

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

AN EGYPTIAN PLAGUE

Apart from cigarettes, another overseas Egyptian plague has recently fallen upon the children. Its name: the pin-ball machine. Adults have invented it and placed it in cinemas and coffee shops. What does it matter that on some machines there is a sign: "Game forbidden for children" if neither the kids nor the owner comply with that?

Horrible things are happening. I entered a pastry shop one day. Just like always and everywhere, here there is also the treacherous machine with a colorful clown and a silver ball so that the souls of children get lost and their pockets get emptied.

A few boys come in. You can recognize professional pinball players already by their expressions.

The lady owner doesn't let them play, but her husband is truly appalled. "Far vos geste nisht fardinen. Shpile,

kindlekh!" ("Why wouldn't the guests deserve to play? Play, kids!")

The boys have lost 50 groszy within a couple of minutes. And I ask where did they have this money from and what was it intended for?

* * *

I wanted to tackle a matter relevant for all readers... I have noticed that many students play pinball machines. They ask for money to buy a notebook or a pencil, but instead of buying, they go play. They are attracted by the desire to win, but they lose. The machines are thieves. One boy in our class has lost 70 groszy. I noticed that the machines are hung crooked, in that way the ball can't fall in the little basket, but none of the players see that. I kindly ask for this matter to be tackled.

Maks

Leon

MIPI HAKTANIM

— from the mouths of the youngest

School, boarding house, and shomer ken newsletters are scattered and nobody is trying to get the most interesting articles in order. A collection of newsletters, chronicles and diaries is lacking entirely.

It is different in Palestine, where almost every school and colony has its own written or manifolded paper. Mipi Haktanim is the name of a collection of works published by Keren Kajemeth in Jerusalem aimed at acquainting Diaspora children with the life of their Palestinian peers.

The Mipi Haktanim anthology includes a short comedy prepared in Kfar Yeladim; descriptions of an excursion from Beit Alfa to Tel Hai where Trumpeldor died 8 years ago; a poem written by Zerubawel from Ein Harod; about labor and helping with farming in Kibbutz Merhaviva and in Moshav Balfouria.

HOW BENJAMIN FROM BALFOURIA PLANTED A VINEYARD

Our family suffered a lot before we arrived to the countryside. I immediately took a shine to working the land. And in our village, next to a clearing there is an area of land that hadn't been farmed, in the north it is cut by a small river, in the west — by a neighbor's big estate. Daddy said: "This is exactly where we will plant the vineyard."

We went out — dad and I — to the empty field in order to carefully think everything through. Suddenly dad pulls out a sheet of paper, scarred with lines, and marked on it is where every sapling

is supposed to be. I think to myself: "Since we know everything upfront, work is going to be easier." It was chilly then, and this is very pleasant.

Dad told me to hold one end of a cord, and he held the other end. We stuck pickets in the ground, we tied the cord and we had to be careful so it would be aligned. Dad took a burette and every three meters he drives a stick into the soil. I don't understand, so dad explains: "The cord is the rows of trees and the sticks are the saplings; we will dig out a hole every three meters, we will put a small root in it and grapes will grow out of it."

I was very glad; dad and I shall make a vinery out of this mud, afterwards — once the grapes appear — I will invite friends and offer them a tasting. They should see that we aren't sitting here for nothing, me and dad.

I started to dig holes with a great enthusiasm. I was content that I was digging like dad, like an adult. Every day we dug each 100 holes. I would go home all happy and tell my mom, "you know, mom, I finished 50 holes today." And mom would answer: "You have grown, son, you have grown."

Mom serves food and keeps smiling at me, and I am waiting so it is already tomorrow, because I feel like digging again.

A week has passed: we have dug out 500 and we need another 800 holes. Dad said once, "the work is hard, but I want to plant the vineyard with my own hands. I shall not employ a stranger." Dad is right: we will manage on our own.

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MY SCHOOLMATE MENDEL

His name was Mendel and he was attending the same school as I was; he was in the introductory grade and I was in the first grade. When I came in for the first time, it was already after the bell had rung, and you had to go to the first grade through the introductory grade classroom.

Mendel ran out from his desk and shouted:

"He is from our street! Come — you will sit with me."

Later I found out that he liked my short jacket, which had plenty of patches and which had been refashioned out of an old overcoat, but didn't bother me when running, while his long overcoat was like handcuffs.

