

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

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DEPRAVED CHILDREN

I think that every school, or maybe even every class, has encountered such cases: out of the general mass of students, a few individuals stand out that give the tone to the whole class. They usually excel both in studying and in the social life of the class, with others gathering around them like satellites.

I don't really know to what I owed this distinction, but I became one of these class ringleaders immediately after I started to attend school. I also had my "court" of more or less sincere devotees, of course. But all these are things that are known, and in my "court" there would be nothing especially worth noting, if it weren't for one of its members, let's call her Hanka, with whom I entangled myself in a story that could have gravely affected our lives.

She was a completely ordinary girl, two years older than me, of average intelligence and average talents: just a "so-so girl." I didn't like her too much, but I was usually polite to all classmates, especially because this one outmatched all my other devotees in her eagerness. She would stare at me so intensely that at times it would take the form of blind admiration. Soon it became a public secret that Hanka "adored" me. Well, that often happens among girls.

And then one time I made an accidental discovery. Satisfied with the fact that she was able to deliver to me some book that I absolutely wanted to read, I hugged her heartily and kissed her on the lips. We happened to be alone. And then it happened: Hanka turned

all pale, she trembled, she started to laugh and cry at the same time. In short, in my opinion, she was behaving like a complete nutcase.

That is when this story begins.

I would like you all to understand me.

I was not an evil or a depraved girl. I was simply a young, ambitious child, endowed with an exuberant imagination, and I had just received an amazing new toy. I had suddenly learned that a smile, a caress, a kiss can be so precious, that granting or denying these things could give me, without exaggeration, an infinite power over my classmate. I was using this power also due to stupidity, for fantasy and out of curiosity: what more might I achieve?

I tyrannized Hanka. I demanded impossible things. I stayed as cold and indifferent as stone for weeks, only to suddenly restore her to my graces and bestow on her everything that she desired. And this huge, physically precocious girl didn't even try to liberate herself from my power. Depending on my moods, she was either drowning in tears and despair, or she was soaring on cloud nine with happiness.

As for myself, besides being satisfied with the power I had, the rest was rather strongly unpleasant. More than once I had to invoke all of my rich imagination and beautify the situation by playing protagonists from books I had read. So, for instance, I was Petronius and she was Eunice in a beautiful death scene.

Until finally I got bored with all of that. One beautiful day I ended it. I didn't want

to see Hanka anymore, I didn't allow her to come to my house. A tragedy unfolded. Hanka cried non-stop – during classes, during breaks, at home, on the street, all the time. She didn't study anymore. When teachers asked her questions she would get spasms, she would get convulsions: in short, typical hysteria. The whole class understood that this was connected to our broken off "friendship" and resented me. One time, when Hanka was not in school, a special class meeting was called and our homeroom teacher demanded explanations from me. Why was I treating my classmate so badly that she had fallen into despair?

I stood there as if I were being tortured. I was unable to say anything to justify myself, I would have rather bitten my tongue off than tell the truth. I could only say that I didn't like her, but even I felt how insufficient that was and it sounded stupid.

Obviously, I faced accusations and lectures about friendship, but I would rather endure that than continue as I had been.

After one year Hanka stopped coming to our school. She was failing with classes, she was unable to manage. All teachers shared the opinion that she was a "hysteric." She quit school. She attended some foreign languages courses, correspondence writing courses and apparently she was doing well there. She would meet me by chance, I think. I was slowly forgetting about her completely and about everything that we shared.

We had a lot of work at school: studying, friends and the student council filled entirely my life.

And finally, in the sixth grade, an incident took place that shook me, terrified me.

The news spread at school that three girls from the introductory class were expelled for "things like that." Everybody was whispering in the corners and gave each other ever more details. About how these girls were followed, how the janitor caught them, what the teacher had said and what the director had said, etc. Supposedly they were expelled without the right to be accepted in any schools in the entire district.

I listened to all this with a lump in my throat and with a dying heart. I was thinking: "Hanka and I... If they would have found out then!"

Time flew. Years later, in a new city, I came across Hanka again. And it turned out that during our first meeting I was the one to act stupid, not her. I was embarrassed and I avoided any mention of the past. And Hanka... She had greeted me so joyfully, with such a rollicking friendliness that I felt ashamed. She started to cheerfully recall our common school years and at a certain moment she laughed out loud: "God, what an oaf was I then. Why, I would have committed suicide for you." At this my uneasiness vanished and I laughed together with her.

Since then, I see her often, I look at her and I don't recognize her. She is cheerful, uninhibited, courageous, the most normal girl in the world. It is difficult to associate her with the old hysteric Hanka, even in my mind. She treats me in a friendly, though a bit patronizing, manner, as she has been here longer than I have.

ISSUE LAYOUT

Page 1 – for older youth (14–17)
Pages 2, 3, 4 – for youth from the age of 12
Page 5 – for children
Page 6 – for everybody

Well, that is the whole story. And now the fate of those three girls expelled from the introductory grade often comes to my mind.

And I don't know if it is better to pass it over in silence, wait it out, until these children grow out of it themselves, or give the matter publicity and "nip the evil in the bud." I really don't know. In our case everything turned out for the best. But it could have been different. We could have both grown up to be "perverts," or in a better case we were under the threat of having our characters deformed, me even more than her.

Crossing my heart I can declare that everything was and disappeared like a bad dream. Only distaste is left at the memory of it.

I am curious about what happened with these three little girls. Were their lives broken, did they later drag behind them the notoriety of depraved children, wasn't that notoriety the thing that actually deprived them?

It is wrong to cover up such things and it is wrong to publicize them. In each case there exists one proper way to proceed, dependent on the character of the "guilty," on the tact and good sense of the educators. And I am curious how many wise educators there are in schools and how they direct youth during their difficult transition period.

Stefa from Kraków

DISPUTING THE DIASPORA DILEMMA

(discussion article)

We constantly hear pompous declarations from our schoolmates about the sacred language of our forefathers, about the eternal affection that Jews supposedly hold for it; about the fact that we need to recognize Hebrew as our mother tongue and use it in everyday life.

Actually, we are not aware of exactly how harmful similar opinions are, the purpose of which is to strengthen Hebrew's supremacy in Jewish cultural life.

First of all, we need to realize one thing: the language of the Jewish masses, in the broadest understanding of this word, is Yiddish. It is the language used by parents when speaking to their children, it is the language in which children communicate and, more importantly, in which they think.

We might formulate an objection here, saying that Jews do not only speak Yiddish, but also, like Sephardic Jews, the Ladino language (Judeo-Spanish). However, it should be noted that the largest Jewish concentrations in Poland, Russia and America, totaling nearly

2/3 of all Jews, speak Yiddish. Even in Palestine itself, the middle-aged and older generations use the Yiddish language. Therefore, I can't understand why Polish Jews should stop using Yiddish to give way to Hebrew. In general, fighting any given language seems strange to me.

One of the leading arguments that is supposed to prove the necessity of resisting Yiddish is the opinion of our "psychologists," who maintain that a certain peculiar Jewish psychology, the Diaspora psychology, is connected with the use of Yiddish and will disappear together with the change of the language.

Absurdity of absurdities!

If there indeed exists a certain Diaspora psychology, which I don't really believe, then it is the product of the economic conditions in which Jews have found themselves during their existence on the lands of exile, their occupation, requiring certain special qualities, which maybe thanks to that, became dominant in the Jewish psyche. But language doesn't form either

character or the human mind; quite the opposite: language itself is a creation of the mind.

Perhaps the Diaspora psychology is how the defenders of Hebrewness understand this tragic inferiority complex, which has come to hand – partially also thanks to them – over the souls of the young Jewish generation. Because they give an example of a Diaspora fear of oneself, contempt for one's surroundings. The contempt with which they surround the Jewish language, which is after all a real component of Jewish culture, and even a part of themselves, is the best proof of that. They are the ones who turn their backs on reality, they escape from it, in order to be as far as possible from themselves.

This does not exhaust the arguments of our, if I may say so, "Hebrew scholars." They also bring up one which is supposed to support all others. They say that they don't care about the state of knowledge of Hebrew in Poland, but only in Palestine. The Hebrew language is to help with the consolidation of

Jews coming from various countries and speaking, in their opinion, various languages. I will not enter here into the basic discussion of matters related with emigration to Palestine. We have to understand that for Jewish children, Hebrew is a foreign language, much as Proto-Slavic is for Polish children, although their ancestors spoke it.

I wouldn't write so much about Hebrew if the matter weren't closely connected with another – that of our approach to the entire set of subjects related to Jewish culture.

Thanks to the campaigning done by "Hebrew scholars," thanks to compulsory assimilation of children brought up in the Yiddish language, a destructive belief is generated among broad classes of school youth, both Polish and Jewish, that actually there is no such thing as a Yiddish language and culture, and even if such a language exists, it remains subordinate to others.

