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COLLEGE NEWS

SÁROSPATAK
HUNGARY



THE ENGLISH COLLEGE



VOL. VI.

CHRISTMAS 1945.

No. 1.

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COLLEGE NEWS

EDITOR: G. P. NAGY.

ASST. EDITORS: G. GAÁL, E. JÉKEY-ISAÁK, G. MOLNÁR VIII,
K. KISMARTON, G. DÍNER, I. ISAÁK, J. NAGY VII.

VOL VI.

CHRISTMAS 1945

No. 1.

EDITORIAL

After a silence of five years, I have great pleasure in welcoming the readers, old and new, of our small school-magazine.

In number we are less than before. The great storm of the war has dispersed a great many of us. But those of us who are fortunate to be here again, want to keep up the tradition of past years and we are happy that we may publish anew our magazine.

Oh, what a year our last school-year was! At the end of March, 1944, we were sent home. The school was closed and we were allowed to return only in Spring 1945. But how? We came back with very sad experiences, broken down in body and soul, with pale faces, and some of us with a leg or arm missing.

We, Hungarians, have had to learn in our past history how to recover from sufferings like this. We have been ruined several times, but after every catastrophe there always came a new awakening and a new life. So it was when the Tartars and the Turks invaded the country and so it must be now!

We know that we are sitting on the bench of the accused now, but we should like to say with our great poet, Vörösmarty,

*Land of Nations, thou, Great World!
To thee we bravely cry;
A thousand years of suff'ring prove:
We'll nobly live or die.*

We are being educated in a small town where the spirit of the Rákóczi and Kossuth warns us that only liberty and democracy would bring us a new and happy life. We shall do our best in realising these ideals, and hope that the freedom-loving nations will readily help us in our endeavour.

We are working and shall keep working to build up a new and truly democratic Hungary.

May God help us!

EDITOR



LIBERTY — PEACE

A few weeks ago I read a short poem, "Rule Britannia," by James Thomson. When I reached its last line, I felt we should be ashamed of ourselves. The last line was this: "Britons never shall be slaves!" In that moment I clearly saw what a tragical people we are. We, Hungarians, whose greatest desire has always been to live in a free country as a free nation, were forced to fight against a people who have always been the champions of liberty, and whose freedom is not a dream, but a happy reality.

Thank God, the terrible war is over. We, Hungarians, whose forefathers had so often shed their blood for our liberty, have at last got the chance to form our own future, and live in a free country. We owe this to the Great Powers who fought for the freedom of the nations and for world democracy. I should like to express therefore our gratitude to the great British People, whose messages in the B. B. C. during the war always encouraged us to resist the oppressors, and whose promises for peace and freedom have kept us in a hopeful expectation.

We, Hungarian boys, want peace, and hope that boys in other countries want the same. May the time come soon, when we can meet one another, and exchange our ideas and ideals for the formation of a better world!

J. Nagy VII.

WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF VOGUE, LEE MILLER, AT SÁROSPATAK

We were just coming from supper when a soft-going, slender limousine stopped before the English College. A sympathetic, blond young lady jumped out of the car in the clothes of the U. S. war-correspondents, with a soldier-cap perching saucily on her head.

We began to speak to her. She was Lee Miller, a war-correspondent of *Vogue*, on her way to Belgrade. In the evening, during the pleasant dinner, talking amicably, we saw that a very interesting guest had come to us. Lee Miller had always been in the front-line: from the first moment of the invasion, till the surrender was signed, she had started from London and followed the invasionary troops through the hell of Caen to Paris, Aachen, and Nürnberg, — she shows the pictures in the *Vogue*, — she had been at Torgau too, where U. S. and Soviet troops took up connections and cut Germany in two. We look at the picture, where she stands with flushed face holding the Star and Stripes between two Russian officers as the sun of victory shines upon them. She had photographed Hitler's burning castle at Berchtesgaden; moreover, she had bathed in one of his bath-rooms. She speaks now of her purpose: coming from Prague, through Vienna, to Budapest, she was the guest of the American Mission. She came

now, for a few days to visit the interesting places of Hungary: Mezőkövesd, Tokaj, Sárospatak, Debrecen, then back to the capital, and from there to Belgrade, Sofia, Athen — we swallow a lump — then on board a ship to Cairo, India and by aeroplane to Chunking. We listen to her curiously. She speaks about London, and says to our great surprise that London looks much more ruined than Buda or Vienna.

