

COLLEGE NEWS

OF THE ENGLISH BOARDING
SCHOOL



SÁROSPATAK
HUNGARY

VOL. IV. No. 1.



CHRISTMAS 1938.

WITH THE EDITOR'S COMPLIMENTS

"COLLEGE NEWS"
English Boarding School

Sárospatak
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COLLEGE NEWS

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VOL IV.

CHRISTMAS 1938

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

The autumn of the year 1938 marked a blessed change in the history of our mother-country. Great ideas dominated this autumn and great words have been used. The throbbing of the heart of the nation expressed one aspiration: Justice for Hungary!— But let us pause for a moment, and as commonsense dictates, let us return to our calm, undisturbed everyday life and see what the recent change meant for our school.

Every classroom during the political suspense suggested rather a political agency than the place destined for science. Speeches were delivered pro et contra by occasional orators. I had sufficient opportunity to hear these somewhat prejudiced appeals of young speakers to students, supporting Hungary's territorial demands, and to draw the natural conclusions.

Then came the sudden solution.

Our hearts leapt for joy when the Vienna Pact was endorsed. Instantly we searched for friends, for happiness was a burden just too great to bear alone. We wished, oh! how we wished to share it with somebody. We have but a few friends, and in the first place among these we have to mention Lord Rothermere. He visited us when we were half mad with sorrow, and he has visited us now, when the whole country is happy. He could realise what it meant to us to regain a part of our country, and now, we know, that he is a true friend.

His Lordship's own words interpreted his real sympathy for our country. He stimulated our students to still better work, saying: "There are now ten million Hungarians in this land, and if they will be as good Hungarians as those of Rákóczi and Kossuth, a population of fifteen million can be attained."

Lord Rothermere's enthusiastic words were loudly cheered, and listening to the strains of our national anthem, every heart in the Assembly Hall felt an inexplicable gratitude towards His Lordship, who, as one of the speeches said, "did not lose his ambition even when Hungarians thought that all hope was lost."

We thank His Lordship for being so generous as to invite fifteen boys of the English Branch of our Academy: but those fifteen boys will carry with them the thanks of our whole school, and the ancient Alma Mater will always be grateful for the glorious day when her kind benefactor visited her.

Editor.

ON CHIVALRY.

The opinion of the English aristocracy of the time concerning Napoleon is enshrined in Wellington's famous saying that the French Emperor was not a gentleman. It is a judgement which has been unduly derided, by Englishmen as well as others, as though it represented the utter and final condemnation of a great man upon an absurdly insufficient view of life, by a class so unimaginative and complacent as to have lost all reverence for any but its own most superficial values and to be no longer sensible of greatness. But there was more to it than that: the Duke did not condemn Napoleon for eating peas with his knife or for being ignorant of the rules of cricket; neither, on the other hand, was his opinion based upon the Corsican's disregard for human life or his contempt for the forms of international law. We can understand better what he meant when we remember that by his will Napoleon left a large sum of money to the man who had attempted Wellington's assassination, and the petty spite of the gesture is even emphasised by the fact that there was no money to pay such a bequest; we may remember also the Emperor's frequent outbursts of personal abuse against dignitaries of his court and foreign diplomats, his resentment against his brother Lucien's show of independence even in so personal a matter as his marriage or, on a different plane, such incidents as the execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

To the pacifist, or to the patriot of some nationality oppressed by Napoleon, a verdict based upon such grounds would still appear insufficient, and it is indeed true that from his milder critics Napoleon has received more censure for his smaller crimes than for his great ones; the decision to return from Elba, for instance, an iniquitous one, based purely on ambition and offering to France and to Europe no prospect of anything but further futile confusion and bloodshed, has received little attention compared with the argument which has centred round the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. Nevertheless the judgement, though limited, is just so far as it goes, and the sounder because based upon an accurate view of the limitations of the human imagination. It is very necessary that we should appreciate it today, when the code of conduct which it represents seems to be in danger of extinction.

