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OF
THE ENGLISH SCHOOL



SÁROSPATAK
HUNGARY

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CHRISTMAS 1939.

Toldi János

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COLLEGE NEWS

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VOL V.

CHRISTMAS 1939

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

We beg respectfully to dedicate this number to Lord Rothermere. There is no need again to enumerate the merits of this great Englishman with regard to Hungary, since everyone who has felt the burden of the last twenty years knows Lord Rothermere.

I only wish once more to interpret the grateful thanks of those fifteen boys who were invited by him to England last summer. I entertain the strong conviction that they not only came home with thorough "Anglomania", but also that the sombre knowledge they had gleaned from their schoolbooks became reality when standing before the Houses of Parliament, strolling along the roads where Shakespeare went to school, admiring the lakes which inspired the great romanticists, or gazing at the awe-inspiring walls of Edinburgh Castle.

We all thank you, Lord Rothermere!



ROTHERMERE

by

Dr. J. Gulyás.

The following article was written by one of the Masters of the Sárospatak Academy in 1927, when Lord Rothermere's first articles demanding justice for Hungary appeared.

This is a foreign name ; yet how many such we have on the pages of Hungarian history ! Many families of foreign name have in the past given us heroes ; and among such names must remain for ever in our memory those of Admiral Ruyter and Lord Rothermere. The former released the Protestant pastors who had been sold as galley-slaves to Venice ; the latter is preparing to take off the shackles of three million Hungarians. Both of them were inspired by the God of Justice, both came in the right time, and the work of both is surely blessed by God. The hymn of gratitude from the liberated is wafted towards them, as even the miserable wail of the oppressors. And this shows the extreme righteousness of both these men.

The light of dawn is already appearing over the territories now occupied. I imagine myself as one of our far brethren ; and then I see how much our condition resembles the Age of Oppression (the two decades after the Hungarian War of Liberty, 1848—49), the picture of which is so well drawn in the poems of Tompa. In one of his poems he writes :

We cherish hope for the happy spring
When the earth assumes a lovelier foliage
And the souls of us seem to hear the secret sound of distant times.

But the captive Hungarian does not yet trust, does not yet dare to believe, in approaching spring, because "winter might still wreak vengeance on the daring leaves which appear on the trees too early. But no one can extinguish the fires which burn in the soul. Nobody knew — and now we see the miracle, the light and warmth that rushes over earth and air ; and hearts that pulse and beat become fiery with will." It is so hard to wait for the spring ! The poet exhorts the saffron not to wait for its companions, but to come ; and, opening, give us courage from a better world.

Yet, in another poem, he cautiously warns the fields not to let their flowers open too early. "O clock of the fields, strike not yet — it is not yet time !" But the poet feels that spring will infallibly arrive after the hard frosts of winter ; he knows that, when the time has come, there will be an hour when everything is ripe for reaping. For the work of man is feeble, and only that which God has created is eternal ; and therefore he apostrophizes the spring saying "Come, while what we planned lies now in ruins, and show us the work of God, which alone is really great, beautiful, and true !"

This time it will be just the same. The thousand-year-old boundaries, drawn by the finger of God himself, shall be returned. And just as all in vain the bands of evil rise, in vain Herodius pursues the Child of

Justice with his weapons. The mist and dimness which has hitherto veiled "heart, brain and world" is now disappearing before the breeze of truth. Efforts have been made to prevent this, but they have not succeeded. As Tompa says,

You desire to quench the fire?
And you beat it with wind? You see
The flames fly only higher
And fiercer, savagely.
You that him pursues
Through many and many a land,
You bring for him adherents
Among those distant folk.

Let these people gather together from far and near. Let the number of our friends increase. Let Justice creep into the hearts of even the most biassed people, and, if it can find the way — be it ever so small an opening — let it slip through and gain a sweeping victory over the arguments of treachery in every brain! Friends of lies and robbery will now fight even more. But for these latter we quote Tompa again:

Herodius, art thou blind,
That liftest up thy sword?
There is no doubt that all
That is to be, will be.
Man's hands are still so weak,
His dreams are evil yet —
How could they dare obstruct
The eternal way of God?

And God is free to choose what weapons he will. Once he sends a King Matthias, then a Ruyter, or a Lord Rothermere. We must again agree with Tompa:

He oft-times works a great event
Through gentle women or children;
The puny David does his task
With the help of a stone and sling.
The way of God's with wonder fraught, —
O Mankind, mark this well,
And in the small as in the great
His wisdom ever tell!

We also should catch this helping hand with gratitude to God, and ourselves try to help as much as we can. And we should trust the words of Zaffius, who offered a king's ransom in Venice in the seventeenth century for the release of the Hungarian Protestant galley-slaves: "*I free my prisoners!*" Even so will our imprisoned Hungarian brothers also one day be free.

Lord Rothermere — commander of a great fleet of newspaper galleys — let your flag run up the mast of your flagship — and, in the beams of your searchlights, start off to fight again for Justice to Hungary!

(Translated by G. Opler, VII.)

“MY CAMPAIGN FOR HUNGARY”

BY LORD ROTHERMERE.

Reviewed by Gábor Opler (VII.)

There has recently appeared a new book which is of special interest to us now that we have dedicated this number to Lord Rothermere. The book was written by himself, and was very much appreciated in this country.

“There is no surer foundation for human friendship than generous sympathy displayed in times of suffering and misery”, says Ferenc Herczegh in his preface to the book. And Lord Rothermere really shows us the same thing in his work: how he showed his sympathy in time of distress, and how the new and warm friendship was developed between him and the whole Hungarian nation.

From 1927, when Lord Rothermere wrote his first pro-Hungarian article in the “Daily Mail”, right up to the days of the regaining of Kassa, we see all the details of the development of his campaign. The book is an interesting and absorbing collection of all the declarations, articles and events of these 20 years, all from the Hungarian point of view. After reading this, we are certainly able to appreciate the deeds of Lord Rothermere much more.

On some of the pages he mentions our school. We all remember seeing him last year when he came to us with his well-known companion, Mr. Ward Price. He speaks about Sári Mátyás and Géza Huszthy, as “a boy and girl both in the mid-teens, who delivered faultless orations in English”.