She is very much pleased with Sárospatak and so she stays one day longer. She speaks with acknowledgement of the Great Library, the School and the students.

Properly, — says she, — I'm bored that I've always to look at historical buildings, statues and museums. We come to get acquainted with men, with their thoughts, souls and habits. But here, — she turns smiling towards us, — we found this too, and, — laughing — it gained our royal delight.

On Sunday she looked for the U. S. plane shot down by the Germans at the Berek; sorry to say, we found only the identity-number of the plane and nothing more. Then she visited centres of the general election in our town and said: "Everything's O. K."

She departed on Monday, leaving pleasant memories, and she said if she'll come back from Belgrade she'll run up here again perhaps in January. It's easy for her to "run up." To-day Belgrade, to-morrow Cairo, Chunking . . .

Gy. Gád VIII.

THE BRITISH CULTURAL ATTACHÉ'S VISIT TO SÁROSPATAK

The much awaited motor-car appeared at last. It was at 5 o'clock p. m., on Dec. 1st. Everybody was very excited. No one found his place. The car arrived and the distinguished visitors alighted. Our masters and a committee of 25 boys welcomed them. The guests were Mr. Whitney, Press and Cultural Attaché of the British Mission in Budapest and his secretary, Mrs. Riegate. They were accompanied by Madame Keresztury, wife of our Minister of Education, and three gentlemen from the Ministry. Two boys welcomed the visitors in English. Mr. Whitney replied in a few words. He told us he had heard of Sárospatak, but he never knew where this town was and what it looked like. Now, he was happy, he continued, to have the occasion to see it personally. After this the guests went to their rooms, for they were tired from the long journey.

In the evening the main theme for discussion among the boys was naturally the appearance and the pronunciation of our English visitors. The long beard of Mr. Whitney pleased the boys very much. „He is a real gentleman.“ „She is a lovely lady“ — and such sentences could be heard. In the College there was silence. Nobody wanted to disturb our guests.

Sunday morning they went to visit the School Library and the old Rákóczi Castle. They all were greatly delighted by the beautiful landscape, they said later on. In the afternoon they went to Karcsa, a small village, where they visited a group of the School „Minstrel“ Boys who were supplicating for the school. The boys entertained the villagers by singing old folk songs to them and for this they got money and food stuffs that are so much needed here.

They came back at half past six. Then a Hungarian—English programme began. The programme consisted of two parts. First there was a Hungarian one. Hungarian folk songs were sung and a ballad-play performed. In the English programme, many boys took part. The small boys sang songs, the older ones recited poems, etc. There were two speeches of welcome and two lectures. The last item was the Ghost Scene from Shakespeare's Hamlet. Mr. Whitney spoke to us in Hungarian this time. He told us that we should remain in Hungary because we can rebuild our county only if we work at home as hard as possible.

In the evening, Mr. Whitney and Mrs. Riegate were so kind as to allow the boys to visit them in their rooms and have a talk with them. We were very happy to meet them. An interesting conversation developed between the boys and our guests. Mrs. Riegate explained to us that the English like us Hungarians, for, if that would not be so, they would never have sent a Mission to us. The boys asked them about many interesting things and they got satisfactory answers to all questions. Mr. Whitney encouraged us by saying that in his opinion Sárospatak is the only place in Hungary where he has found a real approach to English culture. We talked nearly till midnight.

We were very happy to see our British visitors and hear their sober words. They said they were not only satisfied with our pronunciation, but with our work in general. I think that such visits mean a great deal in the field of Hungarian—English cultural relations.

On Monday morning they visited us in our class-rooms. We, Seventh Form Boys, were discussing the organisation of the United Nations and the problems of the Atomic-Bomb.