The matter can best be expressed like this: man, like any other animal, is engaged in a struggle for existence. Religion seeks to transform the character and purposes of his actions; and codes of chivalry, of gentlemanly conduct or what you will are at least conducive to morality in this respect — they seek to give man the appearance of civilisation by eliminating the rigours of the contest from all but the most fundamental of his acts. Hence the saying: "All's fair in love and war," since these departments of human affairs have been regarded as too important to permit of any sacrifices to the demands of morality. Even these, however, had shown signs of being invaded by the canons of civilisation, and we had in chivalry an attempt to salvage something

from the wartime wreck of social relationships. I say had, because the increasing brutality of modern war and, indeed, of the whole range of political activity would seem to show that the spirit of chivalry is rapidly dying.

This is not only a matter for regret, but a danger. As I say, codes of chivalry, while they do not touch deeper questions of conduct, do attempt to condition those aspects of morals which are most readily appreciated by the imagination of ordinary people. Human judgement upon politics is still too confused to enable a proper estimate to be made of any one man in connection with them. It is difficult to remember and to include all its political and social implications in one's assessment of the character of a Napoleon or a modern dictator. For Napoleon's action in plunging Europe repeatedly into war a defence can always be made out in the realms of high policy; but we find a surer ground for condemnation in the fact that in matters of personal conduct he was ill-mannered, arrogant and vindictive; and that towards his principal enemy he did not observe that courtesy which the rules of war demand. It is not a very satisfactory basis for judgement, but today we are in danger of losing even this limited grasp of reality.

The opposite danger, of course, is that those who set up for themselves and attempt to adhere to standards of gentlemanly conduct may find in time that these ideals begin to colour their whole outlook, even on quite vital matters; and that would be fatal because, in the struggle for existence, they would inevitably be lost. **G**

TRIVIAL COMMENTS

by Géza Huszthy (Class VIII.)

A flickering candle, particularly long in the snuff, is a stimulating method of inspiring the staff of the College News. This proved to be so at the first meeting of the editors, sub-editors, etc. These little meetings were harshly ridiculed by more cynical members of the eighth form, who usually refer to our paper as "the rag" (How could we help it?) But anyhow, this first meeting with the flickering candle was a very agreeable one and a good beginning, for the candle was placed in the middle of a promising cake, surrounded by the eager faces of the staff. It is also true, that a couple of boys peeped in that night, and the next morning we received two applications to become members of the staff. They realised that there are pleasant sides of the membership. But this is due rather to the magnetic power of a parcel from home and experience compels me to say that to share the difficulties of editing a paper is a very unlucky thing.

It is also true that once when we were discussing the future of the Christmas issue, the candle went out suggesting that there are also superior powers to check our plans. This brought a depressed mood on the editors, sub-editors etc. and the meeting lost its original charm.

(By the way, there was nothing more to eat.)

Oh, what a fate, to be a member of the editing staff. This is to be traced to the fact that there is a vague distance between a promise to do something and the noble act of really doing it. It is so excruciatingly hard to get articles, when all the boys who are supposed to write for the paper are Fabians (see Fabius Cunctator). The result is that we have to walk miles before getting a little, and usually worthless article.

Bad Times! Bad Times!— quoth a sub-editor, — staff cakes finished, hopes next to nothing. This may characterise our general attitude.

As a matter of fact, we begin to enjoy being mocked and ridiculed. There is some quiet fun in it, and we will grant access to a few animating criticisms concerning “the rag.” At least we may feel like tiny pioneers, and we will have a general idea about the attitude of the “public.” We are glad to assume that there are certain individuals who bother sufficiently to criticise our paper, for as long as there is somebody to make funny remarks, our case will not be hopeless.

But all cant apart, isn't the pleasant mask of a critic only used to disguise inability to do anything? Wouldn't it be better, to have just a little collaboration instead of permanent ridicule?

THE FIRST “HONORARY GOVERNOR OF THE ENGLISH COLLEGE OF SÁROSPATAK ACADEMY.”

All of us still bear in mind the day when Lord Rothermere visited our College, and the staff is not an exception. All the teachers will ever remember the day, when His Lordship was here, and at the annual meeting of the Governing Body of our Academy it was unanimously decided to elect Lord Rothermere the “Honorary Governor of the English College of Sárospatak Academy.” This deed is the real proof of the sincere gratitude that we feel towards His Lordship. By this the school endeavours to indicate that all the members of the Academy completely realise and thoroughly acknowledge his immense work for the revision of the Treaty of Trianon. He had only one ideal in this great task, and this was the cause of justice, which he so successfully helped to bring to victory.