But he does not declare his work as finished. He insists on preventing any conflict with Rumania as a friend of England but he still hopes to be able to help us to recover as much as possible of what we lost. The book is a confession to the world and we hope people will understand it.

LORD ROTHERMERE’S INVITATION.

The following fifteen boys were invited by Lord Rothermere to visit England in the summer of this year: *Form VIII*: L. Deme, G. Huszthy, G. Tóth; *Form VII*: I. Horváth, E. Kiss, G. Retter, L. Szabó, T. Ujhelyi; *Form VI*: A. Baranyai, L. Mátyás, K. Ruttikay; *Form V*: K. Lázár, I. Melczer-Lukács, Baron G. Rosen, A. Tárchy.

A summary of the itinerary may be given as follows:

Eight days were spent in London, during which we visited, among other places, Windsor, Eton, and Stoke Poges.

The first day of our tour embraced Woodstock, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick and Leamington.



Photo: Mr. István Zana

LORD ROTHERMERE IN SÁROSPATAK



Photo: István Korvath

IN THE TOWER



Photo: István Korvath

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

On the second day we went to Kenilworth, Lichfield, Bakewell, and Brixton.

The third day saw us in the Lake District — Windermere, Grassmere, Thirlmere, Keswick, and Penrith.

The fourth day was occupied by Carlisle, Gretna Green (the smithy!), Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow.

The fifth day began with the loveliest of all Scotch lakes, Loch Lomond; whence we went to Tarbet, Collendar, Stirling, and Edinburgh.

On the sixth day we visited Melrose, Abbotsford, and Peebles.

The seventh day included Selkirk, Warwick, Hexham, Catterick Bridge, and Ripon.

The eighth day was spent in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire — York, Doncaster, Lincoln (said to have the most magnificent Cathedral in Britain), Grantham, and Stamford.

The ninth and last day was spent at Peterborough, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Hatfield.

Thus, thanks to the generosity of Lord Rothermere, we were able to make an unforgettable trip that was really representative of all that is best in British history, literature, and tradition.

A PERSONAL PREFACE

by
Mr. Geoffrey Tier.

To write an introductory article about oneself is always a thankless business. It is like writing the Preface to a book — a foretaste of what one has to expect from the following chapters. And boys do not read Prefaces. I did not when I was a boy, and I would not if I were a boy again. So let the chief quality of this Preface to the chapters of my life at the Sárospatak English School be brevity — the contrary, I hope, to those chapters themselves.

My first introduction to Hungary was when I was six years old. Sitting on the pier at Portsmouth, where I was born and which some of you may have seen, I watched, spellbound, the capers and antics of the conductor of the famous Blue Hungarian Band. This conductor had a pair of flashing black eyes, one large gold tooth which glittered in the light as he grimaced ecstatically, a mass of wavy black hair, and a luxuriant Imperial moustache. So vividly was his appearance impressed on my memory that he remained, through all those years, in my mind as the personification of the typical Hungarian!

It may be worth while to record that, when I was a youth, there were only two names in musical literature which occupied any really significant place in my mind. Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, and so on, were all stars to those two suns, Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt. I remember how, as a lad of fifteen, I sat in Southwark Cathedral, near London, listening to the "Coronation Mass" by the great Magyar. I had never heard anything like it in all my young life, it seemed to

me then; and, ever since, the name of Hungary has been for me inextricably connected with the man who, perhaps more than any other, typified in his music the heroic, restless, melancholy and passionate spirit of the true Magyar.

On coming to Hungary, it is true, I was a little shocked to find that "liszt" means "flour"; but when you have lived a little longer, you will find that the romantic and the commonplace are just as indispensable to each other as are the name and the spirit of that great musician of yours. Don't believe what many people will one day tell you — that romance, for which our own Wordsworth and Byron and Scott fought so hard and so successfully, is dead. It still goes on, unaffrighted by the roars of the young lions and lionesses of modernity.

Will you mind if I finish with one word of advice? You are all young. Not one of you is more than eighteen. You can and you ought to talk about and discuss the events in the world to-day. But, both now and in the future, *leave the -isms and the -ocracies alone*. They are all comparatively modern inventions; and modern inventions, as we all know and have all seen, have brought little joy to mankind compared with the death and destruction they have wrought.

I could wish that, in future years, when I may perhaps be far away from Hungary, I might think that the decent, healthy, and chivalrous boys whom I once taught in the old school-town of Sáros-patak had been able to learn from me something more than English and world history!

VIGNETTES FROM ENGLAND

by
Gyula Retter (VIII).

The Continental who has never been in England usually has a strange idea about this country and the nation that lives there. I myself had always imagined "misty Albion" as a land of rain and fog, a rather mysterious and stiff sort of country; and, on hearing the expression "cold-blooded Englishman", a tall, lean, reserved gentleman seemed to arise in front of me — a man who had on a frock-coat and liked ceremonies. Let me confess here and now, however, that I was most agreeably mistaken not only with regard to England, but also the English.

It is interesting that always when I left my own country I had made the mistake of indulging in generalisations. We speak of "sunny Italy", "misty Albion", "mechanised America", "land of windmills", and so on and so forth; and this one characteristic governs our imagination about one people or country. So this time I shall not generalise; but, as in the short space at my command I cannot deal in detail with the inhabitants of this island country, I shall confine myself to giving a few characteristics which I noticed — which, mark you, are only sign-posts, as it were, to indicate the complete figure of the Englishman, and by no means that complete figure itself.

In the hall of the hotel, I saw a little table, simple and unextravagant. On it lay post-cards, matches, cigarettes, and other little necessities that make the world go round. Beside each article was a little ticket on which was the price. But the salesman? Nowhere. And then I saw something which I could scarcely believe. In the middle of the table was an open box, and in this you had to throw the money. It was left to the honour of everybody to pay.