Having found out that I am in the higher grade, he came during the break to see with whom and where was I sitting. He came in with a boy to whom he said that he, Mendel, had known me better and longer than the entire school. The other boy started to argue, but he didn't manage to finish his argument when Mendel caught him by the back of his neck, pulled abruptly towards himself, while moving aside and sticking out his leg. From the momentum the other flew forward, tripped over the leg and fell on the floor. Everybody burst out laughing, and I waited, scared, for what would come out of that.

Mendel was a small boy, and the boy who fell was shorter, but he didn't even try to pay him back, he just left calmly, as if he was convinced that Mendel was right. And Mendel didn't turn to look, because when the other boy fell down, Mendel jumped over him and continued on his way.

He came up to me and asked what my name was and I still didn't know what his was. He said that if I were attending the introductory grade, we would have sat together at one desk. And then he left at once.

Without knowing, Mendel had done me a great service. When a new student arrives in school, he always feels alien for a time, and there are always those who harass him, but they were scared of Mendel and hence they didn't bug me.

Mendel didn't have any friends in school or at home until then, although he was not angry with anyone. Sometimes, he would be fighting with a few boys against the entire class, another time, together with the whole class against a few; he might have beaten someone in the process, so that the other one would cry, but the next day, he would be playing hide and seek with him.

This is why he always had many of those who wanted to be friends with him, tried to please him, and attract his attention.

So it was enough that Mendel said that he wanted to sit with me

for everybody at once to say that they wanted to be with me, to talk, and to play. The entire school thought that Mendel and I were best friends, but in reality, we talked with each other only a few times, and only when he wanted to borrow or return something.

When Mendel was in a fight, everyone immediately ran to me to complain. "Listen, Mendel has beaten this guy. Listen, Mendel is fighting."

Whether I liked it or not, I had to listen to it, and with time I even started to show interest.

He wasn't liked at school, people were just afraid of him, and he knew it and didn't even try to make them like him. He didn't like anyone either, except for his father.

His father had lived abroad for a few years. He left when Mendel was still a small boy, so he didn't remember him much. He only remembered that his father was kind and even kissed him — him, the worst varmint, whom any decent boy was embarrassed to talk to.

After having left, his father wrote letters at first and would send money, but afterwards, he stopped sending money, and didn't write at all. Having no means to live, Mendel's mother started to sell underwear on the street and would go from door to door as a geyerin (a mail-carrier), delivering peoples' wages.

She sent his older brother Tojwie to work because he was already big, and Mendel had to take care of his little sister, so he couldn't play outside like other boys, and he had to listen to Tojwie, because Tojwie became all poretz (a golden boy), because he had a job.

And Mendel didn't like to be ordered around. He liked to do everything, but not as a result of an order, but so he would be told: ez ist — then he did it. But no one has ever said a good word to him, because could his mother play with the children after a whole day of walking around?

No! His mother was angry at his father, at herself and at the whole world. She had to unload her anger on someone and she couldn't yell at Tojwie, because he was already big, so everything was blamed on Mendel. Mendel knew that this very same mother who spanked and cursed him all the time also invented various lies about his beloved father, and that was enough for him to hate his family and listen to them only because it couldn't be otherwise.

Later, after the adventure with Abramek, he said that when he returned home, he had to make dinner, so that his mother and Tojwie would have something to eat. Among the poorest and cheapest meals was potato soup, which is prepared in such a way that potatoes are cooked in water for

a long time, so that they turn into soup. You can cook it with meat, oil, or lard, or put some bones in it, but for them just pure salt was enough because they had none of the things listed above.

And he would also say:

...that when mother came with him to school, she asked the teacher not to spare the rod, because she was a weak woman, she couldn't manage, and was afraid for Mendel to become the same type of "piece of work" that his father was.

The teacher had promised that he would make a man out of him, and from then on, Mendel had a new enemy. Afterwards the whole class, all the students and teachers, the entire school became his enemy.

Here I will describe certain things that I have found in my memory.

1. FIGHTING IN THE HALL

The teacher comes and doesn't know who is right. Suddenly, he notices Mendel:

"Oh, you are here. I immediately knew it was you. Come to the office."

Everyone understands what awaits him, and Mendel follows the teacher. There, he is smacked with a pencil case or a ruler on his hands a few times and after a while come out into the hall, jumping from one foot to the other and blowing on his hands.

A bunch of boys are talking at the other end of the hall. Suddenly something barrels into them and scatters them.