Mr. Szabó, Director of the English Boarding School, told us that Lord Rothermere accepted this title, in a letter written to him. We are glad to know this, and Lord Rothermere's sympathy gives us strength for further efforts to regain all that we have lost. We need this, for there is great work before us, and we are not supposed to give way, while there are so many Hungarian students living under foreign rule. It was not so long ago that a former student of the English Boarding School had been arrested in Transylvania, for he delivered quite a harmless speech about the social conditions in that part of Roumania,

in the Debating Society of the Sárospatak School. While there exist such brutal deeds as this, we cannot cease to work persistently. We know that Lord Rothermere realises this completely, and we thank him for the stimulus he gave us in his own speech, saying: "There are now ten millions of Hungarians living in this country and if they will be as good Hungarians as those of Rákóczi or Kossuth a population of fifteen million can soon be attained."

For these words we are especially grateful to His Lordship, and we ask him to look upon this title, which he has just now accepted, as a token of our thanks.

THE FAT KING MELON.

By *Stephen Horváth* (Class VII.).

The theme of this play? — How a very fat king gets slim and how a very slim princess gets fat — nearly.

Now just imagine Horváth in the part of the king. He is already as fat as king Melon would have been, and he puts three pillows in his bosom . . . Who would stop laughing, when the king shouted: "Gosh, that man!", and gesticulated with an enormous blunderbuss.

And the princess. Who could help loving her? Baskay's charming personality won all hearts. Oh those lovely gestures and that beautiful voice. Now do not tell me I am not in love with the princess.

There are some fairies also. How can you imagine fairies? Well, I imagine them anyhow, but not in the way our fairies played, and therefore they were good.

Now I want to draw you a picture of a rehearsal. But this is not at all simple! Everybody cries "take away those chairs!" — "Give way for the table" — Put down the rifles" — "Keep quiet, I say quiet! — "Ready, ready, start!" — "What is the matter with that curtain?" — "Now right-ho, but this scene is quite dark."

This is the second scene. The king is mounted on a horse; the horse consists of two men. The king gives orders to the armies. Here the stage manager had difficult problems to solve. Who can best play the fool? We chose in the end a respectable member of the VIIth class.

Do you know what a triangular duel is? King melon fights one in the third scene. I came to the conclusion that it is a duel between three men, in which all have to die.

It happened to be very bad weather — an evil omen indeed and the gods added their curse — and the dresses arrived. (?) Everybody wanted to get something. A small scrum was formed round the clothes-box. Somebody gave me a box on my ear. When I recovered it was quite dark, but the smell of battle was still in the air. The moonbeams glittered on two lonely buttons.

And so we had a dress-rehearsal. The boy who was a minute before a scholar became a fat old lady . . .

Great fun and delight indeed. The play a dazzling success.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE PLAGUE IN THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

By *Robert Fazekas* (Class VIII.)

A new and very dangerous plague, though one unknown to doctors, has been for the past fortnight claiming victims in the boarding school. It is an illness which spreads very quickly, and may be called "the cross-word puzzle fever."

I don't know who invented the cross-word puzzle, nor do I know the name of the first boy to try to solve one at the Boarding School; but about two weeks ago one could see every boy, sane and insane, upper and lower class, sitting at a table, chewing or biting his pencil and fixing his eyes on a torn, dirty, much-folded paper which once had the proud name of cross-word puzzle, but was now only an illegible scribble. Other boys are to be seen walking through the corridors with heavy encyclopaedias, lexicons and Spanish and Dutch dictionaries under their arms. (These latter things they use when they come upon a clue such as, "Blackboard in Spanish" or "Teatable in Dutch" to which the editor adds the notice "Do not try to guess it, you had better take your dictionary and look it up". And definitions like these are quite common in Hungarian puzzles.) Everywhere you find people solving their puzzles, with more or less success according to age and education.

The plague is at its crisis now; I do not think it could be worse than it is — in the school-rooms, in the dining-hall, in the dormitories you hear nothing but: "What is it? A common foreign word for fighting a duel, seven letters, the second of which is U?" the answer comes: "I'll tell you, if you tell me what the place is called where you put corn and maize in the Winter, four letters, all unknown." This action they call "changing", and it seems to save the boys a lot of trouble, which they could not otherwise avoid, searching for these words in heaps of dictionaries and encyclopaedias. (I have just been interrupted by a little boy asking me if I knew the name for an ox in Italian. I told him I didn't and he left me disappointedly, saying that I had been his last hope, and that nobody in the whole Boarding School knew it. I told him to look it up in the dictionary, and I hope he will take my advice, for this would save me a lot of trouble.)