At 11 o' clock they said good-bye to us and left for Budapest. We were very sorry they could no longer stay, but hope that they will come to see us again. *G. Diner VII.*

ENGLISH PROGRAMME

GIVEN AT THE ENGLISH COLLEGE BY THE
BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE ENGLISH BRANCH

- I. Addresses of welcome by an upper and a lower form student.
- II. „My Country“ : recited by József Hajdu.
- III. First Form sings : Baa, Baa ! Black Sheep ! Rock-a-bye Baby.
Jingle Bells. A Cheer.

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- IV. A letter to an English schoolboy: by Gyula Soós.
V. Songs and Poems by the II. and III. Forms: The Farmer in the Dell. Little Jack Horner: Szabolcs Széchy. Polly Wolly Doodle (with music). Two Little Kittens: Ivan Berényi. Old Macdonald had a Farm. Little Things: Edith Dévay. When Johnny comes marching home (with music).
VI. Our School during the war: Károly Kismarton.
VII. "The Seven Ages of Man": Recited by Gyula Svehla.
VIII. The Ghost Scene from Hamlet. Hamlet: György Gaál. Ghost: Imre Isaák. Horatio: Imre Szecsödy. Marcellus: Sándor Berényi.
IX. Closing words by Pál Orbán.
Master of Ceremonies: György Sebestyén.
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The following articles (as far as "Public Work") are items of the foregoing English Programme.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

I have great pleasure in greeting you all in the name of the English-Branch students who have arranged this evening's programme. I am particularly happy that the wife of our Minister of Education, Mrs. Keresztury, Mr. Whitney, a member of the British Legation in Budapest, and his secretary, Mrs. Riegate, are also here. I am sure that this visit will be remembered as a great and memorable event in the annals of our school.

It was about five years ago that the boys of this school performed upon this stage the last great play: Shakespeare's Richard III. Since then we have not been able to achieve such great things. War-time conditions were not favourable for such performances. Nevertheless, with the exception of 1944, we always tried to preserve the tradition that was handed over to us by our predecessors. Every year, usually before Christmas, a short programme in English was given here, and this year we have tried to do the same. Our English is still on a war-standard. But, as you know, during the last two years we had to spend most of our time at home without having any practice in English. So we are not to be blamed alone.

Your presence, our distinguished visitors, gives us encouragement to carry on our work to the highest standard. May God give us a really peaceful time in which we can work undisturbed and with good results.

From my whole heart, I thank you once more for your coming, and hope you won't find our programme very bad! *J. Nagy VII.*



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

You are welcome! We are very happy that so many of you came to see us this evening. We are especially happy that Mr. Whitney, a representative of the great British people, is also here. We hope that our performance will not be quite uninteresting for you. In this performance not only the big boys take part, but we, the small ones, too. We hope that you will enjoy our singing. We shall try to give you what we can and if we make some mistakes, please pardon us for our failures.

G. Kovács III.

OUR SCHOOL DURING THE WAR

I was a boy of eleven years, when I first came to Sárospatak. It was in 1939. I had spent here only a few days when one morning the terrible news of the war reached us and the endless suffering of the world began.

So I and my schoolmates have grown up with the horrible shade of the war in the back-ground which threatened us more and more as we grew older. It is true that our teachers did their best to make life for us as peaceful and as happy as possible. It is also true that, in the first years, we did not get any of the disadvantages and horrors of war. We only read the news in the papers about the war in Poland, Holland, Norway and France. I also remember how sorry we were, when, in the Illustrated London News, we saw the pictures of the ruined English cities and towns. But they were only dreadful things to us and we hoped that the real war would never come to us. It did, however, come. After four years, we saw the real face of the war. It began in the Spring of 1944 when the ill-omened German invasion took place. Then our school was closed, we were sent home. The boys of this College, too, were scattered all over Europe and many of them are still away.

Why did this happen? Who are responsible for this and for all the misery and suffering of the whole country? Certainly not we, boys of this College, who have always been taught to work for peace and understanding among the nations and peoples of the world. At this College, even when others tried to ridicule the great freedom-loving nations, we never ceased to love and respect them for their high ideals and for the progress they made in culture and civilisation.