This trustfulness could be found everywhere. In Selfridge's, I often saw a whole floor without an assistant, and buyers were often alone in corners. And I need not say that it was not necessary to lock the hotel room or the bathing-cabin door. And, not forgetting the general sense of well-being, I saw the cause of this honesty in one thing. This was the educational system, perfected through centuries of development. In English schools, good sportsmanship seems to be almost more important than academic learning. And every man understands his duty towards his country, his honour and himself. I would stress the fact that the *individual* knows what he has to do. This is contrary to many nations where all is the result of the crowd-spirit, of slogans and the megaphone.

Another pillar of the British Empire is a result of the British reliability. This is *freedom of speech*. Significant symbols of this are the platforms of Hyde Park, where, as in the forum of old, anyone may stand up and say what he pleases. And the fact that this speech-making does not cause breaches of the peace, and that the extreme elements have hardly anybody listening to them, is another proof of the intelligence and sound judgment of the British public. And, as these good qualities do not fall down from Heaven like manna, it proves that this way of education is the right one, and not that of forced political opinions. The schoolboy is the embryo citizen of the state; and I believe it would be good if such teaching were introduced in the higher classes of the secondary schools. Good sense is always a better mentor than the command; and I am convinced that, if this were considered, there would be less of misguided youth in the world.

In spite of their conservatism, Englishmen are free from any national or religious prejudices. Whether you be a Frenchman, an Italian, or a Hottentot, you will experience the same friendly politeness in the same degree; while to enquire about a person's religion is a great piece of tactlessness. This is a private matter; and I was told that no one is asked to state it in official documents.

When I seek the cause and the origin of all these things, I am told that it is "the English mentality". But from where does this mentality come? It certainly cannot be that every English baby comes into the world with this gift from God. "Oh," people say, "it's the environment, the air, and what-not". It is just this "what-not" that is the most important of all; for it is nothing else than the English schooling system, which not only teaches, but also *educates*.

A SCOUTING TRIP TO ENGLAND

by
L. Szilágyi (VI).

There is one date which eight Scouts of Sárospatak will never forget. This is August 3rd, 1939, and the date on which those Scouts set off for old England.

The adventurous eight who thus started out to a new world, to see and to experience, included six from our College — Baskay, Halmi, Hetey, Papp, Thuránszky, and myself. The journey itself was something of an adventure, since it was the first major trip which most of the troop had made. Our train passed through the most varied country; we touched the blue Danube and the ancient Rhine, and finally we came to the sea. And at last — the cliffs of Dover, that white wall that surrounds England.

When we had admired those calm people who speak so quietly in the streets, the English “bobby” who is so friendly that you can even ask him to take care of your baby, we arrived in the camp. Here was everything necessary to make a good camp — good fellowship, excellent spirits, and — last but by no means least — excellent food, and plenty of it. The English, I am very glad to be able to record, seemed to like us Hungarians very much indeed. The fiery rhythm of our songs and dances round the camp fire always made them quite excited. And our plumes, whips, and special water-bottles covered with horse-skin were almost as popular as our songs! One troop even made our leader, Mr. Zana, an honorary member.

During our second week, Headquarters arranged for us to visit the Dunlop factory, the largest dairies and steel-works of the Midlands, and a coal-mine, into which we descended to a depth of 600 yards.

But undoubtedly the nicest time of all for us was when we foreign Scouts spent two days with an English family. We were able to experience life in an English house, living together with the family and enjoying the sincerity and familiar kindness of each member of it.

But Father Time wields great power. With one single word he brought our camp to an end: *Finis!*

Before we came home, we visited Stratford-on-Avon, where we saw a wonderful performance of “Othello”. Here we could see the richness of England. Stratford is about the same size as Sárospatak, but more picturesque and much more regular. In a word, it is England. As a fitting end to our trip, we went to London — the magic word that means magnitude, history, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament ... It is a pity that we were destined to have these last days of ours marred by that great calamity — War. There were of course no Hungarian newspapers there; and so wherever we were, rushing in and out of tubes, here and there in the streets and squares, the one sentence hummed in our minds: “What is going on at home?”

Well, we arrived home safe and sound. And I think that, especially in these difficult times, we all realised the truth of that phrase of the English: “East, West — home’s best!”

IF SHAKESPEARE HAD LIVED IN SÁROSPATAK.

- Mr. Hegyi:** Thou livest only to disturb our sport.
(*Midsummer Night's Dream.*)
- Mr. Maller:** 'Tis a pretty youth: he'll make a proper man.
(*As You Like It.*)
- Mr. Zana:** "If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps—
Fill all thy bones with aches, and make thee roar!"
(*The Tempest.*)
- Mr. Dabóczy:** "Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse."
(*Richard III.*)
- Mr. Milne:** With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover.
(*Midsummer Night's Dream.*)
- Mr. Tier:** "And be you silent, and attentive too,
For he that interrupts me shall not live."
(*King Henry VI.*)
- Mr. Héthy:** A worthy fellow,
With smiles a-wreathing round his merry chops
In great good humour.
(*Cymbeline.*)
- Mr. Képes:** What grief hath fed the jaundice of thy cheeks,
O sad-brow'd Muse?
(*Troilus and Cressida.*)
- Mr. Szóke:** "Madam, my instrument's in tune".
"Then spit in the hole, man, and tune again!"
(*Taming of the Shrew.*)

G. L. T.

INVITATION TO A "BROWSE"

by

Mr. Balázs Szóke.

Most people are afraid of books, especially of big books in small print, originating from the nineteenth century. There is a rumour that, if you work through the first eighty pages of a boring book, a picture develops before your mental eyes that richly rewards your trouble, and you will enjoy what is generally termed "classical beauty". Most people, however, do not care to risk this struggle: they keep clear of this kind of book, and I can appreciate their point.

But let the same people walk along the Muzeum-körut; and here they will betray their real attitude towards books. Observe them. Will they not stop in front of every single shop window? Let them amble along the *Vollzeile* in Vienna, or Charing Cross Road in London, and

see what happens. There is a notice in the booksellers' shop-windows: "You are welcome to a browse"; and in they go. And they will browse and browse to their heart's content. They will miss an appointment, they will forget their tea, just to browse on and on; for this is real delight. You can take any book down from any shelf and have a look at it. You can read the first few lines and you can glance at the last few. You can look at the pictures and taste the fine leather binding. Suddenly you come upon a few lines that seem to suit you at the moment right down to the ground.

