

# COLLEGE NEWS

OF THE ENGLISH BOARDING  
SCHOOL



SÁROSPATAK  
HUNGARY

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EASTER 1939.

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# COLLEGE NEWS

EDITOR: GÉZA HUSZTHY.  
 ASST. EDITORS: RÓBERT FAZEKAS, ISTVÁN HORVÁTH,  
 GÁBOR OPLER, HAROLD ROSNER.

VOL IV.

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## EDITORIAL.

*The lapse of time that passed between Christmas and Easter was a considerably long one, abounding in thrills for politically-minded members of the Senior Forms. Minutes of the Debating Society or any other gathering arranged by the "intellects" of school-life, were generally lacking in humorous motives. This, I must say, is rather uncommon, but this time politics have been the focus of importance. It would be a vain endeavour to seek words once more to express what the country felt at the annexation of a minority which had belonged to Hungary for more than a thousand years. Newspapers and speeches did their best at this task. To the boys it is the memory of a delightful thrill. The Easter term, which closed just now, is usually comparatively dull, they say, but this year even desperate studying failed to create a tedious atmosphere. The school-exercises, and little viva-voce "cross-examinations" were done with much routine. Events, which used to cause tremendous uproar among revolutionary idealists of the Upper Four, passed without notice. But the radio-room was continuously full. Coteries were formed at every table. (Company in distress makes trouble less!) But it was not as serious as that, and momentarily there is no imminent danger ahead in politics, as I can gather from school-gossip.*

*But no one was able to put a check on forthcoming events. The college buildings served as temporary barracks for the infantry, thus causing inconvenience and bliss for the Lower Four. Military service called away one of the conscientious and popular masters of the College. As a matter of fact, one boy has to wait on the others at meals by every table, for the servants are singing the "Last Long Mile" somewhere in Sub-Carpathia.*

*This atmosphere did not much inspire boys to contribute, and we ask the kind reader to be more lenient concerning articles.*

**Editor.**

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# THE TRAGEDY OF MAN

PERFORMED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ENGLISH  
BOARDING SCHOOL ON THE 25TH OF MARCH.

After minor experiences, such as "Under the Skull and Bones", "Twice is too much" and last year's more difficult achievement, "Macbeth", it occurred to some of the boys that they could try something more serious.

The Boarding School masters were for long troubled by the selection of a suitable play. Once we took it for granted that Shaw's Saint Joan would be performed, but on second thought the "Tragedy of Man" by Imre Madách was chosen. In due time (naturally with many disputes) the roles were given out. With very few alterations the cast remained as it was originally planned.

### Cast

Adam	András Kiss, class VIII.
Eve	Sarolta Mátyás, class VIII.
Lucifer	István Horváth, class VII.

### and

Ákos Baranyai, Gyula Baskay, Ferenc Csapó, László Deme, István Demeter, Robert Domján, László Gaskó, István Hetey, Peter Huszthy, Martha Irányi, Baron Gábor Kende, György Koflanovits, Éva Lázár, István Lukács, Gábor Opler, Gábor Prónay, János Putnoky, Gyula Retter, Baron Gergely Rosen, János Sarvay, Gábor Sas, Menyhért Szücs, Mihály Szabó, Gábor Tóth.

Energetic stage-director, István Horváth, and his assistant, András Kiss arranged the rehearsals. We had better skip these, for they were altogether "not so pleasant". The technical side was rather difficult, as Mr. Balázs Szóke, the technical director, informs us. The stage was just too small, and we had to rack our brains how to make space for everything. In more crowded scenes, such as the London Fair, it suggested the Black Hole of Calcutta. The technicians could rely only upon the stage experiences of Horváth, who fortunately introduced many good ideas. The problem of the red spotlight on Lucifer's face haunted technicians for a long time, till at last Mr. Szóke's invention solved the problem. The settings, a primitive sort of the modern "décor" were painted by the boys themselves. The artists were Zoltán Feyér and István Samu; everybody will remember their "arsenal" on the second floor balcony-room.

It was only after the dress-rehearsal that we could heave a deep sigh and repeat Madách's words: "The mighty structure is completed!" Now, up for the actual performance!

The actors had a touch of stage-fright when they were informed that the audience consisted of very critically-minded individuals. Among these we must first of all mention the Director-in-Chief of the National Theatre in Budapest, Dr. A. Németh. This assured the boys that their work was worth while. All of us thank him for the stimulus he gave

us by his appearance.

The first notable hindrance for the audience was the language barrier. Mr. Szabó, the Headmaster, thinks that the boys had done so well that this hindrance was annihilated by good acting. At least the applause after each scene indicated this.