It is Mendel who, after having hidden his head in between his shoulders, throws himself at the whole group. One boy grabs his belly, another his side, while the rest hits the walls and gets some bumps. But once they only learn the reason, they flee to their classrooms, warning their classmates to be careful, because Mendel is going crazy again.

2. A BREAK

"What is this noise, what are those screams?" I ask, entering the introductory classroom, where Mendel is standing in the middle and the teacher in front of him is about to give him 25 blows on his hands for not having done his homework. If anyone wants they can take on themselves part of the punishment.

(There was this custom in our school that if someone was to receive a greater number of slaps, any other student could take a part of the punishment on himself, which was then deducted for the offender.)

There are no volunteers. Mendel gloomily stares at the ground, and he doesn't even ask anyone with his eyes. He knows very well that if he would

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MY SCHOOLMATE MENDEL

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have asked, for sure everyone would take 2 blows on themselves out of fear, and he doesn't want that, because classmates are shouting and cheering when the teacher is punishing him, so Mendel hates everyone.

He pulls out his hand calmly, and the teacher — strong and tall — starts to strike and count, resting after each blow.

"One... two... three..."

Mendel is shifting from one foot to the other, but he doesn't scream and he keeps his hands steady.

"Four... five... six..."

I myself, who am writing these lines, was unable to endure more than 4 blows, and that has happened to me only once, and the second time after two blows I threw myself on the desk, but then I got a few nudges with a knee on my bottom, and of course after getting up, which was so rapid that I almost fell down again, this is when I received the rest.

Mendel could have darted away, but the executioner would have caught him and would have pounded him with his fist.

Mendel didn't forgive: that day was already sad at the skating rink, because whoever set a foot on the ice, they immediately fell down. Mendel did his thing — he spoiled the fun and hurt a few boys.

3.

I am going home. I am almost at the gate, suddenly I notice Mendel being chased by some boys running after him in a disorderly manner, except for one, who got ahead and was not far.

When I saw one boy fleeing and a gang of boys behind him, I was scared and shouted to him to run faster. And he turned, looked at the boys chasing him, stopped, picked something up from the ground with both hands, and threw it in the face of the approaching boy, while laughing loudly, and with his other hand he was throwing it at the other boys, while running with as much speed as he was able to muster.

The boys stopped in a helpless rage. Some have tears in their eyes. They don't cry from pain, but from revulsion and astonishment, because what Mendel has thrown at their faces and coats was horse dung that hasn't been cleaned by the building watchman.

This was the first and last time seeing someone defending himself in this way. But it was Mendel's favorite way when he was fighting with other boys and was outnumbered.

Whoever once received that lesson would not oppose him anymore.

* * *

Mr. Editor, here I wanted to also describe a fight during which Mendel surpassed himself in audacity, but I suspect what I have written is too much anyway.

* * *

After having seen the things written above, you can imagine what Mendel was like. Often, without seeing him at all, I would think about him.

The events that I have described did not happen in that order. Some happened after the event from which one could see that the horrible Mendel could even be good (or maybe even he had always been good).

Now, as I am writing this, I know a lot of things, about which I found out later, and about which none of the teachers or the schoolmates knew about.

When a student doesn't do his homework, he says he didn't have the time. And Mendel did the same, but he wouldn't say that he didn't have the time, because he had to shop, clean up, and run the whole household.

I liked to go with him to the market and watch how he haggled. He was 10 years old after all, and he knew how to do everything, and he never used it as an excuse at school that he had to work at home.

Only once everything was in order at home, he would run to school, and would be late sometimes. The teacher would yell and hit him, but Mendel stayed silent. Raised in such conditions, he didn't have friends and not knowing what kindness is, he looked like a natural born bandit, even a future murderer. But Mendel learned to love someone as lonely as he was but of completely opposite convictions.

Mendel would not forgive anyone, Abramek would pardon all. And here is how it happened and who he was:

It happened during the long break. I didn't know about anything, I was angry, because I received a bad grade. Suddenly Mendel walked in, or rather jumped into the classroom and showed his face which was entirely scratched: some fingers must have sunk their nails in and raked the whole face in parallel stripes. Mendel started to give his account in cut-off words, and the gang, his personal guards, would fill in whatever he had missed.

So he, Mendel, was just fighting with some other boy one on one — they said it clearly — and suddenly this wuss, Abramek, ran out from his desk and scratched him, Mendel.