Some people are surely responsible for the joyless period we had to live in in the most beautiful part of our lives. It may be I am wrong. But I cannot see it otherwise. And I can do nothing but tell what I feel. If wars are purifying events by which a better and nobler generation is to be formed, I hope that in the future boys of my age will never be driven away from their schools and homes for the same reason as we were.

When the war was over, I was very anxious to get some news about my school. The first news that reached me was appalling. I was

told that my College lies in ruins. It had been blown up. I was miserable. I knew that such a thing may have happened. The war, in other parts of the land, destroyed many colleges and even churches. Thank God, this news did not prove to be correct. Our college suffered a lot of damages. Many of its equipments were carried away. But our brave masters saved most of the things that are necessary for the working of the school.

So, one day last Spring, I took my small bag and my books, and, in spite of many difficulties, I came back to Sárospaták. I arrived here about midnight, and, as I made my way through the school-garden, the black shades of the well-known buildings greeted me in a friendly way. Later on I discovered that not only the walls, but the spirit inside them remained the same too.

K. Kismarton VII.

LETTER TO AN ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY

Dear English Friend,

In the first lines of my letter I am going to tell you something of myself:

I am a Hungarian boy sixteen years of age. I attend the V. class of the school at Sárospaták, where, as you may know, among others, we learn your language too. In the last few years we have not been able to make much progress in your language, but I hope you will understand what I want to tell you.

I think you have also been in a condition, when the telling of things made you feel easier. Things, which are like fetters on one's soul. I hope that this letter will lessen the burden on my soul, which is now the lodging of the saddest thoughts, caused by the war. Another reason for writing these lines is to find a good friend, who, I trust, can understand the feelings of a sick-souled Hungarian boy.

I was only ten years old, when the war began. The following part of my life is the time of non-stop alarms. With my sixteen years I had to know all the fearfulness of the war, which ravaged the whole land. If you came to Hungary, the sight of damaged towns, bridges and all the waste which was made by the war, would always remain in your memory. What can the reason of this waste be? Who are responsible for the death of millions and millions? Who? Those, who were led by wicked ambitions and the inextinguishable thirst for money! They are responsible for the crying of many-many fatherless orphans.

Since the Tartar Invasion Hungary has never been in such a ruinous state as she is now. Destroyed buildings are everywhere; a whole country is waiting for re-construction. We Hungarian students know our duty. We know what is expected of us. Our leaders strayed from the road, which was marked out for them by the history of our nation. Now our duty is to correct the mistakes, which were made by the leaders of the country. Every Hungarian student knows that

only by choosing the way of peace may Hungary reach the second millenium. If we again stray from the path of peace, the restoring of Hungary will only be a dream. The youth of Hungary is ready to work, and ready to work hard too, because we have placed our faith in God.

Now I will stop writing. The things which I have said, I should like to tell everyone, so that everybody might know that there is a country in Europe, whose people, small in number though they are, want to live and have a right to live. If circumstances allow, I should like to write to you again. Please answer as soon as you can.

And now, I send you my best wishes, and through you to your friends too. I hope that time will come when we shall be able to strengthen our friendship by a handshake.

Yours sincerely :

G. Soós V.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Let me thank you for your kind attention, with which you have listened to our small performance. We had two objects this evening. The first one was to entertain our honourable guests. But, beyond this, we had another aim.

As you may know, the purpose of this college is to spread English culture in Hungary. We, students, were sent here to learn English, to get acquainted with English literature, and through this to get to know the English people, and their mentality. Not that we should imitate them, but that they should help us in making ourselves better citizens of our country and of the world too.

At this performance we have tried to do our best, but sorry to say, we were not able to render much. Our only excuse is, that we went through a terrible war, and in these hard times we were not able to carry out all our intentions. So, please, do not only notice our bad pronunciation, and the many mistakes we have made, but consider also our ambition. Now that the sufferings of the war are over, we shall try and start our work afresh. We should like to rise again to the level on which we were before the war, when Shakespeare plays were often played upon this stage. Let us hope that this time is not far off, and that our efforts this evening have not been entirely fruitless.

