

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

A BREAKTHROUGH DISCUSSION

"Ten years have passed," said the old editor.

"Yes, ten years indeed," confirmed the young editor, lost in his thoughts.

"Do you remember Szymon?"

"One of the first reporters? The one in the leather jacket? Of course! I recently found his letter. He wrote that thanks to the Little Review he made amends with his friend. That was in 1926."

"So, I met Szymon in Palestine. He's already married, he works on a farm. I also found Madzia the secretary in Haifa. She's a good worker."

"Yeah, she got used to it already. In her last letter, she wrote that 'Palestine is a beautiful country, one just has to make some kind of a pact with it... Some people manage to do it right away, others have to learn it for years.' In general, it seems that the first generation of our correspondents has made a pact with life already. They had their fun and settled down. Former reporter Maks wrote that he got fed up with chasing happiness and the constant travelling from country to country. He settled down in Chile, he's got a fiancée. All that he wants now is a job and some warmth. As he wrote 'even in the tropical countries, life is sometimes very cold, foreign and ruthless.' Harry the traveler overcame tropical malaria and creates tables for the Bureau of Statistics. There's also Ida... Do you remember that girl from the farm in the Borderlands?"

"The one who led the Children's Government during the holidays?"

"Exactly. She's a teacher now, she got married. So did Chaim. Another Chaim – from the second generation of our reporters – took his place in the agricultural kibbutz.

"How are they doing?"

"They also carried on with their lives. Leon and Efraim work in the movie industry – one of them produces movies, the other advertises them. Witek and Romek are studying at the University of Technology. Lusja from Częstochowa is studying in Krakow, Paweł from Łódź moved to study in Belgium... Kazik, Kuba, Lejzor, Dorka and many others have their maturity exam this year."

The old editor reached for a cigarette case and lit a cigarette. He was thinking.

"Do you have enough for the anniversary issue?"

"More than enough, including the calendar of the Little Review, an archive, reports and 67 works."

"Whose works are they?"

"Mostly written by youth and those who quit."

"How about children?"

"Very few."

"Do you know why?"

"I know. The topic is difficult, and moreover, children are afraid of youth."

"That's exactly it. Children are afraid of youth, and not only when it comes to an anniversary issue. The entire paper

has become too difficult, too hard to understand and too serious for them. They can rarely find themselves here."

"It used to be different in the past."

"Yes... Back in the day, youth were bitter and discouraged. I was well aware of that; however, I could not let them have their way, because they are stronger and they do not care about the younger ones. You wanted to satisfy everyone – older youth, 'middle' ones and children. Sure, I saw many new things, such as correspondents' circles, provincial issues, reports from abroad, mountain camps, kayaking trips, etc. That was beautiful – no other paper had such a diverse scope. But now you have only four pages instead of six. It is time to decide: either the Little Review or the Youth Review. You cannot combine the two."

"Actually, I'm thinking whether it would be possible to..."

"Don't delude yourself! Just a minute ago we were talking about the first generation of our correspondents growing up and going away. Then another one. But the third one does not want to move on. Back in my day, students in the fifth grade of middle school stopped writing, they outgrew this little paper. Instead, their younger siblings started writing. These days they start writing in the fifth grade. Where are we going to have any space for younger children?"

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Soon we are going to hear the sound of trumpet from the magistrate tower. A young soldier will play his bugle call for all organizations and all schools.

We celebrate Independence Day very solemnly. On the eve of that day, all houses are decorated with greenery, carpets and colorful lights. Flags fly on the streets.

At 7 a.m., everyone joins the fire fighters' orchestra and follows them to the city. The parade is followed by children, young and older, dirty and clean. In the park, decorated with flags, there are hundreds of lights in front of the monument of Marshal Piłsudski. This is where our mayor, directors of all schools and prominent citizens give their speeches. People in the back don't hear what they are talking about, so they crane their necks, trying to figure out what they are talking about from the movement and facial expression of the speaker.

On the next day, assemblies take place at every school, we are also all going to a prayer service. In Goldberg's Great Synagogue, one can hear a special choir and the rabbi gives a speech. At 11 o'clock the speeches end, and we run to a special assembly at school.

On that day, school is also different. All children are dressed up in their best clothes and happy. How beautiful

"But it's such a waste. We have so many things ready to print. Youth will also be affected."

"Too bad. Every teacher has to live through the same thing. They get used to their kids, start to like them, and then suddenly have to part ways with them as they grow up. This is difficult, I know. But it really can't be helped."

"If only youth had some kind of their own paper, their own free tribune..."

"But is it even possible for that kind of a free tribune to happen in current circumstances?"

"No. But in the Little Review they had at least a glimpse of what they should have."

"Well then, if youth can only have a glimpse, let children have the whole thing at least. Let them have their own paper. The youth will manage somehow."

"Maybe you're right. If it is impossible to have a tribune for everyone, from 7 to 17 years old, it seems to be just fair to go back to younger children."

"Of course, we don't have to return entirely to the old form. It is all about the content. The Little Review should be about the interests of children up to the age of 13. First and foremost, we have to ask the publisher for better paper, so that we can publish drawings and photographs, and get to work with the youngest ones." ■

A CONTEST

For the readers of the Little Review

Who are 13 and younger

Topics:

THE WAY TO IMPROVEMENT

Think about yourself – what vices do you have and what can you do to fight them – the best ways to improve yourself.

