

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

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## ONCE MORE ABOUT THE UNJUST PROHIBITION

Ultimately, the ban on youth joining sports clubs is not so bad. The papers report that in the General Assembly of the Union of Polish Sports Associations, after the speeches of the delegate of the Physical Education Scientific Council, General Rouppert and the director of the State Office of Physical Education and Military Defense, Colonel Kiliński, who defended the ban, the following resolution was adopted:

"The General Assembly of the Sports Associations considers it desirable to induct schoolchildren into sports clubs. The Assembly resolves to contact school authorities with a proposal to permit schoolchildren to join sports clubs, with the provision that the sports associations will receive relevant guidelines from the school authorities, and on their basis, will create conditions that will give a guarantee of rational sports education of youth in the clubs."

In other words, the position taken by the UPSA is similar to the view I expressed in the article "On a certain ban" (the Little Review from March 31). I wrote then about the disastrous, unintended consequences of the ban. I repeat: the fears that belonging to sports clubs will be a bad influence on the youth are partly justified, which is why no one is demanding the total lifting of the ban. What matters is that

neither the youth nor the development of sport is harmed.

Please consider our humble request, which can be summarized in three points:

1. the foundation of a special club for schoolchildren, or the authorization of some appropriate sports clubs to establish youth sections;

2. medical care and appropriate coaches in the clubs;

3. replacement of Swedish gymnastics in schools with workouts or gymnastic preparation for workouts.

I know that our voice matters little. Most likely, Minister Jędrzejewicz does not read the Little Review and does not take it into consideration. Nevertheless, I hope that the young people will not be alone in their protest. A series of papers has expressed interest in the ban. For example, Kurjer Sportowy writes:

"We will not win out just struggle if we do not have youth on our side. The fight for your rights can only be won with the participation of youth."

This is the second time I've written about this matter. I believe that with a united appearance, with the support of teachers and school principals, we will most certainly win; especially that we want things that are possible and easy to implement.

Herszt

## "RAKIETA" SPORTS CLUB

In our school, there has been a sports club for two years.

In the younger grades, we thought that a sports club was an instrument used in gymnastics. When we were in the sixth grade, a new gymnastics teacher came and started a sports club. He started with a normal talk: what sport is and why it should be practiced. He told us about the work of the sports club in the school where he had taught previously.

12 boys signed up for the club. We had no equipment. The teacher suggested 50 groszy dues. The girls looked at us with envy. They said that he favored the boys and criticized his work. After a month, when we checked the list of dues, it turned out that nobody had paid. One of the club members said, "I'd rather buy bread and herring for that money."

The teacher got angry and dissolved the club. No amount of pleading helped. A month passed – we kept asking, and he agreed to start the club again.

This time, both boys and girls could join. The sign-up fee was 50 groszy, the monthly dues 20 groszy. Every Tuesday, there were talks and exercises.

Another month went by. We bought a net with the money we collected. Two groups – boys' and girls' – were formed. Learning went quickly and after two months, we knew how to play. Before the summer holidays came, we had played games with teams from other schools.

This year, the gym teacher resumed the sports club. In the beginning, we only played volleyball and practiced. The school principal gave us a room that serves as the sports club common room. During Chanukkah, we organized an evening party.

The club members have shirts embroidered with a ribbon, on which a racket and ball have been embroidered with colorful threads, and blue shorts. The teacher bought a ping-pong table, towers, balls, Swedish benches, etc. We practice three times a week. We're excellent at ping-pong: we're first among the public schools in Otwock.

We also have a wall bulletin entitled "Przegląd Sportowy" (I publish it). This is how the work in our sports club is going.

Szlamek from Otwock

## A STOUT HEAD ON STRONG SHOULDERS

I like sport, but I don't believe that there is always a healthy mind in a healthy body, and that well-developed muscles speak to the mental state and intelligence. Being a halfwit isn't an impediment to winning championships and vice versa.

I don't want to talk about a specific discipline but about sport in general. I also don't want to talk about the influence of sport on physical development, because these are arguments that can perhaps convince our grandmothers, and certainly not because any of us, while heading to a workout, thinks about how sport will help us develop our lungs or strengthen our arteries. Then what could explain the popularity that sports enjoy among us?

If I am not mistaken, it is the simple, instinctual need to unload the energy that, constrained by strict school rules and the principles of decency and good manners, finds its outlet in sport. Therefore, we need sport not only for health, but also to unwind, to take off the polite mask each one of us wears, even if we don't realize it. The whole of our existence is externalized as soon as we sense the treadmill or a swimming pool. Ambition, modesty, self-control, envy, cleverness, energy – normally skillfully hidden – will always show on the field.

It's rare that you can see outstanding athletes (and I stress, outstanding), other papers than Raz, dwa, trzy... or Przegląd Sportowy, or

other publications, like tabloid books. Naturally, interest in sport is understandable, but this absorbing reading isn't very flattering evidence of the level of its admirers. I'm not talking about Przegląd Sportowy, but about the tabloid books.

I am also against complete devotion to sports. You can have too much of a good thing, as someone once said, and they were right. The Roman humanists' principle is right: it is good when a healthy mind dwells in a healthy body.

This is completely possible and does happen. Of course, it would be an error to believe that if someone does not practice any sports then they are already wise and educated.

I divide athletes into three categories:

- 1) Excellent athletes. Some of them have a weak head, others are quite intelligent, but it is usually an innate intelligence. Among the excellent athletes, I have not found one good student.