So the play may be termed a success. As the curtain fell, the footlight were switched off and the audience slowly left the auditorium.

Let us meet Dr. A. Németh, as he is coming out with Mr. Szabó, who is radiant with joy. We ask Dr. Németh what he thinks about the production.

“School-theatricals—he said—should be regarded as educational achievements. As a matter of fact theatrical art is only of minor importance here. It is the wonderful work of the boys that we have to notice. I am extremely glad to see that there is a school in Hungary where the boys are able to produce one of the most difficult dramas in Hungarian literature in English. It does not really matter that some of the scenes were omitted. True, the germinal idea of the play would have been better emphasised if the complete version had been performed. If it had been up to me, I should rather have made abbreviations within the various scenes themselves. But as I had already mentioned, this may be neglected. The main thing is, that the organising of the play was a wonderful experience for all the boys who took part in it. They will never forget the thrill it gave them. The cooperation of the youth of the English Boarding School is remarkable. It has made a great impression upon me. I am an advocate of the English school system, and it delights me to see that kind of unselfish collaboration in Hungary.”

Mr. Szabó, the Headmaster, seemed somewhat pessimistic when the boys undertook to stage this play. Now he is the first to go upon the stage where “Adam delved and Eve span“, and congratulate the three chief characters. Let us ask his opinion about the performance.

“This seemed to be a rather daring enterprise — he said, surrounded by the merciless staff of the C. N. — I considered the difficulties beforehand. I warned the boys but they were persistent. I very much appreciate their work for they have done it almost entirely alone. What pleases me most is that none of the boys tried to avoid work.”

Then come the actors. Going on the stage we notice Lucifer, sitting on the top of a precipitous rock. He is exhausted now, but as ever he is extremely courteous, as becomes a true Lucifer. So he willingly pours out a little information for the “press“. He is not quite satisfied; he could have done better. He thanks all the other actors for their understanding, and as stage-manager he congratulates the boys who helped him.

Miss Sarolta Mátyás was playing Eve. She showed a remarkable improvement since her last year's role of Lady Macbeth.

The idealist Adam is perched on top of the very same rock, already on good terms with Lucifer, his eternal enemy. Apparently he did not like the settings. “They created a stifling atmosphere“ he said but it

was the best that could be afforded. The only "bad thing" about the play was the abundance of drawing-pins on the stage, according to Kiss's opinion. His bare feet could not agree with those.

Mr. Balázs Szőke, technical director, was a multiplication of himself during the performance, appearing everywhere to correct the possible defects. The procedure of changing the scenes proved to be much more difficult than it was imagined, but according to Mr. Szőke's system it was done swiftly and quietly.

Erich Kellermann is found near the projecting instrument. He has an enormous shawl around his neck, and all he gained by the play was a sound chill. But he keeps smiling. As a technician he did his best, for which we are duly thankful.

I think that it will be not the success of the play that we are going to remember, but the delightful time we had rehearsing it. Madách intended his play to be a tragedy, but rehearsals had a farcical aspect. It was the fun we had that made it worth while, and though this probably wasted some time, when the day of the play was imminent, no one shirked his duty.

*Géza Huszthy* (Class VIII.)

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## HOW THE EASTER NUMBER OF THE COLLEGE NEWS CAME INTO BEING

by *Róbert Fazekas* (Class VIII.)

Now I should like to give a short description of the editing of our beloved newspaper (if I may call it so) the "College News".

Well, dear reader, read and be astonished. The Easter number should appear at the beginning of the Easter holidays, the 1st of April. So about the 20th of March the editorial staff of the paper, G. Huszthy the editor, G. Opler, H. Rosner (Nature Club) and I, the assistant editors, and Tóth as treasurer, gathered in the room of one of our English masters. Mr. Davies, and Mr. Barber, the two Englishmen were there, but the former had rather a passive role. But a hindrance appeared at once. Horváth, the sports editor, was not there; he could not come because of the play, the "Tragedy of Man", which had to be performed on the 25th of March. But the sports reports are the most important part of the whole paper, so somebody must write them instead. But who? Then somebody had the most unfortunate idea — that I should write them! as last year I was secretary of the Sports Club. Everyone agreed except me, and as I was alone against four I had to give in. So this part of the paper was settled.

Now came the editorial. What should it be about? Nobody knew, least of all the editor, who was supposed to write it. That did not matter; such a trifle could not hold us back. What about the remaining pages? The editorial would fill one page, and the sports probably two pages — altogether three, which is not quite enough. Then somebody

had a brilliant idea. What about putting in some pictures? The photographs were there and we only had to give them to the printer. This was really a brain wave and only the treasurer was against it, for he knew that it would cost a lot of money. The idea was so good and so comforting that we decided to include some pictures of the school in the next College News. (Of course, that does not mean that there really will be some pictures in the paper when it appears, for things may have changed by then.)