"What is the price of this book?" you ask.

"Three and six, sir."

You buy it. The bookseller knows what he is about when he invites you in for a browse. And he leaves you absolutely undisturbed, at full liberty to dig and rummage among his books; for this liberty is essential to your enjoyment.

Now I wonder if you can get the same satisfaction out of browsing in a library? That, I think, depends on the library. An English public library certainly gives you the same liberty as the bookseller, and therefore the same enjoyment. What is more, in a library the books are all classified for you. Are you interested in history? There you have it, all in one lot. If you would like to see what they have got in classical fiction or sixpenny thrillers or anything else, you can easily do so. For this reason we classified our own College library precisely on the model of the English public libraries. And we should like to give you just as much liberty to enjoy yourselves among our books as they offer you in England.

So now, dear reader, you are invited for a free browse in the English library. Come and enjoy yourself! And if, after a delightful browse, you are still afraid of books, well, I am afraid you are a case for the doctor, not for the librarian.

A BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR HUNGARY

by

Mr. F. C. Ferguson.

There are many people in Hungary who wish to —

learn English or improve their English,
continue work they did at school or the University,
study English literature or learn about England.

And there are others who want the use of an English library, and to have somewhere where they can drop in and see the English reviews and illustrated papers and magazines, listen to lectures and read plays, and so on and so forth.

It has therefore been decided to take a suitable house and to create a British Institute which will be a centre for all this.

A club, a library, a reading room, a place to meet others who talk English and know England — this is the aim of the Institute. Classes will also be formed under English teachers for the benefit of those who come only to learn.

During the holidays, boys may probably like to use the library, or to take part in some English play or excursion, or perhaps even to put in some extra work at English. It is intended to make it a pleasant, friendly sort of place, and the subscription will be very small.

The short time I spent in Hungary on my way home was enough to make me feel that I was among friends, and to show me what a lot we can learn from each other, and what a lot we can do to help each other.

The talk of those boys who had been to England for their holidays, and the trouble they went to in order to have souvenirs of their trip in the shape of maps and photos, all excellently arranged in the corridor of their School — all showed the result of those friendly contacts, and it is just those contacts which the Institute should be able to help.

There are more pleasant things to talk about than submarines and bombs. And even they will one day, please God, be forgotten!

OUR TOUR TO KASSA

by

István Sümeghy (VIII).

What was a dream only a few years ago is now an unchangeable reality. Kassa is again ours, Kassa is again Hungarian, to remain Hungarian for ever. Hungarian speech and feeling are no more to be penalised; the Hungarian heart is again allowed to throb freely through a new thousand years, proclaiming that Hungary can be oppressed but never ruined. A year ago, the whole country, with indescribable enthusiasm, commemorated the return of Kassa. If it were possible, here in Sárospatak this joy was even a little greater, more frank and more sincere than elsewhere. Rákóczi's two towns met each other and embraced, taking a sacred oath never again to part. Our heads were filled with such thoughts as we started for Kassa, just a year after a glorious march, to present our gift, a banner, as an eternal symbol of our brotherhood.

It was a bright, sunny day. Not only we, it seemed, but the sun, too, was happy. He let it be known that he also wished to take part in the ceremony. The warm fire of our happiness was heating us from inside.

The ceremony was finished. The flag was hoisted to the top of the mast. Other banners which had been decorating the streets during the celebrations were taken down, and Kassa returned again to its humdrum, everyday life. And now, whenever there is a guard of honour, it always stands, straight and motionless, beneath this flag.

SPORT

by
Tamás Ujhelyi (VIII),
Secretary of the ASC.

This year the Angol-Internátus Sports Club ASC. started to work with renewed vigour. A new staff was elected, and G. Baskay, VIIIth Form, was made President of the Club. Even the supervising Master was changed, for Mr. A. Tóth, our former Master, departed at the beginning of this term to his new post at Szembathely. So Mr. S. Maller took his place. Mr. Maller came here as a Master only this year, but he was here eight years as a student. He was elected and greeted with the greatest possible enthusiasm, for many remember him when, as a student, he set up many brilliant School Records which still exist.

Under his expert leadership, training has been carried on and many contests have been held although our weather has been very bad; so that one of the most popular sports, tennis, could not be played on such an extensive scale as we should have liked.

Rowing.

Every year more and more boys learn this fine sport; and, since our School has its own boats, the interest is even greater, if that is possible. As a result of this, the first College Rowing Contest was held on the Bodrog on September 23rd. The race was for doubles with helmsman, and 6 boats took part, the distance being about two kilometres.

Result: 1. G. Opler (VII). — A. Nagy (V). — Gy. Sarvay (V). 6:51.4 sec.
2. J. Sallai (VIII). — Gy. Retter (VIII). — L. Márton (V). 7:08 sec.
3. Gy. Baskay (VIII). — I. Horváth (VIII). — I. Farkas (V). 7:19.4 sec.

We planned a canoe race also, but because of the bad weather we had to postpone it till next Spring.

Football.

Football is a very popular sport here, especially among the boys of the lower forms, and it has been much played this year. Matches have been played by the upper and the lower forms. The VIIIth Form came out on top very easily. The team of the Vth Form should be mentioned, having beaten all its older opponents, and taking the second place.

Results :	Won	Lost	Score	Points
Upper forms :				
1. VIIIth Form : G. Prónay, M. Szabó, Gy. Retter, J. Putnoky, S. Pataky, Gy. Baskay, J. Sallai.	3	—	41:5	6 points

2. <i>Vth Form</i> : Gy. Prónay, A. Nagy, J. Szacsuri, Z. Béky, I. Perjéssy, S. Tarr, I. Farkas.	2	1	16:12	4 points
3. <i>VIIth Form</i> :	1	2	9:23	2 points
4. <i>VIIIth Form</i> :	—	3	8:34	— points
Lower Forms:				
1. <i>IVth Form</i> : Z. Kriston, D. Sándor, F. Kárpáthy, B. Szabó, M. Ujhelyi, E. Szabó, L. Hajdu.	3	—	39:5	6 points
2. <i>IIIrd Form</i> : E. Fazekas, T. Sebestyén, T. Gáthy, M. Bonczos, E. Kőrös, M. Kecskés, M. Bárczay.	2	1	37:6	4 points
3. <i>IInd Form</i> :	1	2	11:19	2 points
4. <i>Ist Form</i> :	—	3	0:57	— points

Athletics:

Athletics so far have not been popular enough in the School. We have always had some fine athletes, but they had very little training, and contests were held only at the main School. This year a complete change was made. Mr. S. Maller, Supervising Master of the ASC, has given us much good advice. As a result of this, many good results have been achieved.