- 2) Average quality athletes. Among them, we can find brains of all kinds.
- 3) Finally, second-rate athletes. Among them, we can distinguish all levels of development, from savages to cultured people.

It's not that we want them to deliver philosophical lectures while at the skating rink. I know very well that on ice, just like in all other sports, the rule of fists reigns supreme: whoever is strongest is the best. I don't want to impose my

way of thinking on anyone, but I get the impression that as much as this law is not a good, it is also not an evil.

In a workout, you can be a "complete beast," not think about art and literature, but that is neither proof nor cause to not be human outside of the workout, claiming that Washington invented the submarine or that Stephenson liberated America. It doesn't harm anyone to know who Bocheński or Walasiewiczówna are, but the encyclopedia of even a star athlete should not end there. To put it plainly the knowledge of world records doesn't stop the intellectual barbarization.

I don't like extremes, however, and I would take a position of common sense towards sports. I don't have respect for someone only because they have never been out in the wind or sun, but I also don't adore Kusociński because he achieved a great time and his picture has been printed in all kinds of sports and non-sports papers.

If it was up to me, I could create an intelligent athlete, who, in addition to sports, would be interested not only in records and reading material for the morally impaired.

Sport is pleasant, healthy, useful, but it is shaky and unsteady ground. Those who go too far can lose their footing – and after all, we are young, and we want to look past the limits of the sports field.

Aneri

## THE BAN IS JUSTIFIED

Not long ago, Herszt alarmed all athletes that the gentlemen from the physical education committee have once again resolved that youth cannot be members of sports clubs.

This is a very wise resolution, which Herszt has not deigned to explain impartially. What is important is that sport has long ago ceased to be sport in the sense of pleasant, useful relaxation and a factor of physical development.

Sport was beautiful, as long as it was practiced in an extracurricular way, when there were no sports clubs, workouts, or records. Sport was healthy as long as the athlete ran to run, and the boxer fought to lose weight. Now, the athlete runs to achieve a better time, and the boxer fights to draw as much blood from his opponent as possible.

The high level of skill and the atmosphere of true sport have long ago passed into distant memory. Today, sports fanaticism is an ailment that no ban can cure, even one marked with an official stamp.

We read in papers that in Lviv, Berlin, and New York, crushed and beaten boxers are carried out of the ring, that in Stryj, the body of a soccer player who was "accidentally" kicked was taken off the field, that somewhere else a soccer player slapped his colleague, that on the "Skra" stadium, hooligan soccer players and batters beat their Jewish colleagues for a badly played turn, that during a swimming competition, a referee was thrown into the water, that an excellent hockey player was, once again, "accidentally" fouled so severely that his head was cut open, and so on.

Do these hideous facts not smack of barbarism?

Records, trading players, scandalous affairs... Everywhere money, all just to extract all the possible power, dexterity and speed out of people and push them into stupid national ambition... Poor fairground horses!

It might seem that the innocent Swedish gymnastics might not come

into contact with the influence of record-mania. No, the youth physical education committee should have paid attention to the harmful influence of sport on gymnastics in schools.

Presently, sport is a harmful drug. Take a look at what athletes read. Wherever the conversation starts with literature, it inevitably swings towards sports. It seems obvious that that if we speak of Wierzyński, something should be said about the poet's "Olympic Laurel", and finally, we should add that the last Olympic Games were held in Los Angeles, and that this or that champion ran like a medium-sized dachshund.

We can idealize a criminal, believing that he committed his crime for noble reasons, but we cannot condemn the ban that attempts to wipe youth clean of the stigma of the harmful narcotic, which is as cheap and poisonous as wild mushrooms.

Emkott

# THE "PŁOMIEŃ" CLUB

The full name of the club is: "Płomień" student sports club in the Orphans' Home. It is a serious, old club that provides physical education for youth in the Orphans' Home, setting up games and competitions.

Taking advantage of the fact that I know the president, Felek Grzyb, I headed to the Orphans' Home on Krochmalna Street for an interview. I found the club members in the backyard, where they were training hard for the upcoming match between "Płomień" and another sports club. I watched the top-level team from "Płomień" play the second-level team, then I approached Felek and asked him to tell me about his club.

We went to the room where pupils do their homework. Felek took out a stack of notebooks from the club cupboard. While I sharpened my pencil, he explained that one notebook is the accounting book, which in which all expenses and income is recorded, the second contains descriptions of all the club matches, the third has the statute, the next three contain meeting minutes, etc.

The Orphans' Home is a large family – more than 100 children. All matters, even the smallest ones, must be ordered, and especially one as important as the children's entertainment. The administration of the Orphans' Home therefore believes that children should form an organized society, which means they should nurture their independence, both in work and learning, and in peaceful coexistence and entertainment. That is why the administration devotes part of its monthly budget to the children's government. This funds the Useful Entertainment Club and the "Płomień" Sports Club. In addition, the club is funded by the members – the weekly dues are 5 groszy. Those who cannot pay can apply to the club administration.

But let us move on to the chronicle. In January 1920, after eight years of the Orphans' Home existence, the pupils noted that something was rotten in their little state, that they did not have a sports club. Although the Useful Entertainment Club already existed at the time, it covered entertainment in general and did not distinguish between a show and a volleyball match. Sport was relegated to a secondary place, because the Useful Entertainment Club preferred more staid entertainment, such as chess, checkers, etc.

