

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

ROMANTICISM

Our age has been named the age of materialism. Even in the pages of the Little Review, this fashionable cliché has echoed loudly. Any schoolboy says that we live in a materialistic age and so we should suppress any emotion with a shout of "Oh, what a sentimental goose I am!" and not get into any discussions that may lead to any "intellectual silliness." Not because we really are that realistic and balanced, but because we are afraid of ridicule.

We sneer when we say "romanticism" and cross it out.

The old romanticism makes us laugh and rightly so. It is difficult to take seriously heroines pale from eating too many lemons and heroes sadly pondering on a rock before committing suicide.

But that romanticism was only superficial. The true essence of Romanticism was enthusiasm, emotions and rebellion against a fossilized way of life. The idea of the Romantics was pushing the world onto new tracks and that is not funny at all.

This kind of romanticism exists to this day, although it may be difficult to realize it. Let's take, for example, the novels of Jack London, who considered himself to be a 100% realist. Aren't his love of Great Nature, risk, the dangerous game and his aversion to the peaceful life of city dwellers similar to the Romantics' innate desire for the extraordinary?

And we ourselves, are we any different when we read about travel or devour exotic landscapes in movies with flushed faces?

We consider incredible events in a book to be nonsense, but life itself is even more extraordinary.

Amundsen's death among the glaciers, where he set out to save his

personal enemy, General Nobile; the death of Żwirko and Wigura following their great triumph, the flight into the stratosphere the expedition of the Malygin – would all these not be excellent subjects for the Romantic poets?

If we live in the age of materialism, why do people faint at Imre Ungar concerts, why do people die draining the Kibbutz Mishmar HaEmek for an immaterial fantasy, an intangible idea?

We can even find romanticism in the fact that we, coming together in a group of Little Review contributors, know and like each other, although we will probably never meet.

Apparently, romanticism does exist, but a different romanticism of life, which goes perfectly well with sobriety. It is a romanticism that will be forged into action by enthusiasm and emotions. And may that romanticism live long!

Noemi (Brześć)

SABRA FOR 25 GROSZY

I went to Cinema Splendid for the Palestinian film "Sabra" and every empty seat made my heart ache.

Why are Jewish children not sitting in these empty seats?

But... But there is a crisis and our parents don't give us the money. They have become accustomed to the school charging 20 groszy for the cinema.

So please print in the Little Review my request to Cinema Splendid to organize screenings, even at night, but for 25 groszy. This will be 5 groszy more, but this isn't an ordinary film, but a heroic, Palestinian one.

Please, Little Review, think about this.

CHAIMEK

MISS MARYLA'S COMPETITION

We sit at a desk in a small room: Miss Maryla Jonasówna, the famous pianist, and I.

"You called the newsroom and spoke to the editor."

"Yes. I told the editor that I would like to select a few talented children from among the readers and teach them to play the piano. I mean truly talented children, who could later go on to become artists. So many talents are wasted! It is my duty to search for talent and help them if necessary, just like it happened to me."

Miss Maryla tells me about herself animatedly.

She has loved music since she was very young. Her mother taught her a little, but not much. She did not have the proper conditions to learn to play properly because music lessons are very expensive.

One day, Miss Maryla – or rather just Maryla, she was nine years old at the time – was taken by a gentleman to a famous pianist, Mr. Turczyński. Maryla played a song, but badly because she had not studied the piano for long. But Mr. Turczyński examined her and was convinced that she was very talented and he started to teach her. By the time she was eleven, she was giving concerts.

"Mr. Turczyński gave me so much, I will never forget it. I don't think I could. He worked with me completely selflessly. He was always trying to elevate me to the peaks of musical skill. Now, after completing all my exams, I can be the principal of a music school. I give concerts and I have many students, mainly small children. I like teaching children, because they feel music more deeply than adults. Children know how to work and competition is very important for them.

"My teaching system is based on competition. I had a case like this once. Two girls from among my students were supposed to learn the same piece. At the lesson, one of the girls said that she couldn't play this piece – anything else but this one. I called her to the other room and only then she told me that her friend was better prepared and that she would play the piece worse than her friend. It's thanks to competition like this that you can get good results."

"Who is more eager to study, boys or girls?"

"The girls are more sensitive, they are more moved by the music. On the other hand, boys work harder, longer and with more determination.

"I get the best results with the youngest children. I have a five-year-old girl in one of my groups who will probably go on stage in the spring. It's best to start playing at five or six because then the fingers are flexible and it's easy to develop them. If you start later in life, your technique won't be as good. That is why I would like to choose only the younger and very talented children from among the readers of the Little Review.

I will choose several children with the biggest talent. The others, less talented, will also be able to learn. In music, you can climb higher and higher, there are no limits, you just have to have a soul, talent and an incredible amount of patience and perseverance. Ordinary talented children don't like boring exercises and they run away from the piano to do other things. I always had to be herded to work and I ran away to the kitchen to help the maid. My favorite was turning the wringer crank, when there was laundry."

"How do you imagine the selection process of the musical children?"

"I think we should do it like this: every child who wants to learn will write to the Little Review. The editors will pass the letters on to me and I will contact the children. In the letters, the children should include their full name, age, address, whether they have played the piano before and what pieces they have played. They can write anything else they want, but these are the most important things. If a lot of children write in, I will be able to try and get them cheap lessons with my colleagues and friends."

I do not want to take up any more of Miss Maryla's time because she has a lot of work to do: seven hours a day of practice, lessons with children, lectures, concerts in the evenings, frequent trips to the country and so on. And so I say goodbye, thanking her for her good will and the help she wants to provide to musical children, on behalf of all the Little Review readers.

M.

Editor's note: We will follow Miss Maryla Jonasówna's advice: Children wishing to learn the piano can write to the Little Review and the editors will pass the letters on to the helpful and experienced pianist.

ATTENTION CHESS PLAYERS!

Registration for the chess tournament is almost closed.

Those wishing to play in the Little Review tournament should immediately notify the newsroom, providing their full name, age and exact address. Only readers 13 years old and younger are eligible to register.

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EDA

THE PROMENADE

On Bielańska and Wierzbowa,
Youth has come out to breathe healthy,
Students rush along
(Mother won't see them here)
Blowing out cigarette smoke
And hitting on the "ladies."

Maybe you'd like to go for a walk?
Perhaps with us? We're students!
What, no answer?
How rude! I never!
"Ha, idiots! Little brats!
How can you hassle us like this?"

But... we can go for a walk...
(Looking down at the "students")
We're studying for exams.

They walk along Wierzbowa
And want a serious conversation
About science and art,
About sport and school
Talk of today's newest news,
Of G.B. Shaw's newest novel,
Of love-soul-loneliness...
Then, abruptly, farewell, lady!
Here come father and mother!!!

ANERI

AN ORGANIZED SOCIETY

IN THE HALL

Already in the lobby, I could hear the ordinary noise during the break. The noise and the characteristic warmth of the radiators made me happy. It was the complete opposite of the cold and quiet Krochmalna Street. There was so much joy and laughter that I couldn't help but smile.

I found myself in a large dining hall. In one corner, several children were jumping rope, at one of the tables,

little boys were playing store: they set out toys on the counter and were pretending to sell them. At another table, two boys, surrounded by their friends, were playing chess. Everyone was busy and no one was paying attention to anyone else. In other words, busy as an anthill.

Suddenly everyone rushed to the door, to welcome Janusz Korczak – or rather the Doctor, because that is what they call him here and they say his title like

a name, so you can hear the capital letter.

The Doctor stood in the doorway of the hall, surrounded by children, resembling a hermit among tamed birds. He listened to what one was telling him, lifted another's hand to see how a cut on a finger was healing, rebuked a third, pretending to slap their wrist and turned to a fourth one.

"What do you think you're doing? Are you trying to ruin me, you rascal?"

CONTINUED ON P. 2

The rascal laughed shamelessly, showing a gap between his upper teeth and held out a hand: "This is the tooth that was wobbly for so long. It finally fell out. You have to buy it, Doctor! That's the law: 50 groszy for every baby tooth."

AT THE NEWSLETTER READING

In the meantime, a gong rings out. Everyone grabs a chair and runs to the classroom where the newsletter will be read out. The Doctor, surrounded by children on all sides, sits on a bench.

One of the teachers begins to read. First of all, "who thanks whom." It's strange how much gratitude there is in this small community, how children know how to assess each other and consider it their duty to give thanks for favors.

Next in the reading are the so-called levels of friendliness. And so, for example, Gedali received many A's and B's, fewer C's, even fewer D's and no F's. This means that Gedali is very well liked and this result is welcomed with applause and shouts of joy.