But I must finish this article now, for I too have a cross-word puzzle to complete.

NEW NATURE AND OUTDOOR CLUB.

By *Harold Rosner* (Class V.)

The idea has been suggested to me that we make a good club for all those interested in nature and life in the outdoors. After thinking the matter over I decided to put it to you, readers of this article. All those wanting to join should come and report to me after the Christmas vacation here in the English Boarding School.

Wishing all Nature-lovers and everybody else a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

A DREAM OF WAR

by *Ákos Baranyai* (Class VI.)

We went to bed in complete darkness, with the excitement of war upon us. After some politics and talk on different subjects one by one the inmates of our dormitory fell asleep. I did too. Then came the dream! The funniest and the most exciting dream of my life.

The governing staff were compelled to give us a vacation and I was forced to stay in the Boarding School as my passport was not yet ready. The soldiers who were supposed to come, arrived next day. They arrived in a merry and ready-for-battle mood. Altogether there were seven hundred of them. At first there were a few difficulties. Those who were quartered in the gymnastic-hall were very cold and they were forced to tear up the floor and to take down the wooden bars and build fires with these things. Our dear gymnastic teacher watched these performances with face as white as death; and in his excitement he drank five litres of milk! After tearing out almost all his hair and breaking his stick he turned disgustedly homeward. By the time I returned to the Boarding School clouds were pouring out of the windows. Chairs and Benches were piled on one another, the usually clean and closely guarded dining room was full of straw. But what did I see in one corner. My long lost laundry-bag had been made into a pillow by one of the soldiers. But in spite of all this, discipline was still maintained and by nine o' clock everybody was in bed.

Next day there were exercises on the tennis courts. After this the soldiers picked all the flowers and made wreaths for themselves. After breakfast there was target-practice. Every soldier got a post to shoot at. Those who did not receive a post shot out the lamps in the park with little shrieks of joy. After our soldiers had marched away in the greatest order I went to see the gymnastic hall.

They were just handing out bread, but there were other things happening also: the bars had disappeared from the walls, where could they have gone? Ah! There they were on one of the wagons, they had become a ladder. The soldiers who were practising with a bludgeon broke the last remaining intact window, which fell with a tinkle... But it was not glass which fell, but "Big Ben", the bell which woke me from my dreams.

THE DANCE AT THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

The usual Boarding School dance was held this year on November 19th. It had originally been planned for October 29th but had to be postponed, first on account of the war scare and then because of the scarlet fever epidemic. When peace and health had been restored we wrote the invitation cards again; and on the evening of the Satur-

day on which the dance was to be held every boy in the four upper classes was industrious in dressing, in combing and in uniform-brushing.

I must, of course, describe the dance hall. This is normally our dining-room; but on this occasion the centre of the floor had been cleared for dancing, while tables and chairs were ranged round the walls. At one end of the hall stood two great tables for the teachers and the parents of the visiting boys and girls. There was a buffet loaded with the best sandwiches, biscuits and tarts, and lemonade and orangeade to drink. Music for dancing was provided by a gramophone.

As the dance was timed to start at eight o' clock we were not surprised when the first girl arrived at half-past nine; but by ten everyone was there and we could begin.

After a short dance tea was served at the tables. Then the dance was resumed, and before we were aware of the passage of time it was one o' clock. By this time we were in high spirits which refused to be damped by the official switching off of the gramophone, and the dance continued to a vocal refrain. At last, when we had accompanied the girls to the gates of the Internatus, we went to bed, after a very enjoyable evening.

OUTDOOR LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Edited by *Harold Rosner* (Class V.)

Camping and hiking in the Autumn months.

To most of us Autumn is a bad season of year, because school begins. But to the outdoorsman it is the best time to go camping and hiking. The air is not too hot or too cool — is just right to make one feel how good life is. This fall air freshens us, as it has none of the dampness of Spring or the heat of Summer or the freezing weather of Winter. All of us who have the chance should take advantage of it and get out with Nature.