So a few boys founded a sports club, with a name and a stamp. At the time, it was called the Orphans' Home youth sports club.

At the beginning, the club had few members, since as one of the meeting minutes showed, "it was young and no one knew whether it would succeed." The rules were short and simple: 1) timeliness, 2) exemplary behavior and calm, 3) offending others was prohibited.

The club, with the enthusiasm of the founders and the support of the teachers, grew. In a way, it was a section of the Useful Entertainment Club. It received a ball and money for a gymnastics bar. At the height of its activity, the club treasury contained 751 German marks and 65 pfennigs. On March 20, 1921, the club fell apart because no one among the younger boys could replace the president and the board members, who had left the Orphans' Home.

It took five years for two sports clubs to be created: "Płomyk" and "Płomyczek." They were private clubs, without stamps or minutes – one for older boys and one for the younger ones.

Initially, they boys trained, played soccer, volleyball, etc. Later, there were matches between "Płomyk" and "Płomyczek." Although the latter was for younger boys, they started

winning. Worried about conflicts, the administration, that is the teacher, convinced the members of the two clubs to combine into one. And so "Płomyk" and "Płomyczek" became one big "Płomień," consisting of 19 members.

After the return from summer camp in September 1928, work proceeded swiftly. I look through the minutes from that period, carefully copied into the big book. I can see that the club had its current name, had a neat stamp and a statute. The statute was clearly edited, foreseeing all possible possibilities, presenting the goal, means and the club rules.

In that period, the Disciplinary Committee was established, elected by the members of the club. Its task was settling all conflicts between the members. The club split into groups of six, between which matches were played. The first external appearance was preserved in a letter to "Płomień" from M. Flumenkier, the captain of a sports club of second year students from the teachers' seminary. In the letter, the date of a dodgeball competition is set.

In 1929, "Płomień" experienced its first internal quarrels. The minutes record three consecutive notices of resignation: the president, the secretary and the treasurer. The reasons cited were personal disagreements. Despite everything, "Płomień" continued to grow. It had two bicycles – one men's and one women's, skates, balls, nets, etc. The hours when the bicycles could be ridden were set out, as well as rules for cyclists.

Suddenly, club president Szepsel resigned, giving the fact that no one cared about the club's development as the reason. The next club president was not as devoted to "Płomień" and the club, despite the appearance of magnificence, the club fell into decline.

There were even plans to sell the bicycles, but the buyer backed out at the last minute. The penalty code of the club was reviewed and supplemented. For the summer holidays, shirts and gym shorts were handed out, and a plan for the groups of six to play matches between them.

In 1930, the "Płomień" treasury shows only 22 zloty. The weekly dues were therefore increased to 10 groszy. The club president was removed and the previous one reappointed. The bicycles were sent to be repaired. The cyclists were taxed to cover the costs of the repairs. Instead of the old rule that a club bicycle could not be used to learn to ride, and that only those who knew how to ride could use them, a new rule was introduced, that members could learn on and ride them as long as they had been members for longer than two months. In this period, the most important matter were the bicycles.

Three times a week, gymnastics sessions were held in the club. So we can see that the club made it past its difficulties and worked efficiently. Suddenly, a downturn came. On April 14, 1930, the last meeting of this period took place.

"Płomień" was reborn for the third time in the fall of last year. It now has 30 members and an inventory that it received back from the Useful Entertainment Club. It seems to me that the club will now be able to handle the constant change in the roster, given that every year, the oldest, most experienced members, make room for the younger ones when they leave the Orphans' Home.

I look through the last notebook. It contains descriptions of the most important matches, such as ping-pong with the second-year team from the crafts school, which "Płomień won 4:0, or the volleyball match with "Start,"

with the score 44:32 for "Płomień."

It seems to me that I have looked through the history of a small country, which went through various periods: revolutions, abdications, uprisings and periods of a "golden age." I can see how difficult it was for the club to gain the skills of working and playing together, and that peace and group responsibility also require learning and practice.

Edwin

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

We would like to introduce the pupils of our boarding house to the readers.

We are eleven girls. The oldest go to school, the younger to the nursery school, located in our building, which 65 children from town also attend. These children stay at the home from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. The poorest receive breakfast, and all the children are given lunch.

The children in the nursery school are cared for by Miss Mira and Miss Rózia.

Among the pupils of the boarding house are girls of various ages. The youngest are three five-year-old girls, whom the older girls take care of.

The oldest of us is unfortunate, because she is deaf and dumb. She is talented, has various skills, draws, paints and helps in the household.

We set up a peer court and we discuss various matters in our meetings. We have a good housekeeper. She teaches us to keep order and helps with our lessons.

Every year, we put on a show. This year, the show falls on the first day of Pesach.

In the hopes that we will see our letter in the Little Review, we send our regards.

The pupils of a boarding house  
in Włocławek

DANIEL SZACHTMAN

## INJECTIONS OF HATRED

We get outraged, we protest, we are hurt. But do we look for the causes and sources? Year after year, the fall-time "anti-Semitic antics" of students sympathizing with the National Democracy party, and the monstrous, shameful Nazi terror must have made more than one of us think that the course of the grim events has been set out by someone, that it is not just the random reflex of uneducated, impoverished masses.

A person is not born an anti-Semite – they are made into an anti-Semite. Many political parties and social groups engage in a fierce struggle for the souls of young people, because those who have young people have the future. Those who engage in anti-Semitic activities know this very well.