"He wanted to hit the wuss a keppe, right between those goo-goo eyes, but the teacher caught him in time, and gave him whacks with no questions asked and promised that he would add 100 whacks more if Mendel continues to harass Abramek."

(We say "a keppe" or "head," i.e. to hit with the head).

Why did Abramek suddenly mix himself up with someone else's business? Was he very strong?

No, Abramek was weak, a suck-up, and a tattletale, additionally the best student in the whole school, who has never yet been physically punished, but many boys took a beating because of him. Abramek was calm, but never forgave anyone the smallest stain made in his book or notebook.

Awaiting the rare entertainment, a rabble of instigators started to whisper plans as what each one of them would do if they were Mendel and if their face had been rearranged like that.

And Mendel?

Mendel sat silently, as though he were listening attentively to them growling. This gave them enough courage so that they started to argue, first quietly, and then loudly about what Mendel should do.

Until the moment when Mendel grabbed my open schoolbag, which was sticking out of the desk, and threw it at the heads of the friends surrounding him.

While he was later helping me pick up my scattered books and notebooks (I didn't reproach him and didn't ask him to help me pick them up), Mendel asked me to go to Abramek and tell him to choose a place and a friend as a witness, and he, Mendel, would fight him one on one, without anyone's help.

I was to say to Abramek that Mendel

didn't want to fight in school, so that others would not enjoy seeing the two of them get hurt. But if Abramek didn't choose a place, then Mendel would assault him simply on the street and force him to defend himself. And I was to be the witness on Mendel's side, and I was even mad at Abramek myself for having scratched Mendel. Because what did he look like now?

Although I would never mix myself up in fights and brawls organized by Mendel, this time I said to myself that Abramek should be taught a lesson, because scratching someone's face meant: "Being unable to win in fair combat, I brand you as a scoundrel, so that your parents punish you for your scratched-up face."

I approached Abramek's desk with a frown, after having decided to teach him a lesson. Abramek was sitting in the third row, opposite the door, near the window, with his head lowered and eyes fixed on one point. Abramek was very pale, he was looking at a crooked line and a stain in his calligraphy notebook, which was laying open in front of him.

I walked up to an empty desk, which stood in front of Abramek's desk, and started to speak, while standing up.

He lifted his pale face and looked at me with those eyes that were just a bit too big, which were filled with tears, and he had such an expression on his face that he could have moved even a heart of the hardest stone.

But I was not a stone: I had my duty and I couldn't not carry it out. The duty consisted of two tasks. The first task — to find out from Abramek about the course of the fight, why he interfered, and the second task — inform him about what Mendel had told me.

From Abramek's answer I learned that he didn't want to beat anyone and doesn't hold any grudges against anyone.

He was just sitting there and doing his homework, when suddenly Mendel pushed a boy at him. Abramek didn't know that this was not on purpose, because after all, Mendel is a bully. He had just bought a new calligraphy notebook. His uncle says anyway that it costs too much and that after Easter he would pull Abramek out of school.

He spoke with a stifled voice, softly, as if he were complaining to God. I was moved and I said that he should not worry. He should ask his daddy, and his daddy surely would not pull him out of school.

Abramek answered that he had to listen to his uncle, because his daddy was dead. He hasn't met his dad or his mom. His mom died just a few days after he had been born, and his daddy died when he was one year old. Abramek learned all of this from his older brother who lived with another uncle.

At the beginning of our talk, I was standing stiff, straight and prepared to argue, but once he started to tell his story, at first I sat down, and then our heads moved closer, so that when the bell interrupted his tale, I left with regret and decided to come back during the next break.

Mendel waited for me at the door. He didn't pay attention to the bell, he wanted to find out how I had handled the matter.

Whether I liked it or not, I sat down with him at my desk and started to tell him word by word what Abramek had said, and he listened, repeating some words from time to time.

"What is this talking? You can't even be bothered to stand up when the teacher enters the classroom?"

Whaaat?! And what are you doing here, in the first grade? Up you go to your classroom."

This was the voice of a teacher who had come in unnoticed when we were busy talking.

During the second break, I went to Abramek again, and Mendel stood in the corner and watched our expressions, making sure so that no one would disturb us.

Mendel waited for me again, and once more we were scolded by the teacher, because the other kids were whispering and pointing fingers at us.