Work aiming to maintain Jewish secular schools, educational work among the Jewish masses, working for the always-threatened Yiddish Scientific Institute in Vilnius, is treated as nothing extraordinary. The existence of Jewish culture is being negated constantly; Jewish historical novels, Jewish poems,

Jewish theater and scientific literature are being ignored.

Maybe it is true that all this doesn't speak to us – youth from secondary schools. Because, as certainly some will say, we were raised in the Polish language and we have spoken it and thought in it since childhood.

But let's ponder the matter not from a narrow, egoistic point of view, but from a broader one. Our approach to this matter contributes in large degree to the preservation of the Diaspora psychology, hated by all. If this continues, the Jewish masses will be completely cut off from their intelligentsia. We – the future Jewish intelligentsia – are breaking off all cultural communication with the Jewish masses. Therefore, it is understandable that with this state of affairs they won't be able to raise their level of culture, being systematically cut off from its sources. We are the ones who are morally responsible for enlightening and bringing knowledge to them, and we can do that only by supporting the Yiddish language and Jewish culture along with it.

From my own experience as a tutor I know that because of the incomprehensible language children can't develop proportionally to their talents.

CONTINUED ON P. 6

THE READERS HAVE A VOICE

COMMENTS ABOUT THE ISSUE FROM OCTOBER 8TH

I will start by discussing "The mail." In this column, the editors demand that the readers not stop at consumption and that they participate in the production, and this is quite right, but in my opinion, the editors want to differentiate too clearly between the permanent contributor and the reader, who is supposed to send their comments only from time to time about articles they have read and in the best-case scenario, comment in the columns that do not require the ability to write, just the ability to think. This would be equal to making the Little Review a literary paper, while its important character is rather in journalism and opinions.

What I am writing here is maybe more of a discussion article than comments, but I am doing this on purpose in order to indicate that I am not doing it as a reader, but as someone who demands to be allowed to become a contributor, not based on my literary talent, but on the importance of issues I tackle. Therefore I propose creating a literary section and maintaining the character of the paper it has had until now, i.e., everybody has the right to voice their opinions in the matters they are interested in.

I would like to say a few words about the short story entitled "Bajard, Bajet, Fanny and I." The story isn't bad, but after having read it we don't know who is a horse and who is human. Is it a horse's diary or a diary of a third-class farm boy? – Dawid wanted to make the same prank to us as Mietek from Muranowska Street with his short story "She is gone."

The press review entitled "Camera lucida" is good, but worse than "Fighting over the muzzle." The author does not disclose his point of view, but would like to show it to us somehow in between the verses. I didn't understand him.

I also don't like the ironizing about anti-Semitism of the National Democratic press. This is copycatting of the section "In the mill of opinions" of Our Review. We may answer to that anti-Semitism is deprived of logic, so it is ridiculous, but I don't think that irony is a good tool in such a serious matter.

In the introduction to the comments about the books on page 2 we read... "these are not book reviews, but comments on the margins of a recently-read book. Personal opinions and reflections which have appeared while reading."

I don't understand the difference. Until now, I thought they were exactly this type of comment. Now I don't know anymore and I would like to find out.

In the same section we can find the opinion saying that teaching Latin in middle schools doesn't make sense. This issue has been discussed some time ago in the Little Review already, but it was quite a long time already and I don't remember what type of arguments were presented. I just would like to say that the author expresses his opinion too firmly – in a peremptory tone. Surely we may find many of dissenting opinions among the readers of the Little Review.

I pass over the column entitled "Junior Tribune" because I am not interested in sports. I just would like to say a few words about the issue tackled by Aleksander G. I pretty much

RESPONSE TO EMKOTT'S ARTICLE

I.

An article by Emkott about the suicide of the late Leon Mioduszeowski was published in one of the latest issues of the Little Review.

In my answer to this article I have to stress that it is irrefragable in its form of writing. But when going into the contents, I would like to remark that the subject is treated too vaguely.

The article doesn't explain nor solve any problems, but only again evokes feelings and impressions that are gone.

While discussing the background of the suicide, Emkott has fallen into various contradictions. Presenting the virtues of the late Mioduszeowski, he then rebuts them with his flaws. He is doing the same thing with Professor Hornowski: at first he suspects, though very discreetly, that the professor could have failed Leon for some of his old actions, finally, however, he denies it

agree with him, but let's think more thoroughly if sports and military really have nothing to do with each other? Weren't the ancient Greeks spreading physical culture among youth in order to have a strong army? And even today during PE class, aren't the instructions taken straight from military drills?

The section for children is quite important, especially the collection of letters about the savings day. Finally an original assignment in brain teasers, too bad it is not the newest thing because *Wiadomości Literackie* (Literary News) has published these types of problems since long ago.

Jerzy N.

categorically ("it would be a grave sin to accuse the professor..." etc.) and he underlines that the professor, like everyone else, was only fulfilling his duty. Hence the article is a bit confusing.

According to the article, Mioduszeowski's death itself brings about a lot of speculations – conclusions. Among others, that there were deeper reasons for the suicide.

But Mioduszeowski's nervous breakdown could not have been only the effect of him failing the exam. First of all, if we were to believe the author – Leon didn't need his matura exam to win his bread because his parents were quite wealthy. Second, he was not propelled by a thirst for knowledge or ambition.

I suspect that Leon Mioduszeowski has taken the significant reasons of his deed with him to the grave.

We, the school youth, however, we can't come to terms with this matter. Because we have no guarantee that similar incidents won't take place in future.

We should remedy this somehow. And the school authorities should find and eliminate reasons for suicides among school youth.

Paljot

II.

... We have to note that Emkott presents Mioduszeowski as an ordinary student without higher aspirations; he even maintains that he couldn't have brought any use to the society in future. In that case, why was he studying until the end of the middle school? Could cotangent functions be useful to him someday in future?

The matter would have been different if Professor Hornowski had failed a student who desired to study, who was a bit weak in mathematics, but good in other subjects; or simply because he got stage fright during the exam.

But the matter was completely different: the student didn't have a passion for learning, he didn't desire to go to university, he didn't study and he wasn't prepared. It is possible that if he had been schooled in a demi-pension system, then maybe he would have got interested in studying, he would study not because of obligation, but out of passion. But even in a demi-pension, when a student is not prepared and doesn't want to be prepared, they can't advance to a higher grade. And the same would have been happening in every education system, even in one set up by Emkott himself.

Newspapers do not despair at all over all of the high school graduates who spent entire nights studying to pass the matura exam which they fervently desire and for which they strive, yet newspapers are showing mercy for an individual who in the end was guilty himself for having failed the exam.

Many students repeat a year and do not make a tragedy out of that. For Emkott, however, Leon is a symbol, a Sisyphean plowman of the field of education because Emkott was looking for a symbol. And if Leon had to repeat the eighth grade, would he still be the symbol of students tormented by a bad education system?

My opinion is that the old educational system is wrong in many aspects; however, it was not at fault in this case. Let's not blame everything on the system and let's not look for "symbols" where they don't exist.

Stasiek P.

ABOUT WORKING YOUTH

Dear Mister Editor!

First of all I would like to thank you for returning my manuscript and for your undoubtedly honest and kind words.

Despite the bitter nonsense with which I have been recently coming to the newsroom, your article in the Little Review of October 18th – and a bit later, a letter to me – have resulted in me feeling a great need to "open" my soul to you, if not widely, familiarly and hospitably, however it should be called – then at least slightly... in only one matter, but very, very close to my heart...

It is about one pressing – at least in my opinion – issue tackled in "The Little Review Report Card."

In the "General washing up," correspondent Mira K. expressed her opinion that the subheading of the paper should be changed from "children's and youth paper" to "children's and school youth paper." Because Mira hasn't encountered any articles by youth not attending schools, she even expresses a certain sorrow because of that.

In that same issue, in the "Conclusions" section, you don't share Mira's opinion and you justify your refusal to change the subheading in the following way:

"If this year we have only printed 3, 4 fragments from their (working youth) life, it serves as a proof of lack of adequate material which we have been asking the working youth for."

First of all, I would like to raise my doubts insofar as working youth – the really working youth – being able to cooperate with such a paper as the Little Review.

Why? Please recall, Mister Editor, the opinion of Dr. Korczak about a certain young man writing in a mature manner (L.R., September 18th) and your own words ("where is this separate world of feelings, uniqueness of approach and the subject of reaching one's sixteenth summer?"), and it will become clear why.

You will answer:

"It was not about working youth at all. You are not saying that a 16-year-old proletarian doesn't have a 'uniqueness of approach,' etc., adequate for his age?"

I am constantly in touch with these youths. I have been working myself for a few years already. I dare say, therefore, that this is exactly the case.

The conditions in which we are stuck, despite all the appeals to society, horrible misery, belching with a thousand ordeals (damn it, you have to find a rag to wrap yourself in when winter comes...)

go to a doctor with a failing stomach... with an eye infection, or some other plague) – such conditions of existence exhaust us so much that we end up being not only mature but also quite gloomy.