I LIKE – I DON'T LIKE

Friends, classmates – the nice ones and the not-so-nice ones: why do you like some and dislike others, what brings you closer to people, what annoys you and pushes you away?

THESE AREN'T REALLY TRIVIAL THINGS

Sometimes adults or your friends don't pay attention to something, they disregard or do not appreciate something. "It's trivial," they say, but that seemingly trivial thing is very important to you. You can write about such a non-trivial thing in a contest article.

You can send your articles in until December 15th.

The participants should submit their name, surname, their grade, accurate address for the editors and a pseudonym for the readers. Remember to write "Contest article" on the envelope (you all probably already know to write in a clean and legible manner).

The prize pool for the most honest and thought-out articles is 60 złoty and 6 valuable books, so for each one of the topics there is one monetary prize – 20 złoty and two book prizes.

ON SUNDAY, November 8th
at 12 o'clock in the Hall of The Jewish Library
(Tłomackie 5)

DR. JANUSZ KORCZAK

Will give a lecture titled

"SIX WEEKS IN PALESTINE"

All proceeds will be given to the
"Relief for the Orphans" association,
92 Krochmalna Street.

Tickets for youth with prices starting at 50 groszy can be purchased today and tomorrow at Orbis concert hall and theatre ticket office (Marszałkowska 98), as well as the Jewish Sightseeing Association at Królewska 51. On the day of the lecture, tickets will be available from 10 a.m. at the ticket office of the Jewish Library.

THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Dedicated to the 10th anniversary of the Little Review

will be published

on Friday, January 1st, 1937.

A REMINDER:

Sunday is the last day for submitting your answers to our survey:

"Brain teasers as judged by the Reader"

ROMEK from Otwock

DOMESTIC NEWS

OUR CHRONICLE

We are happy to inform everyone that the first issue of the Białystok chronicle was published and is available for reading in the correspondents' club.

On the first page, we have Witek's article about the air raid alarm in Białystok – when the factory sirens sounded, all lights were turned off, and the entire city immediately went dark. The author, who is characterized by his very peaceful nature, hopes that we will never have to defend ourselves from any enemy like that.

The trip, mentioned in another article of our chronicle attracted considerable interest among schoolchildren. The entire school – almost 800 people – went to Warsaw to the metal and electro-technical industry exhibition. The participants complained about large crowds at the exhibition, not enough guides and about the fact that apart from the event, they did not really see anything else in Warsaw.

The culture and entertainment section contains three articles. One of them discusses the party at Druskin Secondary School. "The most attractive aspect of the event was that the director was supposed to be absent; however, he showed up unannounced. No one was hurt and there were no casualties."

Finally, the chronicle tells us how popular the Municipal Library is among the children and youth in Białystok.

WIENIO and WITEK
from Białystok

THE ONES THAT RAN AWAY

Two girls ran away from home. They saved up 56 złoty and 35 groszy, boarded the train and went from Vilnius to Warsaw.

Only on the train they started thinking about what they would do in Warsaw. They did not sleep all night long.

At the Main Railway Station, they were carried away by the wave of travelers through many doors and halls. They came to Aleje Jerozolimskie and went straight. For a moment, they stood in front of "Orbis," but the travel agency was still closed. They turned

onto Marszałkowska Street and went straight for a long time. Tired, they looked around and saw a magnificent building – as it turned out later, it was the Ministry of Military Affairs. They sat down next to the sculpture of a lion to rest for a moment and fell asleep.

They woke up in a carriage, unaware of their whereabouts and scared. They finally regained their wits at the police station.

The interrogation was quick, their parents were called and the fugitives were sent back home.

In Vilnius, they were awaited by their very concerned parents and their sensation-hungry classmates. The travellers, who wanted something out of the ordinary got an extraordinary beating for their escape. They had enough, and they quickly got over their itch.

The local press published some short mentions. Older people shook their heads.

"So it has come to this – young people are running away from their homes!"

Younger people fought over that issue for long time.

"They had it too good at home! They wanted adventures and hardships, those lazy and bored readers of sensational novels," said one group.

And they were right.

"Sure, it was a childish escapade," said others, "but don't be too quick to judge. You should understand that the

lives of youth are empty and very dull."

And they were also right.

BELA from Vilnius

A LETTER FROM OTWOCK

Dear Friend!

I am not going to explain myself, because you probably understand the reason for me going silent. The beginning of a new school year, shopping, fees, meetings, gatherings, new plans, new job... I did not have time nor will to write.

Our town has grown empty. The last vacationers have run away, our noses are dripping and the rain's falling on our heads. Autumn is in full swing now!

At least the Public School Construction Week brought us some joy. We formed a huge parade and marched in front of Mr. Winawer's municipal orchestra. There was a party at a local middle school, and a new public school was built on Szkolna Street – soon, it will sound with the typical children's noises.

All sports associations have been closed in public schools. We got journals, used by teachers to communicate with our parents and adamantly – as always – they established that we cannot miss more than 150 hours of school work.