Boys of Sárospatak are lucky to be living in ideal, scenic country. On one side of Patak are the mountains, on the other is the flat country with its rivers and lakes. Think of yourself on a beautiful sunny, cool morning with its rivers and lakes. Think of yourself on a beautiful forested mountains of the back-country away from life's troubles and worries, away from the squabbles of men, away from all that disturbs the mind. You are traversing a trail wholesome with the smell of pine and decaying leaves; as you tramp along without a care in the world, you suddenly jump a deer which has been lying in his bed in a small gully by the trail, too lazy to rise up and get about his daily task of filling his belly. You stand as still as stone and keenly watch him disappear around the bend in the trail; with a sigh you tramp onward, hating hunters for seeking the lives of such beautiful animals, whose life would otherwise be wild and carefree. In such a state of mind you finally reach the top of the mountain you have been climbing, and see before you spread out the whole panorama of the beautiful surrounding

country. Wearily the pack is taken off your back and you seat yourself on a stump to rest a while and drink in the beauty surrounding you. After a few moments of rest the trail is resumed into the valley below you which is your destination. After slipping and sliding down the side of the mountain you see before you a grassy valley with a small brooklet flowing down the centre; in a grove of trees to the left is a spring from which the brook flows.

In a short while you have a fire kindled and are busy cooking your lunch, after which comes a delightful little nap. You wake up to a bellowing noise and find that the sun is setting and that there are cows in the meadow and it is time for you to be starting for home. The sight of the last rays of the setting sun on red and golden leaves of the forest entrances you on the way home. Arriving home just as darkness is falling, in a weary but happy mood you find that this day has been a perfect one, just the kind of a day you would have wished for.

This is just an idea of what a hike may be like. Of course, it is possible for it to turn out differently too, but that will be discussed at a different time.

Though most of the birds have already migrated, we can still find sufficient on which to make interesting notes, and as animals are not in the habit of migrating they make another rich source of material, that may be studied during Autumn and Winter. Now that the Christmas vacation is coming, I suppose many of us are already dreaming of the fine exhilarating hunts that we shall have; I know I am. After the vacation I shall gladly receive all articles dealing with Nature and the outdoors, as we hope that this new department will to such an extent be a success that it will be continued.

MY VISIT TO ENGLAND.

By *Gábor Opler* (Class VI.).

Like many others of our students, I had the good fortune to visit England this Summer. It was a grand experience, but I shall not be the first person who has said that. We have read or heard everything about England's geography, peoples and customs, so I had better try to describe one of the many episodes which occurred during my visit.

My first residence in England was a Scout camp, in the South, near the sea shore. My hosts were as kind and gay as anybody could be. The weather was marvellous and the camp beautifully situated. Thus my first impressions were very favourable. After a few days' rest I could stand it no longer, and though I was afraid of hurting the feelings of my companions, I asked for a day's holiday, and borrowing a bike, started off to see something of the country. I was pleasantly astonished to see that nobody thought of being cross, but they all did everything they could to help me, or rather us, as I was accompanied by Erich Kellermann. Everything was arranged, and we started off on the fine English roads. — We were fresh, excited, and anxious to reach the sea shore, and so we started off at a terrific speed. Not thinking of the number

of miles or of the complete lack of map and guide, we just sped along. It was of course not so easy as we thought. The sea coast was hilly, the weather warm, and though we hoped to discover the sea beyond every hilltop, we seemed always to find yet another height to climb. We soon got rather mad about the constant climbing and the fading light, but suddenly, when we had almost ceased to hope, behind one of the usual slopes we saw the sea. It is difficult not to be romantic. It was late evening, but the sea was still like a mirror in the last rays of the sun. The shore was but a mere row of little lamps, with a black crowding mass of people beneath. We regained all our spirits and slid down the hill, forgetting all about the long journey. We reached Hastings in a few minutes, and soon had to get off our bikes to proceed through the crowds of people.