Now I spoke with Abramek, not standing in an expectant pose, but sitting down at the same desk with him, and in this way, we were almost whispering.

And after the bell rang I talked to Mendel again.

"Do you understand? He has never played escape the boogeyman, never slid down a banister, he has no friends at all."

And in this manner classes passed until 3 p.m.

When people started going home, Mendel ran up to me and asked to tell Abramek that we would go home together. Mendel was supposed to wait at the gate and I would leave the school with Abramek.

At school, seeing me leaving with Abramek, boys started to make loud remarks and give advice of how Abramek should watch himself, and that nothing would help him, because I was certainly leading him towards an ambush. Having heard that, Abramek turned even paler, looked me in the eyes, but he didn't say anything. And in such silence, we went out to the street where Mendel was already waiting for us.

Mendel had bought three pieces of candy — one for each of us. As I don't like sweets, I gave mine to Abramek. Mendel said that the candy would only stretch his gut, so he didn't want to eat his candy either, and gave it to Abramek as well.

We walked in silence, a bit sad, because Abramek felt unhappy for having scratched his schoolmate's face. But Mendel calmed him down.

"Don't worry about it — it even makes me look more valiant; it is like a distinction or a medal to prove that I don't go idle."

And to cheer Abramek up he started to recount how once Tojwie threw a shoe straight at his head, but he got his revenge and to spite him burnt the borscht. His mother screamed, the neighbors were astounded, but Mendel did his thing, and Tojwe ate dry potatoes as punishment.

And so the happy days started for me and for Abramek. We forgot that Abramek was to attend school only until Easter. Mendel has made such a miracle that Abramek started to laugh. And even the teacher has noticed it.

And then one day the teacher made an announcement in the classroom.

The teacher: "Mendel is to get 10 whacks. Who wants to take over?"

The teacher knows that nobody will take the punishment on themselves, but wants to play a bit.

Abramek: "Sir, I will take 6 whacks." Abramek is asking and Mendel's pale face has become all crimson, he is so touched.

The teacher is astonished, he administers 4 whacks to Mendel, which is a trifle to him — he didn't even budge.

And Abramek?

The teacher pardoned Abramek. Well, he was after all the first student in class and a calm boy.

The teacher didn't understand a thing, but the class knew everything very well.

Chaim

From the editors:

Thank you, Chaim, on behalf of the readers of the Little Review for this simple and beautiful story.

J. Korczak

MY TALES

Some like sad tales, others — happy ones. Some like it when someone else tells them, others prefer to read. Finally, there are those who make up their own tales, which seem the prettiest to them.

I especially like those tales which I experience myself. My tales are varied: happy and sad, the ones that make you yearn for who knows what, and such that you feel a strange joy or that you are about to cry, and my tales are all sorts of other ones. Varied, and there are no two alike.

Tales are happening constantly and everywhere, but you can't always guess. Sometimes, it seems it's nothing, it's ordinary; only after a week or a month you see that this was a beautiful tale, and I start to feel sorry I haven't noticed that immediately.

Sometimes it seems it is not a tale, but a strange song, a never-heard song. I can't hear its sounds, but I know that it is calm and longing, that sometimes something is laughing and crying in it simultaneously, going up and down at the same time. I can't see it with my eyes, nevertheless I know that it is pink or blue, and that it shines.

Suddenly — a storm. Not one which pulls trees out with their roots, rips off roofs, hurls thunderbolts, throws lightning. Not a storm that lifts breakers in the sea and sinks ships, but another strange storm... It seems as if it were tearing out all yearnings from the farthest nooks of the soul, throwing them at the heart, collecting tears into a swirling cloud.

Silence again, and again, a tender tale. It seems to me like all of me is transforming into a tale. A tale in front of me, behind me and all around me. I can neither see it with my eyes, hear it with my ears, nor touch it with my hand; like an unattainable dream, like an elusive longing.

Madzia

THE YOUNGEST HISTORIANS

I.

A very long time ago there lived a Pharaoh. He was mean to Jews. When Jews passed by his house, he caught them all and took them to his place. He was lazy, he didn't do anything himself, just tormented Jews. He was stingy, he wouldn't give them anything to eat.

But Moses came, so he was sorry. He called to Jews, he took them out of this house, he gave them matzoh to eat and wine, and punished the king.

This is why we have Pesach, because Moses lead Jews out of captivity.

Samek

II.