What else? They did us wrong because the traditional mushroom picking trip did not take place this year.

That's all for now. Yours truly,

SZLAMEK

CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT LYING?

Dear Marynia!

I can understand you. I lived through the exact same situation and I want to give you an answer to the question you asked:

"Is it really necessary to lie? Couldn't mother do it any other way?"

Certainly, she could. She could have told the servant the truth, told her that she wanted to also go out that evening and promised that she would let her leave earlier on another day. That would have been much nicer of her.

There are many lies that you can

do without perfectly, and one should avoid them.

However, there are situations where you simply cannot tell the truth. I saw a movie, and there was this scene: a Pole, who fought for his country, was tried by the tsarist court. Asked about the hiding place of his friends, he answered "I don't know."

He lied to achieve a greater goal. Telling the truth would kill his friends. I consider such a lie to be almost holy.

It is very bad of your parents that they do not try to understand you, but you should not actually argue with them. After all, you wrote that your critique is pointless and only brings regret. So what's the point?

REMARKS – EDITORS' REPLIES

Ania – you did not give us your name or address. Our editor would like to talk with you about your letter titled "All does not end well." Call us on Sunday between 2 and 4 p.m., phone number: 12-60-46.

Ańdzia T. – All right, send us your short story about life in "Akiba." Regarding the chronicle, we can only publish information about the most important events, interesting for all readers. (The chronicle should be signed off by the organization).

Ch. L. from Brańsk Podlaski – The novella is terrible, but the note to the editor makes us think that you can write honestly and nicely. If you have time and want to do so, write about yourself – not to be published, but just because, like on a piece of paper from a notebook.

Dycia from Zamość – Your story titled "Building Bridges" will be printed.

Krysia – Interesting story; however, we don't know who wrote it – you, Krysia from Obóz or Pepa. If you are really behind the convent doors, send Pepa to our newsroom to explain some things (Sunday, 4-5 p.m.).

Gagoła – "I see that the editor gives everyone good advice, so I will also ask you for some. I am going to graduate the Tarbut school in Sierpc, and I have nothing. My friends who graduated moved to bigger cities and have continued their education. So what am I supposed to do with myself?" – First and foremost,

I never advise anyone regarding private matters, sometimes I just express my opinion, as in order to advise someone you have to know that person really well and be entirely sure that what you are saying is the only proper way to go. I cannot be sure in that case. How can I advise you if I don't know whether you are smart or dumb, what are your virtues and vices, skills and interests, desires and possibilities?

The editors of the "Olami Hakatan" magazine – Thank you for sample issues. Soon we are going to publish a review written by our 12-year-old reader.

Reporter Paweł (Belgium) – Please, send us letters and reports about the life of children in Belgium.

Szłamek from Lublin – "On the small Bystrzyca River lies Lublin, a voivodeship city, numbering 118,000 inhabitants, including 40,000 Jews. Lublin can be divided into the Old Town, the town from the times of war and partitions and the modern part of the city. There are many monuments, including a castle and its chapel..." and so on. This is not really interesting to us – the fact that Lublin has a Tarbut school, a chapel and a Furmańska Street. Of course,

illustrated magazines have such descriptions of cities, but you can see all the monuments and interesting things in photographs and drawings. If you could talk about the young Lublin, the city of youth and children: what kind of games do you play and where, why do you like some of the streets and dislike others, how is your life different from how your friends live in other cities? Do you have something they don't have? Where did the memorable events happen in the city, the ones you talk about or remember when going through a park or a street? What would you like to build, change, establish? Obviously, such a description is far more difficult to write, because you are not going to find such information in any book nor article. You will have to collect everything by yourself. But that would be a new and interesting article.

To the correspondents – We would like to remind you for the hundredth time that every letter, even if you sent us hundreds of them, you should include – for the editors – your name, surname, age and exact address. ■

You wrote about your parents' vices. Is that all they have? It's hard for me to believe in that. You should take a closer look and discover some of their virtues, which will bring you closer to them, while you should also turn a blind eye to some of their weaknesses. Everybody has some, after all. You should be good and polite to your parents.

You will tell me that this is just another lie, another false statement. If you want to call it that – it's fine. But you are going to lie for the sake of your parents, and this kind of a lie will be justified.

MADZIA S.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is Madzia's opinion. What do the rest of you think?

THE LIFE OF MONIEK P.

When I was seven years old, my mother took me to cheder because both she and father were busy. My father worked at a factory.

When I first came to the cheder, the rabbi started to teach me the alphabet. The first letter was alef, but when it came to bet, I had already forgotten the name of the first letter, and the rabbi yelled at me. He did not beat me, because it was only my first day, but later he beat me for any reason, even the pettiest ones.

When the rabbi beat me for the first time, I told my mother about it and I did not want to go to cheder the next day. But mum convinced me that he wasn't going to beat me anymore and gave me some money for sweets – and thus I went to cheder.

I made some friends among boys and it was great. Then I started learning some Chumash, and mother just kept convincing me to go to cheder.

And so I've been going there – for several years.

Then I started going to a larger cheder with older boys. I did pretty well there and brought our rabbi dinner together with other boys.

One time we had an accident and the dinner spilled. Rabbi beat us a bit, and in revenge we never brought him dinner anymore.