I can't dig around in the "historical foundations" of anti-Semitism, or make a current list of all economic, political and moral phenomena that favor all kinds of brutality, including antisemitism. I only have four pages, and not one line more. I can only emphasize that among all the different ways of driving youth into antisemitism, the most frequent ones use printer's ink. There is a series of anti-Semitic publications – efforts were made to provide the appropriate

"artistic" reading for young people.

These are not just baseless accusations. Have patience. Let me analyze one book, but certainly not the only one of its kind.

I am talking about a book by J. Starzeńczyk, titled "Victorious Lilies", published by the St. Adalbert Publishing House. The book has had two editions (it was previously called "The Scout's Worries").

The protagonists of the book are a handful of scouts, fighting for the good of their homeland – with Jews. One of the scouts, Jurek, watches in delight as Haller's army marches through the town square. Suddenly, he notices three people, glaring at the soldiers hatefully – three Jews.

This "triple" hateful glare makes the scout suspicious, so he starts to spy on them, because "whoever hates the Polish Army is the greatest enemy of Poland."

Spying on the Jews, Jurek and his companions uncover a horrific organization. In the house of prayer, they find a weapons cache, smuggled in from Germany. After an initial investigation, they find out that they are dealing with members of a society that intends to turn Poland into a second Promised Land. The society has a very well

organized army, secretly operating in the underground. The underground tunnels are lit with electricity stolen from the power plant, and in them are "the lizard, the Zion reptile, the Maccabean bull," bringing destruction to Poland. The Maccabean army trains so skillfully that the scouts are astonished – they don't recognize the repressed Mosieks in the soldiers. In addition, there was a printing press in the underground, printing secret communist proclamations.

The scouts encountered a sinister "international" of Jews, about whom they said:

"Through the sinister Tucker (president of the Active Brothers of the 'international') we encountered the universal demands of the Jews, we stood in the way of their imperialist movement, and in any way, we found ourselves in the path of their conquest of Poland." (p. 246)

Or about the "international": "...Tucker and Baruch, these are people somewhere far away, or close by – in Moscow, Paris, Berlin, Washington, New York, Beijing, or Rome – living there, waking, sleeping, they have offices, their own spies, immeasurable capital, cars, ministers in various governments of the world, brawlers who organize military expeditions, revolutions, and strikes." (p. 247)

The program of the Jewish "international":

"Here (in Poland), Israel must make its stand. Here it must flower like a rose of Sharon! Here will the silver-haired elders hold their council, here will brave youths practice their arms, here will our maidens bloom to the delight of their husbands! We will set out from here to conquer the world! Our second Jerusalem is Vilnius, Warsaw, Krakow!" (p. 53)

Leading the movement is Sir Izrael Tucker, a doctor of law, who in Bystrzyca (where the action is set) is known as a market porter, Black Moszek. He became a worker to better get to know the country and its people. Next is Baruch, a YMCA director sent from America to Bystrzyca, a former Soviet commissioner of Lithuania and the future Sovcom of Poland. Another director is the respected and popular convert Mendes-Czarski, who converted to Catholicism to more efficiently work for the organization. The commander of the secret Maccabee army is the former commander of the Bystrzyca square, Major Feldman, and his ensign is Symcha-Zygmunt Heilhill, an 8th grade student of the Bystrzyca Middle School, a friend of Jurek, the scout. All of them are in contact with the Jewish horse thief Schwanzfuchs, one of the most respected citizens of the town, his nephew Jehuda, a 6th grade student, and a gang of smugglers and bandits.

The peasants, at Jurek's urging, enacted mob justice on the horse thief.

At the meeting of the council where the matter was discussed, Symcha called it an injustice, and delivered an agitational, communist speech, calling for a revolution.

What was worse for the scouts was that they could not go to the authorities, even with the fact that the Jews had weapons in the synagogue, because: "The police commissioner is a good man, but he is an oaf with a trusted Jewish secretary, without whom nothing would happen, and the commander of the city is a Jew, a former Austrian officer." (p. 23) And besides: "the current liberal government could, in a broad application of rights for minorities, permit a Jewish police force" (p. 28)."

And in the police force itself: "This Fajans (a Jew, of course), this Polish police commissioner – what a disgrace – was a Prussian spy two years ago. He turned over our provisions, here, in this pot, to the corporal, leaving us to starve. He betrayed us!" (p. 159)

As the few Poles on the police force speak about their work:

"It's dog's work! That I would have to mix my Catholic bones with these Jews! You wish. I'm not going to die in a Catholic country without their money. I'll wait until there is a Polish command in the police force, not some Fajans!" (p. 160)

This is why the matter of the Jewish horse thief Schwanzfuchs could end badly for the peasants:

## UNDER THE SIGN OF BOYCOTT

I'm going for a walk. The term is over, I have good grades, a bit of money in my pocket, and bliss in my soul. I stick out my belly, puff my cheeks, and with dignity, head to the Saxon Garden. I run into a friend, we walk together for a while, and then I say goodbye and keep going.

I can see a boy my age approach a kiosk. He asks for Sportzeitung. The clerk looks for it and the boy browses the papers.

"What's this paper?" He finally asks. "This is a foreign paper, my boy. Die Woche."

"Is it German?" "Yes."

"In that case, goodbye. I don't buy from those who sell German products," he says and leaves.

The woman gapes at him in surprise and watches him leave, until he's out of her sight.