P. Orbán VI.

PUBLIC WORK AT THE COLLEGE

The other day, when I was coming home, I perceived a group of boys working with spades and picks on the football-ground. Aha — thought I — public work! They were filling up the air-raid ditches and other traces of the war. The boys worked with great diligence. Among them I caught sight of S. Berényi, who is one of my classmates,

now the manager of the public work at the College. I inquired how they were getting on. He informed me that last week they had finished putting all the paths around the College in order and now they were going to finish the filling up of the holes on the sports-ground. I said „au revoir“ to him. Then, entering the College, I read on the notice-board that next time the boys of the lower-forms shall wash up the stair-cases and the corridors, while the boys of the upper forms shall start again with the sawing of fire-wood.

Everything is going on like a well-oiled machine, and for this, credit must be given to the organizing ability and honest work of S. Berényi who has been managing the public work so well.

I. Isaák VII.

SPORT LIFE

In sport-life the boys of the College achieved better results this year than in former ones. This is partly because this year the number of older boys greatly increased. Everybody tried to do his best. We worked as hard as we could and the result is as follows:

FOOTBALL. There was a championship in the College for the teams of the Upper Forms. It was won by the team of the VII. Form. The combination of the champion team was: Erdei—Kocsis—Svehla—Korponai—Isaák—Díner—L. Farkas.

The representative team of the School also consists chiefly of the College boys. Those boys who are constant players of the representative team are: Tamáska VIII., Isaák VII., Erdei VII., Korponai VII., Díner VII., Kocsis VII., Hajdu VI. and Sebestyén VI.

There are three boys who play in the team of the town also; they are: Isaák VII., Erdei VII. and Tamáska VIII.

The leader of the football department is J. Hajdu VI.

BASKET-BALL. The College had no independent team, but this is one of the sports in which the boys are very good. The team of the town is represented only by school-boys, and this team is the second best in this part of the country. Tamáska VII., Dinar VII. and Horváth VIII. are those boys who are members of the College and play in this representative team.

FENCING. Sorry to say, the fencing-room of the College has not been used this year and so the fencers have to go to the School for lessons. This is the sport in which the lower forms take a great part. Nearly all the small boys learn fencing. There was a championship at the School. The boys of the College won the rapier match and the sword match also. Results: 1. Díner VII. 2. Varga VIII. Rapier: 1. Isaák VII. 4. Hajdu VII.

The fencers of the College are the best in Northern Hungary. The leader of the fencers is Varga VIII.

ATHLETICS. The athletes of the College are those who are always in training. They always do something. So it is clear why they are the best at the School. There was a race which ended with the following results:

100 metres dash: 1. Diner VII. 2. Orosz VIII. 300 m. running: 1. Orosz VIII. 2. Diner VII.

High-jump: 2. Orosz VIII. Long-jump: 1. Czövek VII. 2. Orosz VIII.

Discus: 1. Tamáska VIII. 3. Czövek VII.

Putting the weight: 1. Tamáska VIII. 2. Czövek VII.

The leader of the athletic team is Orosz VIII.

PING-PONG. The College has two ping-pong tables and while we could get balls we always played in our free time. Later the balls became so expensive that it has been impossible to buy them. So the championship was not played this year. The best players are: L. Farkas, T. Szalay, G. Diner, I. Basa, G. Sebestyén, Gy. Sebebestyén and T. Péteri. Péteri is by far the best in the lower forms.

The leader of this department is T. Szalay.

The officers of the A. S. C. are: Hon. President: Dr. S. Maller. Captain: I. Isaák. Secretary: G. Diner. Treasurer: G. Svehla, Store-keeper: G. F. Vass. *G. Diner VII.*

NEW BOOKS

I. Eric Knight: This Above all. This book shows us the life of England after Dunkirk. It is a novel written realistically, in which we get to know the Englishman's conception of war: patriotism. This book was born in a free country untouched by censorship. It is not filled with propaganda; we cannot find false slogans in it, but it tells us about fear, and human weakness too.

Love forms the background of this story. The hero — Clive — educated and intelligent, is a son of the lower class: while the heroine is an aristocrat, modern and lovely to her finger-tips. There are many other people in the novel. A typical old soldier, a young and lively American girl, a serious physician; all of them realistic and true to life. And after all, this book is a full explanation of why England has come out victorious.