In your letter you advise me to set a more modest task for myself... Well, and it is not good enough for printing.

I have just read my manuscript... And I didn't spit on it only because the paper cost me a bit, and the scribbling as well – a few nights of a certain effort.

I have treated myself with a naïve hypocrisy: Man! You also used to be a schoolboy, and the desire to study hasn't gone away yet. Why shouldn't you think like they do?

I succumbed to a momentary naïveté, a dreamy return to these times, and I wrote.

You have to admit that my pen has produced a creation so gloomy, so peculiarly oozing with the flavor of our misery, that it would simply be a sin to feed something like that to the careless, bunch of schoolboys, full of hope, thirsty for life!

I was searching for a path and I am still searching for it – this is my greatest pain and misery...

For working youth, and especially for those thinking youth among them who are the most aware, there are two pathways that exist: to the right or to the left!

The decision is usually quick. The perspective of life becomes defined: to

serve the idea we gave our oaths to in a most fervent way. This is where they find the creative joy and well-being of free people. (This is something I envy them from the bottom of my heart).

The injustice they experience gives them the full right to that, and even more – give them the right to be unable to notice that they are standing on an ideological platform – call it what you will – prepared and conceived by the more or less "titanic brains."

And they are there out of necessity – facing their own poverty, not having time, nor any incentives to think thoroughly about things that were presented to them as simple, understandable and – what is most important – as a real, beautiful and powerful idea for improvement of their existence, for eliminating their calamity.

Will these youth, convinced about the fairness of their own case, be able to write for such an independent paper as the Little Review?

Therefore, a small handful of youth remains, struggling with their independence, and I am unlucky enough to be in that group. I repeat: unlucky, because being a part of it means a chain of unsupportable moral pains and often – a bitter contempt towards myself for my powerlessness and indecisiveness in the face of burning issues.

We are attempting to search for freedom; such freedom that would be worthy of being loved with all our

hearts; such freedom, from behind which nothing and nobody is looking at us with reproach – to ensure that we maintain a clean and pure conscience and not stray even a bit from the holy universal idea of defeating all that is evil and unjust in this world.

What a glaring disharmony between such a "noble" way of thinking and our deplorable reality?

Every time we faced the contempt and mockery of our companions we realize that, our minds become clouded with pessimism and while others persist in their conviction that in serving their cause, they are creating and building something grand – we are incapable of creating things joyfully due to the doubts that are tearing at us...

And you must admit, Mr. Editor, in line with your words about the "uniqueness of approach," that for those people, independent though they may be, cooperation with a paper as healthy and constructive as the Little Review is impossible...

I have expressed my opinion about the cooperation of youth with the Little Review. Maybe my "I dare to say" was too strong. As justification, I can only say that I want to contribute to the change in the conditions of life of working youth with all my heart, so that this change would enable them to think and feel so "uniquely" as 16-year old youth should be thinking and feeling...

Sincerely,

M.H. (Lublin)

JUNIOR TRIBUNE

POLITICS IN SPORT

In such cases, it's best to say let's see what becomes of it in real life and then we will define our position – positive or negative. But the problem is that this issue is interpreted differently, depending on the circumstances.

We, young people, should actually take no interest in such matters, except that they have an impact on things that are relevant to us. If because of political differences, relations are to be broken between states, organizations or sports clubs, then very soon "Akiba" may refuse to play "Hashomer," and "Haganah" may withdraw from a tournament if "Jugend" is among its contestants; and if "Masada" stages an internal tournament only half of its members may compete as this event may be boycotted by members declaring their allegiance to the state or the opposing camp. Eventually, all "athletes" will have a clear conscience "because this is a popular practice."

I understand that nowadays it's ridiculous to advocate a non-political approach and the autonomy of sports

when other states are frequently breaking off sports relations.

It's clear that no state, no city, no organization and no man is able to live with only their own legacy, and just like in other fields, the exchange of values is also essential in sports. If it goes any further, then sport will soon be bereft of its value and will become a measure that reflects the attitude of a state towards another state, of an organization towards another organization.

I'm not fond of such pompous remarks, but I have to draw your attention to the fact that we, young people, will be soon setting future guidelines for physical education and therefore, we must oppose people who are imposing their immoral adult views on us, that we cannot go take the path of least resistance that compromises the very concept of sport.

Despite this, or perhaps because, long gone are the times when sport was practiced for the joy of it just like art was created for its own sake, we have to firmly commit ourselves to have all gangrenous influences removed from sports.

B. N-t.

DOMESTIC NEWS

SPORTS GAMES IN BIAŁYSTOK Sukkot celebrations coincided with the competition for the championship title of Jewish schools in men's and women's basketball which was staged at the "Maccabi" court in Białystok.

The basketball championship title and the cup sponsored by Druskin's Middle School went to the Sigismund Augustus Middle School (Jewish team), while the volleyball championship title and the Jewish Sports Club "Maccabi" Cup went to the Hebrew Middle School. The athletic skill level was satisfying, which cannot be said of the tournament's organization.

Among many contestants, we saw individuals who have the potential to become eminent players if they are trained by good instructors.

Izio T. (Białystok)

RECAP OF THE AUTUMN SEASON IN VILNUS

As the new school term began, we were suddenly taken aback by the massive number of inter-school sports events that clearly demonstrate the advantage of Adam Mickiewicz and State Technical School students.

Save for rowing competitions, all other events were well organized and captured the interest of the student community.

Taking the lead among Jewish school students were athletes from the Educational Society and Epstein Middle Schools. The inter-school tennis tournament saw the victory of the sports club from Epstein Middle School whose contestant secured a victory, beating a student of the Jesuit Middle School in the finals. The Jesuit Middle School has its own tennis court and excels in this discipline. In addition, the Epstein Middle School students were beaten by the Mickiewicz Middle School, Technical School and Sigismund Middle School students in the swimming competition. In the inter-school competition dedicated to Jewish school we saw the victorious Epstein students who are the biggest rivals of the current champions of Vilnius.

Track and field events saw students of the Jewish Technical School leading the way. The Belarussian Middle School

faired well only in the kayaking competition. Meanwhile, the Lithuanian Middle School did not send its representatives to the tournament. We rarely hear of any athletic feats of female students, as girls prefer to watch their male colleagues "fighting." Female contestants made an appearance during the kayaking competition and a track and field event dedicated to Jewish schools. So much about leaders and ladies.

An unusual "decline in the form" was demonstrated by students of the modern Jewish Middle School and the Polish Teachers' College, who were brilliant last season. This year, their athletes are breaking away from their traditional winning streak and are seldom seen on the podium. The same goes for students of the Jewish College who signed up for the event and even turned up for the basketball tournament, but fled the scene when they saw their rivals in the heat of the game. Their opponents walked onto the court – the referee blew the whistle, but students of the College were nowhere to be seen. As it turned out later, they simply forfeited.

Alik M. (Vilnius)

SPORTS NEWS FROM SILESIA

This fall, the new school sport season has kicked off with an international game in Silesia. The State Mathematics and Natural Sciences Middle School in Chorzów has competed in a series of meetings against the Polish Gymnasium from Bytom. The program of the tournament included popular games (volleyball and basketball). Silesian students emerged triumphant from both events and secured high wins.

Preparations for the winter season are well underway among young people. Gymnastics classes are teamed up with skiing practices held twice a week at the local Academy of Physical Education. A number of school competitions and events are scheduled for the future. One of them is the Krynica-Zakopane hike whose contestants will garner the mountaineering badge. Traditionally, the winter break will bring skiing courses and camps in Wisła or Zwardoń.

Jakób P. (Katowice)

SPORTS TOURNAMENT FOR THE DIRECTOR CYGIELSTREJCH CUP

The look and feel of the tournament reminds me of the atmosphere of league matches. Fiercely competing for points, teams resorted to very different strategies and even agreed on the final results of games (in a basketball game, opponents had clearly fixed the outcome of the match, as they were shouting to each other: "It's your turn to take a shot" or "Move aside, so I can show others that I'm playing." This atmosphere has apparently rubbed on the audience as at least half of the spectators should have been asked to leave.

I'm not going to repeat their obscene remarks, but cheering (cheering is usually a sign of approval of a good play) for your favorite team just because its opponent has failed is simply rude. Meanwhile, the public who attend matches should demonstrate at least a semblance of sports culture.

* * *

There were seven teams in the volleyball event and nine signed up for the basketball event. The tournament was held in the round robin format and the main trophy goes to the school that has the highest score in both events. Duration of basketball matches is 2 × 10 minutes without a break.

Volleyball quarterfinals were held in the Maccabi hall, which is totally unsuitable for this purpose. Therefore, "Laor," after losing a game to "Ascola" filed a protest and suggested staging the quarterfinals in the "Jutrznia" hall. When the protest was dismissed, "Laor" withdrew from the competition.