Next Sarvay, who is the leader of the stamp collectors, was forced into writing an article on stamp-collecting. Harold Rosner, the president of the Nature Club, said he would write some pages about Nature and the excursions made by the Nature Club. (I should point out that the Nature Club has to this date made a membership of one — Harold Rosner.) Opler as assistant editor promised to fill up at least one, but perhaps two pages, not including the news, which he has to collect from various sources. The meeting then passed on discussing the use or uselessness of advertisements. Opler, who has to do all the dirty work for the College News, including the collection of advertisements, was strongly opposed to them; but Tóth, the faithful treasurer of the C. N., said that the advertisements were the only things in the paper which were worth something. Finally we determined not to have any advertisements this time; but “paria rident“, and at last the treasurer will probably force us to accept his point of view.

The last and best part of the meeting was the excellent tea which our English masters gave us, though I must confess that it tasted like toothpaste, for we had only two glasses and the others had to bring their own dental mugs. It smelt a bit like petrol too, though nobody knew why. Perhaps through mere absent-mindedness Mr. Barber had put some petrol in the kettle instead of water. Who knows?

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## STAMP COLLECTORS' SECTION.

By *János Sarvay* (Class VI.).

I have often been told that stamp-collecting is a useless hobby. Here I want to refute this idea. In the first place it is certainly a useful fashion. It gives you a good deal of foreign correspondence and enables you to make friends in foreign countries.

Secondly, it promotes the business spirit. To a layman it seems funny that people should spend large sums of money on useless and worthless bits of paper called “stamps“, and that they should find enjoyment in putting them one after another in a great album; or if they find a rare one they should be so proud of it. I should like to point out that stamps are not worthless little bits of paper; for each has its certain value, which will increase with time.

It is a great pity that in some European countries on festival occasions miniature blocks have been introduced. They were very pretty and within a year they became a fashion in Europe; and

unfortunately they have been accepted as regular stamps. English stamp collectors alone were far-sighted enough not to do so, and they were right; for within a year their prices became so high that it was impossible to collect them. So we may hope that this fashion of miniature blocks will vanish, and stamp collecting will return to its normal channels.

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## ICE PATROL.

By *István Símeghy* (Class VII.).

Since the tragedy of the Titanic in 1912, when that ship struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic and sank with the loss of 1,500 lives, the International Ice Patrol has come into existence to prevent any such disaster. The patrol operates nearly all the year round, but with particular vigilance in the danger period from March till the end of June. It is truly international, for its ships are provided and equipped by the U. S., it operates from the Canadian port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in a wide area north eastward from the coast of Newfoundland; and it is financed proportionately by Great Britain, as to 40% of the cost, the United States 18%, Canada 6% and Germany 10%; the sundry smaller nations pay the balance in accordance with the International Convention of Safety of Life at Sea of 1929. The patrol vessels and their crews perform an often hazardous job, or rather a multiplicity of jobs; for they have become the clearing-house through which passes information and observations to and from all ships to the area, and coast-guard and radio stations ashore. They make reports there three times a day as to the exact position of icebergs and their rate of drift and the various conditions of wind and sea; thus piling up valuable information about this most dangerous part of the North Atlantic, assisting alike the fishing fleet on the Newfoundland Bank and the palatial passenger liners on the regular sea routes.

All icebergs are dangerous; one of these floating islands has eight times as much ice under water as shows. Usually icebergs are of fresh water ice, as solid as rock and often as dark in colour. Sometimes, however, they will be honeycombed shells, ready to collapse as soon as anything strikes them at the waterline. These fresh water bergs originate in the tremendous glaciers of the David Straits at the coast of Greenland; they drift out of the fjords during Summer, get frozen into drifting icepacks during Winter, and are released further South the following Summer. They are then carried on the Labrador Current, sometimes as far South as 40 degrees N, before finally disappearing in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The point where these ocean currents overlap, varies according to the time of year, so that each season any number of bergs, from 350 to 1000, cross one or the other of the shipping lanes, a menace to every ship.

The patrol sends out its radio and sound warnings in fair weather and foul, while the men frequently risk their lives to speed up the disintegration of the larger bergs. Formerly they planted high explosives



on bergs or fired naval shells at them, but this had little or no effect, strange as it may seem. Today they have a greater success owing to the Thermit Heat Unit invented by Prof. H. T. Barnes, Professor of Physics in McGill University of Canada. This invention makes it possible to riddle a large part of the berg at one time with molten metal, weakening and sometimes splitting the massive berg in all directions and reducing it to smaller pieces more exposed to the effect of warmer water before its final disappearance. Quite a dangerous job for the men of the Ice Patrol.