Next morning we forgot all about our plans, and only remembered then again when we at last awoke at ten o' clock. We had no luggage with us, but fortunately we had thought of bringing our bathing suits. The whole town was down on the beach, but this did not disturb us in the least. It was again a marvellously warm day, and we were more than pleased to take off the warm uniforms, and bathe. The water seemed to be a bit too cold though, and we noticed that we were the only ones bold enough to try a swim. But we could not miss this opportunity, and I think it was the right thing to do. A few minutes later we felt so well that it was rather difficult to leave. We tried to get a glimpse of the town; it is a beautiful spot, with rows of houses facing the sea. But just on the shore there is a broad and finely ornamented promenade. Here the usual pursuit is walking and bathing. In the middle of the shore there is a big bay. It should actually be a kind of harbour, but it is much more a place for amusement than for shipping. The whole town is a park itself, full of happy people trying to enjoy their holidays as long as they can.

At ten o' clock in the evening we had to start back. It was rather an uncomfortable feeling to see the same hills, this time in the evening, when we had no kind of lamp with us. We soon noticed the need of this; it had become pitch-dark and we could not even read the sign-posts. But we plodded on, heaving a sigh now and then, and we were getting quite puzzled. Whenever we had to chose between two roads we were sure to take the wrong one, and had to return and try again. It was two o' clock when we reached our tent, and though we promised never to leave camp again like that, the excursion lived in our memory.

RELAY FROM SÁROSPAK TO KASSA.

By *Robert Fazekas* (Class VIII.)

It was determined to hold a relay from Sárospatak to Kassa, the capital of the regained parts of the "Felvidék." The Academy of Sárospatak, as the old school of the Rákóczi, was to provide the runners with a stick, cut from the Rákóczi trees in the castle-garden

at Sárospatak. This stick would have symbolised the flag, which the town and the school offered to Kassa, and which would have been taken to Kassa on the same day by the authorities of the town and the school. Unfortunately the relay had to be postponed, probably till the Spring, and it is hoped to hold it on the 27th of March.

THE "HUMÁN" BOARDING SCHOOL.

By *Gábor Tóth* (Class VIII).

Last Autumn, if we looked out of the windows of the English Boarding School, we could enjoy the beautiful Autumn scene without any buildings interrupting the calm beauty of the picture, but if we try to do so now, we find a vast edifice hiding the old schoolgarden...

The building of it was begun last Autumn, and its style is somewhat modern; in extent it is sufficiently big to receive forty boys. The formal opening took place on the 11th September and we have to remember the little ceremony. After a prayer by Mr. Károly Janka, Count Paul Bethlen delivered a speech about the immense importance of good boarding schools in the education of boys. Then Mr. Árpád Tárczy made a profound speech, emphasising the fact that the Sárospatak Academy is never to be behindhand in the competition among schools at the present time. After the ceremony the audience was allowed to visit the building, and see the rooms, each of which will be the home of four boys. Everything is big and clean, with good playing rooms and bathrooms, all perfectly up to date; and we are glad to receive such a useful institution.

We hope that the director, Mr. István Zana, who, as a master of the English Boarding School previously, had shown himself to be a reformer, will do his work in accordance with the pupils' interests. In the assurance that this will be the case, we congratulate him upon his appointment.

SPORT.

By *Stephen Horváth* (Class VII.).

To begin with, we determined to elect the ASC staff for this year. Can you imagine what a pleasure an ASC meeting is? Somebody cries a name, we cheer — he is elected, A cry, a cheer, a cry, a cheer. It happened with the writer of these lines that some fool cried his name, — the first time that he did not cheer... In the end (there was an enormous cheer) the staff was elected: Chairman: Zoltán Feyér, assistant to the Chairman: Julius Baskay; and now comes a long line of jolly fellows. Skip them.

The football competition was played only in September. Everybody who played had to pay 20 f. for a fine cake in the confectionery. Now what happened? Teams were formed from the classes and every class tried to kick more goals than the others. The outcome of this coming and going was that the seventh class proved to be the best in this

kicking about. — And so they got the glorious name of Victor — but nothing more. Now was this worth 20 f.?

There was dead-calm. Certainly somebody shouted: "I want a tennis competition". What could we do? — we arranged one for him. Here are the winners:

Upper class single: Mihály Szabó.

Upper class double: Zoltán Feyér, Mihály Szabó.

Lower class single: Miklós Matuska.

Lower class double: Imre Farkas, Miklós Matuska.

Suddenly somebody shouted: Thankyou! There was dead-calm.