After "Ascola" won a game against "Laor," "Finkel" was almost defeated by "Kryński." With their towering frames, "Finkel's" players were unable to cope inside the tiny and low sports hall that gave handicap to the other team that played consistently, with good technique and in a grand defensive style.

Finally, "Finkel" managed to secure its win after three rounds. Also qualified for the semi-finals was "Spójnia," as it won effortlessly (30 : 19) against "Natanson," as well as "Chinuch."

We now move to the hall at the Physical Education Centre. The weather is fine and the tournament could be easily staged outdoors.

Meanwhile, the basketball tournament

continued according to the plan. "Finkel" won in great style against the Teacher's College, "Ascola" endured a pulsating struggle when challenged by "Kryński" (this team recently demonstrated impressive improvement), while "Chinuch" got a walkover from "Laor," and "Spójnia" barely managed to win (8 : 6) against the Stawki-based School of Handicrafts. Watching the first semi-final game, we were all expecting the epic failure of "Spójnia." Just before the break, "Chinuch" was leading 5 : 0, and finished off with five points, while "Spójnia" claimed a 7 : 5 win.

Unlike "Chinuch," "Spójnia" capitalized solely on its talent, as it entered the tournament totally unprepared.

Emotions were also soaring high in the second semi-finals – "Ascola" was beating "Finkel" 10 : 8 with only 40 seconds left before the end. "Finkel" scored twice in the final seconds of the game to emerge triumphant in the competition. The fate of the game was decided in the last 50 seconds.

Meanwhile, "Ascola" secured the cup as it ranked second in volleyball after it lost the final game to "Chinuch." In the volleyball semi-finals "Ascola" was struggling, but eventually beat "Finkel" after three challenging rounds, while "Chinuch" outperformed "Spójnia."

"Ascola" and "Chinuch" are two young, consistently playing teams. The cornerstone of "Finkel's" team are two excellent players while other members are fairly poor compared to other teams.

The game for the third and the fourth place to be played by "Spójnia" and "Finkel" was postponed until another day, but given such short notice (nearly all its members are eighth-grade students), "Spójnia" decided to forfeit to "Finkel."

"Finkel" easily won the basketball finals and secured a 24 : 7 win. "Finkel's" team hinges on two players, although others are better in basketball than volleyball.

Currently, the line-up of leading teams is as follows: "Finkel" came first in basketball and third in volleyball, scoring 51 points altogether. "Spójnia" scored 29 to come second and fourth in the competition. First place gave "Chinuch" 36 points in volleyball, and "Ascola" scored 21 points that placed

it in second place. We are still waiting for the third-place play-off that will see contestants from two final schools.

To make sure that "Finkel" didn't take the cup – "Chinuch" would have to win the match. And they did, although "Ascola" could easily give them a three-point handicap. Ultimately, the deciding games for the cup will take place between these two schools in both competitions.

I am not defending the "Finkel" team, but where are we headed, given what happened two years ago: "Ascola," organizing the inter-school tournament, after a lost game, changed the rules during the tournament to go through to the finals; and in last year's tournament, "Finkel" actually won the cup, but it was never actually presented to the players. And now everything that's going on this year.

Tournaments are held to identify the hierarchy of teams, present the first prize to the best team and not to see schools forming coalitions or fixing games as a result of their animosities or personal affinities. Regulations clearly state that the "tournament strives to promote sports games." And this is something the organizers should adhere to. Frauds and trickery are not promoting sport – they discourage us from it. Teams that resort to such practices should be immediately disqualified.

* * *

I beg the forgiveness of all students of girls' schools who are taking part in the tournament. I have not mentioned you, but I was so absorbed with the boys' tournament that regrettably, I missed all events for girls.

Eight teams enrolled for the volleyball event, but they were knocked out by two finalists: the Teachers' Union Middle School and the Mirlasowa Middle School. We were expecting a sensation as Mirlasowa won the first round and led in the third by 6 : 0. But eventually, "Union" managed to score two additional points and secured its final win. Both teams have just one star player each, but other contestants are practically on par with them. The "Union's" team demonstrates more consistent skills and I do have to admit that it's in its top form. It's certainly worth to stage a meeting of "Union's" team with another club, such as "Polonia" or the Jewish Academic Sport Association.

J. H.

THE FIRST VOICE OF INFORMED CRITICISM (Inspired by the Little Review Cup Tournament)

On the day on which the recent "Junior Tribune" column was published, which coincided with the kickoff of the tournament staged by "Chinuch" Sports Club, I was discussing the Little Review Cup Tournament with a physical education teacher from a Jewish school.

He made a point that by introducing another sports tournament we are exposing youth from Jewish schools to blatant one-sidedness. Because summer is the traditional time of the inter-school sports tournament which sees contestants from Jewish schools; the "Chinuch" tournament is held twice a year – in winter and spring; and now the Little Review Cup tournament has been added to the calendar.

"As a result," argues the teacher, "my

students are so busy playing basketball and volleyball that they are reluctant to swim; they don't come to track and field practices, and gymnastics is out of question." In other words, my interlocutor argued that the Little Review should withdraw from sports tournaments and begin to promote other disciplines which are less popular in Jewish schools – specifically, track and field.

I accept the point he's made but have to say something in my defense.

This spring, when I was trying to convince the president of the Physical Education Club that it's essential to raise the standards of sports in Jewish schools by organizing special dedicated tournaments, he responded that this will depend on results achieved by Jewish teams

in the inter-school competition. As we know, the all-male Jewish schools were eliminated in the first round. And then the president told me that the Physical Education Club would stage a special competition for Jewish schools. But for male schools only, since school for girls demonstrate relatively high standards and that there is absolutely no need to organize a special tournament for them, just like there is currently no need to organize special competitions for Jewish swimmers who, compared to basketball and volleyball players or track and field athletes, are faring rather well. Naturally, we'll be focusing on track and field, but in due course, meaning in the summer.

In fact, the Little Review is not committed to stage such events, and if it acts as the mastermind of sports tournaments, it's only because someone has to do this job in order to help out institutions and competent individuals.

Kuba H.

THEATER

"THE WONDROUS ALLOY"

OR MR. CHARKIEWICZ, BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF AND A COUPLE OF WORDS ADDRESSED TO MR. CZENGERY

The Vilnius-published Word is not only notorious for its political and economic columns, sometimes written with a knack for current affairs journalism, but also for its lampoons.

We remember the furious and scornful attack launched by the Word on... 13-year old Bela of Vilnius who had her first interview published in the Little Review; we remember the vicious crusade against the Little Review and Jewish writers.

The Word hates many people, cases and issues. It is doing its best to out-shout others with its trashy cackle and lampoons. One of the things it hates is Soviet art. So, when afforded with an opportunity (the production of a Soviet stage play titled "The Wondrous Alloy" at the Pohulanka Theatre), the Word published Mr. Charkiewicz's review.

The voice of Count Fredro had barely faded away at the Pohulanka Theatre when Comrade Kirszon decided to speak up on behalf of the kolkhoz youth (as it was quite aptly printed in the program: "youth" came with a spelling mistake and "kolkhoz" was written with a capital 'K' to bring out the Bolshevik 'couleur locale').

"... so it's war? But against whom? Which country did the belligerent Jew of Bessarabia have in mind? Was it Spain? Or Brazil? Or the Netherlands? Or was it... Oh, the 'rotten bourgeoisie' that filled the theatre on the opening night of a Bolshevik play! And their loud applause! Young people have an inherent charm. Young people look charming on the stage. Youth is actually eye-pleasing. After all, an animal like the pig is ultimately devoid of any charm and grace, but is pinkish and clean; piglets are actually really cute... And Bolshevik youth..." etc.

Mr. Charkiewicz, shame on you... for coughing up poisoned phlegm in a place which is a public space after all. You have the right to have a penchant for - let's say a piglet served in horseradish sauce and you may also dislike Jews,

the "rotten bourgeoisie" and the Soviet theatre. You even have the right to try and convince your readers that your taste is infallible. What you cannot do - and it's regrettable that you need to be reprimanded by an ordinary Jew - is make coarse analogies which might be applauded by "an honorable count" (one of those who take umbrage because of land parceling and democracy), but certainly not Count Aleksander Fredro. Just think and refresh your good manners, Mr. Charkiewicz.

And now a couple of words addressed to Mr. Czengery.

Well, I would like to thank you on my own behalf and, as I conclude, on behalf of the young people of Vilnius for providing us with such an enjoyable and valuable play. I would like to thank you for the effort you've made and your courage. Obviously, we are treating this play as a journey to explore the sensibilities of other young people. The assumption that we would change our attitude to the Soviet Union as we were leaving the theatre, would be far too naïve.