When Joseph was in Egypt, the Israelites came to Egypt. At the beginning, the Egyptians had nothing against it, but afterwards they were evil and started to torment the Jews. God sent the prophet Moses to help them, but the king didn't

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DOMESTIC NEWS

OTWOCK — Every person has a goal in their life, but Bronia doesn't understand why people join a convent, or what for. — Bronisława believes that every Jew should be aware what the holiday they celebrate is in memory for. — Genia remembers her illness when she couldn't sleep and was capricious; her mommy was so kind, she kept watch by her like a Guardian Angel. — Ignas was unable to fall asleep out of terror when he found out that a train had run over a man. — Mineczka saw Minkowski's paintings; they inspire sorrow and despair. — Ignas attends a middle school, he is happy to be a student already; he likes Heart by Amicis very much. — Mirjam and Frania went to Tel Aviv; after a few years, they returned to Poland with their parents. — Szlamek is sorry that nobody among the Little Review's readers cast a vote in the parliamentary elections. — Malcia wrote a poem entitled "Winter in the countryside" — Zosia has sent a short poem.

PIASECZNO — Estera has described a talk with a poor girl. — A boy doesn't like his religion teacher, he doesn't know why that is himself. — Hela's sister played the "Old Chanukkah Candle" very nicely. — Szymon describes a performance during which guests danced the Charleston.

PINŃSK — Aleksander loves spring and the first warm ray of sun which awakes everything to life. —

Lili is a schoolgirl now,

But soon she will be a university star.

Instead of memorizing things in Latin,

She will be studying medicine.

PIOTRKÓW — Aron asks why Jewish youth are ashamed of their first names and change them to sound Polish: instead of Jadzka, Julek, Maniek wouldn't it be better to have: Ichudit, Joel, Mosze. — Lonia has realized that it is bad to be an orphan, and even more sad to have a stepmother or a stepfather. — Rachela is misbehaving in school, she is stubborn, but she wants to improve. — Class C is learning the Torah, they are very much into it. — In Gucia's class, there were secret elections for a candidate who will recite a poem for the principal's birthday; Lola received seventeen votes, Gucia — fourteen, Regina — six. — Lola played school with her cousin

THE YOUNGEST HISTORIANS

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believe him, so God got angry and sent 10 punishments on Egypt.

This is why we celebrate Pesach and we eat matzoh. I very much like fire-dried matzoh with lard.

Renisia from Lublin III.

The eternal celebration of Spring has taken place again. The world is breathing more briskly and people's souls feel lighter. At this time centuries ago, our ancestors were leaving the land of captivity and fleeing the country in which they were enslaved for many years; they shed their old clothes, they marched under the command of a prophet to search for a brighter tomorrow.

Moses lead them through deserts and foreign countries.

During the spring holiday of Pesach, we remember the old times and past heroes, and we will go farther ourselves, remembering the tale of the spring holiday.

Minia

and she was the teacher. — During an excursion, a dog bit Abram's friend's leg. — Władzio has nicely written about Moses, the Egyptian plagues, and about the Jews crossing the sea. — Ruta has copied out a poem. — Cesia's heart is pounding when she is writing poems; she writes because she wants to express her thoughts.

PŁOCK — Heniek is four and likes to watch how fish and chickens are cleaned for Saturday; mommy always throws him out of the kitchen. — Artek likes animals very much and wants to become a veterinarian. — In Ela's school a man was showing magic tricks.

POLESIE — JANOWO — "A Slave of Prose" has poetically written "The Voice from Afar."

PUŁAWY — If Mindla were a lark, she would be singing joyful songs for people, so that people wouldn't be sad and crying. — Tobcia wants to be a drop of rain and soar in the sky with the clouds. — Estera's favorite pastime is to stand in the window and look at the forest, the beach and the little houses, and muse various thoughts. — Małka likes seven boys and sixteen girls, and she doesn't like the seventeenth. — Sura is a good student and doesn't fight with anyone. — When Misia was small, she didn't understand the significance of the Purim holiday; this year her grandfather told her the whole story. — In Sonia's class, there was a draw to see who would get the books sent by the Little Review; Sonia won together with a boy with whom she was angry; the class applauded them and they had to apologize to each other.

PUŁTUSK — Alta saw how two merchant women were quarrelling over a customer, and the third merchant woman took advantage and made a sale. — Josek likes holidays, because you are allowed to do anything you want, and you don't go to school. — Ruchla's teacher told her to think up a short story, but her sister was bothering her and she didn't let her work.