Outstanding are — School Records: 400 m. Gy. Baskay (VIII) 57.6 sec.
Hop, skip and jump Gy. Baskay (VIII) 11.24 m.

Members of the English School won two good places in the different races at the main School.

The English School Athletic Contest was held on September 14th-18th. Fifteen different races were held, and the standards were reached in every number except one.

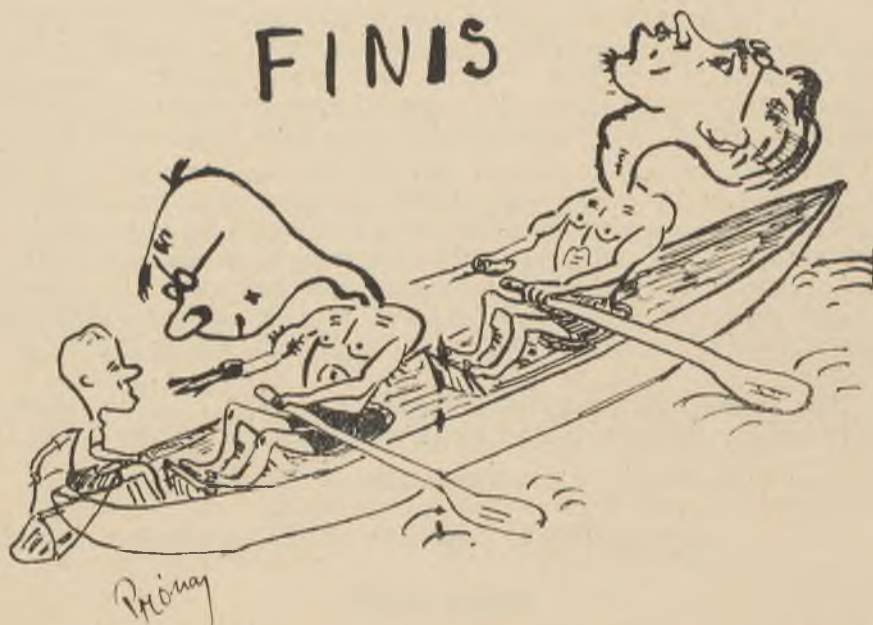
Results:

Upper Forms:

60 m. sprint	1. Gy. Baskay (VIII)	7.5 sec.
	2. I. Sümeghy (VIII)	7.5 sec.
	3. A. Nagy (V)	7.6 sec.
100 m. sprint	1. Gy. Baskay (VIII)	12.3 sec.
	2. M. Szabó (VIII)	12.6 sec.
	3. I. Sümeghy (VIII)	12.7 sec.
200 m. sprint	1. Gy. Baskay (VIII)	26.4 sec.
	2. A. Nagy (V)	27.0 sec.
	3. J. Sallai (VIII)	27.2 sec.
4 × 100 m.	1. <i>VIII Form</i> : J. Sallai, M. Szabó, Gy. Retter, Gy. Baskay	56.2 sec.

	2. VII—VI—V. <i>Forms</i> :	
	A. Nagy (V) L. Szilágyi (VI) A. Baranyai (VII) I. Perjéssy (V).	55 sec.
Putting the weight	1. Gy. Retter (VIII)	10.60 m.
	2. J. Sallai (VIII)	10.49 m.
	3. M. Szabó (VIII)	10.10 m.
Disc	1. J. Sallai (VIII)	27.87 m.
	2. Gy. Retter (VIII)	
Javelin	1. M. Szabó (VIII)	37.88 m.
	2. J. Sallai (VIII)	
	3. Gy. Retter (VIII)	
High jump	1. Gy. Baskay (VIII)	145 cm.
	2. J. Sallai (VIII)	140 cm.
	3. Gy. Retter (VIII)	140 cm.
Long jump	1. J. Sallai (VIII)	515 cm.
	2. M. Szacó (VIII)	512 cm.
Hop, skip and jump	1. Gy. Baskay (VIII)	11.24 m. School Record.
	2. M. Szabó (VIII)	10.60 m.
	3. Gy. Retter (VIII)	10.50 m.
	4. J. Sallai (VIII)	10.07 m.
Total results	1. Gy. Baskay (VIII)	25 points
	2. J. Sallai (VIII)	20 points
	3. M. Szabó (VIII)	15 points
	4. Gy. Retter (VIII)	12 points
	Lower Forms :	
50 m. sprint	1. M. Kecskés (IV)	
4 × 40 m.	1. <i>IV. Form</i> : B. Szabó, E. Szabó, D. Sándor, Gy. Nagy.	28.00 sec.
	2. <i>IInd Form</i>	28.08 sec.
	3. <i>Ist Form</i>	32.00 sec.
High jump	1. D. Sándor (IV)	120 cm.
	2. M. Kecskés (IV)	115 cm.
Long jump	1. G. Nagy (IV)	402 cm.
	2. D. Sándor (IV)	397 cm.
	3. T. Gáthy (III)	377 cm.
Putting the weight 3 kg	1. D. Sándor (IV)	9.50 m.
	2. F. Kárpáthy (IV)	7.90 m.
	3. M. Kecskés (II)	7.55 m.
Total results	1. D. Sándor (IV)	13 points
	2. M. Kecskés (III)	9 points
	3. Gy. Nagy (IV)	8 points.

An English School Record list was made, on which 23 records may be found, from which 4 are School Records. On November 3rd, a meeting was held when Mr. G. Szabó, Headmaster of the English School, distributed 37 first awards, 9 second, and one third, making a total of 47 medals won in the Autumn Term. With these the season closed, and now we are training in other sports which may still be indulged in.