Rudolf from Vilnius

THEATER IN BIAŁYSTOK

The travelling theater of local authorities of the Białystok region under the directorship of J. Grodzicki comes to us three times per month. With regards to that, so far, Białystok has been quite handicapped. We didn't have a permanent theater. From time to time, some ensembles would come and perform almost exclusively for adults. Meanwhile, the travelling theater, out of 9 plays performed has had three for youth - "The king's only son" by Lucjan Rydel, "Open house" by Bałucki and "Stephen Báthory." All three plays were well performed.

W-Z

P.S. Using this opportunity I would like to inform you that on Saturday, November 30th, at 3:30 p.m., there will be a meeting of the Białystok correspondents aged 12 and up who are holders of this year's commemorative postcards.

IT DOESN'T EXIST, BUT WILL IT?

Mr. Silberzweig was right in saying that not enough attention is being paid to school theatres.

Every year one or another middle school organizes a more or less successful performance - and that is all.

More than once, I have read articles and projects about founding an inter-school theatre in the Little Review. Last year, the paper even published an extensive reportage by Salek from Świętojska Street - probably in order to draw attention of the public to this neglected area of cultural work. And nothing happened. I didn't find any response afterwards. Everything stayed the same. We have had a special play related to some celebrations and maybe two or three original performances. In short, everybody is minding their own business.

And yet we do see the efforts of individual persons and drama clubs, which could create a theatre if they would join in together. We see experienced stage directors (Ms. Czerwińska, Mr. Centnerszwer, Ms. Landaówna). Some of the school stages even have their own characteristics.

Let's take for instance the theatre at the Teachers' Union Middle School, managed by Mr. Centnerszwer and the "Muza" theatre at the Janina Świątecka Middle School managed by Ms. Landaówna. The first theatre, as I have noticed, selects a rather "adult" repertoire (for instance, "The Barber of Seville"), and gives only one serious performance interpreted by the female students. On the other hand, "Muza" presents a collage of a number of images or scenes in a certain cycle, for instance "The Kings of the Skies" or "School in different parts of the world."

I don't believe in the inter-school theatre. It wouldn't be convenient for the authorities of various schools, which for advertising purposes to a certain degree want to have a theatre, maybe an inferior one, but their own. I believe in the young public theater, however. Sooner or later, such a theater needs to be created.

Renia

FROM PUBLISHING HOUSES

This section is a third class supplement: a section to the sports section of the Little Review. So far it has been neglected and didn't fulfill its task.

This task is to inform the readers, who are involved in sports, about this so little popular and popularized sports literature.

Our mistake was that we were giving reviews of books not depending on their topicality, but according to their date of being displayed in the bookstores. Hence, it would happen that a book about tennis would appear for instance in winter. While in summer, once it became topical - both the readers and ourselves would forget about it.

We are correcting this mistake now. We are starting the winter season, and together with it first of all skiing, skating and hockey. Two very good books about skiing were recently published.

One of them is "Skiing" by W. Ziętkiewicz. This is a book particularly adequate for autodidacts, because the author presents individual phases of skiing movements in numerous illustrations.

I will be able to describe the second one, also titled "Skiing" by Jabczyńska-Jędrzejowska next time, because I haven't read it yet myself.

For the next issue I will also need to leave a supposedly very good and exhaustive book called "Ice Skating"

by eng. J. Jankowski. In exchange I can now mention an equally good book by E. Nehring entitled "The Rules of Ice Skating". It is adequate especially for beginner skaters. It discusses skating equipment and clothing, learning how to skate in general, speed skating and figure skating; it even adds a PUWF (State Administration for Physical Education) instruction on how to make home-made children ice-skates.

A book by W. Krygier entitled "Ice Hockey" was recently published. This is currently the only work in Poland offering a comprehensible description of this game, hockey technique and tactics.

Among other sports that are played in winter we should list basketball, volleyball and boxing.

Sports games are represented by two books: "Basketball" (by Baran, Sikorski and Wójcicki) and "Volleyball" (by Baran and Kwast). In an exhaustive manner they discuss the characteristic, principles, technique and tactics of these games, teaching methods and practice, they include guidelines and rules.

Boxing is described in a recently published book by Laskowski (entitled "Box"), which in four parts discusses learning boxing, practice, tactics of fighting and PZB (Polish Boxing Association) regulations. ■

TWO-WEEKS SKIING CAMP

for correspondents of The Little Review
in Mszana Dolna (Western Beskids)

The camp will take place during the first two weeks of winter vacation. Submissions are accepted until the 5th of December.

Detailed information can be received

from the Camp's manager, professor Dawid Jarzabek, at 5-6 p.m. at 18 Elekoralna Street, Apt. 17, ph. 5-96-64 - and by mail for the correspondents from the province (add a postage stamp).

JOKE

PREMATURE JOY

A man in the park says to a lady sitting on a bench, pointing at a by standing by her side:

"Lovely boy."

"Isn't he?" asks the joyful mother. "And so deft! He's been playing with his hoop on the grass so nicely!" "Quite right."

"Well, so now you need to pay a 2 zloty fine. Walking on grass is prohibited and I am the park keeper."

SZLAMEK FROM OTWOCK

A REPORTER'S DIARY

Why did I believe it? Why did I talk?! Now Tosia keeps blabbering and gossiping about me and she accuses me of being a gossip.

I learned that from Heniek. After lunch, I invited Tosia for a walk. She was cross with me, but she came.

We went towards the military sanatorium. On the way, every time I started to talk, she would interrupt me. Once we got out of the forest, a mortuary appeared in front of our eyes.

"Can't you see where you are taking me?" Tosia said.

"Hmm," I mumbled and I suddenly asked her the question that had tormented me the whole way. "Is it true what Heniek says?"

"That what?"

"That you... you know what very well!"

"Go away, silly boy!"

"I will go, farewell!"

"Goodbye."

She looked at me and smiled. She didn't believe me, and I repeated even

more strongly:

"Farewell."

To hell with this schoolboy love! You lose your mind, you neglect your obligations, school, family and in the end, you don't know if you are alive or not. I didn't revise any classes during the entire vacation, I didn't write one single article. And all of it because someone has blue eyes and dimples. Let her have them in peace, and I will manage on my own. Luckily, I am a reporter.

PART III - WORK

The 1934/35 school year has started. In September, I received a long letter from the editor. He wrote that for now, he didn't intend to introduce the new reforms, he desired to continue to follow the guidelines from last year. New reporters will be trained, and the old ones will have to expand their work. First of all, a selection of contributors in provincial clubs will have to be carried out (those who write well, those who

are only able to find raw content, what the thematic interests of individual correspondents are, etc.). Afterwards the editor discussed the matter of the Otwock chronicle, which I was to send every fourth Friday of every month, the matter of the issue and Sunday meetings.

I gave the matter some deep thought. I compared the editor's guidelines with the things I was doing. My thoughts were bleak. Wienio collected material all summer and now Białystok has its regional issue. And what did Szlamek do? Nothing! He was chasing after a blue blouse, although he knew that his heart was weak following an infection.

I took a look at the situation. In 1933, I had 6 contributors who had commemorative postcards. This is quite discouraging. Białystok had 15. But Białystok has 100,000 inhabitants, and Otwock only 18,000.

After one year, I see already 12 permanent contributors. It is not so hopelessly bad after all.

I have divided everyone (in my mind) into three groups: 1 - the best writers, 2 - old weak, 3 - young weak.

Meetings started, organizing of the chronicle, hiring correspondents. At

times, everything would end in one joint partying.

Some were bugging me to give them a topic, others were asking if their text would be printed and when.

"And how would I know? Ask the editor."

Mothers of child prodigies were the worst.

Once, one of them came in and showed me a little poem.

"Well, I don't know... I am not into poems," I said. "Maybe they will publish it."

"What do you mean maybe?! Ask your father!"

"Excuse me, but I am the reporter. My father only takes care of the ill."

"Ask him."

"Ask at once!!"

Father came.

"I don't trust your son," the angry mother of the wunderkind told him. "Just listen what my little daughter writes. She is only in the fifth grade, and she writes... Everybody says: 'She's the next Tuwim!' She always has rhymes. And what rhymes?! Even if she stumbles upon 'moon', she will find a rhyme to fit, just look at it, 'moon' - and here

below - 'commune'! And such rhymes as 'loose - shoes', 'tiny - whiny' come to her so naturally, without thinking. What do you say to that?"

"These are my sons' matters. I don't interfere."

"But you could write your opinion." Father answered that he wasn't an expert in this, that if it were a prescription then of course, even in Latin, but poetry was completely alien to him. She left the manuscript anyway. After one week, she returned screaming.

"What are you thinking? That you can torture an innocent precious little child? Where is the poem? Give me the paper and show me the poem!"

"Please remember that I promised nothing. I am just a liaison between the newspaper and the correspondents from the town of Otwock. Maybe the editors will publish it later, or maybe they consider the poem to be lousy."