I keep going. There's a cart with notebooks, pencils, erasers, nibs, etc. I pick up some nibs and I reach for my money, when a hand falls on my shoulder from behind. I turn around and come face to face with a boy I don't know, with bushy hair and light-colored eyes.

"My friend, that's German!" He tells me.

True, the nibs are stamped with the word "Berlin." I slowly put the nibs down and keep going.

\* \* \*

I run to Emek's house. Today, I heard a man tell some boys that they should boycott German products. The Nazis will have nothing to finance their militants. "Without the militants, their terror is impossible," he said.

In the morning, perhaps at six a.m., I saw a boy putting up posters saying "No more barbarian Nazi terror!" and "Boycott German products!" Brave boy. Someone made a list of school supplies that should be boycotted because they're German. I've seen copies of the list.

I school, the boys wrote "No more Hitler!" on the wall in the hallway.

I'm at Emek's. His father gives me the newest Das Magazin to look through. I put it down on the table.

"Oh, the young man isn't interested?"

"I don't read German things," I say proudly.

"Ho, ho, such a patriot you are..."

I can sense the sarcasm. I pick up my hat.

"Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!"

\* \* \*

The teacher told us to buy special pocket knives. Part of the class goes to a certain store.

"Pocket knives, please."

The salesman in the large glasses hands us the pocket knives.

"Solingen," I read the label out loud. "Do you have any other ones?"

"No. Why do you need another one? Is there something wrong with this one?"

"Solingen, that's a German company," I tell him.

Finally, we find pocket knives with the label "Československá" in another store.

I was supposed to buy paints today. Most of the less expensive ones are German. Tough, I spend an extra 15 groszy and buy Leszczyński paints.

Mom goes to buy me a shirt. There are a lot of German ones – I have two myself. I warn mom about it.

I found a piece of paper that said, "Boycott, boycott, as much as you can, Hitler won't mock our power."

I wonder whether the boycott will bring any results. Perhaps it will seem funny when I say that young people boycott the German products more than the grown-ups. I've only given you a few examples, but there are many more of them...

Salek from Świętojerska Street

## MARSEILLES – PARIS – GDAŃSK

### AWARDS CEREMONY

The time has come for handing out awards. A large stack of books has been brought into the classroom. The teacher called up all the girls, starting with the best student and ending with the worst, and each one of them chose a book. A piece of paper with the student's name was put into the book, and then the janitor took the books out into the hall.

A week later, on the last day of the school year, we were told to come to school without our bookbags. We sat on chairs in the large hall.

On the round, red carpet-covered stage was a table with chairs, on which members of the educational board were seated. Even the head of the educational board of Paris came. Near the wall were two silk tri-colored flags, decorated with two purple letters – R.F. (République Française). The stage was surrounded by girls holding baskets filled with sweets and fruit.

The boys were seated on the left, the girls on the right. Our school was not coeducational, but there was a boys' school and a girls' school in one building, and they had a common hall.

A stack of books was placed in front of the head of the educational board. When the teacher called out the name of a student, they came up to the official, who presented them the award, kissing the girls and shaking the boys' hands. Then the students we were called up went to the girls with the baskets and picked out "quelque chose de bon" for themselves, and then, embarrassed or satisfied, returned to their seats.

JULY 14

"Today is July 14, it's Bastille Day!"

The shout from the street got me curious. I looked out the window. There were flags on all the roofs. Balconies were decorated with flowers, and on the street, a band had been playing happy songs since the morning. Every passer-by would grab a girl and dance

with her, then they would kiss and go their own way, only to stop at the next corner and dance again. Naturally, children followed the example of the grown-ups.

After breakfast, mommy let me go out with my friend Nina. We went to the patisserie where on that day, a puppet show had been put on. First, the puppet Polichinelle showed us some tricks, and then he asked, "Does anyone here know what today's holiday really is?"

"A happy one!" Someone shouted from the crowd.

Someone sitting near the stage tickled Polichinelle's nose with a blade of grass. He took advantage of the situation, sneezed ten times, and finally started to talk. He told us about how the French people were enslaved by an evil king, how everyone had been packed into prisons, about taxes and injustices, until the revolution broke out, the king was killed, the Bastille was taken – the prison where all the political prisoners had been held, and the royal palace was burned down. And then the nation was free. To make things happier, Polichinelle made funny comments here and there as he told the story. Towards the end, a devil came out and started singing:

"Allons enfants de la Patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé..."

We spent the whole day having fun. In the evening, there were fireworks. The fun lasted long into the night.

### TO GDAŃSK

"Where are we going?" I asked mommy.

"To Gdańsk. But first, to Lyon. I have a few things to take care of there."

"Is daddy already there?"

"No, you know daddy's already gone to Iceland, so how could you meet him in Lyon."

"Oh, right, daddy's in Iceland."

I was mad at myself for mixing up Iceland and Lyon. I wanted to recall something from geography, but all I could remember was that Iceland

was an island, and Lyon... I forgot. In the end, I leaned my head against the wall and fell asleep. Mommy woke me up, telling me that we would be getting out in a moment. I put on my coat and looked out the window.

"Paris!" I couldn't help shouting.

"That's Lyon, silly," mommy laughed.

"But it's not! Look, mommy, that's the Seine, and the bridge. The Tuileries, and over there, I think that the Notre Dame cathedral."

Mommy explained that it wasn't the Seine, but the Rhône, and not the Tuileries, but a park.