When the teacher can finally speak again, he reads the ruling of the peer court and then a message from Mr. Grysza regarding what has been lost and a progress report from schools, interrupted by applause and shouts from the lively auditorium. I noted that some children reported themselves to the peer court when they did something wrong.

After the newsletter came dinner and then the children were allowed to visit their families. Naturally, this takes place only once a week, that is, on Saturday. On weekdays, the schedule is different, but more on that later.

I left with a strange feeling. Up until now, the name "Orphans' Home" sounded very strange to me, but after the first encounter, I felt so much heartfelt warmth that I was sad to leave.

The newsletter was an introduction to the life of the children's community. I could not imagine, however, that this life was so organized, so very Korczak-like.

A PARLIAMENT AND A COURT

The next day, I had two guides: former pupil of the Orphans' Home and the first Little Review reporter, Harry, who had returned from Palestine a week earlier and Mindla, a current resident of the Home.

The most important organization is the parliament, or the Sejm. The Sejm is made up of ten representatives, elected in a plebiscite. Those who want to be representatives write their names on a board and the rest of the children vote. During their meetings, they discuss various petitions, such as a request to not cut hair, or permission to leave for a longer time. The Sejm has its budget, receiving half a percent of the overall expenses of the Orphans' Home.

Every Friday, the peer court gathers. The judges are selected by a random draw from among those children who do not have any cases before the court that week. The Judicial Council, on the other hand, is permanent, selected by all the children because it requires the fairest among them, who can be entrusted with difficult or very serious matters. The verdict issued by the court can be appealed with the Judicial Council and a petition for another consideration of the matter can be made. At most, the Court can issue a verdict imposing the sentence contained in Paragraph 700 of the Disciplinary Code of the Orphans' Home. Paragraph 700 reads: "the fault of the accused is announced in the newsletter, on the bulletin board and the guardians are notified." The Judicial Council, on the other hand, can impose a punishment provided for in

Paragraph 800, Paragraph 900 and the most severe punishment, Paragraph 1000. Paragraph 800 strips the guilty of their civic rights for a period of two weeks, which means that the guilty can be accused, but they cannot accuse others. Paragraph 900 requires that the guilty has three weeks to find a guardian among their colleagues who will help them in their improvements and will be responsible for all their faults. Should they fail to find someone, they are removed from the Orphans' Home. Paragraph 1000 expels the guilty from the Orphans' Home.

A matter unheard of in judicial law: the Disciplinary Code of the Orphans' Home contains laudatory paragraphs. Among these is Paragraph 10.

Harry recalled that during the war, he secretly gave his food to a poor watchman. He lost weight, for which he was reported to the Court, but the Court decided that Harry acted with noble intentions and he was awarded Paragraph 10.

THE USEFUL ENTERTAINMENT CLUB AND THE SPORTS CLUB

Also operating in the Orphans' Home is a Useful Entertainment Club, also known as the UEC. The UEC administration is made up of ten members, whose responsibility is monitoring the sleds and skates, putting on shows, ensuring entertainment, etc.

There is also a sports club, *Płomień*, which has already been described in the Little Review. I will only add that currently, it has 30 members and has achieved the peak skill level.

Do not think that all the children do is play. Not at all: they study and work – every child has a shift in the sewing room, in the kitchen or in the dining hall, in the sleeping hall or in the gallery. The children choose their own tasks, which are approved by the appropriate floor monitors.

A VOTE

After a child lives in the Orphans' Home for a year, a vote is taken about them with the help of pieces of paper. A paper with a plus means "I like them," a minus means "I don't like them," and a zero means "I don't care either way." Based on the cards, the children's government grants civic rights.

Those who are liked best by the group receive the rank of "companion," next is "resident," then "indifferent resident," less frequently is "burdensome arrival," and very frequently, "contagious."

These sympathy grades, which decide one's position in the community, arouse ambition, force self-reflection and evoke a need for improvement. The way is free: everyone can find a guardian among their companions and begin to work on improving themselves and after a while, become a companion themselves.

GUARDIANS

The guardians have a difficult task. They help their pupils in fighting their faults, explain, warn, maintain "Care Journals," and finally bear responsibility for their faults, because children above all come to the guardians with complaints:

"Your Abramek took my pencil!"

"Your Abramek is bothering me again!"

"Some guardian you are! Look, he's not doing his homework at all."

A guardian must remedy, advise, calm, help. This is why only liked and serious boys and girls can be guardians. They have a difficult task, but it often brings them a lot of satisfaction. To shape a "burdensome arrival" into a decent "resident" is no small task. In turn, they

will shape another and that is how the "family" is created. Felek, for example, raised Stasiak, Moniek, while Srul raised Abramek, Dawid and Heniek. They, in turn, being decent citizens, each raised several children and so a ceremony takes place: the Felek's family photograph. Felek sits in the center, as the patriarch and around him stand his "children" – Stasiak, Moniek, Srulek, Abramek, Dawid and Heniek and around them are their "children" – Felek's "grandchildren." There are even guardians who have "great-grandchildren."

There is something so moving, so beautiful in this caring for each other, that makes me want to love all of these young guardians.

RESPONSIBILITIES – ORDER

I have noticed that there is a strong sense of responsibility developed in the Home, not only for oneself, but also for the whole group. And so for example, the children eat at tables in groups of eight and there is always one responsible for the whole table. You should see the enthusiasm with which such a keeper divides the meat at the table! If I was not worried that they would accuse me of lecturing naughty children, I would say that the ways of eating at the Orphans' Home are an example to be followed.

When it comes to keeping order, the local community is divided into four groups. The first group, the neatest and the cleanest, receives the best clothes because they take care of them, don't damage or dirty them. The second group is less neat and those who end up in the fourth group three times must find their own clothing, but those cases are very rare.

REGULATIONS

There is no needless coddling in the Orphans' Home, but there is also no excessive rigor, either. The children's lives are ruled by strict regulations.

At 6 a.m., the alarm clock rings. This is the wake-up call. Those who rise with the alarm clock throughout the whole fall season, etc., receive a commemorative postcard as a reward. Those who sleep in receive a mark on the attendance list and have to go to bed early that day.

Between six and seven, the children drink cod-liver oil, apply bandages, etc. At 7 a.m., there is breakfast, after which children who go to school in the morning leave and those who go to school in the afternoon do their homework or chores.

At 11 a.m., breakfast is served for the "afternoon" students (the "morning" students take their breakfast to school). At 2 p.m., dinner for children coming back from school and at 5 p.m. for the afternoon students and afternoon tea for the morning students. From 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. is the so-called "quiet time," for doing homework. The "quiet time" is supervised by dormitory residents – that is, younger teachers interning at the Orphans' Home.

In the evenings, when everyone is in bed, they often tell fairytales. I would give a lot to hear these evening stories, but wouldn't that be sacrilege?

Sometimes, instead of stories, the gramophone plays the children to sleep.

TOURING

THE ORPHANS' HOME

The Home is made up of a cellar, a ground floor and two stories. I started with the cellar.

It would seem that a cellar would be dark. On the contrary, it was light and pleasant because of the large windows looking out over the courtyard. The first room I visited was the laundry room, where washing machines stood.

"Everything here is mechanical," Harry explained.

I don't know machines very well, so we moved the boiler room. The steam from the boilers is piped throughout the home. In the big and well-lit kitchen, something was cooking in huge pots. The food is not carried to the dining room from the kitchen. It would be difficult because the dining room is on the main floor, so a small elevator is used. You put the food on a tray into the elevator in the kitchen and call upstairs. Then the person responsible for the elevator in the dining room pulls it up and unloads its contents.

When we left the kitchen, Harry showed me the part of the cellar where he once crawled into, got drunk and couldn't leave. I also saw the cupboard where he and his friends rolled cigarettes made out of leaves and smoked obstinately. He also spoke quite fondly about a pantry from which he used to steal apples. He must have been quite the mischievous urchin. The director, Mrs. Stefania Wilczyńska, had her hands quite full with him.

After touring the kitchen, we went to the coat room, where coats are hung on hooks. Several children were enthusiastically polishing shoes.

Say what you will, but I had to admire the bathroom, furnished according to the modern requirements. Inside are six white porcelain bathtubs and six showers. In my mind's eye, I imagined the laughter and shouting of the children at bath time. Harry told me that back in his day, when you had something secret or not permitted, you hid it under a bathtub, since no one went into the bathroom all week, except on Fridays, the day of the bath. The children do not dry themselves in the bathroom, but go into a special drying room, where everyone has their own towel.

