbag, and it was concealed under his coat with the dexterity of a conjuror.

My friend later told me that the poor baron was kleptomaniac.

THE HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

By *István Demeter* (Form VI.)

The members of the English Boarding School are mostly from Budapest and so they have no opportunity of experiencing village-life. It is a very interesting thing. If a person is clever and can look into the character of the Hungarian peasants he gets a good picture of how valuable a people they are.

The bell of the church is to be heard in the evening and the people are coming home from the fields. They sit down before their homes and begin a pleasant conversation with their neighbours. They speak about the crop, the coming harvest and the new priest who is perhaps coming to the village and about other such simple things but in such a pure language that it is a pleasure to hear them.

They are all religious and very friendly with those who understand them and do not despise them. Very great talent is hidden in the Hungarian peasant but we must get to know him. It is a very great pity that they have not the opportunity always to learn and to cultivate themselves. In agriculture, in cattle-breeding and in many arts they are excellent. The Uncle Peters and Uncle Josephs are the real representatives of Hungary and we must be truly proud of them.

GOOD OLD ROMANTICISM!

By *Gábor Prónay* (Form VI.)

I am sitting in the old school garden under old trees, on a little bench. I am tired. I close my eyes but cannot sleep, something always

pulls me back from the edge of a nice dream. The sun is peeping in among the naked arms of the old trees and is kissing my pale cheeks. It opens my eyes but I cannot see anything else but a mixture of dark red, yellow, orange and some other colours. Slowly, all kinds of figures jump forward from behind the different colours. I see a knight, galloping on a wild horse, and behind him come others are fighting. But all of a sudden everything disappears. I look around and see a small, rapidly approaching cloud is running before the sun and behind it more pursuing clouds. But I find that it is not this that keeps my mind attentive but some fine music of a small bird. Oh, what a fine music, clear and so full of rhythm. I would be so pleased to change now into such a small, twittering bird. But suddenly the tune becomes faint. A big nasty bird with long wings dashes by, squealing loudly and attacking my poor musician. Why on earth do you harm this poor bird, it did no harm to you. But the ugly beast has already disappeared. A feather is tumbling slowly down from that branch on which the bird was singing just a few seconds ago. The faint breeze which moves the air brings that little feather always nearer, nearer to the earth and nearer to me. Now it is falling in my lap. I quickly seize it, take it tenderly in my hand and stroke it. This is at least a remembrance of my bird.

On the earth some insects are rushing by. They also have noticed the change of air, that the Spring has come. Some flies try their wings, but just on the earth. The weeds are also peeping out from behind the warm coat, the decayed leaves of October. Everything feels the Spring and only I am sitting sadly on the bench. Something keeps my heart back, it does not throb so quickly as usual. My head is heavy. It sinks on my arms. I do not know why but the tears begin to flow down my pale cheeks.

But now a sharp whistling shakes the air. And then the monotonous puffing of the midday train which will soon take us home is heard. And what will be at home, what will my parents say to my school report? But even the reproachful words of my mother will sound so good and so cosy. And I will stand gazing into her dark blue eyes and will see the same rays of love which I saw in the eyes of the other mother, the sun. And she will also be gay because everybody is gay in Spring and perhaps I shall be gay too.

JIM THE INDIAN.

By *Lajos Bottka* (Form V.)

“Boys!“, cried John in the school to his friends Dick and George. “My parents have allowed me to make an excursion with our rowing boat. Will you come?“

“Of course, of course, it will be fine“, they cried.

So they agreed to make an excursion to the Great Forest. John's

brother, who was about ten and was always thinking about Indians, wanted to go with them. "You are too young, too foolish and too stupid to come with us," he was told. But he was not stupid. He gave some money which he had got on his birthday and asked them to speak with John about his going. They did.

So, on Sunday morning they started up the river. About noon they reached the Great Forest, which was a wild place with rocks and animals. On landing, everybody began to do his own job. John climbed trees for nests, Dick went to shoot rats with his bow and arrow and George sat down to fish. But Jim, thinking himself an Indian, began to crawl under rocks and bushes, not caring at all about his clothes. He climbed for a while and then, thinking he was on foreign hunting ground, began to advance more carefully. Then umm . . . bum . . . quark muttered something behind him. "The siouxes are coming", thought Jim, but looking on the muttering creature he could see that it was a bear. Although the little bear did not intend to hurt him at all he was very frightened and began to run as quickly as he could, he did not know in which direction. He skipped over rocks and roots, up and down, fell, then ran again but never looked back. But if he had looked back he would have seen that no bear was pursuing him. So he rushed on for a while, fell, turned a somersault and hurt his leg so that he could not go further. When he saw that the bear was not following him he did not think about ways of getting home but began to think about the wounded Indian chief who did not cry when his foot was broken. After this, finding Indians dull, he began to think about bears:

Isn't it funny

How a bear likes honey . . .

and other songs about bears. His friends who were rowing homeward half angry, half frightened heard this because the place where Jim had lain was near the river, so they soon found him.