For the past ten years the Canadian Government has extended its individual Ice Patrols out of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf and northwards along the wild Labrador Coast through the Hudson Straits into Hudson Bay to their mid-continental seaport of Port Churchill — a 2000 mile patrol. This port is at the end of the Hudson railway, which taps the farm lands of the Middle West. The job of the Canadian Ice Patrol is to prolong the period of open water navigation in the St. Lawrence and the Hudson Bay, to make continuous observation of ice conditions and their relation to the weather and Spring floods in the navigable rivers, besides establishing and maintaining navigation lights, buoys and radio direction-finding stations along the routes into Hudson Bay. This needs a small fleet of steamships, lighthouse tenders buoyships and four icebreakers. The icebreaker McLean, for instance, is a very powerful ship of 6500 h. p., twin screwed with a double and reinforced hull to withstand the terrific strain of icebreaking. She is equipped with a spoon-hull at the bow, and exterior pressure steam jets, which are near the waterline to stay free from ice. She also carries a gyro-compass, radio telephone, radio telegraphy, sound signals, echo sounder, salvage pumps, a diver, hospital and surgeon. She makes frontal charges against the icepack; either with her bow down so as to start a crack or else with her bow up so as to slide some feet upon the ice and crash through, after which she backs away and repeats. If caught between two pressing ice areas she can roll and wriggle, rise up and slide back. An important part in these manoeuvres is played by an arrangement of water ballast tanks which allow water to be quickly forced from one to the other. When required she uses the Barnes Thermit Heat Unit, as also do the shore crews. At certain points in the St. Lawrence river there forms under the surface ice what is known as frazil ice, a transparent, almost glutinous mass of ice which under water pressure packs on the underside of the surface ice and effectively blocks the normal flow of water, until the water bursts up through the surface and floods the countryside. This action is often sudden and the comparatively slow operation of the icebreakers in severe conditions cannot always cope with it. Thus weakened the frazil and surface ice cannot resist the natural force of the river water which bursts through the channel, often destroying the surface ice also. The icebreakers complete the job. The work of the ice patrol saves losses in all kinds of business and extends by many weeks the navigable season for the St. Lawrence River and Hudson Bay.



MAIN BUILDING OF  
THE  
SÁROSPATAK AKADEMY.  
(LINO CUT BY Z. JÓNÁS)

## AN EXCITING SPORT.

By *István Demeter* (Class VII.).

Everybody has heard about parachute-jumping; I am going to speak about it from three points of view.

The first and most important is that of life saving. Parachutes were made compulsory as part of the equipment of pilots in 1919. Since then many human lives were saved as a result of this order. The speed at which you hit the ground with a parachute is fifteen feet a second, like jumping from a ten foot wall.

Parachutes are also used in warfare. Rapid transport of armies is very important, so many men and women are trained in parachute-jumping so that an immense reserve force will be available at a moment's notice. The theory is that when an enemy is invading a foreign land, thousands of men equipped with repeating rifles and gas masks could be dropped at some unexpected points in the rear of the invaders, who would then have to fight a simultaneous vanguard and rear-guard action.

Lastly there is parachute-jumping as a sport. Not many know that in England it had become quite a popular sport. Every year hundreds of airmen ask to be allowed to do it. There must be something very exciting about stepping out of an aeroplane several thousand feet above the earth and anxiously waiting for a breathless minute for the parachute to open with a rough jerk. When the enormous silk canopy opens, this is surely an extraordinary and pleasant feeling.

In Russia there are more than a thousand towers for practicing parachute-jumping. Russian parachutists are the best; they hold the majority of the world's records for exceptionally daring forms of jumping from great altitudes. There is a great demand for parachute-jumpers, so if you like, you can easily pay homage to the new hobby of the twentieth century.

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## SPORTS SECTION.

Eastern term sports.

Edited by *Robert Fazekas* (Class VIII.)

Unfortunately for both School and College Sport Clubs there has been not much chance for real work. This is due partly to the political disturbances, which influenced school life too. The gymnasium could not for some time be used for its original purpose. Soldiers were lodged there, and outdoors it was still a bit too chilly for enthusiastic athletes. The College itself had more luck, so that the entrance-hall could be used for a practicing room for the ping-pong team. It did well enough too, thanks to unselfish leadership. Before the political crises some boys were lucky enough to get their bit out of ski-ing, though all of us shed a couple of crocodile-tears when the deficiency of the team was the

cause of a fatal defeat. The fencers were just a little more lucky, and according to their trainer's opinion, they definitely did their best.