Naturally, there are tables in the dining room on the main floor. Beside one wall is an enormous cupboard with lockers. Every child, after a month's stay in the Orphans' Home, when they have some things of their own, is given their own locker. If they keep it neat, they get a slightly bigger one. Children from the fifth year have lockers with keys.

On one table is a box of lost and found things. If someone finds something, they put it in the box. Every now and then, the contents of the box are displayed.

There is also a library in the room, the "kingdom of toys" behind a glass window, as well as the collection of the old Geographic Society, a piano and a bulletin board for posting various messages. For example, on the day of my visit, the list of monitors had been posted. There are also lists of fights posted because fights are allowed, but a note must be made of who fought with whom and for what reason. The only prohibition is that older children are not allowed to fight the younger and weaker ones – the Court punishes this severely. Also posted are lists of transactions made, a so-called "notary." For example:

"Jonas bought post stamps from Szmulek for 20 groszy" or "Natek sold a hammer to Izak."

The goal of this is to keep the trading, buying and selling, in other words, the entire children's market, open, so that no one can cheat the naïve and inexperienced children.

At one of the tables, the children made Christmas tree ornaments for the Karol and Maria Hospital. Mindla tells me that the toys have been made every year for a number of years. The friendship of the Orphans' Home with the Hospital dates back to the time when the Hospital admitted a sick child from the Home, free of charge.

We went upstairs. On the first floor are the rooms of the dormitory residents, a classroom, an isolation room for the sick and an infirmary. Nothing special.

The second floor brings interest and emotions. There are two large, well-lit sleeping rooms, one for the boys and the other for the girls. So this is where the children's dreams gather! This is where the stories are told and pillow fights take place!

The sight of a medical scale brought me back to reality. Mindla and Harry explained that the children are weighed and measured every week. They also took me to the spotless white washrooms.

As we walked down the stairs, we stopped by a window on the first floor. Harry enthusiastically told me about how they created the gardens in the square we were looking at.

"Except back then, the square seemed four times bigger. I had to take two hundred steps to cross it. I remember how we worked near the gardens, ignoring the fact that the ball kept messing them up."

Mindla, a member of the current generation of pupils, added: "We have gardens in the summers, too, but in the other square. Every eight-person group, sitting at one table, gets their own patch that they cultivate and manage."

I thanked Mindla and Harry for their explanations and started looking through the issues of the Orphans' Home newsletter from twenty years ago.

HARRY'S LETTER

My plan for this reportage included a chapter on the history of the Orphans' Home. I was going to write it based on what I found out from the newsletters and the jubilee meeting, which I attended as a representative of the young press.

Now I have to give up on that idea. It is so interesting that if I started writing about it, it would be printed in episodes for a year. Besides, how the Relief for the Orphans Association developed is not important to us, or how it happened that it has this house, preschools, a farm and summer camps.

The most important thing, but also the most difficult to convey, is the atmosphere in the Orphans' Home. I have a feeling that I can't quite portray it. This is why I will cite fragments of Harry's letter from Palestine to "Dear Mrs. Stefa and Dear Doctor."

At the same time, I would like to ask Harry not to be angry with me for revealing his personal feelings and experiences to the public; I only do it because they describe the atmosphere and customs of the Orphans' Home.

On July 28 this year, Harry wrote from Tel-Aviv:

"I received the letter with the news of the Association's 25th anniversary today, after two and a half months. I don't know whether my letter will reach the Orphans' Home on time. I'm sitting here at work and writing this letter."

For two years, I suffered without a home, without a helping hand from anyone. I suffered a horrible bout of malaria and wished I would die many times. If I was Dostoyevsky, I could teach Knut Hamsun what true, gut-twisting hunger really is.

What do I owe the Orphans' Home? The Orphans' Home taught me not to be a thief. From a small savage, a big, shy – no, that's not right, maybe proud, but also savage was molded, who, despite many opportunities, didn't steal even once, although I wouldn't call it stealing when a person is hungry.

People told me that they have seen me, elegantly dressed and walking around Tel-Aviv! A year and nine months ago, when I was 'on top' for a short

time, I bought myself some clothes. I wear them constantly since then. I have spent many nights sleeping in them on benches on Rothschild Avenue, I have crossed Palestine in them, from one end to another, riding various trucks, I have exposed them to danger from all sorts of grease, paint and nails – they would tell you if they could speak.

So if people say that I am a dandy, let them blame you, Mrs. Stefa, for teaching me how to care for my clothes and be cleanly dressed. In the Orphans' Home, I never got the best clothing. I was an 'untouchable' and the best morsels went to the "Brahmins," the chosen people. It was easier for them to be exemplary because the task was made definitely easier for them. And then they were given the right to be handsome: they could grow their hair out.

The 'indifferent residents' and fourth category children shouldn't worry. Facts and time show that they and not the 'companions,' who get to go to the movies and the theater more often, grow up to be brave people. An 'indifferent resident' or 'burdensome arrival' is no worse than a 'companion.' The only difference is that a 'companion' is often a 'companion' because they are yokel and don't know how to step on people's toes, while a 'burdensome arrival' simply has too much energy.

When I was little, I dreamed that some rich man would come from America and that Mrs. Stefa or the Doctor would take me by the hand take me to this man and that he would take me far away and give me lots of good things. I don't think that I was the only one who dreamed of such things.

Strangely enough, my life turned out so that I'm always travelling. I started with trips to Skaryszewski Park, then Saturday trips to the Gypsies in Praski Park, where the zoo is now. I sat on the swings and rode the merry-go-round, but most often, I just listened and watched because there was no money.

I learned a melody then, which made my soul ache for something far away. It was the first music I really understood on my own. The waters of the distant Mississippi flow through wild forests and sometimes over waterfalls, and then lazily keep flowing on, until they reach the Pacific.

When I was a little older, I was allowed to organize trips to Gocławek. Sometimes, I went with the shomrim. And then the Orphans' Home made me very happy by sending me to a camp in the Świętokrzyskie Mountains."

Next is a description of Harry's adventures after leaving the Orphans' Home, but unfortunately, for technical reasons, I cannot publish them here. On the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Relief for the Orphans Association, Harry writes:

Dear Mrs. Stefa and Dear Doctor! It's difficult for me to write lofty words – I am not used to nice words anymore – but I think, and everyone thinks it, too, that the twenty-five years of your work for the Orphans' Home and the fruit of your labors are the best reward. In nearly all parts of the world, in even the most distant countries, your scattered pupils can be found, with only one thing connecting them with the past and their old homeland – the Orphans' Home on Krochmalna Street. In the most difficult moments, I remember the Orphans' Home and the carefree years.

On the occasion of the 25th anniversary, I wish you, Mrs. Eliasberg, and everyone who has devoted energy to the Home, all the best. May you continue to make decent people out of urchins. I regret that I will not be able to see the ceremony for myself, but in my thoughts, I will be standing in the gallery, by the electric outlet and as always, turn off the lights when I'm not supposed to.

Warmest regards,
Harry K.

THE COMMON ROOM OF SCHOOL NO. 195

I. OUR COMMON ROOM

I will tell you about our beloved common room. One day, the teacher told us that the next day, we had to come to the common room at 10. She picked seven kids and I was one of them.

The next day, I came to the common room. It was very nice, but I wasn't used to the strange children. With every day, I felt better in the common room.

Our teacher is nice and makes time more pleasant for us. She teaches us poems and songs and tells us lovely stories. The time I spend in the common room is the most pleasant for me.

Hela

II. THE SCHEDULE

At 10 in the morning, we gather and walk into the dining rooms in pairs to have breakfast. When we have eaten, we say thank you and go back to the common room.

Here, we do our homework at the tables. After lessons, we go into the hallway and play, march and sing.

Fela

III.

In our common room, a great ceremony was held on the 15th anniversary of Independence Day. The decoration committee put pretty decorations up around the portraits of the president and Marshal Piłsudski.

The ceremony started with singing the national anthem and "We Are the First Brigade." Beniek gave a lecture about November 11 and the girls recited poems about Poland, about the soldiers who died and put on a show of

"Jedzie, jedzie na Kasztance," a song about Marshal Piłsudski.

At the end, there was a surprise number, called "living letters." Eleven kittens came out of stage, each wearing a letter cut out of Bristol paper. When the kittens stood in a row, the letters spelled out "November 11." We ended the ceremony by singing our common room song.

Esterka

THE COMMON ROOM COUNCIL Elections were held for the student council, but these choices were not good and after a short time, we had to change the host and one of the monitors because they did not do their jobs well.