Then I remembered what I had learned in school: "Lyon lies on the Rhône, is one of the main French cities, the capital of silk production in France," etc.

Mommy found us places on a different train, which was going directly to Gdańsk, and then left, leaving me and my brother in the company of a very nice French officer. The whole time she was done, I was very worried, anxious that the train would leave before mommy came back. Our companion laughed at that, saying that "the train will wait for mommy." But I was very relieved when mommy came back.

The trip would have been very nice if the conductor had not smashed the door on my finger. After that accident, I was scared of everything that could open, and I never opened windows, I didn't throw out colored papers that would flutter in the air, slowly falling to the ground.

### WHERE I'D RATHER WASH THE FLOORS

After we passed the German border, I couldn't talk to the passengers – I didn't know any German.

In Gdańsk, to the great surprise of my parents, who were expecting a happy smile after the journey, I hung my head and kept quiet. When mommy asked why I was sad, I yelled angrily:

CONTINUED ON P. 4

"... Mister Landau (a Jew, the vice-Deputy Police Commissioner) and Mister Fajans released Schwanzfuchs and arrested the peasants for assault, for the mob justice, and even for stealing the stolen horses from the Jew... Before anything is settled, Schwanzfuchs will go to the spa to take the waters, Jehuda will be fired so that his career is not ruined, and others will be fired for lack of evidence, because peasants cannot be witnesses in their own case. And so they'll ruin the peasants in prison for assaulting an esteemed and widely respected citizen of the country." (p. 270-271)

And so we see that there is no one to appeal to, that the Jews have their agents and workers everywhere, to put an end to any action against Jews. Every Jew is a thief, subversive, bandit, smuggler. They must be followed and tracked. Each one of them leads a double life. Do not believe your Jewish friend, because Jurek's friend, Zygmunt Heilhill, knows very well what happened in 1863, can hold learned disputes, and in reality, is an ensign in the secret Zionist army. According to him:

"We have our elders to listen to their wisdom. And the goyim have us so they learn to listen to their elders – the shame." (p. 137)

The most decent of them is Tucker, but he is also the most dangerous, most threatening enemy of Poland. He is the president of the Active Brothers

organization. Even the priest told Jurek about this organization:

"I believe you all the more because I have heard from others about it, and nobody has been graced by God to witness their criminal doings. You have the ability to help uncover the evil at its source, although the source of this evil is not here... It hides somewhere in this vast and beautiful, but also terrible world. Perhaps in London, perhaps in New York, or perhaps in Constantinople or Berlin. Most likely it has its people everywhere... The Legion of Darkness... They are princes of this world, the servants of Mammon." (p. 145-146)

Thus, the scouts from Starzeńczyk's novel fight. By what means? The end justifies the means. The very fact that some people, Jews, looked askance at a parade allows the scouts to spy on them. What's more, they steal other people's property. Apart from the fact that they "confiscate" weapons, we have examples of outright theft. Jurek steals a bag of diamonds that frightened smugglers leave behind in a field and, to maintain his morality, donates it to a monastery, magnanimously giving a gift of stolen goods. There is another theft: when the disguised boys escape from the "Pod Szpakiem" inn, where they were interrogating smugglers at a threat to their own lives, they meet Jews by the riverside, getting into a boat full of goods. They throw

the Jews overboard and take their boat. Right away, they proclaim it to have been stolen. They don't know who stole what from whom, all that matters is that it belonged to Jews. And once again, by giving the boat to the monastery, they attempt to wipe away their guilt.

Finally, after various ordeals, "justice is done." The new police commissioner, a young Jew-hating Pole named Korba, organizes a round-up with the boys' help and eliminates all Jewish organizations. The Jewish intelligentsia speaks out against this, represented by Hirszbaum, who is very well-mannered and has nothing to do with the ghetto, as he says, who quotes Mickiewicz and "has even written something of history for Poles." He appeals:

"You, Poles, will answer for this before the world! This is a rape of the innocent. Why? Have the Jews no right to live?" (p. 447)

This is how, in the author's opinion, the Jewish intelligentsia "molds opinions," calling a round-up of bandits a pogrom. Yet more proof that even the most well-mannered Jew cannot be believed.

And this is why, according to the author, the fight is not over.

"Only when the last Jew is gone from the world will the war with Poland be over." (p. 471)

What can a student, a Christian boy say after reading a book like this?

Remember, I am not talking about the dregs and outcasts of society – I mean the average, well-educated, honest student.

It becomes clear to him that what is made available to the public in this way must be true, otherwise it would be confiscated. And if it is true, he should fight, just like Jurek and his compatriots.

A sophisticated liar differs from a naïve fibber in that they know when and how they can let loose. Before they cast aspersions on someone or start a rumor, they make sure that someone around them wasn't a witness to the event they're talking about, or that they don't know their target.

Starzeńczyk lies, perfectly aware that two communities work live together in one place, separated by an invisible wall. He would not do a tenth of what he does, for fear of being jeered by the scouts, if he knew, let us say, that the Polish scouts work with Jewish scouts, that the Hashomer Hatzair camps are visited by Polish scouts, etc. But if the word "shomers" is an unknown mystery for the Polish student, if there are so few joint organizations for Polish and Jewish youth, why, then you can let your depraved imagination roam free and meddle and provoke and set people against each other!