"The Siouxes wounded me but I killed them" cried Jim to his friends.

"But this does not mean" answered John happily, "that you will not have your slaps for this."

THE FIRST SUNBEAM — THE LAST SUNBEAM.

By *John Diner* (Form V).

The first sunbeam! Yes, here he is, no doubt about it. A lot of us can see him, a lot of us speak about him, he must be here. If anybody says he is not, then he lies. Perhaps he is behind a cloud, but he is here. The marbles which were sleeping in pockets for the whole winter are becoming valuable again. Tennis balls are also getting rid of their boxes and everybody is very, very happy. Boys and girls are going up and down the streets and are laughing together. Spring,

Spring, Spring! But, when the biggest enemy, the teacher, appears then you may see no boy on the streets. Perhaps they got under the ground, perhaps they went up into the sky, but they disappeared.

The places where you put birds' seed are not so full of birds as they were a few days ago and you may hear much more singing from the trees.

Spring is everywhere.

The trees are bald, only a few red leaves can you see on them. Everywhere mud and mud and mud. The marbles go back to the pockets, the tennis balls to their boxes. No one on the streets, no one anywhere. Something has passed.

The last sunbeam has gone away.

SOMETHING ABOUT CORRESPONDING.

By *László Gaskó* (Form V.)

It is very difficult to write down all the results of corresponding. First, our geographical knowledge becomes larger and larger for we learn the names of towns and of countries. We can hear about rivers and mountains and about everything which was before unknown to us.

Secondly, I know it very well, the greater part of our school boys like to collect stamps. Now this is the best opportunity for exchanging stamps. From stamp collecting we learn history and geography too, for if any historical thing happens in a land a set of stamps is issued.

Thirdly, many boys collect photos, pictures, tickets etc. By collecting these things we can take pleasure in national costumes, in beautiful landscapes and buildings.

And finally I ment to write about how, and with how many boys and girls, we should correspond. How should we write to our foreign friends? If they are very intimate friends we should write everything that we want and what our heart dictates. But when we write the first time we have to introduce ourselves and to write about our country, parents, household, sports etc. If we have more than three correspondents many difficulties turn up for we have to write very many letters. But if we have only two or three correspondents the connection can be maintained without any trouble.

GLASS.

By *Gábor Opler* (Form V.)

One day, in about 2000 B. C. a Phoenician merchant ship landed on the coast of a little island. The crew got out of the ship and, being hungry from the long journey, wanted to prepare a meal for themselves. They laid a fire, but when they tried to find some stones to put the pot

on, they could only see sand all around. At last they settled the matter ; they fetched some blocks of saltpetre which they used to cure their meat and, laying their pot upon these, they were able to boil their meat and to have a fine meal. But when they wanted to wash the vessel and lifted it up a loud crackle was heard and a lot of white jewels sparkled in the sand beneath it. The merchants eagerly jumped upon them, and held the first pieces of glass in their hands.

This is just a little story and is possibly untrue but the making of glass is very like this even to day.

Glass slowly became one of the most important materials of the world. Thousands of large factories make glass for us. These have immense forges in which they melt flint (the Phoenicians used sand) and limy saltpetre at a heat of about 3000 degrees. These materials first begin to glow then melt together as pure glass. This fluid glass now runs to four different places. One part, which is going to be formed into windows, is pressed between two large plates and pushed through a lot of rolls till it becomes quite polished and thin.

The second part goes to be formed into ashtrays or glass plates. It runs into a lot of different moulds where it is carefully cooled and pressed so that it comes out fit to be used.

Out of the third lamps are made. A machine blows these, one exactly the same as the other.

The fourth part goes to produce a variety of articles. A lot of men blow several things out of it with their long pipes. These give the most work. They have to be blown, cooled, polished, cut till they are fit to leave the factory.

We can now see how important and useful glass is and we shall never forget the clever Phoenicians who gave us the valuable method of producing glass.

THE MERSEY TUNNEL.

By *John Sarvay* (Form V.)