Now every member tries to work well. We hold meetings often and Chaim the secretary keeps a record book

Felka K.

SHIFTS

In the common room government, children have various shifts.

Moniek keeps the common room in order, so that every child has a comfortable place to do homework. Hela and Fela watch the inkwells, keep the common room tidy, hand out bread and spoons. Sala and Dyrńcia keep the room tidy and they make sure everyone washes their hands before eating. Fela and Lonia help the younger children with homework, Irka hands out the games, Hela checks that the children have their bags and hanging loops on their coats and Fela and Sonia make sure the children walk in pairs evenly and neatly.

Cesia

Janusz Korczak

KAYTEK THE WIZARD

A LITTLE REVIEW NOVEL. REPRINTING PROHIBITED.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The return journey home – Kaytek recognizes an enemy – A railroad crash – The confession and death of the detective

The mind of a wizard! – A weak, sleepy, idle mind.

An idle, helpless, defenseless mind...

Kaytek can see and hear, and his eyes are open, but his mind is asleep. He doesn't care about a thing. He isn't happy and he isn't sad. It's all the same to him.

Kaytek's playroom is a huge hall with a glass roof. There are several smaller rooms inside it. One of them contains a fortress with soldiers and cannons, some small cars and railroad cars that work on electricity. There are tanks, infantry soldiers, and cavalry. Kaytek has spent two days playing happily in this room.

The second room is a dwarves' cottage, but he doesn't like playing with dolls.

The third room is like Robinson Crusoe's island. There are real talking parrots and funny little monkeys. There are trees which can be moved from one spot to another like Christmas trees. There's everything for building a tent, and various animal hides.

Kaytek has spent two days playing a great game in there.

In the fourth playroom there's a pond with real water. There are small boats, ships, motorboats, sailing and fishing boats. There are live fish in the water, which you can catch with a rod or in a net.

And so? So he switched on the fountain, caught a fish, and threw it back in the water. Then he threw some gingerbread to a swan, but there was nothing much to do here.

He spent a whole week in the workshop, but he broke more things than he made. Everything was all ready, all cut to fit together, and he never hurt himself once.

In the library there are too many books, so you don't know where to start or what to read first. None of it seems interesting enough.

As for the boys and girls invited by the millionaire to play with Kaytek, none of them are interesting either. The boys pretend to be tough, but they'd rather play with dolls than play at war, and they want nothing to do with bandits – they're such a bunch of scaredy-cats.

"What else can I buy you? Who else should I invite?" asks the millionaire.

"I don't want you to invite anyone. There's everything here already – don't buy or bring me anything – I don't want you to, that's enough!"

Kaytek feels like a bird caught in a snare, or like a swallow before it flies away to a distant country – because he has decided to go home to Warsaw.

They must have forgotten about him by now, they can't be looking for him anymore. They flooded his island in the River Vistula, and they're sure they shot him.

"Why don't you play the violin?" asks the millionaire.

"Why should I?" answers Kaytek.

"Why don't you read a book?"

"Reading ruins your eyesight."

"Why don't you play a game?"

"All right, I will. Later on. Tomorrow."

Kaytek plans to go home to Warsaw and get rid of the lookalike who has taken his place and is hanging around there for no good reason.

Even if he has lost his magic powers, he'll go home the regular way. His old, small spells are working, but something has gone wrong. Either he needs to rest, or start over again from the beginning.

I want a bag of chocolates under my pillow, he thinks. One time it's there, another time it's not.

I want a zloty in my pocket. And he's pleased when he finds one there. He kisses the small, silver coin.

He tries outside in the street. I want that man's briefcase to fall from under his arm... I want that lady to sneeze... I want that dog to bark at the girl.

Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't – that's how it was at the start.

He'll just have to be patient...

Finally his moment has come.

The millionaire has gone away because the workers in a faraway mine are threatening to go on strike.

Kaytek manages to leave the park on his own. He quickly mixes in with the crowd of people and boards a tram. And once he feels sure there's no one watching him, he makes his face look different, changes his clothes, and heads for the port.

The days and times when the ships leave for Europe are posted on a big white board. As Kaytek is reading it, a young man accosts him: "Hey, pal. What do you want?"

"I want a job."

"Give me a dollar and I'll take you to the right place."

Kaytek hands him five dollars, but he doesn't get any change.

"Come along then, you scamps."

Only now does Kaytek notice about ten other boys; the man leads them into an office in a dirty wooden barracks.

"Wait here, you urchins."

They're called inside by turn for an examination.

"What's your name? How old are you? Where do you live? Have you been to school?" asks a man with a pipe between his teeth, but he asks in different languages: "What's your name? Wie alt bist du? Où demeurez tu? Andato a scuola?"

So Kaytek replies in English, German, French, and Italian. He tells fibs in four different languages. Never mind: they write it all down in a register. "Show us your hands. Show us your teeth. Hmm, hmm! Read that."

They hand him a greasy, dirty piece of paper on which there are two phrases: "Don't steal. Do as you're told."

"Got it?"

"Yes."

The young man whispers something to the man with the pipe, who picks up a stick in his left hand, taps Kaytek on the nose with his index finger, and threateningly repeats in his four different languages: "Be obedient! Gehorsam sein! Sois obéissant! Sii ubbidiente! Got that?"

"Yes."

"Sign your first name and surname.

Just don't make a mistake. You must write the same name as in your fake ID."

"My ID isn't in the least bit fake."

"Silence! A fine one, you are."

That was how Kaytek ended up on the ship – the same one that brought him to America, but now he wasn't going home as a movie star, accompanied by a secretary, a doctor, or a teacher, or as a first-class passenger, or as a spoiled, sulky little lord, the darling of beautiful ladies and elegant gentlemen.

The other boys, his shipmates, give him a cool reception.

"Well then, what have you got with you?"

"Nothing. I didn't have time to bring anything."

"How much of a bribe did you pay them?"

"I didn't pay them any bribe," says Kaytek.

"Tell that to the dopes, not us. We could get along fine without you. Knows four languages, but his boots are full of holes. Hands like a little lady, but he's sure to have lice in his hair."

The cabin is cramped and dark. Kaytek sits down on a storage chest because there's no spare chair.

"Who gave you permission to sit on my chest? Get up and wait until we find room for you. Where's he going to sleep? It's stuffy in our cabin as it is – you take him in yours."

"But there are already five of us in there too."

"Are you trying to be clever?"

"They took him instead of Mike, so he's going to sleep where Mike slept. You're the smartass."

"Shut your trap! Two months he's been in service, and look how sure of himself he is. Just wait till you've sailed a whole year like I have, then you'll have the right to gab. I make the rules here."

"And the world stands in wonder! He's sailed a whole year. What a pro! My dad's been a sailor for twenty years – he was on the Poseidon under the late captain. He won two medals for saving people from drowning."

They're just about to grab each other by the hair, when in comes the Redhead, the senior butler from the scullery. It's his job to supervise the boys.

And he gives Kaytek a bad reception. Fairly drunk before the voyage, he's mad that someone has wangled a boy onto the ship without involving him.

"Where's the new boy? Stand up straight, you freak. What a wimp! He's sure to get seasick right away. He sure will. He'll mess up the cabin. Have him sleep in the vestibule. Silence! You'll sleep where I tell you. Show me your teeth – are they clean? Show me your hands. OK. Stand by the door. Feet together. Make a bow."

Kaytek bows.

"Do it again. Who taught you to bow like that? Think you're bowing to an equal? Head down, don't raise your mug! Lower, lower than that." He grabs Kaytek by the arms and squeezes, shakes, and pushes him.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

"Serve me a glass of water. Get a move on! Not like that! Not from this side. Smile, you sourpuss. That's no good! Do it again. Take the matches. Put the box in your pocket."

The Redhead sits down, puts a cigarette in his mouth, and shouts: "Give me a light, boy!"

Kaytek doesn't move.

"A light, you dope! Give me a lighted match."

Kaytek's hands are shaking. The boys are laughing. The matches scatter on the ground. Kaytek starts picking them up, with tears trickling from his eyes.

"That's enough, you gimp. Don't come within my sight until they've taught you the ropes."

So they started to train Kaytek. They gave him a green tail coat with gold buttons, and his service began.

They test Kaytek to see if he's obedient, if he's hard working, if he's a big-mouth, and if he's going to snitch on them.

"Hey, sourpuss! Take my place in the kitchen, I have a headache."

"Hey, go to the reading room, I'll be at the club."

"All right," agrees Kaytek.

The club is where the passengers play cards; it's easier to get a tip there, it's more fun, you can find money on the floor, and even very carefully sweep a banknote off the table while you're serving drinks.