When young people, raised on Starzeńczyk and his ilk, reaches the universities, they want to serve their country. And then a strange thing

happens: the police, on order of the same people who tolerate similar books, goes up against the protesters, doesn't let them beat the Jews, and even disperses the crowds and arrests those fighting for the "just" cause.

Would it not be better to prevent the excesses, rather than try to suppress them?

The Constitution guarantees equal rights and free development to all national minorities in Poland. Article 170 of the Criminal Code provides for a punishment of imprisonment of up to 2 years for "spreading false information that can cause public unrest"; Article 152 states "who publicly insults or ridicules (orally, in writing, or in print) the Polish People or State shall be punished by imprisonment of up to three years," with a commentary explaining, that the concept of the People includes all citizens of the Republic of Poland, regardless of their religion.

In the name of protecting public health, unauthorized persons are banned from practicing medicine. However, contrary to the Constitution and the articles of the Criminal Code, various quacks from the order of St. Cad are writing prescriptions for young people on jingoistic blanks, and inject so many small doses of the venom of hatred that the frenzied crowd takes to the streets.

Preventative action – that is the task of both the prosecutor's office and cultured society. ■

**MARSEILLES – PARIS – GDAŃSK**

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

“How am I supposed to live here, in this small town? No, no, buy me a ticket and I’ll go back to Paris. I’d rather wash the floors in Paris than be a queen here.”

I didn’t scrub the floors and didn’t become a queen, but I felt very unhappy. I spent whole days sitting at the desk and writing letters to my friends in Paris. Soon, I found something more interesting to do: I started to watch people, especially our housekeeper.

She was a woman in her forties, with small, round blue eyes, and thin dark blonde hair, slicked back and pinned in a bun in the back. She had a straight nose, spectacles on her nose, a thin, very small face, and she herself was rather stout. Her miserliness (a caricature of the urban thriftiness) sometimes grew to enormous proportions. For example, a porcelain table service sat in the cupboard, and she used cracked plates to eat; when my parents went out and left us alone, she would come into the room and turn off the lights. There was one characteristic that was alien to Germans: she was very dirty.

We did not live there long. Daddy bought an apartment on Grenadiergasse Street, near the ruins of the old fortresses. These hills were where we played in fresh air. After a month, I went to school, which I won’t describe, because it isn’t very different from Polish schools. I’ll only tell you about two events.

**INGEBORG**

In Paris, I was already in fourth grade, but in Gdańsk, I had to start over again, since the only thing I knew how to say in German, and with great difficulty, was “Ich kann nicht Deutsch sprechen.” (I can’t speak German)

Once again, I was mute in school. The girls played with me as if with a living doll, calling me whatever they pleased. They even argued over which one would give me the prettiest name. A meeting was called in which, after long deliberations, it was decided that I would be called Ingeborg, Inge for short.

Later, when I could explain that my name was Czesia, they didn’t want to

believe me. Besides, they said “Inge” was easier to pronounce than “Czesia.”

**A FRIEND**

I had so many teachers, French, German, and Polish, but I will always remember Mr. R. He was a man full of kindness and understanding, a grown-up I really liked and respected.

In the first semester, I liked him only because he was nice and kind. Later, I became an exception. But my privileges didn’t mean I got good grades or that I could tattle on my friends. Quite the opposite, Mr. R. expected much more from me than the other students, since he considered me to be more talented. I was different from the others only in that I was class monitor not for a week, but for a whole semester. I was very bold in relation to our homeroom teacher, talking with him as if with a friend, and sometimes even joking.

All of this wouldn’t have made me respect and trust him if not for one event. One day, the girls upset me so much that I started crying. That’s when they all went quiet, and only one laughed out loud. In my anger, I yelled at her:

“You filthy beggar!”

The teacher walked in at that moment. He frowned, but then his face grew peaceful again and towards the end of the lesson, he didn’t seem to remember any of it. But after the last lesson, when the girls went home and I stayed alone to tidy up the classroom, the teacher came back and spoke with me, long and serious. He told me many things, which I only understand now. He didn’t speak to me like I was a baby, like other grown-ups do, and he only held my hand, but it calmed me down a lot. I knew that this man had something more in him than others.

From that time on, I told him everything. He never lectured me and wasn’t indifferent to me.

Later, when I left the school and went to middle school, I often visited my old teacher. He always welcomed me with a warm smile and a friendly handshake. Yes, he was my only “big friend.”

Czesia

**THE 17TH MACCABI DEMONSTRATION**

Every year, I watch the results of the hard year-long work of Maccabi in the field of children’s and youth physical education.

The 17th gymnastics demonstration of the club has already been accepted as a traditional celebration of Jewish sport. The hall of the Alhambra was filled. When the fifty men and women competitors began the parade, marching in beautiful white and blue costumes, a hush fell over the hall, like happens on momentous occasions. We could see the children and youth marching out of the ghetto with a fluid, sure step.

Gymnastic routines were performed to the sounds of the excellent orchestra. The children’s exercises and games made the best impression. The youngest competitors, finding themselves on stage for the first time, felt so comfortable, so confident, that people smiled at them involuntarily. Perhaps this simplicity and directness came from working in teams, or perhaps

they could see the good will of the audience.

Next came routines with white-and-blue scarves, then with clubs, exercises on bars, and processions. Among the instructors, Mr. Mirkowicz stood out, and among the players. Messrs. Grinberg and Młynek.

The last portion of the program consisted of pictures from Eretz. There were presentations of farming work, grape harvest, and finally, a hora was danced. The decorations, showing the Palestinian landscape, were beautiful.