After arriving at Birkenhead I asked my landlord what I should look at first. He told me to visit the tunnel. So I did ; and I saw such a colossal building as men cannot often see. The tunnel is under the river Mersey, between Liverpool and Birkenhead. All the walls are white and the whole tunnel is so well lighted that it seemed to me as if it were daylight. On both sides of it there are little paths for men. One is the coming, the other the going side. The middle is divided too into two parts and the most wonderful and marvellous cars are running on the road. I wondered how it was possible that the air should be so clear as it seemed to me that it ought to be full of petrol fumes. I questioned my guide who told me that there are machines which are cleansing the air of the tunnel in a minute and another, Birkenhead's side takes away just as much bad air. He told me other interesting things too of

this tunnel. He said that it is 3·5 kilometres long. In building it they took out 33 million cubic metres of water and mud. You may imagine how many times the mud and water broke in during the construction of it. But the whole work was completed without a man's death. He told me too that carriages or things drawn by horses are automatically stopped by a lamp. Though everything was beautiful, and nice cars were running about I could not help having the feeling of being buried alive. I was quite glad to be out of it. I spent a whole Summer in Birkenhead but if I hear that name nothing else comes to my mind but that colossal tunnel.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE SEA.

By *Róbert Halmi* (Form IV.)

Every language has its own peculiarities. English has very many words for ships and for the motion of the sea. An Englishman can make a very beautiful picture of the sea. He knows her very well because he was born on the sea and will also die there. The sea is a mother for the Englishman. Nearly every English poet has one or more poems about the sea. I read a very beautiful poem about the sea, the last lines of which were:

„And death whenever it comes for me
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!“

In these two lines the poet tells us how he likes the sea and wishes to die only there.

When I first went on the sea I was not very much surprised because I had read many poems in English about her and the poets had drawn her so beautifully that I knew the sea before I really saw her. I became fond of the sea because it is so beautiful at all hours of the day. In the morning she is quite quiet like a plate but when she becomes angry, she is like a dragon who wants to eat everything. And when the evening comes and the sun shines his last beam on her she is like a little child who is sleeping in its mother's lap.

THE GREEDY BEE

By *Lóránd Juhász* (Form IV.)

The flowers were in bloom. The wood was quite silent. Suddenly the bees came, there were many of them. They had flown from far away and they were tired. First they flew down among the flowers for half an hour. After this they rose up and began to take honey from the beautiful flowers. They did so for a time and were very busy. But one bee was so greedy that he wanted all the honey which the others

had, so he took very much honey while the rest of the bees took their share and went away. When the fat bee had done his pleasant work he saw with anxiety that the other bees were nowhere. He tried to go after them. He flew very many miles but he did not find the bees and the honey grew heavier and heavier. Then he became tired and, as he could not hold so much honey, he flew down and fell asleep. "Oh poor creature, what will happen to you! It will be very awful." After a little while there came a cow. When he came up to the bee he did not see him so he stepped on the little sleeping insect. After this, the little bee never uttered a word, but his story shows that it is not good if somebody wants very much.

REMEMBRANCE OF SUNNY DAYS SPENT ON THE DEAR BALATON.

By *Attila Nagy* (Form III.)

Long weeks ago we began to discuss our voyage. Our plan was to make a pretty voyage around the Balaton, stop at every pier which we caught sight of and look at it. To announce what I feel to be necessary, I descend from an old Balaton family, so I particularly looked forward to going on a voyage on this wonderful lake in West Hungary.

At last the long awaited day arrived. When I woke up that Sunday the sky was full of light, misty clouds. I was really depressed because I had heard that if it begins to rain at the Balaton, the wind will not stop for weeks. But at last, thank God, the weather changed and the clouds disappeared as if our imploring had expelled them.

Our train was to start at 7:15 from Balatonvilágos, and we waited excitedly for its arrival. At last it appeared with its amazingly shining engine. All the carriages were crowded so that we could hardly find a seat. But at last we arrived at Siófok where our voyage commenced. We went straight to the long pier where a big steamer, the "GULL" was waiting to start. We got on board, the anchor was weighed and in a few minutes the fair town of Siófok faded in the distance. The screw of our ship worked powerfully and the sparkling white foam speckled us when we leant over the rail. The surface of the azure lake was only a little wrinkled as the steamer slid smoothly and calmly on. The first station where we halted was Tihany, with its wonderful old abbey and its famous echo. Unfortunately, we had only an hour in this place. We soon went on, touching Balatonfüred, Almádi, Alsóörs and Badacsony, famous for her splendid wine. We climbed up to Kiszalud's wine-cellar and had a taste of the famous wine called Kéknyelű. After leaving the fair city of Bacchus we went on touching Keszthely, Boglár and Lelle. Here we got off the ship and went by rail to Balatonvilágos.

And I shall remember this wonderful voyage wherever I am, in America or in Australia, and I shall see the lake of my native land always waiting for me and giving me rest and perfect contentment.