He mustn't say he was asked to swap places.

"Why are you in the reading room?"

"I made a mistake. I didn't hear the order properly."

"Penalty shift, all night on restroom duty."

Kaytek's a good pal! But he seems a bit weird or sad – he says yes to everything. He never makes a joke or laughs. The boys don't know how chirpy Kaytek used to be – too chirpy even!

How good they are at smelling out money whenever Kaytek gets a tip. At once they say: "Wanna play cards?"

"All right," he agrees.

He knows they use marked cards. He soon loses a dollar and goes to lie down in the vestibule. He knows he'll be hit by the door three times when the boys on night shift come back to their cabin. But it's all the same to him – not long to go. Just as long as the ship reaches port.

After his shift, Kaytek comes out on deck, stares at the sea, and thinks: "Poor Mike. He's lying in the hospital, he may even have died by now. He was already sick then."

Kaytek has taken Mike's place. He remembers the pale boy who smiled so sadly. Because Kaytek knows them all, these mates of his – they're the boys the doctor wouldn't let him play with on the outward journey. He gave them ten dollars each as they stood and bowed low to him – when Kaytek was "King of the Ocean" and victor over the African – as he left the ship with the movie starlet.

One time Mike was on shift at the swimming pool. He was handing Kaytek a towel when he'd started coughing. He'd gone so red, it was clear he was trying to stop coughing as hard as he could. At once the gymnastics teacher had wrenched the towel away from Mike, and Kaytek had only seen him once after that, as he held out his hand for the tip and whispered: "Thank you."

Kaytek stares at the sea and thinks: "Are these boys bad or good? Are they really bad, or just ruined?"

Today he can hear them quarreling.

"Just wait, you thief. If you don't give me back those twenty cents, I'll tell the Redhead where you got that

pencil. You think I didn't see? Don't you worry – I can see well in the dark too. That actor brat was writing something in the movie theater and he put it down on the table. You served him lemonade and you lifted it."

"All right, go ahead and tell, and I'll tell about the bottle of wine you took from the pantry. I gave that pencil to the Redhead, but you swigged the wine yourself."

Only now does Kaytek understand why he hadn't been able to find his pencil in the silver holder that time. And he's amazed that you can smile so nicely at someone and steal from him at the same time, or bow double to someone while calling him a brat behind his back. There's here and there, there's then and now. Why are there rich people and poor people anyway, and why do they dislike each other so? After all, the sun shines the same way for everyone.

One evening, Kaytek is gazing at the sea and the sky and the setting sun. He can hear a first-class passenger singing in Italian; it's the Italian diplomat to whom the Redhead told him to be extra polite.

"You know how to 'parlo italiano', so do it. You'll earn something, and you'll be giving the ship a good advertisement." But the Italian only examines Kaytek carefully from a distance, and never once addresses him.

Whereas there's another passenger who has often spoken to Kaytek and smiled at him. The boys call him Grandpa because he's always carelessly dressed, or "the blind man" because he wears dark glasses.

And he's in those glasses now.

"Ah, cabin boy, aren't you asleep?" he says.

"No, I'm not, sir," answers Kaytek.

"And you're looking at the sea?"

"Yes, I am, sir."

"And are you having a think?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Feeling sad, eh? Are you homesick? Have a drop to drink, dear boy."

Kaytek stretches out a hand, but the wine smells the same as the time he was offered some at the cemetery, and the time at the circus in Paris too. "Drink it up and you'll sleep well," says the man.

With an abrupt movement Kaytek knocks the glass from his hand and says: Vanish, you vile illusion!

The old man grabs the handrail, emits a lengthy groan as if starting to howl, and vanishes as suddenly as he appeared.

Kaytek looks around anxiously, but there's no one else on deck. In the distance the Italian is standing with his back toward him, still singing; he hasn't seen a thing.

Kaytek goes back to the cabin.

"Tonight you can sleep with us," says one of the boys. "We've decided you're a good pal. And it's uncomfortable in the vestibule – you keep being woken up."

"Thanks."

Inside the cabin no one wakes Kaytek up, but he can't sleep anyway.

So now he has recognized his enemy. He was trying to get him drunk again, and maybe drown him, or cause a new rumpus. "No, I won't go crazy," thinks Kaytek. "That's not why I became a wizard. Any old clown can do that, even without drinking wine from a silver cup. He's sure to get revenge. But I don't care. Now I'm sure I'm stronger than him. What will happen tomorrow when they notice the old man has gone? Should I admit I was the last to see him and talk to him?"

But the old man in dark glasses is there at breakfast, just as if nothing ever happened, as if it wasn't him at all.

"Why do you want to destroy me?" Kaytek angrily questions him.

"You must have imagined it, dear boy. I don't know what you mean. I can't remember a thing."

He smiles, but he can't fool Kaytek.

"Just watch your step. Don't get in my way or you'll be sorry," whispers Kaytek.

On the last night on board, the ship radio announces that the latest hit movie, "Child of the Garrison," the masterpiece of a mysterious star, is now on in Europe and will be shown in all the movie theaters.

"If he has been kidnapped, we will find him to take part in a new picture," declares the bulletin. "If the sea has swallowed him, "Child of the Garrison" will be the one and only memorial to his acting, all the more valuable for that."

"Hey, sourpuss. We'll buy you a movie ticket so you don't think badly of us. We know you ain't got no cash because you've lost it all playing cards."

Kaytek smiles. He says goodbye and goes on his way.

Once again, he changed his face and clothing.

His train was due to depart in four hours. So what was he do in the meantime? He went to see the movie.

He thinks it might be grand to see himself in a picture. But it's not in the least bit grand. He was naïve to dream of being famous. The flowers wilt, the applause dies down, the lights go out, and then you go home feeling tired, sad, and even more lonely than before. There's only one good thing about fame: it entertains people and moves them, it attracts and captivates them, and brings them something positive. But that's a benefit that can be quiet and intimate, that you give your loved ones and the people you meet in person, not one provided by your picture or your name.

In the crowd scenes, Kaytek recognizes the impoverished, pushed-around actors from the cruel city. And he finds himself watching his own memories, not the pictures on the screen.

Until he's had enough.

He glances at his watch and leaves without waiting for the end. He walks down rich streets, and then poor ones.

"It's the same everywhere. It is time I was at the station."

He buys a newspaper and looks for news from Warsaw; tomorrow he'll see it again.

As the train moves off, his heart is beating fast.

Maybe on the way he should drop in at Zofia's mother's retreat? They'd be sure to give him a happy welcome.

He's on his way back – to his folks – to his home!

There's just one other person sitting in the compartment, a man with a long black beard. There's enough room for Kaytek to stretch out on the seat after all those nights spent in the uncomfortable ship's vestibule.

He's longing to sleep.

He takes a blow-up pillow out of his case, inflates it, stops it up so the air won't escape, and lays it under his head.

The rail car is rocking, and the wheels are rattling over the joints. It's a pleasant melody, a railroad lullaby.

Suddenly there's a deafening crash, the car leaps in the air, comes to a halt and leans on its side, then shifts violently once more and turns over.

The lights go out. Screams and groans ring out in the darkness.

Kaytek has been thrown off the seat.

"I'm alive, I'm in one piece, and I'm not hurt."

How is he to get out of there? The part of the car where the door is located has been smashed.

Kaytek climbs toward the window, which is now where the ceiling should be.

The moans and cries for help are getting louder. Until the worst thing happens: a fire breaks out.

Kaytek comes close to being burned alive, but the car breaks free and falls from the railroad embankment. The fall smashes a hole in the side of it.

Kaytek is just about to abandon the unlucky train, when suddenly he hears a voice begging him: "Antek, save me!"

Who could be here who knows him and is calling him by name?

"Save me! I'll tell you everything."

His traveling companion is groaning, crushed between two wooden boards. The firelight illuminates his deathly pale face. Kaytek stares at him in amazement. His beard has come unstuck, and he can see that the injured man is the Italian from the ship.

"Help me! It's easy for you because you're a wizard."

Indeed, it's true.

Shortly after, the stranger is lying on the grass, far from the burning train.

"Thank you. Listen. I am Detective Philips. You deserve a reward. I know everything. I sent a telegram to Warsaw to tell them to arrest you at the station.