A TERRIBLE EVENT IN OUR COLLEGE OR THE SHORT STORY OF A LONG AND PAINFUL TYPHUS-VACCINATION

by

István Demeter (VIII.)

"The Doctor is coming!" — "The Doctor is coming!" was shouted by everybody. "Ah! — Really? — Terrible!" Yes, it was true, the doctor was coming. — Slowly he came; his face was serious. Indeed it was. — Our last hope vanished. The boys said to one another: "Look, here he comes, how serious he is. Terrible!" The Doctor was coming! Slowly, thoughtfully and not alone. No, really not. After him came the most famous "Auntie" (the hospital nurse). It was plain that

she was fully conscious of her responsibility. In her hand was "the box". And in "the box" were the needles, the vaccine, the disinfectants, etc., etc.

Pale faces were looking out from the doorways, timidly trembling. "The Doctor is coming!"

In a prep. room they arranged the "staff headquarters". When we stepped in, we thought that we were in the chamber of a quack from the Middle Ages.

A lamp was burning with a mysterious blue flame, and in a little vessel the long sharp needles were being sterilized. On the table, bottles were set down, filled with vaccine. The ghostly flame of the lamp increased our mental agony. This mental agony was very soon replaced by physical agony. The long, sharp needle went deeply into our arms.

We boys bore it quite well, but not so the masters. Mr. Képes just survived it. Mr. Hegyi played hide-and-seek with the Doctor. The Doctor found him and stabbed the needle mercilessly into his arm. Our Headmaster did not allow himself to be stabbed in his arm, but in his breast. Some of the malicious boys said that he wanted to use both his hands for "punishing" some of them. Next day, after the vaccination, desperate faces expressed clearly that they had not learned a word for school.

This is the short story of the great typhus-vaccination which was carried out by the Doctor and by the most famous "Auntie", A. D. 1939.

THEATRE AND CINEMA

Richard III.

In development lies strength. We wish this year to equal the humorous "Twice is Too Much", the deeply human and dramatic "Macbeth", and one of the richest and greatest morality plays ever written, "The Tragedy of Man". This year the staff and boys plan to perform Shakespeare's master-tragedy "King Richard III." Gregus, the famous Hungarian aestheticist, writes: "Richard III. is the most impertinent and audacious thing ever written". However that may be, it will be a fascinating and exciting performance.

A distinctive feature of this performance is that permission will be asked from the owner of the ancient Rákóczi Castle for the play to be given in the fine old sunken garden of the Castle. The dark contrasts of this garden afford a very suitable background to the open-air stage that would be built there in the event of kind permission being accorded us; and this would be done by Mr. Szóke, who has shown his talents in this direction many times in the past. The very important technical management will be in the hands of Mr. László Erdélyi, who is an expert and has special knowledge of this kind of

work. Mr. Geoffrey Tier, our English Master, will do the text work and the tutoring of the cast, with the help of István Horváth of the Eighth Form. The cast itself is not yet fixed.

The best of luck to everyone concerned!

István Bors.

This is surely the best Hungarian film. In this picture there was something more than a sentimental love romance, or hackneyed "puszta", "csikós", "gémeskut", etc. The Hungarian film found its real motives — found itself, we may say.

The plot is very simple — how a mere peasant inherits a great estate, and how he becomes a gentleman (and a better one than those who were born into it).

It is a play with a happy ending, but full of dramatic force. In particular we shall never forget the scene in which István Bors protects the defenceless peasant girl against the foppish clerk.

Neither shall we ever forget the breakfast scene, where István Bors is taught how to eat. It was the best laugh we had had for a long time.

Bors was played by Páger, who is one of the most conscientious and most restrained actors in Hungary. His peasant friend was acted by J. Bihary, the best peasant actor of to-day. Tolnay, Eszenyi, Ladomerszky, Mihályfi, Pethes, and Földényi were all excellent.

Some people I heard speaking about the picture said that Bors was not an original peasant figure. But we felt he was (verism died long ago); and that is really art, after all.

Boys' town.

This is the story of the life and struggles of Father Flanagan, the great humanist, who saved thousands of boys from destruction and breakdown.

The film was a kind of moral propaganda, built up with such a sense of art that nobody could see or feel it intimately through his tears. Furthermore, it was an American picture, in which the "Americanism" mingled so well with the plot that it did not hurt. (I am not an anti-American, but I believe that art comes before money.)

Flanagan was played by Spencer Tracy, whom we know from "Captain Courageous", "San Francisco", "Test Pilot", and other films. The "man with a movable brow", as he is often called, is one of the best actors of America (far better than the popular Gable and Taylor). His whole personality radiates goodness and humanity. Opposed to his character stands Mickey Rooney, the popular and lovable lout, of a typical American variety. Through the exciting story, in spite of his good-for-nothing nature, he always remains sympathetic to us. And all the other actors, mostly boys, together and separately, are unforgettable.

Good-bye, Mr. Chips.

Probably the best picture of the season. It is the apotheosis of school life. Every master and student should see it.

It is what may be called the tragic story of a master who is a man (we must not forget that teachers are also men, though they apparently like to conceal this fact for some reason), adapted from the famous book by James Hilton. And you should certainly read the book.

Mr. Chips' character is tragic; and yet not quite so. It seems to be a paradox, and it made me think; I came to the conclusion that he was a tragic figure because he did not know it; but on the other hand, he dies beautifully. He has thousands of children — his pupils.

I do not know which scene may be mentioned particularly, because the whole picture is so united and fascinating.

Robert Donat, the hero of the Cronin film "Citadel", acts the part of Mr. Chips. This role is the higher school of acting. Donat plays marvellously, using not only good make-up for his different ages, but changing his acting from time to time as well. Did you notice the faint difference between the bachelor and the married Mr. Chips?

The beautiful Geer Garson insinuates a smile into the play. Yes, it is the woman who realises that a teacher is a hero, an idealistic man. And whatever we may think of this point of view, Mr. Chips *was* a hero.

You cannot help weeping during this picture. It was an enterprise, a positive relief.