"How rude! You attend middle school and this is how you speak to adults? I consider your answer to be arrogant!"

She left. She met my father on the street and she complained that I received her arrogantly. I was scolded by my father. (TBC)

Janusz Korczak

STAGE MATERIAL FOR CHANUKKAH PERFORMANCES

THE HOUR WILL COME

(Esterka is making an outfit for her doll while sitting at the table. Next to the table Abramek is making a sled).

ESTERKA: (speaking to the doll): You will have four gowns: 2 for the summer and 2 for the winter. One for every day and a second one for Saturdays and holidays. Afterwards, I will make a blanket and a hat for you. Pity I don't have even a piece of silk.

ABRAMEK: (pounding with the hammer): Actually, it is very good that you don't have any silk. And very bad that I don't have six nails or a piece of string.

ESTERKA: For you it is bad that you don't have a piece of string, and for me that I don't have silk.

ABRAMEK: Because you are dumb as a cow, and I am as smart...

ESTERKA: As an ox.

ABRAMEK: Will you stop?

ESTERKA: If I feel like it, I'll stop.

ABRAMEK: If you don't feel like it, you will stop anyways.

ESTERKA: If I don't feel like it, then I won't stop.

ABRAMEK: Ox!

ESTERKA: Cow!

ABRAMEK: (loud) Cow – cow – cow – cow!

ESTERKA: Ox – ox – ox – ox.

ABRAMEK: Will you go away?

ESTERKA: I won't go away. And what will you do to me?

ABRAMEK: I will knock you over.

ESTERKA: Just try.

ABRAMEK: Cheeky cow.

ESTERKA: Cheeky ox... Just wait – mom will be back in a moment.

ABRAMEK: Tattletale.

ESTERKA: Squealer.

ABRAMEK: Ooooooh, these damn girls!

ESTERKA: Ooooooh, these damn boys!

ABRAMEK: (gets up) I am telling you nicely: go away!

ESTERKA: You go away, I was sitting here first.

ABRAMEK: You will fly out of here first!

ESTERKA: I will not!

ABRAMEK: You will. (He pushes her)

ESTERKA: Hey, no hands! Don't push, do you hear me?

ABRAMEK: Get lost, do you hear me? Or maybe you want to fight?

ESTERKA: I don't. Remember when you got a beating?

ABRAMEK: You want to fight?

(He strikes. Esterka catches his hand).

ESTERKA: Will you stop?

ABRAMEK: You gonna pinch me, you earwig? (They fight. Mother enters.)

MOTHER: What is this? What has happened?

ESTERKA: (Tidies her hair) It is all his fault. I was making a dress for my doll.

ABRAMEK: (Straightening his clothes) She started to pinch me first. And she scratched me. You are a cat!

ESTERKA: And you are a dog!

ABRAMEK: And you are a hen!

ESTERKA: And you are a horse!

ABRAMEK: And you are a goat and a goose.

ESTERKA: And you are a parrot.

ABRAMEK: And you are a tigress and a crocodile.

ESTERKA: And you are a hippopotamus.

(They want to fight again. Mother separates them.)

MOTHER: You should be ashamed

of yourselves. On a holiday. Bad kids.

ABRAMEK: It's all her fault!

ESTERKA: It's all his fault! (They are crying loudly, each of them in a different manner).

MATKA: Oh, children, children – life is so hard, so many true sorrows are in it.

ESTERKA: And this is not a true sorrow when I want to make a nice little hat for my doll but I don't have silk, and he is happy because of that?

ABRAMEK: And I don't have a piece of string and nails for my sled, and she is teasing me.

MOTHER: (Looks around). There are many more important things you don't have, my children! But do you have to argue and fight?

ESTERKA: Because you don't understand, mom.

ABRAMEK: You are not a boy after all, mom.

MOTHER: So you believe that children absolutely have to fight and annoy each other? Even when we light the candles for Chanukkah? Go on, apologize to each other. Come on, do me a favor and kiss to make up.

ESTERKA: Like I would kiss him.

ABRAMEK: No way.

MOTHER: I am asking you, please – think how much your father would be worried if he were alive! Not for me, for your father, do it. Before his death his desire was for you to live in peace. Esterka...

ABRAMEK: All right (he extends his hand). Although I was first to start with her, but she pinches.

ESTERKA: (she extends her hand) But what good is that, since you will start again.

ABRAMEK: Well, we will apologize to each other again. That is too bad: squabbles are a way of life. Give me a kiss. (He kisses Esterka loudly, roughly).

ESTERKA: Mom, he licked me.

ABRAMEK: I only kissed you warmly.

ESTERKA: Go away. You are wicked!

MOTHER: That is enough – it is already late – you are both scallywags.

ABRAMEK: Six of one, half a dozen of the other.

MOTHER: We would have been different if I had more time. Orphans.

(She lights the candles. Abramek is singing).

CHANUKKAH CANDLE: Knock, knock, open the door.

MOTHER: Who is this?

CANDLE: Me, the Chanukkah candle.

MOTHER: Good evening, Candle, what are you coming here with?

CANDLE: I have brought silk for Esterka for her doll's hat and a piece of string for Abramek.

ESTERKA: Oh, how beautiful. Thank you, candle!

ABRAMEK: So thin that it will break at once.

CANDLE: I am not an expert in sleds, Abramek, I didn't know what the string should be like.

ABRAMEK: It's all right, I will plait it, I don't need a long one like this.

ESTERKA: Shameless boy, the Candle gives him a piece of string and he says it's too thin.

ABRAMEK: Buttinsky.

ESTERKA: Rude.

ABRAMEK: Stop it or I'll hit you!

ESTERKA: Just try.

ABRAMEK: Here you go!

ESTERKA: In your face!

MOTHER: Fighting again?

CANDLE: Do you fight often?

ABRAMEK: Four times on weekdays, on Saturdays and holidays – ten. When it is cold, even more to warm up. There is a saying: a leopard can't change its spots.

CANDLE: You know what? Each one of you should now get back to your work and I will tell you something interesting!

ABRAMEK: I will roll up my string.

ESTERKA: I will make a little hat.

ABRAMEK: You will make a little hat-hat.

ESTERKA: Starting again?

ABRAMEK. Make it, make a hat-hat for your dolly.

MOTHER: And I will cook potatoes for dinner for you rascals (she peels potatoes).

CANDLE: You argue and you fight?

ABRAMEK. Oh, ho-ho.

CANDLE: I know about it. There are a lot of quarrels in the world. Children quarrel, adults quarrel, girls quarrel with boys and boys quarrel among themselves. Whole nations quarrel!

ABRAMEK: Girls quarrel more.

ESTERKA: And boys beat each other up.

CANDLE: Brothers and sisters quarrel.

ESTERKA. And wives with their husbands.

ABRAMEK: A tailor lives with his wife on our floor. When they start to fight, my belly starts to hurt from laughing.

MOTHER: Shame on you, Abramek.

ESTERKA: And the lady on the second floor constantly makes scenes.

ABRAMEK: And you stand there and you eavesdrop behind the door.

ESTERKA: Because I feel like it.

ABRAMEK: And our janitor with our landlord.

ESTERKA: And the landlord with the tenants.

CANDLE: Yes, poor children, I know – I know about it. There is no peace in the world. And it is sad and bad. But people not only trouble and harm each other, there is also service and mutual help. And care and teaching. Tell me, Abramek, will you not be giving Esterka rides on the sled you are now making? Wouldn't you be playing with Esterka's doll if you weren't afraid that your friends would laugh at you?

ABRAMEK: Maybe I would play out of boredom.

CANDLE: At the beginning out of boredom because you don't know these games, because it doesn't benefit you as a boy to play with a girl, because boys are cross with girls. If you knew, children, how much pain, how much sorrow, how many tears because of people who instead of being together in peace and kindness, in good deeds and good words... (Mother leaves)

ESTERKA: (Gets up, approaches) You know, Chanukkah candle, I have felt this way as well, I thought this way, but later I saw this was not so. There is too much teasing, sneering, ridiculing and gossip in the world.

CANDLE: Way too much. – And it is going to be this way still for a long time. Anger and animosity, fury and slander will reign for a long time. But this will end.

ESTERKA: It will never end. Every day we organize fights when going to school. One time they win, another time

**FOR THE
“LONELY GIRL”**

I.

I feel very sorry for “Lonely girl,” who has written such a sad letter. But maybe your parents, Lonely girl, have some problems and this is why they are so strict with you?

I would advise you to do the following thing: try to behave well throughout an entire week and then you will find out if your parents will change their attitude towards you.

Give me an answer if my advice was good.

Zosieńka R.

II.

It must be very unpleasant when you are completely abandoned by everyone.

Or maybe it only seems to you that your parents don't love you? Do you go to school? If so, then try to befriend one of the girls in your class.