I wanted to make a deal with you, but he got in my way – the 'blind man' from the ship. I saw it all in my mirror – I always have it on me. Watch out for him – he's traveling on this very train. I've been following you every step of the way. You sank the island yourself, it wasn't the cannonballs. The ticket clerk told me you tried to buy a ticket to Paris. You must have stopped somewhere along the way. I didn't see the boxing match, but then came the swimming display and Hollywood. In your Cap of Invisibility you handed out golden coins to the unemployed... but they lost them. With one hand you pulled a car out of the mud. Then you vanished from sight. At Grey's concert... our detectives were keeping an eye on you, and so was I... You escaped from them... but I was with you on the ship... Your collaborator... is sheer evil... He's... following... Enemy... Derailed... It hurts. It's not me... Don't be mad... It's a beautiful death... Even for a wizard... Yes... Report... You... Report... . Philips is dead."

Kaytek unstuck the rest of the dangling beard, closed Philips' eyes, and folded his hands across his chest.

[English translation by Antonia Lloyd-Jones, "Kaytek the Wizard," New York: Penlight, 2012.]

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SPORTS NEWS

The Z. Kalecka Middle School and "Spójnia" are currently among the strongest Jewish schools in volleyball and so the match between these two schools in the hall of the Municipal Physical Education Centre attracted understandable interest.

Two years ago, "Spójnia" won 3:1, last year, they lost 0:4 and today, they won 4:0. The success was completely deserved. All the grades at "Spójnia" represent themselves very nicely, they form quite evenly balanced teams. At Kalecka Middle School, however, in addition to girls who were very good were also those who were completely hopeless, especially when it came to serves.

The meeting of the sixth grades was the most interesting and the best. The boys were all on more or less the same high level. The second Kołobielski, Komar and Lewin were better, although Bachner, Gratsztajn and Sucharewski were not far behind. Only the latter "prayed" too much for a weekday. Nearly all the boys spiked the ball. Of the girls, Ajzenberżanka was the best, especially in defense because her short height did not let her play well at the net. Tauman, normally the best, had a bad day. She played worse than in training. Also good were Renneld and Wajnsztajn. The former should undergo intensive athletic training because at the moment, she resembles an immovable statue barely capable of bending a little bit. The girls would therefore benefit from some more ambition because when the boys were ahead by only a few points, they completely gave up. In the end, they lost twice, 11:15. If Tauman had been in her usual form, the boys' victory would not have come so easily.

The seventh grade from "Spójnia," weakened by the lack of Frenkel, routed their opponents. The boys won the first set 15:1, while in the second, they underestimated the girls, but still won 15:6. The boys are a good, well-balanced team. Relatively speaking,

the first Goldberg, who played a little bit "for export", Finkielsztajn and Fridland were the best. The girls could not handle the spiked, lethal balls the boys sent their way. The best of the girls, Ratafja, this time played full of mannerisms and poses. If the boys had not been present in the hall, she probably would have played much better.

The meeting of the eight grades ended with a hard fought for victory for the boys, 16:14 and 15:8. "Spójnia" played with four players. Unquestionably, Bursztyn was the best, whose incredibly strong spikes caused his opponents to panic and the audience to applaud. He was reminded of the fifth commandment, "thou shalt not kill," and some cautious person even wanted to call for "extreme unction." The first Kołobielski did not lag far behind Bursztyn. The other two boys were relatively weak. On the Kalecka team, the usually best Poznańska played below her usual form, partly because of an injured finger.

The "Spójnia" team defeated the Kalecka representatives without any trouble, scoring 15:7 and 15:3. Ratafja and Poznańska played better than before and Taumanówna was replaced in the second set by Ajzenberżanka. Again, the boys were much better. Bursztyn spikes as before, except that when playing combinations, he misses some of the easy plays. The first Goldberg, the second Kołobielski, Komar and Finkielsztajn kept pace with him quite nicely.

Summing up: the Kalecka teams should not be ashamed of losing to "Spójnia," while "Spójnia" can be proud of winning with Kalecka.

* * *

Not long ago, a ping-pong match was played between the Finkel middle school and "Maccabi." The students won 4:1, including two walkovers.

Individual results: Warsaw champion Finkielsztajn (Maccabi) – Fefer

MAREK FROM KARMELICKA STREET

CHESS GAME FACTORS

(CONCLUSION)

As you know, White begins the game and they can play any way they want. Black also has numerous possibilities in their first move, but they have to adapt to the move of their opponent. They can of course play a symmetrical position, which will sooner or later prove to be a disadvantage: first because Black cannot respond to the possible "check" (and sometimes "mate") with a "check" of their own (with identical positions). Second, a symmetrical move is not always possible due to the possibility of a piece being taken by its neighbor. Third, it can also happen that a piece from the second row takes a piece in the seventh row and after swapping the piece, the White player does not have another piece, while the Black has a piece in the seventh row.

In addition to the system of symmetry, the Black player has another possibility – playing in a way that is dependent, but separate from the White player, who always has one

(Finkel Middle School), 21:15, 21:19. Freiman (F) – Bein (M.), 19:21, 21:11, 21:12. Gradowczyk (F) – Zajf (M.), 19:21, 21:15, 21:14. Goldsztein and Gleitman won their points by walk-over, due to the absence of Lapon II and Heller (M.).

At "Spójnia," a school volleyball championship was held. The winner was grade six after beating seventh grade 14:16, 15:6 and 15:8 and with grade five 15:4 and 15:8. Additionally, grade seven beat grade five 15:8 and 15:9. Special mention goes to the first Goldberg and Finkielstajn from grade seven, which played with three reserve players, the second Kołobiński and Lewin from grade six and Baskind, the only noteworthy player from his grade, from grade five.

Kuba H.

VOLLEYBALL

Whistle. "Our serve."
Loss. "Now yours."
Net! Spike!
Net! Clash!

Serve! Keep going,
here he comes!
Head! Loss!
The ball flies.

Muscles tense,
hands outstretched.
Take it! Mine!
Jump! Yours!

Oh for...
it's four to zero!
Take it! There?
Playing badly?

One more time!
What? Yours?
Your loss!
Go to hell!

Ooh, it's after six!
Zero to five!

We work hard in the square
because we like to play volleyball
Eling

more move. Thus, they have to play a defensive game in an effort to even things out, all the while the White player has freedom of movement and greater chances of attack. And thus, a one-sided player either cannot defend themselves or plays passively. In the first case, they will direct their attack at the king, while also being unable to properly secure their camp. In the second, their entire attack will consist of hunting for pawns and if they do not find the opportunity to do so, they will consider the party unplayable.

As the third factor, we need to list the skill of calculating and predicting moves in the long run. It may happen that a player devises a combination that, with the best moves of their partner, should bring them material advantage. And indeed, they attain their goal. But then there may come a counter-combination from their opponent, which the player did not take into account because they could not see that far ahead. A typical example of this can be seen in the Spielman vs. Eliskases game. Initially, from the twelfth move, White initiated a long combination, intended to capture the queen. After seventeen moves, the following positions were achieved: White – Kg1, Qc2, Ra1 and f1, Bc1 and e2, Ne6, Pa5, b2, d4, g2, h2; Black – Ke8, Qa6, Ra8 and h8, Bb7 and e7, Nd5 and f6, Pa7, b5, c6, c4, e4, g3, h7. White, sacrificing a figure and two pawns, played: 18. Rxf6 There was no way to retake 18... Nf6 because of check at c7.

Bxf6
19. Qxe4 threatens double check through Nc7
Kf7 In 19... Be7 will follow 20 – Nc5, which was previously an impossible 19 (Nc5? Bd4).
20. Nc5. White achieves the goal, but...
20... Rae8
21. Qf3 Rxe2!
22. Nxa6 Re1+
23. Kf2 Rhe8
and Black concludes the game in nine moves with an attack.

Although the player should always bear in mind the best response of their opponent and at the same time, the greatest possible concealment of their own intentions, there are cases when a psychological game gives the best results.

Let us take the following example. Player A presented a correct plan, which should give them the advantage. The deciding moment has come. Player A makes a move that constitutes the punch line of his maneuvers, while also calculating that their opponent's best move will not save the game for them. When player B's turn came, they played immediately. The speed of the response, or the opposite, a response made after a long consideration, with the skillful masking of player B's impressions and feelings related to the game, can have such a significant impact on Player A that, without realizing why, they will give up on the entire combination, completely without reason.

Another kind of suggestion lies in the power of the authority, whose partner is afraid to, for example, accept a sacrifice – because they cannot objectively assess its correctness. This was the case in the game of Yugoslavian master Asztalos vs. world champion, Dr. Alekhine. White achieved a decisive advantage after 21 moves. In the positions: White: Kb1, Qd4, Rd4 and e1, Nf3 and h5, Pa2, b3, c2, f2, g2, h2; Black: Ke8, Qc6, Rb8 and h8, Be7, Na4, Pa6, c4, e6, f7, h6,

they played:
22. Nxf6+ Bxf6
23. Qxf6 White took the pawn and directly threatened Qh8. Black responded with a bluff...