II. John Steinbeck: The Moon is Down. This book may be called the book of free men. The fight of free men against prejudiced oppressors filled with the feeling of superiority, is the basis of the novel. The figures are one and all living people, not dead puppets. Lanser, the German colonel, who survived the last great war; Tonder, the young lieutenant, filled with illusions, who breaks down on getting into contact with the icy breath of terror; Loft, the typical German, the true-born soldier; Orden, the mayor of the little Norwegian town, and the inhabitants, who fight in silence, but with gigantic strength.

The story starts with the German occupation, and ends with the failure of the oppressors. The free people revolt against oppression and strike back. At the end, the invaders are annihilated by the passive resistance of the inhabitants, as well as by their own fear and lack of wisdom. Both books are worth reading. *I. Szecsödy VIII.*

IN MEMORIAM: M. TELEKI

It was about two years ago that I saw him for the last time. I remember how he was waving his termend-certificate in his hand, leaving for Budapest, and how, from the window of the train, he said a last farewell to us. None of us thought this was the last time we saw him.

Because of the confused state of things during the war, it was only at the beginning of the new school-year that we heard the sad news of his death. Miklós Teleki was killed in Budapest in the autumn of 1944 by the wheels of a tramcar. This news came to us as a terrible shock. There were times when we could not imagine that he would never return to us. Though we shall not be able to see his body again, his memory will remain in our hearts for ever. *G. Soós V.*

IN MEMORIAM: F. IVÁN AND J. MOKRI

After the war, when we came back to Sárospatak, a sad news awaited us. Two faithful college janitors passed away in the meantime: F. Iván and J. Mokri. Both were killed in action. We shall see them no longer!

We boys of this College were very sorry to hear of their death. Their faces appeared before our eyes, as they were working from morning till evening at the College. They worked for us while they lived and worked very honestly. We feel that all of us owe them something. I believe that all of us will keep their memories in our hearts with the greatest respect and love. *J. Nagy VII.*

SCHOOL NOTES

The Editorial Staff of the College News wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to its dear readers in the name of the members of the English Department.

MASTERS OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Director: G. Szabó

Masters: A. Berecz, E. Dévay, L. Harangi, L. Héthy, S. Maller.

PREFECTS OF THE COLLEGE THIS YEAR

College President: G. Molnár VIII. Vice president: T. Szalay VII.

Administrating-Committee:

S. Horváth, J. Varga VIII. Form. L. Farkas, B. Korponay VII. Form.

J. Hajdu, G. Fáy VI. Form. S. Hajdu, I. Butykay V. Form.

T. Tamás, L. Puska I—IV. Forms.

English College Sport Club:

President: I. Isaák VII. Secretary & treasurer: G. Svehla.

Storekeeper: G. Vass VII.

Supervisors of work: S. Berényi VII., L. Orosz VIII.

Librarians: K. Kismarton, J. Nagy VII., J. Hajdu, G. Soós VI.

Custodian of playroom and reading-room: P. Máthé VIII.

Head of ambulance squad: —. Németh VIII.

ENGLISH STUDENTS

The number of boys and girls taking English as their principal subject is 250. The number of boys at the College this year is 142.

TEXT-BOOKS

Owing to difficulties caused by the war in procuring special text-books from abroad, the English College has had to issue new editions of the followings books:

Dent's First English Book, Treasure Island, King's Highway, Easy Stories from English History and a History of English Literature.

Besides these, the English College has also issued a text-book of World History written by L. Harangi, Master of History and a book of English Poems. All these books were mimeographed.

FAREWELL

The Editorial Staff of the College News bids farewell in the name of all the masters and students of the English Department to Mr. G. Tier and Mr. R. Graham, and thanks them not only for their splendid work, but also for the fine spirit shown in coming to our school to teach at the most critical time.

Mr. G. Tier is at present in Prague, while Mr. R. Graham has gone back to Canada.

SCHOOL YEAR 1945—46

School work this year began on September 9 th. The Christmas vacation started on December 15 th.



A VIEW OF SÁROSPATAK FROM THE RIVERSIDE



Dr. Julius J. J. J.
Dr. J. J. J. J. J. J.
J.