SHORT STORY.

By *Ervin Szabó* (Form II.)

Once upon a time there was a very poor family. The father and the mother had two little sons. The parents loved their dear children very much. The mother died. The father and the children were very sorry. The children used to go to school but when the mother died they did not go any longer. They lived under a bridge. Once when their father was walking in the woods three robbers killed him. The children were very sorry. One evening when they were sleeping, the first son woke up and caught sight of two shadows in the kitchen. He was afraid and did not know what to do. Soon he caught sight of their faces and he saw his dear parents' faces. He was very happy and ran to his parents.

»MACBETH.«

“Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.”

Not only Macbeth felt this but many people in the Internátus on different occasions last term. But if rehearsals had their grimmer moments, with constant repetitions of passages acted not as the producer would have had them, there were golden moments to be remembered for days to come: the brilliantly alive death of Siward; for a very fortunate few the glorious “Tis he“ of the elder Pronay; the more widely enjoyed silence of Gábor Toth at the dress rehearsal; and, in more serious vein, the delightful acting of Sári Mátyás in the difficult sleep-walking scene, the witchiness of the witches, and the clear English and clean acting of Opler's Banquo. Horváth as Macbeth acted with splendid vigour and even if his English was a little uncouth at times he understood the play so well and felt himself so much in the part that he succeeded in holding the play thoroughly together. Sári Mátyás was excellent; and in their dialogue in the murder scene, these two acted with an admirable sureness of touch. Banquo's English was as lucid as Lady Macbeth's; and that is high praise. He was, too, pleasantly neat and natural in his movements, and gave a feeling of straightforward honesty to the part which contrasted well with the ambitious fire of Horvath's Macbeth. — Three very good performances.

Some of the lesser people were not always easily heard, for they tended to rush their lines and run their words into one another. But we remember Kofflanovits' Doctor in his queer mediaeval clothes, Szücs' fight with Macbeth, and Huszthy's acting after the discovery of Duncan's murder. The performances which were outstanding among these smaller parts have already been mentioned, namely the delightful witches of Diner, Szilágyi and Halmi, and Diner's Siward. Credit must

be given, too, both tot. Toth and Diner for filling the breach at the last minute. Everybody, in fact, came in almost always at the right moments and did what was expected of them while they were on the stage, so that to those of us in the audience the play appeared well organised and understood by its participants. Above all, every actor knew his or her part almost perfectly. This was no mean achievement, for to us Hungarians Shakespearean English is by no means an easy matter. We were told that at the first rehearsal of the entire play there were only two occasions on which prompting was necessary and the same again at the dress rehearsal. Nor did these momentary failures come from any of the main characters. Horváth with over 450 lines, Sári Mátyás with about 150, and Banquo with 70 odd, did not have to be prompted at all. Asplendid achievement on which they are to be congratulated.

The settings were good too. The heath scene, with the red cauldron, the strange moorland, and the tree shaped like the crooked fingers of the witches, was effectively sinister. The banquet scene with its candles and drinking cups was warm and colourful. The battlements too were good and so was the simplicity of the rich dark curtains in the sleep-walking scene and scene two. Sári Mátyás' dresses in these scenes were delightful. Indeed, all the costumes were good, especially when it is considered that most of them consisted of rugs, blankets and dressing gown cords collected from the various dormitories. Much praise is due to Mr. Maguire for devising the costumes and the whole of the scenery so economically and yet with such effect. Domján was especially resplendent, out-doing even the banner in the last scene and the heraldic lions on the walls.

There were, of course, mistakes each night in the production, but on a small stage, with a complicated lighting system and a difficult play, that is inevitable. Their scarcity reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Szóke, Mr. Collishaw and Mr. Maguire for all the work they did far into many nights in practice upon the lighting system and scene shifting. In fact, the amount of work that went to make the production as successful as it was must have been enormous and we are very grateful to Mr. Maguire and to Mr. Collishaw for the immense amount of labour which they put into the business. Mr. Szóke and the Mechanic were also seen running round in efficient circles during the last few weeks before the performance on the 5th. of April.

Finally there was the singing. Here painstaking groundwork by Mr. Collishaw was completed admirably by Mr. Ernő Szabó so that the old songs so tastefully selected were a pleasure to hear.

On the night of the performance there was a large and distinguished gathering. All those connected with the performance can rest assured that the audience departed at the end well satisfied with the entertainment offered them.

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES.

SENIOR.

A meeting of the Senior Debating Society was held in the second week of February. A paper on "Ármin Vámbéry" was read by István Demeter. It was a good subject and Demeter described the adventures of this Hungarian explorer in Tibet in an interesting manner. After this Gyula Retter read a paper on aquariums. It was a well-informed essay full of helpful advice to those who might wish to make aquariums in their homes.