23 ... cxb3 ?!
Asztalos did not realize and believed the correctness of the sacrifice, playing:

24. axb3 – after which Black took the initiative, swapped the queens and achieved a tie with one less pawn. Indeed, the Black position was lost after 24. Qh8, Ke7 25. Qh8 would be followed by Q c2 and Qa2 mate. Otherwise there is a double threat: 25 ... Rh8 and Qc2. There is only one and completely adequate response to this, 25. Rd7 Kd7 (Q d7, 26. Qb8) 26. Ne5 and Qb8.

And here the question of the factors making up the player's disposition is raised. This disposition depends, in my opinion, on the time of day, the surroundings, the opponent, the quality of the chess pieces and the board and finally on the duration and notation of the game.

As far as the best time of day is concerned, it varies, depending on the time of year. In the winter, it is more pleasant to play in the evenings, while in the summer – in the afternoon, and in the open air, for example on a terrace. There are players, however, who prefer to play indoors, and in the evenings.

This remains strictly connected to the next point – the surroundings. People of the above disposition desire an audience – this is due not only to pure vanity but also from the fact that the presence of an audience spurs them to play. Another type of people does not react to an audience at all, completely absorbed in the royal game. A third kind is bothered by an audience, their focus is shattered.

There are probably no players who are not influenced by their opponent and their behavior (except of course games played in mail or over the phone). The name, speed of thinking, behavior during the game – they all influence the player to some degree, such as, for example, the involuntary disregard for weaker players, or a certain worship or respect for the better players.

Even the quality of the pieces can significantly influence the mental state of the player. Playing is different with small pieces, different with large ones, different still with pieces proportional to the size of the chessboard and different with pieces that completely block the field of view, or ones that look like small points on their squares; different with pieces that are whole as opposed to broken ones.

One has a far greater field of action with a larger board than with a smaller, despite the fact that they both have 64 squares.

Adults in tournaments have special clocks they measure time for consideration of their moves. In recent times, a tempo of 17-19 moves an hour has been adopted. This may seem like a lot of time, but the tempo is actually relatively fast, two moves faster from the old, English time. Many games have been lost due to rushing in order to save oneself from the time trouble, which decides the game regardless of its actual state – the tournament clock is a true plague of the too "slow-thinking" chess players.

Whether the player notes their moves also plays a more important

role than may seem. If they do not, their attitude towards the game is more indifferent, they think faster, calculate less carefully – whether they lose or win, after the game is over, it will be forgotten. In the meantime, keeping a notation of the moves is meant to record the game. Because of this, the player who keeps the notes will try to play as best as they can, so that the game is worthy of being recorded – that is, interesting, without material and more significant, positional, errors. The negative effects of keeping a record is the less frequent risk-taking and often taking a long time to consider the move.

In addition to the above-mentioned factors, we should not forget about the basic factor, relevant not only to the adults, which either darkens the player's mood or vanishes from their mind, leaving the player's thoughts more or less free – the material factor.

In general, many things influence the player's mind, which they would otherwise not pay attention to. Therefore, they should be helped in focusing maximum attention on the game, wherever possible. This is why I consider an oilcloth to be better than a wooden chessboard because if a player, in an emotional moment, plays their move a little louder, it can significantly hinder their opponent in consideration of the situation, it may influence them, break their concentration or perhaps even depress them.

These were the factors of the chess game: theory, practice, the color of the figures, the ability to calculate and mask one's own plans, psychological play, suggestion, appearance of the chess pieces, the surroundings, time of day, the player's opponent, the speed of the game, notation, self-control and material conditions. We could also add 1) the sense of importance of the game (tournament, match, friendly), and 2) the degree of freedom of imagination which, when tired, cannot be creative and will allow the player to merely imitate positions remembered from other games at the beginning, middle and end.

All of these factors are external and will not outweigh innate factors, such as talent, skills, boldness and risk. ■

DOMESTIC NEWS

BĘDZIN – Ada invites readers from Będzin. Nobody will come because there are no young people there. Only when Ada populates Będzin with young people, will her town be interesting to us. (Mr. Wilno)

BIAŁYSTOK – The representation of the fourth grade of the Gutman Middle School played a soccer match with the fourth grade from the Social Middle School. The final result was 6:4 (2:3) for the Gutman Middle School. – Wienia

BRZEŚĆ – The first snow has fallen. Boys are skating on one skate over puddles and drag their sleds over a thin layer of snow. All of this under the flag of anticipation and projects. And so, like everywhere else, we're

waiting for the winter break, skating rinks and fun. In the meantime, the self-help clubs are the most active, in which specialists in some subjects are pouring buckets of knowledge into the heads of others. The Red Cross is busy, organizing a show for the youngest children. The profits will be used to assemble food and clothing packages for poor children. There are 2000 of these children outside of the schools, so all the schools have divided the poor children among them and organized an aid campaign. The second matter that keeps our school buzzing is the sending of an album from Polesie to the Polish Red Cross competition. After the competition, the albums

will be sent abroad, ours probably to America. And since we're talking about competitions, it should be noted that the Polish Club organized a literary contest for Book Week, in which participants write a speech to answer three questions. Unfortunately, there is not a lot of interest and it looks like we will have very few submissions. There has been a permanent theater in Brześć for a while, but it offers plays not permitted for youth and as if out of spite, students from various schools are putting on the play "Queen Jadwiga," with rehearsals in full swing. – Noemi
– In the second grade of the P.M.S. Middle School, the student government resolved to establish a permanent

chronicle. A competition was held for best introduction, in which Iza's work was selected.

– Answer: the essay is great, the article average. We will have order, Dewi, we just need more perseverance and self-critique.

CZĘSTOCHOWA – This year's first issue of the student paper "School World" has been published. The format and the content have been somewhat changed. The issue is extensive, but not interesting to me, discussing old subjects. Our class sports club is organizing a skiing course in Złoty Potok on January 1-10. I will take part in it and send a detailed report. In the self-help
CONTINUED ON P. 6

store of our school, students can buy, in addition to school supplies, scarves and collars made by the female students. This was done to increase profits. In the theater, after "Fircyk," the next show was "This Old Fool." Currently, "The Bridge" is being staged. There were no afternoon shows for students. At the cinema, there were good movies: "Daughter of the Regiment" with Anny Ondra, "The Red Head" with eleven-year-old Robert Lynen and "Romeo i Julcia." For youth, there was a cinematographic matinée – "The White Hell of Pitz Palu." – The Polish club is preparing celebrations in honor of Mickiewicz, Kasprowicz and Norwid. – Talks by the Air and Chemical Defense League are being held in schools. Mr. Bocheński talked about Leopold Staff. Young people came to the lecture in droves. – There is a rumor that report cards will be handed out before the winter break, but we don't know if that will happen. – Supposedly, they will allow the girls to wear pants while ice skating. – The municipality is organizing dance lessons. – New Help Clubs have started: German, French, Latin and math. Other than that, everything is the same. – Lusja

– Stella lets us know that her class government is fiercely fighting against the opposition. Two representatives of the "rebels" have been invited into the class government, but even that did not help.

– Ewa agrees with Lusja (the article "Boromeization") and requests the group of conceited classmates to stop making messes and being arrogant.

– Harry asks whether we accept photographs. We do. We can only print sharp, in-focus photographs, or those that the illustrator can copy.

KOWEL – A gas attack drill was held. The first attack lasted three quarters of an hour. Planes from Łuck came in, launching rockets and gasses. The attack was not successful because a locomotive whistle went off and everyone came out onto the streets. The main street was the "mustard gassed" area. One old Jew was walking across this area. Two members of the Air and Chemical Defense League guard, along with the anti-gas team tried to take him to the hospital, but he refused and chased the guards away. At 8 o'clock, a second attack came, which lasted for an hour. The whole town was full of smoke. The next morning, the third attack came, lasting for half an hour. Later, posters were hung up: Anti-Aircraft Defense Emergency Cancelled! – Moniek

LVIV – We can't print Rimón's poems. If he described the same things in prose, we think it would be a nice letter.