RADOMOSKO — Felek is six years old and a cat has scratched him.

RAFALÓWKA — When Lea's brother was paying money to the workers, one man started fighting with a knife; they managed to pacify him and take him to the police station. — Bencjan describes how, out of vengeance, a farmer set fire to another one's straw cart. — In Gerszon's school, one teacher's ten złoty disappeared; they suspect one boy, but it is unknown if it was he who has taken it. — Józef can't read much, because in their library there are no Polish books. — In Icek's and Leon's class there has been a trial over the Jewish King Hurdus. — Wolf was in Czartorysk and saw tombs in the church.

RADZIEJÓW — Lilus' class has a new mathematics teacher; after the first lesson, she said to the boys: "I already know all of you inside out."

RADOM — Felek was ill with appendicitis; now he has sat down to work with great pleasure.

RÓWNE — Sonia writes about an ungrateful son whom his mother has educated to be a doctor using the last of her money; the son married rich and later would not admit the poor woman was his mother.

RYPIN — When gossip was spread last year that a Jew murdered a Gypsy child to bake matzoh out of its blood, hatred raged between Jewish and Christian girls in Jerychonka's class; the hostile relationship remained even when they were parting after graduating from school. — Dora realized that a student who wants to cheat the teacher is cheating themselves and working just for good grades doesn't bring benefits.

VIRTUES AND VICES OF BOYS AND GIRLS

(from the debate about Stefek's letter)

Girls have written 78 letters. These are: four girls named Anka, Andzia, Balcia, Basia, Bronka, Cesia, Danka, Dora, Elzbieta, Esta, Estera, two girls named Ewa, two named Ewelina, three named Fela, Felka, Fredzia, Fula, Gienia, Gucia, Hela, Hania, two named Halina, four named Hela, Helena, Huma, Inka, Irka, Jadzia, Johejwet, Julia, Klara, Zola, Lusja, Madzia, two named Mola, Manusia, Marylka, Mila, Milka, Noemi, Pola, Rachela, Regina, Renia, two named Rózia, Rywcia, Salcia, three named Sala, Sara, Sorenka, Sulamita, Szalhwet, Tania, Tuśka, Ziuta and three named Zosia.

Signed with the first initial — D., P., C., Z., E., Łodzianka, Afrodyta, Artemida, Niewolnica (8 pseudonyms).

43 girls admit that both girls and boys have virtues and vices. 14 — that boys have more or greater vices. 6 say that boys are better; 3 girls want to be boys very much.

The boys' vices are as follows: they are bullies, noisy, obnoxious, irritating, they laugh even at cripples, they push, call names, interfere during games, have eternal feuds, beat each other for every small thing, harass, they are annoying, impolite, indelicate, they like crude jokes, they are coarse, vulgar, ill-mannered, crude, savage, they tease, whistle on the street, woo girls, impose themselves on them, they are flirts, playboys, fancy-pants, voracious, selfish, thoughtless, gossipers, they take offence, they feel superior, they are full of themselves, self-important, slobs,

cowards, oddballs, they complain, they are witty, disobedient, trouble-makers, they have delusional megalomania — in total 36 vices.

The boys' virtues (admitted by girls):

They are healthy, strong, courageous, supportive to each other, friendly, helpful, and smart — in total 7 virtues.

Flaws that girls assign to themselves:

They are coquettes, they like to dress up, they don't like active games, they are clumsy, cowardly, cry-babies, gossipers, they whisper on the side, they are insincere, busybodies, uncooperative, deceitful, tattle-tales, shrews, mean, jealous, liars, fakes, they play modest, play innocent, pretend they are delicate, they are superstitious, complaisant, not very deep, they don't think — in total 24 vices. 11 girls have admitted they gossip.

Virtues that girls assign to themselves:

They are nice, charming, friendly, warmhearted, merciful, well-mannered, polite, helpful, they value friendship, they sacrifice themselves, they are noble, kind, cooperative, delicate, docile, bashful, pious, studious, good students, they set a good example for boys, they are fair, honest, thrifty, intelligent, thoughtful, brave, smart, joyful, cheerful, simple — in total 25 virtues.