I. H.

SANTA CLAUS' 1939 VISIT TO THE COLLEGE.

On the evening of December 5th our College, as is usual almost everywhere on the Continent, celebrated the feast of Santa Claus. This gentleman himself appeared in our midst in person, distributing presents to all and sundry. Our Head received an envelope containing "the lost honour of the Sixth Form" (evidently a reference to the Form's marks in Latin not coming up to expectations); Mr. Hegyi received a huge silver key; Mr. Tier received an envelope containing four centimetres necessary to bring him up to two metres; and so on and so forth.

The evening began with a one-act play performed by members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms, "The Crimson Cocomat", by Ian Hay. This play seemed to get over very well, judging by the fact that the First and Second Forms, with their limited knowledge of English, always laughed at the right time in the right place! The acting honours were divided between Gy. Prónay, who studied the long and difficult part of the waiter with an insight and conscientiousness worthy of all praise; L. Szilágyi, who made a very effective peppery old gentleman; R. Domján, who played his daughter with a clever assumption of romantic naiveté;

Baron G. Rosen, who managed to give quite a Sherlock Holmes character to the rather unintelligent detective Jack Pincher; and that precious pair of anarchists, Nitro and Madame Gliserinski, played by Baron J. Radvánszky and R. Halmi with intelligence and "go".

The next item was a mock Staff Meeting, at which L. Farkas (I.) was accused of having hidden the shoes of Mr. Zana (well impersonated by I. Hetey). Indeed, the acting honours of this play (given in Hungarian) should be divided chiefly between him and I. Hosszufalussy (IV), who impersonated our Head in a way that, we were glad to note, caused considerable amusement to the Headmaster himself!

But we should mention that perhaps one of the greatest shares of credit must go to two persons who were not seen by the audience at all. One was the well-known barber of Sárospatak, Mr. Dobozi, who made up the actors with a skill that largely contributed to the success of the plays. The other is our own Matron, who indeed sent us up quite half the contents of the School kitchen for the restaurant and dining room scenes.

Other items of the evening included wireless "news" and jazz (announced and partly produced by Z. Tomory, who was one of the most active fellows in the evening); two old songs — "Londonderry Air" and "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" — played on cello and piano by Mr. Szóke and Mr. Tier; and a couple of film comedies.

There is no doubt that the evening was a great success; and the Sixth and Fifth took advantage to some purpose of their chance of letting us see what they could do.

AUTUMN SONNET

by

Miklós Berky (VIII).

The golden leaves have fluttered down,
The dank mists permeate the night,
The clouds shut out the frosty light
And lie soft-billowed o'er the town.

The trees stand bare, the flowers die,
O'er russet fields the blithe winds prance;
The wild geese in their flight enhance
The mournful beauty of the sky.

All that was mine is now no more, —
New songs are stillborn in my soul;
Life's autumn takes relentless toll

Of us the weak, and us the poor,
Who press along the hopeful trail
With buttoned coat against the gale.



RÁKOCZY CASTLE

COLUMN FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE PUBLIC.

Smoking.

by — ter.

It is very dangerous to mention smoking in our College. That is to say, it is the Achilles' heel of our Head. A whole book might be written about the long war which was fought between our Headmaster and us. Of course, we students always started with a very great handicap.

At first, smoking was allowed. This was the golden age of the Seventh and Eighth Forms. Clubs for pipe-smokers, cigarette-smokers, etc., were formed. The good boys of the Seventh and Eighth Forms were envied by the lower Forms, because the latter very seldom received the well-loved "fag-ends". Yes, the Seventh and Eighth Forms did not distribute the "fag-end". Of course not. They themselves inhaled from it deeply down into their lungs. Later, smoking was allowed only for those who could show a written certificate that the parents consented. Hm. This was a hard condition. After a week or so, we could discover



Photo: István Horváth

CROSSING TO DOVER





Photo: Róbert Kalmi

BOY SCOUTS STARTING TO ENGLAND



Photo: Mr. István Zana

AUTUMN

only a few members of the clubs through the thick smoke of the smoking-room.

This year smoking is forbidden. In the long and bitter war for this privilege, our Head gained a perfect victory; and now, in the famous smoking-room, only a few dirty shoes and the smoky walls remind us of the glorious past.

Bridge.

- Arguments:**
- a) Bridge is a very interesting and witty game, and demands much intelligence.
 - b) Every educated man should know this game.
 - c) Bridge is played by the most distinguished parties.
 - d) It is not chance, like other card-games; it is on the same level as chess.
 - e) Many teachers are also fond of it.
 - f) Not one parent would forbid his child to play bridge in his free time.

Counter-arguments: A) "Show me another school in Hungary where bridge is allowed!" b) —? c) —? d) —?.....

There are thus more arguments for bridge than against it, so in theory we win. In *theory*.

Punishments.

The evolution of punishments has passed through a long period of development. In general, we can divide this development into three periods. The first period was the age of experiments. The principle was always to withdraw something which pleasant for the students. But later this opinion changed, and nothing was withdrawn. On the contrary, such things were given which left behind them very unpleasant traces.

This opinion prevailed mostly in the second period, which we can call the "Dark Middle Ages". Then came another form of punishment. The student was closeted for an afternoon in a dark room. What could he do? He lay down and slept very well. It was very common to forbid the third course at dinner. But good friends put it in their pockets, and after dinner he could eat it. The last period, which we have nowadays, has many reforms. Bodily injury is no longer fashionable. More and more prohibitions (from the cinema and so on), and obligatory learning during week-ends, are very common. Of course, we know also antidotes for this punishment; but that is our own secret.





SCHOOL NOTES.

THE OPENING of our School was on September 9th. After the usual opening ceremonies had been presided over by Mr. Tárczy, the Rector of the Academy, one of our Masters, Dr. Harsányi, discussed topical questions connected with the school; and he declared that the school can fulfil its duties to our country only if social differences are abolished, and boys are given a national and religious education.