After that, the rabbi started beating me often, so I did not want to go to cheder anymore. I just wandered around the city and returned home on the same hour I would return from the cheder. Since I did not have a watch, once I returned too early. I told my mom that my stomach hurt and she believed me. Then, she found out the truth and took me out of the cheder.

That's when real life started.

I walked wherever I wanted to go. I had a tool box with various tools, and I repaired carts in the summer, in the winter I made sleighs, which I tied to carriages and rode around. Of course, sometimes I would get smacked by a cabby. I also often destroyed chairs and other things at home, so that I could repair them later. Imagine how furious

my father was when he returned from the factory. I looked for broken shoes and repaired them with wood, cardboard or leather. Sometimes my father would take me to the factory in the Grochów district where he worked.

It was a lead paper factory. I brought the workers cigarettes, bread and newspapers, and they let me watch the machines. The days where I went to the factory were very pleasant. When we were heading home, father would buy fruit at a local market.

I had a lot of friends, so every Saturday, we went to the square near the Warsaw Citadel. We made ourselves some slingshots and fought with other boys there. Of course, we didn't always win. Sometimes we would just go on a picnic.

In the backyard of the place where we lived, there was a crate factory. I often went there to help with work. That was on Gęsia Street, and on the other side of the road there were military barracks. We would go there and play with the soldiers.

Every time there was a funeral of a rich person, I would follow the procession to the cemetery. Sometimes they would bury a rabbi, and boys would

walk at the front and speak some words. I would get inside, and when we got to the cemetery, we would get cookies and sweets.

Several years passed that way. Father worked hard, he did not have any pleasures or entertainment in life. All day long he worked surrounded by dust and shouting... And he didn't look very good.

In the evenings, when he returned from the factory, he would drink a lot of water or tea first thing. He went to bed late in the evening, and left at 5 o'clock in the morning.

He worked hard at the factory and looked very bad. He earned some money, but everyone had to work anyway. It was really bad for the time, and we couldn't afford buying anything nice. My older sister, who works for Ms. Julia was in London and sent us some money from time to time – that helped us immensely.

I didn't understand much back then. I did not live like other children, I didn't have any pleasures or entertainment in life. Mother often cried and complained about her fate, and she was always worried.

It was winter. Father returned from the factory. Mother wanted to give him dinner, but he only drank a glass of tea, and told her that he was going to Nalewki Street to buy some wax, as he often bought wax for the factory.

Half an hour had passed, then an hour, and he didn't come back. We all waited anxiously, believing that he would come back. He would always come back as quickly as possible, and this time he simply was not there...

Mother sent my sister to Nalewki Street, but she returned and told us there was nothing there. After 15 minutes, another one went and returned with the same answer. The city was calm – nothing happened. What was going on?

Turns out that father bought the wax, took his change and wanted to go home, and then suddenly he fell. The paramedics took him to the hospital in the Czyste neighborhood, to the 7th ward. My aunt lives at 33 Nalewki Street, and this happened at 26 Nalewki Street. She was passing by when this went down, and she couldn't get through the crowd. Someone told her that a Jew had collapsed. It happens,

ADAM MAZUREK

PAWEŁ GOES OUT INTO THE STREETS

PART THREE OF THE "PEOPLE ARE GROWING UP" SERIES

CHAPTER 19 ON GREAT CHANGES THAT TOOK PLACE ON THE PITCH, AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME

Paweł knew best how Władek wanted him on his side. Once or twice, the king himself couldn't bear it and asked him:

"Hey, could you come over after dinner? It's sad out there without you..."

It's true, when Paweł isn't there, Władek feels estranged – he's never had a friend before. All the boys that followed him did it because they were afraid of him or having them around was beneficial for other reasons. The fact that others were afraid of him brought him quite a lot of pleasure; however, he could never befriend them, as he couldn't allow them to get too close. Otherwise they wouldn't be afraid...

Then suddenly he found a friend in Paweł. A true friend because they were equals. And in spite of the fact that Paweł never gave him anything, it was nice to be around, go with him everywhere... At noon, he would come to the pitch and couldn't wait to see him.

Then, when Paweł finally arrived, Władek would run to him, ask what took him so long and complained that he had to wait in that stupid shack. And when he asked:

"Hey, Paweł, let's play a match. What do you think?"

It was like he was asking, almost begging him. Stasiak once explained it to Paweł and added:

"You know, it seems that he really likes you."

"I know..." said Paweł, winking with understanding.

"And he would probably do a lot for you!" Stasiak got excited. "Because he's so impressed by the fact that you treat him as equal!"

Paweł didn't respond. He was used to his "analyses," since Stasiak had a tendency to try and reinvent the wheel, and would tell him, for example, that someone wanted to be friends with him, while he was friends with said person for some time already. He was a lovable guy, nice in every

sense of the word, but sometimes he was so lame...

* * *

The entire nature of Paweł's strong nature is in his eyes. When you oppose him, he looks at you with his strong eyes, and suddenly your very soul shudders and cowers in fear. "This boy has a terrible look," mother used to complain to her father. And when she yelled at the boy, she hated when he looked at her with his "wild" eyes, and she even tried to convince her husband that only bandits looked like that. It was a look of a bandit, indeed!