Here I have to introduce to you a gentleman (don't be alarmed, he is my friend and I undertake all responsibility for him) one Mihály Szabó. He is the pioneer of ping-pong, or more commonly called short-hand tennis. Before his appearance we only played ping-pong — but who thought about it in a serious way. Now here comes this man and invites the team of the Teachers' Training College to a friendly competition. I still shiver when I remember our enemies: there was a small one... Huh! Never mind; by means of some sweat some blood and some tears we won it. The victory expressed in numbers was 11 to 9. After that there was a home competition. The results:

Upper class single: János Sarvay.

Upper class double: Mihály Szabó, János Sarvay.

Lower class single: Attila Nagy.

Lower class double: Attila Nagy, Miklós Matuska.

So did all this happen, a sad story I know. But always remember the words of — I forget his name — "Mens sana in corpore sano".

To conclude here is my latest sport-gossip: Mr. Tóth, our sport master in chief, has bought a dog.

SCHOOL NOTES

NEW MASTERS.

In the place of Mr. István Zana Mr. Paul Vajda Szabó was elected mathematics teacher of the Boarding school. Mr. L. Jakabfi has been succeeded by Mr. I. Átányi. The two new English Masters are Mr. Vincent Barber and Mr. Glan Davies. The new Assist. Ministers are: Rev. M. Kalydy, last year's senior of the Academy, and Rev. L. Ablonczy, both old students of the Academy. The English School's Secretary this Year is: Mr. G. Ablonczy.

NEW STUDENTS.

First form: István Adamkovits, Sándor Berényi, Jenő Csanak, Gábor Farkass, E. Jékey, István Kellermann, György Magoss, Gyula Molnár, B. Pál Máthé, Lóránd Sinóros Szabó, Imre Szecsódy and János Varga. Second form: Miklós Bárczay and Miklós Bonezos. Third form: István Nagy György and Miklós Ujhelyi. Fourth form: István Vitányi. Fifth form: István Melczer-Lukács, Baron János Radvánszky, Baron Gergely Rosen. Eighth Form: Menyhért Szücs, Attila Szunyogh.

RADIO LETTERS.

The number of corresponding students has again increased. A few weeks ago the Hungarian Broadcasting company received letters from Britain and the USA, the writers of which are trying to find some correspondents who could tell them about the political life of Hungary. The company sent the letters to our school, and so the English teachers and some older boys have got new connections with England and America.

NEW SCHOLARS.

As the school for Hungarian nobles at Vienna was closed last year by the Nazis, those Hungarian school boys who had a national scholarship there had to come to Hungary to finish their education. There were seven such boys, and they had three Hungarian schools to choose from. It is a compliment to the Boarding School and to the Academy that four of these seven boys chose the English Boarding School in Sárospatak. Their names are: Attila Szunyogh, Baron Gergely Rosen, István Melczer-Lukács and György Magoss. We hope they will find as much comfort and as good friends here as they had in Vienna.

THE ENGLISH LIBRARY.

Mr. Jakabfi, who has been in charge of the English Library in the past, has been replaced by Mr. Szőke. In the last three months books were taken out to be read on about a hundred and fifty occasions, and twelve new books were added to the library, including a complete Shakespeare and a history of literature by Gosse. Mr. Szőke plans to rebind the many worn-out books.

SCARLET FEVER.

This year unfortunately some boys of the Boarding School developed scarlet

fever. In consequence of this two dormitories were isolated for two weeks. The following boys were suffering from the fever: Sándor Berényi, B. Pál Máthé, György Magoss and Iván Vitányi. They have partially recovered already.

VINTAGE VACATION.

The usual vintage vacation was nearly not held this year, but at last the serious political troubles forced us to leave school for two weeks. We left on the 28th of September and returned on October the 9th. Some boys were sufficiently anxious to pack all their things and take them home but fortunately this was unnecessary, as by the second day of the vacation everything was peaceful again.

LORD ROTHERMERE'S FUND.

We must all remember the pleasure it gave us to receive Lord Rothermere at our school on the 12th of November. On leaving us His Lordship offered the School seven thousand Pengő to be awarded in prizes, two thousand for the girls and five thousand for the boys. He was also kind enough to invite fifteen boys to spend the next Summer holidays in England as his guests. These boys have not yet been chosen.

SAINT NICHOLAS' EVE.