JUNIOR.

We held our first meeting after Christmas on the 5th of February. First Gábor Kende read an essay about the sea. He mentioned England as being a sailor country and spoke about her as an Englishman might have done. Then János Diner told us all about his travellings in Czechoslovakia. He had spent some three weeks there and having gone around with open eyes was able to tell us many interesting things.

The second meeting in March was only a short one in which Lóránd Juhász recited two English poems.

SPORT.

Skiing.

The skiers of the Scout Club had an opportunity of practising for eight days in the Mátra. The camp was situated near Mátraháza so that the boys had a chance of watching the International ski-competitions on the very spot. The camp lasted from January 27th till February 3rd. One master and seven boys were there from the Boarding School.

Fencing.

The KISOK district competition was held in Miskolc on the 12th and 13th of March. It was organised by the Hung. Royal Catholic School. The Patak School was represented by a sabre and rapier team, trained by Mr. K. Szabó and Mr. A. Tóth. The results were as follows: Sabre Fencing:

1. H. R. Catholic School.
2. Miskolc Reformed secondary school.
3. Patak Reformed School.

Rapier Fencing:

1. H. R. Catholic school.
2. Patak Reformed school.

Two boys from the Boarding School, Baskay and Huszthy, were in the team.

Ping-pong.

The match between the Teachers' Training College and the Boarding School was held on February 13th in the gymnasium of the Internátus. The results were as follows:

- Singles: 1. Lengváry (TTC).
2. Molnár (TTC).
3. M. Szabó (ASC).

- Doubles: 1. Lengváry—Molnár (TTC).
2. M. Szabó—Sarvay (ASC).

The final result of the competition was 7:2 in favour of the Teachers' Training College.

Tennis.

The courts were opened for the first time this year on the 13th of March. We are looking forward to a long and successful season.

Masters' gymnastic lessons.

Considerable interest was aroused by the introduction of a new gymnastic course for the masters. We are glad to see that the Internátus masters are taking part vigorously.

SCHOOL NOTES.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We express our thanks to all the Hungarian, English and American colleges and schools who have sent us copies of their magazines.

We thank the advertisers for their contributions and the masters for their kind collaboration.

MARCH 15th.

The national festivities on this famous day commenced with a sermon at 8.30 a. m. in the parish church. In the afternoon Mr. István Harsányi delivered a speech to the boys. A procession visited the monuments of famous Hungarian men. A play about Sárospatak student life "Domine Bogády" was produced in the "Mudrány terem". This was followed by a dance.

ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIP.

The British Council has invited 10 boys from the Hungarian Secondary Schools to visit England and to stay there for a fortnight from June 20th till July 4th. The expenses are to be paid by the British Council and each school is to select one boy by means of an essay competition. The competition was held on the 26th of March. The essay subject was: "The advantages of travel." The result has not yet been announced.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY BALL.

The ball took place on Febr. 5th in the „Mudrány“ hall. The programme consisted of Musical pieces by Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Liszt, Hubay, Bárdos, Gárdonyi and Kodály. The chorus and the orchestra was conducted by Mr. Ernó Szabó. The dancing that followed was very pleasant and everybody was grateful to the staff of the „Erdélyi János“ debating society.

EASTER VACATION.

Term ends at 10.35 a. m. on the 9th of April and the Summer term opens on the 23rd of April. We hope that the boys of the Boarding School will have a few pleasant weeks before coming back to work for the end-of-year examinations.

TEACHERS' DANCE.

This dance was held on March 26th in the festively decorated dining hall of the Boarding School. There was an excellent supper and programme. Mr. Károly Szabó gave a lecture on his experiences at the Dutch Jamboree in 1937. Then the Chief Secretary of the KISOK entrained the company with conjuring tricks and jokes. The boys were not present, but from the noises of enjoyment which issued from the dining hall until shortly before dawn, they concluded that the ball was a success.

A GYOMAI
KNER
NYOMDA

kiadványai
a legszebb
magyar
könyvek

Kaphatók
bármely magyar
könyvkereskedésben.
Kiadványjegyzékét
a nyomda kívánatra
bárkinek azonnal
megküldi.



36— pengős

propaganda áron adjuk

a nagyszerű „Korelle“ fényképező-
gépet, 4·5 anastigmat objektívvel.
Olyan kicsiny, hogy elfér a mellény-
zsebben. Egy filmtekercsre 16 felvé-
telt készít.

Ugyanez, 2·9 fényerős objektívvel,
Compur zárral 85— P.

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