She changed her mind when she saw the boy preside over the summer government, and his ability to silence the entire assembly with one look. It was then when she finally saw what he could do and told his father a "secret:"

"You know what, I think that our Paweł has the look of a leader, like he was born to lead people..."

"I've known this for a long time," dad smiled.

And of course, that awful trickster couldn't pass the opportunity to remind his mother what she said about his "terrible, scary" look, which made her feel embarrassed. She blushed like a little girl caught red-handed eating jam straight from the jar. His father smiled and said:

"There were always some people born like that, my dear Zosia. What I like the most is his righteous nature. We also have to put in some effort in our family, so that his character will be even more noble. If he is supposed to lead anyone in the future, it will be better if he does it for the benefit of the society, instead of doing so for nefarious purposes, or just to benefit himself, elevate himself above others, and trample on them. Sadly, that is what happens with many leaders..."

His words, which confirmed her suspicions, broke her, and almost unnoticeably she changed her attitude towards the boy. She turned a blind eye to his harsh tone, or to the fact that he would sometimes put some things away in a messy way... Those were all small things because she already knew who he was. And how happy she was when Stasiak told her – and she interrogated him pretty thoroughly – that Paweł got Władek on his side. The boy from the streets, who struck fear in her heart, whom she feared so much she always told her husband that she was afraid for Paweł because his endeavors on the street might end up badly... The other boy could even stab him with a knife!

Every day, when Stasiak comes to do his homework together with Paweł, she pesters him so that he tells her something more about the friendship between the king and the Teacher Saint... (Obviously, she already knew his nickname at that point). Sometimes she even calls Miss Antoniowa so that she can also listen and laugh at the fact that Władek now follows Paweł like a puppy. Then they all take jabs at Paweł, with the first deputy doing the most work in that department.

"Hey, how's your puppy doing?" Miss Antoniowa asks and smiles, showing her remaining yellow teeth – all two and a half for them.

Even Marysia told her that Paweł is already her favorite. Everyone sees that already. And Marysia grimaced, as she always did, and said:

"Of course, you forgive a lot of things when it's someone like him. And whatever he does is great, amazing, outstanding!"

Additionally, something else happened, that solidified the mother's perception of her son.

She visited school very often because Miss Jadwiga (that was all her fault!) convinced her to join the Parent Teacher Association. She even has some work to do for the organization, once every two weeks or so. And of course, she sometimes talks to the teachers.

Recently she was called by Paweł's teacher to his office. She was afraid – as always – and her heart started beating faster. Of course, Paweł did something, as he always does... But what really happened? The teacher called her only to talk about Paweł. He was watching him and cannot really hide his amazement at the change that seemingly took place, as if he was charmed by a sorcerer. He had become a really decent guy. He started working hard from the very first day of school, and he stopped beating and teasing other kids. And even if he does get into a fight, it's because he gets provoked by someone else. When he explains the situation, it is obvious that he's not lying, and the entire class confirms his recollection of events.

"We did not know him at all," said the teacher.

Then he told mother that Paweł has such a following in the class that other boys speak his name with something close to reverence. He rules over everyone, and he has a better following than the teacher himself, as when he wanted to introduce something new in the class and the boys rebelled, he didn't have a choice but to convince Paweł, and he then convinced everyone else. As of now, he even uses his services more often, so to speak. There is for example a free period because one of the teachers is sick. Everyone knows what will happen – the boys will simply destroy the class. But now it's enough to ask Paweł and everyone's calm. It's not that Paweł will order them to sit still, no – he will discuss something interesting or he will start a general discussion about movies or sports.

All the problems during physical education classes? The poor teacher was almost furious because of the boys! There was no other way than to discuss it with Paweł. Right now, everything's fine.

"I thought that he threatened to beat others if they didn't calm down. And then one of them told me that Paweł told them about the honor of the class and that their physical education teacher was working hard like everyone else to support his family, and so on. Do you understand that? If I tried to tell them such things, they would boo me. When Paweł – who enjoys the respect of the class – says them, even the simplest of words get a new meaning..."

After this discussion with the teacher, mom returned home almost unconscious. After returning she went

to the kitchen as she stood, her face red, sweaty, in her coat and told father everything there about what she heard at school. Miss Antoniowa also listened, waving the fire poker she held in her hand, with sweat dripping from her face. She was visibly moved and she almost cried, exclaiming every now and then: "Oh my... Oh my, that's what they said? And that was about our dear Paweł?"

For some time now, Paweł has been "dear Paweł" to her. All the time she kept going on about "her dear Paweł" and "our dear Paweł."

From the kitchen, mom ran to her office, wrote some words on a piece of paper and hung it in the dining room. When everybody returned to school, they saw:

"Calling a committee meeting today, before supper. I am going to give my report about school.

Chairman of the Committee – Mother"

No one knew what it was all about. Everyone thought someone did something bad at school. And then, when mother explained and repeated everything about Paweł, Miss Antoniowa couldn't contain herself, jumped to her feet and started clapping and screaming:

"That's how it should be! If he did something bad, he needs to be officially admonished in front of the entire committee! And when it's something like today... He needs to be praised, just like that! Of course!"