42 letters from boys were written by: Abram, Adek, Bencjan, Benud, Borys, Chaim, Heniek, Józef, Józio, Lejb, Leon, Lewek, Lolek, Lutek,

Maks, Mietek, Michaś, Moniek, Motek, Noach, Polek, Salek, Stef, Szłoma, Wat, Władzio. Signed with initials: M., Z., M., M., K., W., J.G., F., W., Zasłona, Vletar, Collective letter from Otwock.

The girls' vices listed by boys:

They pretend, they are dishonest, jealous, fussy, ironic, they mock, they don't have their own opinions, they are clingy, tattle tales, proud, venal, empty, illogical, sentimental, self-important, gossipers, coquettes, blabber mouths, arrogant, annoying, they disclose secrets, whisper to each other's ear, pretend to be innocent, talk only about boys, they are bigmouthed, they take offence, they are clumsy and slowpokes, copycats, boasters — in total 27 vices.

The girls' virtues:

They are calm, nice, cheerful, studious, they share their feelings, they are caring, frank, honest, bashful and tender. — in total 10 virtues.

Boys admit to 15 vices:

They are bullies, pretend to be adults, they are full of themselves, they smoke cigarettes and put on airs, they annoy and harass girls, they are ill-tempered, they lie, they are brutal, pigs, they call names, chase girls, they are flirts, jealous and contentious.

Boys see only 5 virtues in themselves:

Strength, energy, independence, honor, they like freedom.

In total boys would have 51 vices and 12 virtues.

Girls — 51 vices and 38 virtues. ■

FILM SOCIETY

During the hours free from schooling, one gets a lot of ideas. Therefore, together with my friends, I have decided to start a film society. We chose a chairman, a film director, a cameraman and a technical supervisor. We just didn't have artists, but we have found a way.

The chairman dictated the script, the director told the supervisor how to set the chairs, and the cameraman checked the lights. Finally, we started shooting. We all participated in filming. Due to the lack of a camera, our society was shooting the film in front

of an audience, i.e. the siblings of my friends who gathered together.

We turned into stage actors and the public applauded us before we appeared on the screen. The title of the play was: The Mysterious Glove and consisted of three acts. The first act — in a millionaire's apartment, second — at a dance bar, third — in a court.

The contents of the film were as follows: a rich American millionaire was sitting in his apartment and looking through some newspapers. Suddenly an elegant man comes in and shoots him with a revolver. The millionaire drops to the floor. The thug grabs his wallet and flees. On hearing the noise of the shot, the members of the household and the police ran in. The police commissioner noticed a glove next to the millionaire. It had been lost by the thief in haste. The police take the glove and leave.

Act 2 — a chase. There are two agents among others at the dancing bar. The thief is also in the audience. He didn't know that the police are following him. At a certain moment, the agents order that no one be let into the room, they stop the dances and order a search. Manusia was a dancer. During the search, they find the second glove with an elegant gentleman.

Act 3 — in court. After interviewing witnesses and the victim, who recognizes the arrestee as the one who had shot him, the court issues a death penalty. The robber is executed.

Maks

MIPI HAKTANIM

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

OUR HORSE KORACH

You will not find another horse like Korach in any colony. His back scratched, thin as a stick. Long legs, he walks slowly like a centipede.

He drags like a creature that one probably could buy for a half an Egyptian cent at our market. And do you know how much Korach costs? Not more nor less but seven lira. And this is because he has a red neck, which is smooth like thin silk. It is nice to pet Korach's neck. He likes to be petted very much as well.

THREE ACCIDENTS WITH ZALMAN'S OX

The ox had just recently arrived and he has already spread fear through the entire village. What a bruiser. Nobody will dare to come close to him.

He has already proven three times how strong his horns are. The first accident happened with a farmer, Mister Pinski. Pinski is urging a cow to join the cattle, suddenly the ox arrives with his head up high; it

is immediately obvious that he is in an aggressive mood. Pinski doesn't intend to give in, he takes a thick stick and continues to urge the cow on. And this is when the ox assaulted him, knocked over on the ground, and hit him with his horns. The ox did his thing and proudly returned to the barn.

The second accident: My father was leading the ox to the trough. The trough was empty, so my dad turned around and started to pump water, suddenly the ox caught him with his horns and threw him in the trough. My father jumped out of the trough and gave him a good beating. The ox made a run for it — and back to the barn.

Third accident: farmer Sztraus walks on the road and meets the ox. Sztraus wanted to go around him, but the ox pressed him against a wall, just like the donkey that had pressed Balaam. Sztraus started to scream, people ran up and saved Sztraus.

W.