At the end, the competitors formed an original pyramid, and then, with the leader of the demonstration. Dr. A. Graber, in the lead, they marched across the stage. After the orchestra played the Polish anthem, “Poland Is Not Yet Lost,” and “Hatikvah,” the audience, as if wishing them bon voyage, said farewell to the competitors – their hope and advance guard, a generation of new and strong people

Eljasz S.

**A ZOO IN PARIS**

One Sunday, I went to the zoo with my parents.

We went to a large garden. In the front, I noticed a building. I thought it was a hot house, but it turned out to be a building for birds from tropical countries. Among the palms and plants, there was a pond. There were swans on the water and strange birds that looked a bit like storks in the land. They had long beaks, pink feathers and red legs. These birds are very strange. They can hide one leg so well that it’s completely invisible. They almost always stand on one leg, too. We looked for a label, to find out what kind of bird it was, but there wasn’t one.

Later, we saw grey-and-white birds with long legs and large beaks. I remembered that I had seen a bird like that before, and then mommy told me that it was an ostrich.

We kept going. We could hear the monkeys squeaking from far away. They were playing around and catching nuts handily.

Next, there were more birds. I’d never seen such beautiful parrots before. The Chinese birds were beautiful, all green with white or red beaks.

**“SKIPPY”**

Long live America! May she not forget about us, and after the boring romances give us a series of good movies about young people for young people. We remember “The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,” “The Forbidden Adventure,” “The Champ” and “Donovan,” and now we have another good film, “Skippy.”

The film sat in storage in Warsaw for two years. No movie theater wanted to show it, worried about empty seats. Theater owners know their audiences, and they know that grown-ups and young people don’t like to see “young people allowed” on posters. It was only after the success of “The Champ” and “Donovan” that screenings of “Skippy” were considered, especially since the same Jackie Cooper plays a role in it.

No, that’s wrong – Cooper doesn’t play a role, he lives it. Those who remember Coogan and compare him with Cooper will be convinced that Cooper has surpassed him with his talent. This boy is a great artist. Other

**JOKES****ATHLETICS AND SPORTS**

“Did you know that Kusociński, after running five kilometers in record time, after breaking the ribbon, performed a high jump, a good meter and a half?”  
“Can’t have been hard, after such a long start...”

**A SHOPPING QUESTION**

A girl walks into the bedroom of her mother, who has just given birth to twins. She looks at the babies for a long time, and finally asks:  
“Mommy, did they send the twins so we can choose one, or do we have to keep both?”

There were also imperial nightingales, just like in the fairytale.

And now, about the polar bears: some were playing happily in the water, while others walked around the shore, as if they didn’t know where to go.

I was very surprised by the lions. I had seen them in Warsaw, but they were in cages there, and here, they had fake rocks and some dirt to walk on. Behind them was a chasm, filled with water, and then the barrier I stood behind. The lions roared a lot.

I went to see the elephants next. Jaś and Kasia were not here, but there were five large elephants. The watchman clapped his hands, and on that signal, one elephant put his feet on the back of another, that one put his feet on the back of yet another, and then all the elephants fell to the ground. The youngest elephant raised up his trunk. Some people gave him rolls, or money. He gave the money back to the watchman and ate the food.

I was tired after walking around the garden, so I sat on the edge of the pond and wrote to the Little Review about everything I had seen here.

Halina from Paris

**BRAIN TEASERS**

Correct solutions to the brain teasers were sent by:

Fima Brodecki, Halina Eichel, Izio Frenkiel, Al. Mossakowski, Mosze from Nalewski Street, Leonard Szejberg, Jakób Tykulski.

**25TH MAIL DELIVERY**

Those wrote to Mały Przegląd for the first time:

Białek Tusia – Bożekowska Lilka – Broner Lodzia – Bryczkowski Maniek – Chafskind Jadzia – Choroszcz Mira – Cwajer Leon – Dorfsman Jerzy – Farbiarz Różyczka – Flancman Małgorzata – Glube Samson – Górecki Zygmunt – Henigman Sewek – Janiszówna Maniusia – Kacew Paweł – Kiersbaum Jakób – Munwes Eljasz – Szanland L. – Szwajcer M. – Wajnberg Emanuel – Wiernika Fredzia – children from the orphan’s home named after Szenfeld in Włocławek – Żukowski Jasio.

We received 26 letters.

**26TH MAIL DELIVERY**

Those wrote to thr Little Review for the first time:

Abramowicz Lucio – Ajgang Bala – Alperson Sewek – Amdurski Izio – Epszstein Anatol – Troskolaski Abram – Grocher Jakób – Grünman Janina – Hoffman L. – Jabłońska Ewa – Kiersztejn Sabka – Lichtensztejn Samek – Lipszyc Feluś – Łapidus Motek – Mechanik Masza – Miński Lolek – Oberman H. – Pinchonson Jerzyk – Popowski E. – Rautensztejn Pina – Schepper Wolfuś – Skurnik Mutek – Zygielbaum Zygmunt.

We received 106 letters from Warsaw, 51 from the province, 1 from abroad, together 158.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE LITTLE REVIEW WELCOMES VISITORS ON SUNDAY BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 5 P.M. – 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 30TH, WE INVITE THE FOLLOWING: JÓZIO BABIC, CZESIA RAKOWSKA, SZLAMEK KURCBARD, HALINA EJCHEL, RITA.