To turn to the point, the boys of the Boarding School prefer details to "unmeaning chatter" (See "The Tragedy of Man," aged Barber. Sapienti sat). So I better give results of competitions, races, etc., if there were any.

### Fencing.

Life in the Fencing Club was almost at its best. It was a sport for itself. The team did not win all the possible prizes in the district, that is true, but the boys enjoyed the fun it gave. Trainings were pervaded with the peculiar warlike spirit, that is so characteristic of battling Hungarians. (Anyhow, this helped us the olympics, regarding sabre fencing.)

The Miskolc Ref. Secondary School was invited for a friendly tournament, and duly won the match. Last year the Sárospatak team beat them, but they were always strong rivals, till at last they proved to be stronger, thanks to their coach the excellent Mr. Irsa. The results were 10:6 in favour of the Miskolc School team. The Patak Team consisted of Huszthy, Baskay, Kőrössy and Molnár; the Miskolc one: Bartha, Dabsi I., Dabsi II., Sztéhló.

Two weeks later, on the fifth of March, the same Patak team left for Miskolc to suffer another defeat. The coaches, Mr. Szabó and Mr. Tóth, aimed at a "revanche" but the plan did not succeed. The score was 10:7 again in favour of the Miskolc team. Huszthy won 3, Baskay 2 and Molnár 1 out of their four matches.

Nobody seems to be downcast by this, and at present the team is training hard for the "KISOK" district competition, which will be held at Kassa on the 16th April.

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## NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by *Harold Rosner* (Class V.)

### A Spring Hike.

A few days ago while gazing out of the window absentmindedly, the shrill honking and the whistling of the wings of migrating geese reached me. Upon looking up, I perceived a wedge of about 200 geese flying northward to their nesting grounds. Something stirred in me. Immediately I felt as if the four walls were closing in upon me; I must get out into the open! was my only thought. Hastily, I tore out of the room to seek my friend P. H., for a counsel of war. After a discussion which lasted for five minutes, it was unanimously decided (by both of us) that the very next Sunday we should go out to do a little fishing in the river B..., about six miles away, where it flowed through a large forest.

The Sunday dawn was bright and clear, with a tinge of frost in the air. We did not start till eight o'clock, hoping that the air would warm up a little by then. It was planned that instead following the

river itself, we should cut across the fields till we reached the forest and then go through the woods where it bordered the river.

An hour later the dark forest closed around us; we chattered light-heartedly while walking through the woods; after some time we suddenly broke out into a huge meadow. We halted in surprise. We had known nothing of this meadow. We were arrested by the sight of six deer feeding within forty paces of us. We stood struck still, watching them with admiration. It is generally thought that the deer are nearly extinct in this district, and here confronting us were six of the beautiful creatures. Unexpectedly P. H. sneezed and they were off like a shot; gracefully taking ten foot jumps across the grassy meadow in the direction of the deep forest. Both of us sighed and proceeded along the meadow with all thoughts of fishing forgotten.

We had not proceeded far when two hazel grouse (also rare) burst out of a small copse at the edge of the meadow. Still later we saw dozens of pheasants which burst out of every little clump of grass which was large enough to hide them. (The large number of pheasants was due, no doubt, to the numerous feeding stations which were situated at different points around the meadow.)

When at last the edge of the forest was reached, we took a last look at the small game paradise, and slowly wended our way once more through the dark forest. After more than hour's walk we found, to our dismay, that we were lost. We wandered aimlessly along paths which crossed and recrossed one another. We encountered a great number of deer which indicated that this species is far from being extinct. After long hours of wandering we finally reached the river. A cloud of wild ducks, with protesting quacks, took to the air as we approached.

“Why, ye tenants of the lake  
For me your watery haunts forsake?  
Tell me, fellow creatures, why  
At my presence thus you fly?”

*(Burns.)*

Fishing being out of the question, we started homeward. We had after all explored regions new to us, and had found a naturalist's paradise. Throughout the whole tramp we have not set eyes on a human being. Some day we shall return and pitch camp there for at least a week. For, as Henry Van Dyke puts it: “When man abide in tents after the manner of the early patriarchs, the face of the world is renewed. The vaguaries of the clouds become significant. You watch the sky with a lover's look, eager to know whether it will smile or frown.

I profess that it appears to me not only pleasant, but also salutary to be in this condition. It brings us home to the plain realities of life; it teaches us that life was meant to be uncertain, that no man can tell what a day will bring forth, and that it is part of wisdom to be prepared for disappointments and grateful for all kinds of small mercies.”