And praised he was. The shouting and clapping seemed to go on endlessly. Father and Reks the dog were the loudest and most obnoxious, as the second deputy certainly did not observe any moderation in his clapping to the point that our ears hurt, and Reks was barking loudly, as if he tried to drown father's clapping in his noise.

"Poor Paweł" was red in the face and kept biting his lips. His eyes were the worst, as he didn't know what to do with them. He felt so hot that sweat started dripping all over him. Suddenly he got up from his chair and went to the kitchen. Apparently, he was very thirsty...

Right, eh? Even someone really stupid wouldn't believe that.

* * *

So, Paweł wanted to organize a fair association on the pitch, but now he seemed to have totally forgotten about this cause. Why? Because for the last day or two he was only thinking about the youth police. His daddy told him that it would be great if the older and more reasonable youth chosen by schools patrolled parks, pitches and all places where children and youth gather, and maintained order there. Paweł told everyone in the park. He believed in his daddy and his ability to convince everyone so much that he did not even think about the possibility that the minister would refuse... Because when dad writes to him, he will convince him for sure, that's easy! Dad will always be able to convince anyone! And Paweł discussed that idea with everyone with such conviction that everyone almost started believing that the youth police will soon roam the streets.

Boys almost went crazy with that idea, especially Władek. Of course, he would gladly join the new formation as well, especially since everyone's already imagining what it is going to look like and keep talking about it.

"Paweł, they're going to have uniforms as well, won't they?"

"And police whistles!"

"And sabers!"

"And they will be able to arrest anyone, will they?"

And the boys gathered around Paweł, and tried to please him to the best of their abilities. After all, it was his father who proposed this idea, so he would have a say in hiring the new youth policemen. He knew everyone after all, and he will be able to get many of his classmates into the force. So it is best to be on the best terms with him. Even Viper and Spring suddenly seemed to like him in an attempt to shamelessly suck up to him.

Władek acted like he was the most probable candidate for the youth police. He's spending all the time with Paweł, like two peas in a pod! He got carried away and started babbling left and right that they were going to be officers together with Paweł. Or even chiefs. And they will have a car and horses. And everyone else will be just normal policemen.

Paweł was talking the most about the idea, of course. He kept talking that the strongest ones will not be allowed to pester the weaker ones any more. The youth police will take care of them immediately and put them in "jail." If the boys don't understand that it's enough to gather and teach the bully – who's stronger than every single one of them and thus feared, but definitely weaker than a group – the youth police are necessary. Now the bullies and brawlers will finally be quiet. After all, if the police can deal with real bandits, they are going to handle them as well.

They didn't manage to discuss the idea thoroughly, because two boys from the "Wolność" suburb came to the park. They said they had their own soccer team and challenged the other group. Paweł didn't ask anyone and agreed right away, then gathered the boys and selected a great team. He organized everything impressively, and Władek didn't even have to open his mouth even once. Sure, he did talk at some point – first time when the team captain was selected, he picked Paweł as the first one, and second time when Paweł finished his pep talk to the team, telling them to give their best because the honor doesn't allow them to lose, Władek added:

"Remember kids, if one of you screws up, keep quiet."

The first game ended up with a victory of the "Pitch" over "Wolność," with a score of 8:3 (Stasiak was a great referee). It was obvious that "Wolność" wanted revenge, and since then, games started taking place every day in the park. New teams keep appearing, and Paweł wants to win so much that he only thinks about soccer now. He forgot about his "fair" association, and even about the youth police...

(TBC)

a Jew collapsed – not the first, not the last one. And she went home.

Meanwhile we stayed up all night long, not knowing what had happened.

When the sun rose, mother went to talk with our aunt and told her that father didn't come home that night. Upon hearing that, aunt told her to go to 26 Nalewki Street because a Jew collapsed there yesterday.

Mother ran to the store, but it was still closed, as it was 6 o'clock. A watchman was sweeping the street, so mother went to him and asked what happened yesterday. He told her that some Jew collapsed yesterday and the paramedics took him to the hospital in the Czyste neighborhood.

She came back home, took my older sister, and went to the hospital. First, she went to the office and asked around, and then she got to the ward and saw father, lying in the bed, more dead than alive. She couldn't talk to him and that's how she spent all day.

(TBC)

READER UPDATES

ONLY A BACKPACK

I returned home after five classes. When I went to my room, I noticed a new bag on my bed. Mommy told me that she bought it for me, so I can carry it to school.

Next day I went to school, proud of my new bag. After our first class, our homeroom teacher came into the classroom and told us that we cannot carry bags, only backpacks were allowed, and all bags will be confiscated.

Way to be unlucky! How am I going to tell this to my mum, who made a great effort to actually get me that new bag?

JUREK from Wolska Street

WORKING SOCIALLY

We started an association supporting orphans and I was elected to be the president. I took it upon myself to work very hard and help the poor because I understand how sad their life can be.

We organized a party, with an admission fee of 10 groszy. We made only 70 groszy. Apart from the parties, buffets and raffles, we also collect clothes that we later bring to the orphanage.

TAMARA from Pińsk

A LITTLE COUNTRY

Our class is like a country, as it is ruled by its members, just like a country is ruled by the people.