NEW BOYS this year are: *Form I* — L. Bartha, I. Bárczay, I. Dénes, A. Farkas, L. Farkas, I. Fekete, M. Halászy, P. Hajdu, L. Kuthy, J. Leibach, J. Nyomárkay, S. Raffay, L. Rásonyi, G. Svehla, C. Szalay, T. Szalay, J. Vigh, Count K. Wenckheim, E. Zsindely. *Form II* — Count T. Teleki, I. Vladár. *Form III* — E. Kőrös. *Form V* — P. Vladár.

THREE NEW MASTERS have come to us this year. One of them, Mr. Sándor Maller, is Hungarian, and is an old boy of the School. The elder boys welcomed him heartily. The other two are Englishmen — Mr. A. Milne, who came to us from far-away Singapore; and Mr. G. Tier, who came from the English Institute in Prague, where he was Headmaster. Mr. Zana has come back to be our Deputy-Headmaster, after having been for a year in the Humanities College.

DR. M. TAMEDLY, we regret to announce, died on October 12th. He was the Chief Inspector of the schools in our district, and often visited us and spent some days here. We all liked him, and were most shocked at his sudden death.

TWO NEW STAFF-ASSISTANTS, the Rev. I. Dabóczy and the Rev. J. Balogh, have come this year. Mr. Dabóczy was here once some years ago, and then left for America. He came back this year after two years' absence.

MR. P. SZABÓ-VAJDA, who came to us last year, was called to the colours; but he is now back again, and continues to teach Italian, Mathematics, and Physics.

MR. F. FERGUSSON, an emissary of the British Council, visited the School on October 24th to spend three days here. He talked very much with us all, telling us many interesting things about Turkey, from which country he had just come, and where he had been engaged in establishing a school for the children of a large British industrial firm in Ankara. Some of us boys escorted him over the old Rákóczi Castle, and altogether his stay proved so pleasurable that we should be extremely glad if he should again find his way to our School in the near future.

MASTERS AND STUDENTS ABROAD. The following Masters spent their summer holidays this year abroad: Mr. Zana, Mr. Héthy, and Mr. Szőke in England, Mr. Hegyi in Poland, and Mr. Képes in Finland.

Of the boys, Hosszufalussy (IV) and Siegmund (VII) were in Italy; Kende (III), Radvánszky (VI), and Svehla (I) in Slovakia; and Mecsér (VIII), Raffay (I), Sallay (VIII), Sarvay (V), and M. Szabó (VIII) were in Germany.

THE "RÁCZ HOUSE" is altered, too. Now the scholarship boys live there in three large and comfortable rooms which are dormitories and studies both together. Mr. Tier, who lives with his wife also in this house, in their own separate apartments, superintends the boys.

MR. S. MALLER has been elected by the ASC as President. We had hoped to get a hearty good sportsman to lead us and we have certainly got one. We have had heaps of contests already this term; and a little ceremony was held at which Mr. G. Szabó, our Headmaster, handed over sundry medals, kindly encouraging us to further good efforts in sport.

THE TOP FLOOR has been altered. The big room where the scholarship boys used to live and teach backward boys has been converted into three rooms—dormitory, bathroom, and study—on account of the many new boys that have come this year. There is a splendid view from up there, and they say it is grand.

TYPHUS VACCINATION was given because of the illness of Mr. A. Milne. Our Master has been lying in bed for a long time, but we now have every hope that he will soon be amongst us once more. All the Masters and boys were vaccinated, some feeling it more than others; but, taking it all round, we are all glad that it is over!

A LORD ROTHERMERE EXHIBITION was arranged by those boys who were invited to England by him last summer. There could be seen the letter in which the boys were invited, the finest towns, buildings, and so forth, which they saw, some articles of clothing which they brought back with them, and many other interesting things.

WE THANK all those who were kind enough to send us copies of their School Magazines, and shall always be exceedingly grateful to receive such Magazines as often as our friends can send them to us. We hope that this College News of ours will interest all those into whose hands it may find its way!

SÁROSPATAK, the town of the RÁKÓCZIS, gave a flag to Kassa on the anniversary of its return to Hungary. Prince Francis Rákóczi, the great Hungarian patriot, is buried there. Masters and pupils went by bus to Kassa, where Dr. Z. Szabó, a Professor of our Academy, and a Member of Parliament, handed the flag to the town. After the representatives of Kassa had answered, the flag ran bravely up the mast to the strains of the National Anthem.

ON OCTOBER 6TH the School held a memorial service for the thirteen martyrs who were killed after the unhappy Hungarian War of Liberty in 1848—49.

MONSIGNORE L. MÉCS, the greatest poet of the highlands of Hungary, visited us in October, and recited some of his poems. On the same evening, our English Master, Mr. G. Tier, played with great success on the piano Liszt's "La Campanella". Dr. and Mrs. E. Szabó played Beethoven's Seventh Sonata for violin and piano. Before the performance began, Dr. Harsányi gave a literary introduction to the work of Mécs.

ON REFORMATION DAY, some of our boys went to Budapest, where great festivals were being held by Protestant institutions. They saw the sights of the town, and spent two interesting days in the capital.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the death of COUNT KLEBELSBERG, the founder of the English School, was celebrated on the evening of October 11th in the presence of the Staff and students, and of many guests. The first item was Franz Liszt's "St. Francis of Paule Walking on the Waves", rendered on the harmonium by Mr. G. Tier. This was followed by an appreciation of Count Klebelsberg by Mr. L. Héthy, and an essay on the same subject by G. Retter (VIII). Then L. Szilágyi (VI) played Chopin's two Preludes in C Minor and C Sharp Minor on the piano, after which the School orchestra played Schubert's "Litanie." I. Horváth (VIII) then recited the poem "Meteor" by Mécs, and the ceremony closed with the singing of the National Anthem accompanied by F. Benkó (IV) on the harmonium.

We wish all our readers, at home and abroad, a Right Merry Christmas, and a full measure of happiness and prosperity in the New Year.

A frosty Christmas Eve
when the stars were shining,
Fared I forth alone
were westward falls the hill ;
And from many a village
in the water'd valley
Distant music reached me,
peals of bells a-ringing :
The constellated sounds
ran sprinkling on earth's floor,
As the dark vault above
with stars was spangled o'er.

(Robert Bridges.)