### **Some interesting facts.**

Many people think that the bows of the American Indians were much more powerful than the ones used for sport today, but this is

a mistake. The bows used otday are about twice as efficient as the early Indian bow. The former can send an arrow over four hundred yards, while the Indian bows (as the experiments have proved) will not shoot beyond two hundred yards...

Often, people have observed an otter swim more than a half mile under the ice of a lake, frozen to a depth of six inches or more, and yet could never figure it out how the otter does this. In my studies and observations, I have come to the conclusion that the otter does the same thing that the American muskrat and beaver do. This is as follows: otter's noses are air tight so that they can swim across large ponds or lakes frozen over, by putting their noses against the ice about every hundred yards and blowing a bubble, which looks like that on a spirit level, and renewing their breaths by drawing it in again. If not disturbed, they can swim any distance this way, but if driven away from their bubble, they soon drown. (The air in the bubble becomes purified if left against the ice for a few seconds.)

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## SMILES AND SUNSHINE.

Can an Esquimau smile? That is one of many matters on which I have my doubts. None of my acquaintances have been helpful. All have seen photographs, of course, but took no particular notice of such details. No assurances one way or another are forthcoming. What pictures I have seen are of no avail. They have served only to give evidence of the stunted growth of the inhabitants of these northerly regions, with their drawn features, expressionless and inscrutable.

Somehow I cannot credit such people with a sense of humour. The latter presupposes an inward warmth of feeling, a lively imagination and a ready emotional reaction. If any man would declare that he has seen an Esquiamu smile, I shall be prepared to believe that what he saw was nothing more than a chilly smirk (such as in the more temperate zones is reserved for the tellers of very weak jokes); or if he asserts that he has heard the Esquimau laugh, I shall adamantly contend that it was merely a very cold gurgle. For after all, how can one experience the "warm reviving glow" of witty conversation in the front parlour of an igloo? How can there be enlivening table talk when the mainstay of the menu is blubber? No, I fear that among Esquimaux you will find neither risibility nor repartee; merely gurgles and gooseflesh.

As to the Negro we have conclusive evidence. We know that in a good mood he is a study in black and white. A grinning negro is a dentist's nightmare — the spectre of Unemployment looming large. To ask the question, can a Negro smile? is to reveal crass ignorance, deserving of the chilling smirk of the Esquimau. Yet we may well ask, why does a Negro smile when an Esquimau cannot find in it his nature to do so? Now that question is infused with intelligence, and calls for a little stirring of the grey matter.

How closely climatic conditions are associated with the reactions

and responses of the human frame, science cannot definitely lay down. It is well known that the moon influences tides as well as romantic natures — the motion of the waters as well as the emotions of the human heart. Not less, the sun has its appointed part to play. Who has not felt exhilarated to rise upon a scented April morning, and to gaze out upon sun-bathed surroundings? Who has not marked a change of feeling on blinking out on a rain-soaked scene, of sodden pathways and mist enshrouded trees. The one makes one's heart leap up; the other cloaks one's spirits with its own drab greyness.

Is not human nature like a photographic plate? Are not both subject to chemical reactions? Sunshine produces a sharp print and a happy disposition; overcast skies a poor picture and drooping spirits.

To change the simile: are not most of us like sundials, functioning best when our surroundings are bright?

„Non numero horas nisi serenas.“

On rainy day a sundial is a symbol of hope — a sign of better things to come. But these we do not find among the Esquimaux. Like brief bathing-suits and parasols they are not in the least desired.

Nor for that matter are they of use here at the moment. The rain falls fast from a grey sky. The church spire looms faintly out of the mist. In the foreground the trees look old and bare, and have not yet put on their new year's livery. The sundial standing in a pool of water is a sight to damp one's spirits. Nevertheless, let us sing a song the Esquimaux have never heard:

„Summer is a-comen in,  
Loud sing cuckoo.“

G. T. D.

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## HILLS AND THE PLAIN.

There is a certain fascination about geography considered as a visual study. I know that it pleased me, amid the brick-fields and grassy downs of my own part of England, to stand above a low ridge of the eastern escarpment of the Chiltern hills, where they fall suddenly into the Bedfordshire flats, and to look eastwards with the knowledge that there was no more ground of any considerable height until one reached the Urals.