Our teacher chose some students and assigned them various important roles.

When someone is beaten, that person doesn't go to the teacher, but to the classmate, who analyzes the case and punishes the guilty person.

There's also a class monitor, who oversees cleanliness of the board and desks, as well as brings the chalk. If someone's late to school many times, they are written up and have to pay a fee of 5 groszy.

We also have the Red Cross, who work very hard, and the nurses patch up everyone's wounds.

There are a lot of good initiatives in our little country.

HANIA from Otwock

LIKE IN THE PHARAOH'S TIMES

I often hear nasty words used by Catholic children talking about their Jewish classmates.

I can't help but think that Jews shed so much blood fighting for Poland, and now that's the payment they are getting.

I didn't go to school on Saturday, so I didn't know what we were supposed to do for Monday. I asked one girl and she responded with:

"You kike!"

For many months now fighting has been going on between Arabs and Jews in Palestine. Why is it happening? The Jews did a lot of good things for the Arabs, they taught them many things, they built nice houses, so why they have to suffer now?

Jews are in the same situation as they were in Pharaoh's times. Why do we always have to be persecuted? Are we a bad nation? Did we rob or kill others?

We need to have hope. Maybe one day the world will be nice to Jews, who will be able to work and build Palestine in peace, and Christian kids will be friendly towards Jewish kids.

Let "Hope and Perseverance" be our motto.

MIRA from Białą Podlaska

THE VOLHYNIA MARKET

Every year, a market is set up in Volhynia. I'm going to describe the market in Równie.

I saw all kinds of goods and they interested me very much. I saw nice kilim carpets, photo cameras, radio receivers, agricultural equipment, skis, books and so on. Also interesting was the quarry, which had workers moving the stones in carts. Apart from the stones, everything was made out of cardboard. Among the flowers, the most beautiful was the collection of cacti.

They also presented furniture made of nice wood, there was an Airbone and Antigas Defence League pavilion where they presented planes and gas masks.

Of course, the amusement park was the best attraction of the fair. From the tall tower, we could see a beautiful panorama of the city and its surroundings. There was also a funhouse with distorting mirrors, which made everyone laugh. There was also a scary thing – the wall of death with a bike rider.

SARA from Równie

THE METAL AND ELECTROTECHNICAL INDUSTRY EXHIBITION

I went to the Metal and Electro-technical Industry Exhibition with my mother and my friend. It was very nice and interesting.

There were various types of planes, locomotives and so on. I liked the bomber the best, as well as the small planes.

Then we went and watched the giant locomotives – we could even get inside – and electric trains.

The shack right next to them contained three passenger planes, as well as a balloon with its basket and a parachute hanging next to it. I also liked pavilions set up by Norblin and Philips.

Then we saw all the various kinds of firearms. There were many interesting things there, but it would take a lot of time and space to describe all of them.

JUREK from Sienna Street

AN UNSUCCESSFUL FISHING TRIP

I prepared my fishing rod and went fishing with my friends. After many arguments, we arrived at the river.

We started fishing one after another because we had only one fishing rod. The order didn't last long, and we started ripping the fishing rod out of each other's hands.

"Give it to me! Give it to me! I want to try now!"

One of my friends ripped the fishing rod from me and cast the fishing line right into my arm. We went back home screaming. At home, I was surrounded by everyone. My mother kept screaming:

"How much trouble is that boy going to cause? So many women have boys and they cause no problems at all, unlike him!"

Grandma also kept saying:

"That's God's punishment, see, you should listen to your mother!"

My sister, Maryla, said:

"Stop lecturing him, get him to doctor!"

My mother took my hand and we went to the doctor in the following order: I was in the first pair with my mother, then

my sister with her friend, our servant, classmates and some of their parents.

The father of the famous Szlamek from Otwock managed to get the hook out in less than five minutes and I was fine again.

For the time being I'm not fishing anymore.

TOLUŚ T.

HOW I WOULD WORK

When I think about what I am going to do in the future, I feel confused. Then after some thinking I decide that I want to be a teacher because I would like to see how I would deal with students interrupting my classes, who wouldn't want to learn, did not bring their notebooks, pencils and did not do their homework.

I think that first of all I would try to put myself in their shoes, convince and encourage them in such a way that they would start to work. I would also find a way to deal with bad behavior – not by punishment and bad grades, but with words of encouragement.

I think that the teachers who consider bad grades and sending students back home the only way to influence youth and make them work or learn are wrong, as it simply discourages them instead.

I believe my work would be beneficial to society and that I would have friendly relationships with my students, based on partnership.

HENIA from Nowolipki Street

MY HOBBIES

People have various hobbies. Some of them like to draw, others like to sing, collect various items, such as postage stamps, and so on.

I also have a hobby – I like reading travel and adventure books. Among my favorites are books by Jules Verne and Karl May. Oh, how many interesting things can be found there! Every page keeps me on the edge of my seat and I live the adventures of the heroes there, I am happy and sad with them.

Travel books take me to another world, a far away and interesting one at that. I learn about the wild Brazilian forests, jungle in India, African villages, North American mountain ranges and so on. How beautiful they are and how much I can experience thanks to reading them!