Several guests and the whole of the staff have memories of this evening that will make them laugh for weeks. As for the boys they revelled in the fun with which we celebrated Saint Nicholas' Day, the 6th of December, which, by the way, is the nameday of our Regent, Admiral Horthy.

The stage had been erected some days previously in the dining hall. Frequent rehearsals were held under the supervision of the English masters. The play was an immense success, as Mr. Stephen Horváth in his article

clearly points out. The intimate tidings "broadcast" through the radio (for the announcers dared not make a public appearance having regard to their physical integrity) were a tremendous success. The audience listened with eager curiosity to the intimate details of Internátus life. A report of the staff football match abounding in humorous incidents and bold enough not to avoid names was also "broadcast". Horváth's "eye-witness" account of the motor-cycle race was also a good thing. Then came a short play featuring the most prominent personality in the Internátus, the Captain.

A very pleasant evening came to a close with the distribution of the Saint Nicholas' parcels which had been sent by parents.

THE FLAG OF KASSA.

To express their happiness about regaining some of our territories in Czechoslovakia, every important Hungarian town decided to send a flag to

Kassa, the biggest town of the "Felvidék". Sárospatak as the town of the Rákóczi was also chosen for this honour. The flag from this town is ornamented on one side by the scutcheon of Hungary, and on the other by the scutcheons of Kassa, the Rákóczi, of Sárospatak, and of the School. The six metre-long flag will be taken to Kassa by a relay of the students; it had been planned to present it in November, but the ceremony had to be postponed till the 27th of March. On that day it will be placed on the same stone, whereon the statue of Stefanik stood.

FORMER ENGLISH MASTER MARRIED.

Mr. K. Lloyd Hooper's marriage to Miss R. Snape took place at the Diocesan College Chapel, Rondebosch, on December 15th. Mr. Hooper was an English master in the Boarding School, and all the masters and boys, who remember him, wish to congratulate him, and hope that his marriage will turn out a very happy one.

Az Angol-Internátus és növendékeinek
beszerzési forrása: a sárospataki

HANGYA-SZÖVETKEZET

FŐÜZLETE,

ahol kitűnő friss hentesárúk, tejtermékek,
csokoládé- és teasütemények, konzervek,
gyümölcs stb. dús választékban olcsó áron
kaphatók.

Arany érdemkereszttel és aranyéremmel kitüntetve!!!

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1—825—35.

A SÁROSPATAKI ANGOL-INTERNÁTUSNAK,

valamint több szintén előkelő fővárosi internátusnak, több intézménynek és sport-egyesületnek, úgyszintén a M. Kir. Honvéd tisztikarnak 424.025/2. 1935. sz. rendelet szerint szerződéses szállítói. — Ajánlják úgy egyenruhákra, mint mindennemű formaruhákra dúsan felszerelt raktáraikat hazai és külföldi elsőrangú szövetekben. Divatos legjobb kivitel! Jutányos árak.
Pontos kiszolgálás.

Mintákat és árajánlatokat kívánatra készséggel küld. —

Nagybányai vitéz

HORTHY MIKLÓS

mondotta:

„Az a bajunk, hogy egy évezreden át mindig azt hirdették, hogy a kereskedelem, az üzleti élet másodrendű foglalkozás.“

Ez ellen az évezredes magyar tévedés ellen küzd a magyar kereskedelem átfogó országos érdekképviselete:

az ORSZÁGOS MAGYAR KERESKEDELMI EGYESÜLÉS

és közgazdasági hetilapja: az ”OMKE”

Titkárság, szerkesztőség: Budapest, V., Arany János-u. 10.

Csináltassa ruháit

VARGA JOZSEF

úri és egyenruhaszabóságában

Sátoraljauhely

Horthy Miklós-tér 16.

Elsőrangú hazai és külföldi szövetek raktáron.

Az Angol-Internátus szállítója.

Civil és egyenruhákat elsőrangú kivitelben, mérték szerint készít.

Nagy
karácsonyi és újévi vásár

a
HERCZEG

illatszertárban
Sárospatakon.

Manikűr, fésű és
kombinált kazetták
nagy választékban.

Úri és női
DIVATCIKKEK
és
diákfelszerelések

Magolcsai
Nagy Mihálynál
Sárospatak,
Rákóczi-u. 23.