Besides that, don't be so secretive. You say that you wrote the letter to the Little Review with difficulty. I understand you perfectly. But maybe, once you start to confide in the Little Review, readers will be answering your letters, you will be carrying out correspondence with them and this way you will create a group of sympathetic people around you.

I am sorry to meddle into your matters, but I am very interested in your fate. Please, write one more time to the Little Review, but not using a pseudonym, write your name, give your address and we will be exchanging letters.

Hope for the best!

Elżunia
from Sienna Street

we beat them. We shall not surrender, right?

CANDLE: I know about that as well. And about this too.

ESTERKA: (hugging the candle) Candle, couldn't you perform some miracle?

ABRAMEK: A miracle! Look at her, so clingy. Get away, your paws are dirty, you will get the Candle's dress dirty.

ESTERKA: Maybe yours are dirty? I washed mine after coming back from school.

ABRAMEK: Get away! (He pulls her).

MOTHER: Abram, Esterka, calm down this minute!

CANDLE: I am leaving.

MOTHER: Already?

CANDLE: I still have a long way ahead of me today. I need to hurry. I will be back again in a year – and please, don't fight, children. You need to start, so that the closest people at home and at school will live in peace... And then one day – the hour will come, when peace will reign all around – all over the world and among all people. So – will you promise?

ESTERKA: I promise.

ABRAMEK: And I don't. You have to let me quarrel at least seven times per week, Candle – just once a day. And once every two weeks I have to be in a fight – at least once. And afterwards all right – I agree – let your hour of peace and friendship come. Like master, like house.

In the next issue, we will publish the second short Chanukkah comedy by JANUSZ KORCZAK.

**OUR
MATTERS**

HARMING THE CHILDREN

They have taken away a big chunk of the park again! We are very worried.

Every year they take a piece and we fear that nothing will be left of the Saxon Garden. We are trying to comfort ourselves, arguing that this is just a small chunk, that there was a street there anyway, just “without the pavement.” But we are still forlorn. We say to the boy who dares to maintain that just one chunk of the park is not such an awful thing that this is not only an awful, but a terrifying thing, because first of all, there will be no fresh air, and second (and this is the worst), children won't be able to play freely, because they will be in danger of being run over.

Seeing that complaints do not help, we have decided to take advantage of the unusual conditions in the Saxon Garden and played by riding the wagons used to carry concrete. But this fun didn't last long because they have taken the wagons away from us once the concrete was laid on the street's surface.

Disputes started; some maintained that there would be a layer of asphalt put on top of the concrete, other said that people will be driving on top of the concrete alone.

The first ones were right. After a few days carts with asphalt arrived pulled by a tractor. They started to put the asphalt down. A very unpleasant odor spread around, but we maintained that it was good for the stomach and the lungs. We stood there, looking at all of it with the others, while some workers were laying the asphalt down and others were pouring sand over it and from time to time they would sprinkle it on the gawkers instead of on the asphalt.

This week the street is almost finished. But still a question arises as to what it is going to be called. Some say Ogrodowa Street, but that is impossible because there is an Ogrodowa already; others say that it will be Aleja Saska and this is more probable.

Either way, Ogrodowa or Saska, there will be a street, not a park. Chauffeurs should be happy because kids were harmed for their benefit.

Mietek S.

A SHIP TO FIGHT FLAWS
Friends!

I am seven years old. I am in the second grade. So far, I have had a lot of flaws. I liked to fight, I was gluttonous and a bit lazy. I have invented a great method to fight these flaws.

I have built a beautiful ship out of a table, chairs, walking sticks and flags. I have become its captain. I set out in my ship for a great journey. My flaws are my enemies.

I have binoculars. I sit in my ship and when I see the enemy I shout, “to arms!”

Today I have defeated laziness. When I sensed that the enemy is approaching, I immediately raised alarm, I grabbed a book and after fifteen minutes of reading – I had won.

My ship will be called “Victory.”

Kubuś
from Grudziądz

BRAIN TEASERS

TOURNAMENT PROBLEM NO. 7

4 points for the correct solution.

"So, gentlemen," said Henryk Ross, the president of a huge bank. "Leave me alone for 15 minutes. Go to the adjacent room, please, have a cigarette, and in the meantime, I will prepare the draft of the contract."

The five gentlemen, Mr. Ross' associates, got up from behind a big oval table. They were all more or less same age, about fifty years old. They had dissatisfied expressions and they looked at each other with aversion, or even hostility. There had been serious clashes between the associates for a long time already because they had completely different ideas about the management of the enterprise, and besides that, they had various grudges of financial nature against each other. Asked by the president, they all left the office, one letting another pass through the door.

The adjacent room was pleasantly dimmed. The associates offered each other cigarettes and talked about neutral things with gushing agitation and concealed dislike.

After half an hour, they started to look at their watches. Once another 15 minutes had passed, one of them knocked at the office door. As he didn't receive an answer, he knocked again, more loudly this time. Finally, a bit upset, he pressed the handle and without entering the office he let out a scream of terror. All the others jumped in behind him. A horrible sight appeared to the eyes of the associates. The corpse of Henryk Ross was sitting in the armchair at the desk in the same exact position in which they left him. He had a long sharp knife stuck in his back.

* * *

The investigator named Parson sighed quietly, whispered, "damn difficult case," and then asked the janitor to let in the first suspect – one of the associates of the murdered Ross. A moment later, Stefan Kroll entered the investigator's office, sat down on the chair which had been pointed out to him, and started to nervously drum his fingers on the desk.

"Please tell me, Mr... Mr. Kroll," the investigator started, "did the victim have enemies?"

"Hmm... as far as I know, he had a very gentle character," Kroll answered softly. "It seems to me he didn't have enemies."

"Well, and among his associates?"

"Indeed, there were clashes of financial nature between us, but I wouldn't say that there were hostile relations."

"Yes... Could you describe Ross's office to me?"

"It was quite a big room. With a table, a desk, several chairs, an armchair and paintings on the walls."

"How many doors and windows were there?"

"I think two windows, and doors... yes, there was only one door, the one leading to the room where we waited to be called by Mr. Ross."

"Was the window closed?"

"I don't remember exactly."

"Why did Mr. Ross ask you to leave?"

"He wanted to write a draft of the new contract."

"What were you doing in the adjacent room?"

"We smoked and talked."

Afterwards, Albert Stock gave his account. He described Ross's office in the following manner:

"It is a big room with two windows and one pair of doors. There is a table, a desk and chairs in there. One window was slightly open."

"Did you look at the knife stuck in the back of the victim?"

"I didn't pull it out of course, but I did notice that it was long and had a curved handle."

"Have you ever seen this knife before?"

"No, never."

"Please tell me, Mr. Stock, if anyone left the room in which you waited to be called by Ross?"

"No, sir. I am completely sure of that."

Afterwards, Józef Halski was interrogated and he said that there was one window in the victim's room, which he thought was closed. There was only one door.

"Did you have friendly relations with the victim?"

"Same as all the associates. I mean, we had strictly official relations between us."

"Which one of you knocked on the door of Ross's office?"

"I don't recall."

"What were you doing in the adjacent room?"

"As far as I remember I was standing near the window and smoking a cigarette."

"Was there one or two doors in Ross's room?" the investigator asked the next suspect, Andrzej Lent.

"One, as far as I could see."

"And windows?"

"It seems to me there were two."

"What were you doing in the room adjacent to the office?"

"We talked. I remember that I closed the door behind me and I lit a cigarette."

"On which floor did the victim live?"

"Third."

"Your name is... Jerzy Mirski?" the investigator asked the next associate he was interrogating. "Maybe you could tell me what was Ross's personality like?"

"He was quite calm, but in general he didn't have friends, because he was very dour and unkind. And he didn't like anyone either..."

"How many windows were there in his room?"

"I think there was one."

"You think or you're sure?"

"As far as I remember... surely, you've examined the scene?"

"This shouldn't be of your concern. And now, did you see the murder weapon?"

"Not closely. It is apparently a long knife with a curved handle."

"Yes... During these forty-five minutes or an hour when you were waiting to be called by Mr. Ross, did any of you leave the room? Think carefully."

"No, for sure no one left."

* * *

After the last suspect has left, investigator Parson swore loudly. At the same moment a young, but a very promising detective named Warner walked into the room. Seeing his friend's face, he asked:

"What's going on, buddy?"

"I have a case here, which I can't solve. Understand this: one of these five people had to kill him, and each one had reasons to do it, and yet they are all telling the truth, at least what they believe to be the truth, so they are all innocent. I am going crazy!"

Warner read the notes from the interrogations of the suspects without uttering one word. Afterwards he looked at his friend with a smile and said:

"Yes. You are right. They are all telling the truth. This is why I know who is the murderer. Read it carefully and you will know as well."

WHO WAS THE MURDERER AND WHAT LED WARNER TO HIS CONCLUSION?

THE DEADLINE FOR SENDING SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS NO. 7, 8 AND 9 IS THURSDAY NEXT WEEK.