ŁÓDŹ – At the J. Kacnelson Middle School, a scouting section has been established. The instructions will be given in Hebrew. Tryouts for the School Defense Training were held. Many boys participated, getting good results. The sixth-grade government does not have a permanent leader – students are appointed according to the class list. Clubs operating in the school are: psychology, Judaism, art, economy and social matters and chess. The wall bulletin "The Voice of Youth" will be renewed. – Zygmunt

– In the first Jewish middle school, the parliament assembled, with the participation of 250 students. – Currently, students are preparing for a Chanukkah

show. – I attended the rehearsal of the gymnastics show, which will take place with the participation of the first, second and girls' Jewish middle schools. The routines and jumps were beautiful. – On Monday, the rehearsal of the show "Masada" was held. The play presents the history of the fall of the last Jewish fortress. – Paweł ŁOWICZ – Adaś thanks the director of the "Odrodzenie" reading room for his good advice and hints.

RADOM – I have often wanted to join the ranks of soccer players, but my parents are against it, citing a medical prohibition. And so, I am limited to the role of a viewer. A few days ago, the boys from my grade – third grade, that is – had a match with students from fourth grade. The game was very fierce. There was no shortage of kicks and fouls. Our opponents, being older and more experienced, disdained us. Indeed, they played better. The ball rolled from foot to foot almost without trouble. To us, the viewers, it seemed that our team would not be able to avoid a shameful defeat. We were saved from this danger by the dexterity of our friend K., who victoriously took the ball from one goal to the other. The fourth grade lost 5 to 2. Our frustrated opponents could not handle their defeat calmly and began to beat us up. I came back to dinner with bruises. – Jurek

TORUŃ – I once read that a city with ten postcard contributors gets its own post box and a reporter. Perhaps you'll laugh – what kind of a city doesn't have ten postcard contributors?! But instead, better suggest what we should do so that Toruń gets the same status as Częstochowa? – Rysio (Write letters that are interesting to your peers. There are two of you now: you and your friend Moniek. Other residents of Toruń will join you later.)

VILNIUS – I suggest establishing a division called "getting to know the country." Contributors from various cities would send their descriptions and in this way, readers living in Warsaw or Krakow could get to know Vilnius, Poznań or Lviv. – Cz.S. (It is happening, except under a different name: "Villages and cities: a series." In the second half of the year, we will start printing the descriptions we are now collecting. Your "Vilnius" is good, but needs more. You haven't mentioned one word about children or youth in Vilnius and that is the most important thing. Answer: another pen name, simple, not from a novel.)

* * *

We will definitely print:

"Jewish youth in Antwerp;"

"Thoughts about the grey hour;"

"A current article;"

"My first encounter with the sea;"

"To the pool;"

"My first journey on a motorcycle;"

"Our class, our life."

Articles which may be printed, but which we cannot guarantee: "Echoes of childhood," "Life in the backyard," "Shrouded in fog" (a poem), "An unlucky number," "Sports club," "At the Jewish orphanage," "I throw flowers down before you;" letters from: Aba from Będzin, Noemi from Brześć, Chana, Harry, Hela, Mala, Mieczysław, Lusja and Sala from Częstochowa, Daisy from Grodno, Jehoszua from Henryków, Celina from Kutno, Paweł and Hanka from Łódź, Leo and S. Ol. from Otwock, Józiek from Tomaszów Mazowiecki. ■

CURRENT NEWS

– The management of the Society for Children's Culture Aid thanks Sonia Frajman, Gucia Kahan, Sala Kaliska and the fifth grade of the Paprocka Middle School for the donation of a book.

– In completing his article, "How children help children," Lejzor from Gęsia Street asked that those readers who have books donate them to the library at Kapucyńska 13. This is a good idea. I am one of those who answered the call. However, I have to ask: what kinds of books? School books or novels and stories? Next, it would be better if we gave the books to Lejzor, who would then take it to Kapucyńska Street. – Fredka (Explanation: 1 – novels, above all, but textbooks are also welcome; 2 – books can be dropped off at the newsroom on Sunday, between 4 and 5 p.m., or directly at the library of the Society for Children's Culture Aid, Kapucyńska 13).

– Our school did not have a flag. The seventh grade decided that we would raise the money needed for a flag ourselves. For this purpose, we established a candy cooperative and bought chocolates and sweets at a factory. Every day, one of the girls took a box of chocolates and sold them for 5 or 10 groszy in the classrooms. One day, the principal told us that we could order a flag. We were very glad that we would finally have a flag like other schools. The ceremonial dedication of the flag took place on November 11. – Lodzia from School No. 5.

– Dorka apologizes to her religion teacher for the mess and the stupid song she sang during his lesson.

– Just like Kuba H. (article "Gold is nice, too"), I don't like classical music very much. Maybe because I don't understand it, or maybe because I don't know how to listen to it. I think that the notes in classical music are too spread out. For example, popular music needs only 8 notes to make a little fox-trot, while in classical music, you need at least 18 of them. I really like to conduct. With a fox-trot, I pick up the tempo right away, but with classical music, I keep making mistakes. I have been learning to play the piano for 3 years, I'm eleven now and I still can't manage the sonatinas. I'm playing Strauss' waltz "The Beautiful Blue Danube" now and I managed it very well. My teacher finds me easier pieces to play among the sonatinas. For example, I'm playing a sonatina by Kuhlau. It has a very light beginning and I used it to compose a fox-trot. – Stanisław from Sienna

– I do not understand how you could print two articles like the one by Timar and the memoir by Szmulek from Sierakowska Street in one issue. Timar calls for cooperation with Polish youth, writes about stopping the fights and mutual forgiveness of faults. The readers want this, but then when they read the memoirs of how Jewish boys were treated at summer camp, wants revenge for the persecuted boys' tears, despite themselves. I know that the newsroom does not want to impose anything, I understand that they are trying to help the readers develop their own views of the matters discussed. But publishing these two articles in

one issue was a big mistake. There should have been one issue devoted to articles like Szmulek's memoirs and another to articles like the one Timar wrote. I would gladly shake Timar's hand in recognition of the interesting and timely article. I suggest the Little Review newsroom get in touch with a paper for Polish youth and take the first step towards our paper collaborating with a Polish youth paper. – Ryszard

– I'm going to a revue. Yes, finally, a revue – and I'm wearing father's hat. And? Do you know what a revue is? Nothing special. It's just a show, only with a very diverse program, a lot of humor, jokes and one scene that's not for kids. Why it wasn't for us, I don't know. We've all heard similar jokes before and we've certainly seen scenes like this. I didn't get anything out of the revue, except a scolding from father for wrinkling his hat. The next day, I was a "brat" again, free to wrinkle my cap however I wanted. – Henryk from Twarda Street

– In defense of girls who keep diaries. You have to know that you don't need a diary if your heart's nearest and dearest friend is nearby. But what is a poor girl to do, when her friend has left, died, or betrayed her? Having read the fifth volume of "Exiled on Her Wedding Day," the moved girl sits at a table and, resting her elbow on the above-mentioned piece of furniture, as Captain Dobrowolski says on the radio, pours her tears and ink onto the while pages. People who keep diaries can be divided into those who do not hide the fact and those who say that a diary is childish and meanwhile, in secret, fill thick notebooks at home. In addition to diaries, people write more wise things. I even knew someone who kept a "philosophical notebook." It if makes things easier for the dear girl, let it be. I dedicate this to the memory of all diaries and ask: why do you write? – Ulla

– Currently being qualified for print: untitled essay by Nemo, article by Kuba H., "Falenica."

We do not know yet and will only know when each issue is prepared to print, whether we should publish – articles: "Child of the big city," "Punished," "Diary of two months," "Evening reflections," "We and the school," "A trip to Aksamitka"; letters from: Abit, Arje, Ben Cwi, Dorka from Wołyńska Street, Jehoszua from Pawia Street, Ener, Ewa from Dzielna Street and Fela from Miodowa Street, Jurek from Pańska Street, Halina from Świętojska Street, Henryk, Fiszal, Frania from Bonifraterska Street, Fredka, Genia from Niska Street, Kaaa, Mieczysław from Miedziana Street, Leon from Królewska Street (poem), Lila from Muranowska Street, Salek (Allan), Salek K., Seweryn from Pawia Street, Sonia from Muranowska Street, Sonia from Bonifraterska Street, Z.L.

The Little Review uses the drawings by Irka Sz., Leon from Nalewki and Lonia.

The remaining letters from the seventh mail delivery (received before Friday, November 24) will not be printed.

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 AND 2 P.M. – PHONE 11-99-17. VISITORS ARE WELCOME ON SUNDAY BETWEEN 4 AND 5 P.M. – NOWOLIPKI 7.

FOR SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, WE INVITE THE FOLLOWING: STANISŁAW POZNER, HELA ROZENBERG, TEODOR STAROWITZ AND NATANIEL ZOLBERG.