Generally speaking, I do not like flat country — it seems to me oppressive like a two-dimensional world; it is quite as destructive of human dignity as are great heights, but without their grandeur and exhilaration. I experienced, therefore, a feeling of depression on arriving in Hungary by way of Hegyeshalom, in that flat and open corner of land which lies between Slovakia and the old Austria, and then in watching the unending plain, illimitable, featureless and unkempt, dry and fertile under the silky, enervating September sunshine, as the train took us northeastward from Budapest. At Sárospatak things are better, under the conical foot-hills with their oakwoods and the geo-

metrical vineyards; there is even something of arrangement in the position of the town, placed upon the last slight lift of land above the river and overlooking a plain as level as the sea. Moreover there is, in the prospect at least, of the spur of hills which runs down behind the town something to quiet and refresh the spirit.

Those hills have been during six months a fascination, a mystery and a torment for me. I have watched them in various weathers — on days when rain or mist obliterated detail and perspective and made them no more than cardboard hills ranged one behind the other against the backcloth of a theatre; on cloudy days when the rain-washed air gave an unusual clarity of outline to the world, and the contrast where the wet black hilltops impinged against the sky was so sudden that at the point of meeting the sky seemed lighter by comparison and the hills edged with a faint band of light; on sunny days when their green, wholesome wildness was scarred only by the shadows of passing clouds, and when the evening sun scooped out their hollows into cool blue gulfs of shadow; but I have had neither the time nor the energy to attempt to climb them.

Just as these hills recall qualities of loneliness and silence which the English countryside has almost lost — its ancient variety, its infinite local distinctions will soon be traceable only by their names, their particular characteristics will have been obliterated under villadom as under a common scourge, like an international community of drug-addicts — so the road to Kassa, when it turns into the hills beyond 'Ujhely, recalls something of the former dignity and glory of a road.

A modern English main road is an abomination, a destroyer of privacy and individuality, an urban invasion of the countryside and an artery whereby the separate and peculiar lives of towns may flow and merge one with another. By contrast, to travel along a road where petrol pumps are unknown, where there is barely room for two vehicles to pass and which at times degenerates into a narrow twisting track of loose rubble, amid a picturesque and secret countryside, and to remember that this is still a highway connecting two fairly important towns, awakens an illusory but precious sense of adventure. You feel that here a road is still kept to its proper function, as a tenuous and even precarious thread of communication, to travel along which is an enterprise. The traveller may imagine himself for the moment back in in the disjointed and particularised world of a fairytale or a story by Chesterton, where each part may live its own life, the complications of modern society are forgotten and the desire of the individual for expansion, for adventure, may find free play. He must, of course, recognise that such a fancy is but a fancy; though there is, deep in the hearts of many men today, a nostalgia for the lost simplicity of this world. There are modern creeds which seek to recreate it, or rather the illusion thereof — a dangerous attempt, for though it is indeed true that some of the virtues would flourish there more easily than they do now, the most difficult, and therefore the most necessary, would be ignored.



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## CHINESE MUSIC WINS HUNGARIAN ADMIRERS.

A very interesting lecture was given by Dr. T. Z. Koo on the 29th March, on the subject of Christianity in China. A large audience attended. The lecture consisted of two parts. The first gave an impression of the historical background of Christianity in China, the second of its effect upon family and social life in modern China. Various interesting facts were given. Dr. Koo's original simplicity in the language, which was not his mother-tongue, was admired by those who understood his words. But the heartiest applause was won by his artistic fluteplaying. He concluded his lecture by playing some ancient Chinese songs on this typically Asiatic instrument. The soft melodies quickly found their way to Hungarian hearts. Next he played some "new" songs for the audience, which were "only" three hundred years old. The melodies were meditative, not possessing the carefree gaiety of Italian songs, but in spite of this suggesting warm and friendly feelings. His instrument was a long bamboo stick, with holes in it, made in the simple fashion of those thousands of years ago, costing, as Dr. Koo said, 35 fillers in Hungarian money.

Dr. Koo found Hungarian schools very interesting. It surprised him that there are so many denominational and private schools in Hungary, for in China they are maintained by the State. But concerning subjects there is but a slight difference. "I like Hungarians very much" he finished, and took leave, after giving us his autograph in funny Chinese Characters.

Letters will reach him at this address: T. Z. Koo 13 Rue Calvin Geneva.

If he will read these lines, I interpret the feelings of the students of Sárospatak Academy, when I express our gratitude for his remarkable speech.

**Editor.**

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

### ENGLISH LIBRARY.

Mr. Balázs Szőke, Chief Librarian, tells us that a lot of new books were purchased this term. Here we give the titles of the best ones: Fielding: Jonathan Wild; Meredith: The Ordeal of Richard Feverel; J. Conrad: Lord Jim; J. B. Priestley: Angel Pavement; L. Sterne: Tristram Shandy; Beverley Nichols: Self; Wodehouse: My Man Jeeves; Captain v. Rintelen: The Dark Invader; R. Graves: I Claudius; Dorothy Sayers: Gaudy Night.