FROM THE EDITORS OF BRAIN TEASERS SECTION

1) The division into brain teasers for children and for youth is for orientation purposes only, but in no way it should be an obstacle for solving all problems by everyone, regardless of their age. Therefore, readers who want to get the maximum number of points has to send solutions of all problems.

2) Solutions without exact first and last names, age, and address will not receive points. The obligation to send these details doesn't stop when sending subsequent solutions, even though the details were submitted earlier. You should always write your first and last name next to your pseudonym, and once chosen, a pseudonym has to be used throughout the entire tournament.

The editors will make exceptions and take into considerations the solutions of the first six tournament problems, in which the first name, last name or age of the participants were not supplied if these details are supplied in the next mail delivery, separately or together with the solutions of subsequent problems.

EDITORS' ANSWERS

WE WILL NOT USE THE WORKS SENT BY: S.E.L. (too easy), I. Gefen, Rudolf Berdyczewski (too known), Benjamin Gartenstein (not very inventive).

WE WILL USE the work by Mieczysław Szymonberg.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO TOURNAMENT PROBLEMS NO. 1, 2 AND 3 WERE SENT BY:

Mieczysław Akerajzen, Dawid Brandszter, Paweł Brejdborel (age not stated), Mojżesz Cukierman, Dawid Einhorn (age), Stanisław Eisenbarg, Jakób Fajersztein, Iza Frankensteinówna, Leopold Fruchtman, Michał Gelblum, Jerzy Gothelf, M. Goldin (first name and age), Dycia Goldgraberówna, Bolek Grambart (age), Tosia Helena Janowska, Włodzimierz Garblum, Jakób Kamień, Samuel Kwellner, Leon Majzel, Frydzia Mincerówna, Mietek Najburg, Mietek Oppenheim, Beniek Piernik, Rafael Rubinstein, Benjamin Sapir, Kuba S., Zdzisław Stattler, Nina Szyffe, Lejb Turkowicz, K. Tysobow (name and age), Heniek Urbach, Mirka Wajnberg, Rena Wajnberg, Janusz Weinsztok (age), Ludwik Winawer, Janka Winkler, Hanna Zajfówna.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE 1ST TOURNAMENT PROBLEM WERE SENT BY:

Lila Amdurska, Rudolf Berdyczewski (age), Wolf Berensztein, Abram Blaufuks, Fryderyka Boćko, Mieczysław Chelemer, Wiktor Cygielman, Mieczysław Cygielsztrajch, S. Dajksel (first name), Es. E., Felicja Fajersztein, Hanka Fejginówna, Fredka Friede, H. Gąsiorówna (first name and age), L. Gejbard, W. Gejbfarb (first name), Ina Genachówna, Olek Gold, Adolf Goldstein, I. Gordon (first name), Dawid Greber (age), Fajwek Grundland, Krysia Grynglas, Zdzisław Gurko, I.D. Hamel (first name and age), D. Horowicz (name and age), Jadzia Kac,

B.K., Arnold Kleiner (age), Mojżesz Knopf, J. Kohnówna (first name), Marjan Lewenfisz (age), Sara Liberman, Kazimierz Lindenfeld, Ida London, Abram Lubart, Dorca Majerowicz, Stefan Mandl, Chaim Mirowski, Szmulek Mlynek, Moniek from Kowel (last name and age), Geda Mrozowicz, Reginka Nisenkorn, Mina Poznańska, Lew Prowalski, Estera R. (last name and age), Ruth Reichmanówna, Romek Rozen, I. Rozenbaum (first name and age), Bronisława Rozenberg, Ania Rozenrothówna, Fela Rozenweig, Hania Rytter, Bronisław Rzański, Marysia Serebriana, Seweryn Szafran, Lola Szejngros, Rachela Wajnsztein, Abram Waksman, Wanda Wiesenfeld (age), Saba Wiśnia (age), Jakób Zonenszajn, I. Żelazo (first name and age).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE 2ND TOURNAMENT PROBLEM WERE SENT BY:

Lila Amdurska, Fryderyka Boćko, Benjamin Gartenstein, Olek Gold, Dawid Greber (age), Fajwek Grundland, Krysia Hopengarten (age), Izio Kahanowicz, Marjan Lewenfisz (age), Abram Lubart, Irka Poznańska, Lew Prowalski, Heniek Rozenweig, Mirka Rzańska, Wanda Wiesenfeld (age), Saba Wiśnia (age), Ina Zyssermanówna.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE 3RD TOURNAMENT PROBLEM WERE SENT BY:

Hanka Fejginówna, Adolf Goldstein, Zdzisław Górko, Krysia Hopengarten (age), Izio Kahanowicz, Stefan Manel, Irka Poznańska, Heniek Rozenweig, T. Rozenblitówna, Mirka Rzańska.

There were 10 wrong solutions of the first tournament problem sent, 2 – of the second and 2 – of the third.

The list is not complete. It will be completed next week because some of the solutions arrived so late that we didn't have time to check them.

DISPUTING THE DIASPORA DILEMMA

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Certainly every teacher from Jewish elementary schools will confirm my words. And this is probably the most important reason for me due to which we need to give these children a school with Yiddish as the language of instruction.

I am far from underestimating the need, or even the necessity, of command of the Polish language. Quite the opposite, I consider it to be indispensable, but we have to understand that without adequate command of our own language,

without getting a feel for its linguistic subtleties, one can't master a foreign language. The best example of this are the alumni of our elementary schools, who don't actually speak either Polish or Yiddish well.

This is why we should get rid of this strange fear of Yiddish, this is why we should support Jewish culture and language, understanding that in this way we are increasing the level of all Jews, and together with it – the general level. We should also realize that in our efforts we are not alone; that we will get support from every sound-minded and reasonable person.

N. Budwicz

JOKES

POOR MAN

A lady with a tin for collecting money comes up to a rich man, who answers dryly:

"I have nothing."

"Please, then take some," the unruffled woman says. "I am collecting for the poor."

WHO IS STRONGER

"You know, I have a friend who can stop a running horse with his one hand."

"Good heavens! I know someone who can stop a speeding car with his one hand!"

"He must be a great strongman."

"No. He is a simple street policeman."

OFFICE BOY

The boss was in a bad mood that day.

So when he entered the office and saw the office boy sitting at the door and reading a newspaper, he flew into a rage:

"What is the salary you get?"

"One hundred złoty per month."

"Here, take these three hundred złoty and get the hell out of here! This is a place for people who work!"

The boy put the money away and quickly left.

After a while the boss says to one of the clerks:

"Some employees we have here! Just a moment ago I fired one of these freeloaders!"

"Which one?"

"The one who was sitting at the door and reading a newspaper!"

"But boss, he wasn't an office boy from our office!"

DIFFICULT ANSWER

"Do you know what the toughest butcher in Warsaw weighs?"

"No! Tell me!"

"Meat."

APPETITE

A man comes to the director of the museum of curiosities to ask for a job.

"Couldn't you engage me as a phenomenon of voracity? I am able to

ABOUT PHILATELISTS

There are people who collect toy soldiers. There are also those who collect stamped postage stamps. Such people are called philatelists.

The most valuable stamp in the whole world is the so called "Blue Mauritius." This stamp cost 15 million złoty! All over the world, there are only five such stamps: one is in the possession of the National Museum in England, another – of a rich French philatelist, who has invested his entire fortune in it, the third stamp is owned by a company of eight American philatelists, the fourth – by the English king, the fifth is damaged and worth less than the others.

The English king is also the king of philatelists because he has the largest amount of the most valuable stamps. He has 5 million stamps, worth 2 million pounds sterling.

Currently there are many philatelists among children and youth. Some of my friends think that one who can call himself a true philatelist is someone who has at least 10,000 stamps. But they are wrong. Everyone who collects stamps is a philatelist.

My friends are convinced that none of the Polish stamps are worth as much as any lousy German or French stamp. They don't know that there are very rare, valuable Polish stamps. For instance, I have one Polish stamp which I would not give away even for two Abyssinian ones.

Collecting stamps is a very difficult thing for us because we have to buy almost all stamps and the sellers often cheat us. Another thing is that these sellers often don't have the expertise in stamps and make mistakes. For instance: I have bought Honduras for 3 groszy and a current Polish stamp also for 3 groszy from a certain seller.

In order to make collecting easier and to help each other, we should organize ourselves and introduce a philately section in the Little Review. Since older readers are silent, then maybe we should tackle this matter and ask everyone to send philately-related letters.

Ignas K., Jerzyk N.

consume 3 dozen eggs, 10 schnitzels and 15 mugs of beer in one sitting."

"All right, but we give two performances every evening. Will you be able to cope with that?"

"Yes."

"On Sundays we give four performances. Do you accept to sign the contract under these conditions?"

The candidate hesitated.

"Yes," he answered after a while. "But with one reservation. I would have to get some time to go home for dinner."

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