Very often, I dream about the protagonist of one of the novels, fighting with Indians, then I see the Spirit of the Forest or Telia Atkinson... Other times I go to search for gold in the wilds of Alaska. My head is full of dreams, and the world is so beautiful. Will I ever manage to see at least some part of the vast world?

Adventure books help me fantasize and dream of travelling, which is why I think that youth at my age should read these books. Maybe it's strange that I find these books interesting – especially as a girl. Many of them will rather say "It's good for boys." Well, I can't agree with that. I don't see a reason why girls should avoid reading such interesting books.

The best is when I can sit by the warm stove with a travel book in my hand – and go to the world of my dreams.

ITKA from Świętojska Street

OUR HOUSE

There are craftsmen living at our house: a tailor, a shoemaker, a leatherworker. There's also a shipping company. Our backyard is always busy, and when the cars come in, there's always a lot of noise. I am friends with a very nice girl, and little kids tend to tease her, singing "Bela, Bela, bo-Bela, banana-fana-fo-fela, fe-fi-mo-mela, Bela!"

We don't respond, because we know that they are still young and they don't understand. There's also a mute boy living here. He beats everyone up, but we can't hit back, because he's already very unfortunate. He's the strongest in our backyard.

Little kids often parrot us, but I'm not angry at them. They are so nice and beautiful.

The house where I live has four floors. I have lived here for a long time, I was even born here, so I am very attached to it.

SALUSIA from Gęsia Street

A DREAM

OF THE PROPHET

I dreamed about the Prophet Elijah, who came and told me:

"Come with me, Henia, I will lead you to the Messiah's cave."

I went with him eagerly, we wandered through fields and forests, then I saw a huge house without a single window, only a door. We went through many rooms.

In the first room, we heard terrible screams. In the second one, it felt as if someone was grasping at my clothes. In the third one, everything was calm. The following rooms were more and more beautiful.

Finally, the prophet disappeared. I was alone. I looked around and noticed I was in a beautiful room. I went further, until I ended up in a room with the walls made of pure gold. There was a step with a bed, and in the bed, I saw the Messiah, with a golden jug of water standing right next to him.

I trembled... and I woke up. The golden dream was gone, and the Messiah was gone too...

HENIA N.

FROM THE EDITORS

Through a strange turn of events, three solutions to tournament question no. 19 are very similar. They all use letters from the first half of the alphabet and are quite good. They were sent in by Mieczysław Cygielstrajch, Cipka Szpilmanówna, and Pepa Moczydłowerówna.

Also not bad is the concise sentence sent by Jerzy Posner.

A very long sentence was sent by Stanisław Sznajder. Although it does not have logical content, it still received 7 points for the high number of letters.

EDITORS' ANSWERS:

CIPKA SZPILMANÓWNA: Basically, one-letter words count as words in the solutions, unless the task specifically states that they do not.

HENIA ENGELÓWNA AND MARYSIA PACHOLÓWNA: All ideas for brain teasers are welcome.

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct solutions to tournament questions 20, 21 and 21 were sent by: J. Blau (name, age – 20), Dawid Bursztyn (from Sandomierz – 20), Dawid Bursztyn (from Ożarów Kielecki – 20), Z. Chinemonówna (name – 20), S. Cygielman (name, age, address – 20), Mieczysław Cygielstrajch (19–6 p. – 20, 21), Franka Firszt (age, address – 20), Renia Frydman (20), Izrael Goldszpiegiel (20, 21), Adam Kaczuryner (20), Sara Kronenberg (age – 20), Edward Mielżyński (age – 20), Pepa Moczydłowerówna (19–6 p, 20, 21), Romek Mordowicz (20), Eliasz Munwez (age – 20), Jerzy Posner (19–6 p., 20, 21), Mendek Rehwic (age – 20, 21), B. Salomonówna (name – 20), Stanisław Szajder (19–7 p., 20, 21), Heniek Szarach (age – 20, 21) Cipka Szpilmanówna (19–6 p., 20, 21), E. Zomberg (name, age, address – 20).

JOKES

HE FOUND A WAY

Waiter: Excuse me, sir, but this table is reserved.

Guest: That's not a problem, just move it and bring me another one.

AN ARMENIAN RIDDLE

What's black on the top, green on the bottom and brown in the middle?

What?

A black man riding a rusty bike on grass!

A GOOD HISTORIAN

"I have a perfect lottery ticket number – the year Columbus discovered America!"

"Really? How original! How many digits...?"

IT'S ALL RIGHT

A young man went to a lecture; however, he couldn't hear a word of what the lecturer said because the two ladies sitting next to him kept talking all the time.

"Excuse me," he said angrily "but I don't understand a word!"

"It's all right," one of them answered. "Our discussion is private anyway!"

A SUREFIRE WAY

Teacher: Tell me, my dear boy... If I started to drill a hole in the ground right here, where would I eventually end up?

Student: In a madhouse, Professor!

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

"I hope, my boys, that you will all get this school photograph. Imagine how nice it is going to be when you find it after ten or twenty years and start remembering: this is Karol, he's an attorney now, and that's Józiek, a factory owner..."

"And that's our professor, who's been dead for quite a while now," said one of the boys.