The amount of books bought this term exceeds thirty.

### MISSION DAYS.

Lectures were given on March 10th and 11th by the representatives of the „Soli Deo Gloria.“ The lecturers this time were the Rev. L. Vatay, Dr. S. Koncz, Dr. S. Kiss, Rev. J. Morvay and Dr. L. Csia.

**THE LOWER FOUR CLASSES** had no school from the 16th till the 21st of March, for soldiers were stationed in those classrooms. Two hours of teach-

ing were arranged for them in the afternoons.

### SCHOLARSHIP.

Lord Rothermere kindly invited fifteen boys to England this Summer. This party will arrive in England in the first days of July. The selection of the scholars will take place before Easter. Names will be published in the Summer issue.

### COUNT TELEKI.

Count Teleki, while Minister for Education, paid a visit to Sárospatak and inspected the work of the external courses of the Theological Academy. He lunched in the English School together with the County magistrates and School Authorities. He talked with the Academy Superintendents on the subject of the extension of the school.

### FORMS VIII. A. AND VIII. B.

visited the iron-works at Diósgyőr. The excursion took one day, and was arranged for by Mr. Erdélyi and Dr. Urbán. The boys spent the afternoon visiting the places of interest at Miskolc.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We thank all the Hungarian, English

and American Colleges who have sent their papers to us.

The boys of the English Boarding School are thankful for the donations sent by the following: L. Borbás, Budapest 10P. G. Szunyogh, Feldebrő 3P, M. Nevelits, Budapest 3P, I. Sipos, Debrecen 4P, Dr. I. Szecsődy, Budapest 3P, J. Csanak, Szalkszentmárton 3P, Mr. L. Sebestyén, Füzfő, 5P, E. Nagy, Felsőgalla 3P, Dr. E. Ruttkay, Tiszafüred 10P, J. Bárczay, Tiszabura 3P, R. Farkas, Izsák 3P, Dr. G. Molnár, Tiszalök 3P, Baron F. Vay, Debrecen 10P, J. Buchta, Ózd 3P, Mrs. A. Asbóth 3P, G. Kovácsy, Budapest 5P, Á. Gönczy, Princeton (U. S. A.) 5P, Mr. M. Tóth, Sárospatak 3P.

### Y. M. C. A.

Four representatives of the World Alliance of the Young Men's Christian Association visited us on the 20th of February. These lecturers were the Rev. Denzil Patrick (Scotland), Heimer Virkunen (Finland), André Trocmé (France) and Eleley Stephen Heyness (India). Count László Teleki and Mr. T. Pógyor accompanied them. The speeches were interesting and the youth of Sárospatak Academy greatly appreciates their aim.

The management of the English School thanks the following donations, which were given to cover the expenses of the performance of the "Tragedy of Man":

Mrs. L. Alitisz 1, E. Barsy 0'40, A. Berey 1, B. Boda 2, Mrs. I. Borsós 1, S. Brendecke 1, Mrs. J. Csanak 2, dr. E. Csontos 1, L. Darányi 2, Z. Dávid 1, Mrs. B. Domján 4, L. Erdődy 1, I. Fáy 5, Mrs. S. Füzesséry 2, B. Gál 3, D. Halász 0'50, Mrs. D. Halász 1'50, S. Hallgató 2, G. Harsányi 2, J. Hegyi 1, I. Hetey 5, B. Hodossy 1, I. Horváth 5, B. Hubay 0'50, L. Hubay 0'50, H. Ivády 0'50, Mrs. A. Irányi 1'50, dr. K. Jakob 1, K. Janka 2, Mrs. G. Katona 1, B. Lukács 20, dr. J. Marton 1, dr. E. Mátyás 2, dr. E. Moskovits 2, S. Novák 1, dr. B. Nagy 1, G. Palumby 1, dr. L. Putnoky 1, Miss K. Révész 0'50, dr. E. Sarvay 5, I. Sipos 5, dr. E. Szabó 1, Mrs. K. Szabó 1, dr. Z. Szabó 1'50, Miss E. Salacz 2, Miss J. Salacz 1, B. Szilágyi 1, Mrs. I. Szűcs 1, dr. L. Szűcs 2, dr. M. Támedly 5, Á. Tárczy 1, K. Tóth 1, J. Tussay 0'60, dr. K. Ujszászy 1, dr. B. Urbán 1, L. Vass 1, L. Vatay 1, dr. J. Zsiros 2, sum of smaller donations 17'70 P.



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