

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

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## CHILDREN AND WAR

"A.B.C." has launched a survey under the title of "Children's Secrets." Among the questions they asked children was the following: "What would you do if a new war broke out?"

Of the 23 children surveyed, three answered "I don't know, I haven't thought about it." Five expressed the desire to leave, to escape, or to hide in such a hole that "bullets would not reach me." These answers lead Ms. Maria Rzętkowska, in issue No. 364 of "A.B.C.," to publish the above alarmingly-titled article.

The author emphasizes that "33 percent of the answers affirm a complete lack of the most elementary patriotic feelings among children," after which she asks and answers at the same time:

"To what shall we attribute this lack of masculine qualities among these few boys, who are, after all, of the age when the combativeness usually inherent to children manifests itself the most visibly? In my opinion there are three reasons for this. First of all, a lack of awareness of the parents about what upbringing in a family should give children; next, a lack of organizations where young Poles could be brought up to become citizens and soldiers; and finally the general atmosphere of an unhealthy pacifism, propagated by associations freely operating in Poland with obscure-sounding names (various 'international rapprochements,' 'peace leagues,' 'human rights leagues,' etc.) subsidized by who knows whom and operating in who knows whose interest because it is certainly not in the interest of Poland."

My God! Why doesn't this "abc-woman" know her ABCs?

a) "A" can't be simultaneously "B." One of the two: either combativeness is inherent or imprinted. Arguing about an inherent combativeness which doesn't exist due to a lack of adequate organization and education only arouses pity.

b) First, it should be proven that combativeness and the "elementary feeling of patriotism" is one and the same thing; only then we can stick our patriotism on a bayonet and wave it

threateningly at "unhealthy pacifism."

c) An honest columnist says immediately if they know who is subsidizing "associations with obscure-sounding names," or they remain silent. A dishonest invective-monger, skilled in insinuation, slanders in such a way that you can't really challenge what they say. Ms. Rzętkowska, however, sincerely meant to make insinuations, but she just didn't have enough courage: she parenthetically points her finger at some institutions, declares bombastically that they are subsidized, but nobody knows by whom. She has weakened herself morally while exposing herself to legal action because for saying such things one can sometimes stay behind bars for two weeks – of course, after taking into account incompetence as a mitigating factor.

Further on Ms. Rzętkowska writes that "national instinct should be instigated in a child in an aware and consistent manner," because:

"Liberal beliefs, which instruct to protect the child solicitously against instigating (and how Ms. Rzętkowska delights in this 'instigating!') in the child their best and most natural national instincts are today called 'moral disarmament,' while it is the most immoral belief, it is simply the destruction of positive qualities of souls and minds."

Again, a mix-up of concepts! On the one hand, it turns out that the "natural" national instinct needs to be "instigated" in an aware and consistent manner, otherwise it will disappear. On the other hand, national sentiments are identified as equivalent to combativeness. You are not a member of the national community if you deeply love your country but hate war. You, dear boy, have to march, rattle your sabre, you have to desire war in order to break the bones of foreigners: only then will the good Ms. Maria pat you on the head and consider you a compatriot.

Woe to you if you do not heed her! "Individuals propagating this mushy pacifism should be punished as criminals acting against the interests of the Nation and the entirety of the state, and their

possessions should be confiscated for military purposes."

Luckily, barking dogs rarely bite, even if they bark a lot.

"Unhealthy pacifism is spreading in our state, it is being spread by associations and newspapers, especially under the influence of Jews; many Poles who are not resistant to the inventions of the Jewish spirit fall under its spell."

I used to think that pacifism was an invention of the universal spirit. If in this "invention" there is even a small contribution by representatives of my people, I am filled only with pride.

Yes, dear madam, as the soldier Krukowski used to say. I am proud that I follow the truths proclaimed by the noblest men of all nations.

While mauling her theory of national upbringing, Ms. Rzętkowska is referring to Italy, where "such an educational organization includes children from the age of 8" and to Japan, where "children are brought up to become future soldiers from the age of 6, in the atmosphere of an unshaken loyalty towards the nation."

Here, finally, the cat is let out of the bag. Because until now we could have thought that the terrified lady was fighting with the disappearance of "masculine qualities," of course erroneously because it is not always and not only the soldiers who are the embodiment of masculinity, that, for instance, scouting, tourism and sports also shape courage and bravery. But having referred to the example of two such characteristic states, the author has explained that this is not what she is after, but rather that she desires the militarization of youth through similar organizations.

We already know how it is done and where it leads. Shirts, rifles, camps and maneuvers, adequate talks and books, till the youths' skin becomes thick, their souls coarsen and their hands itch. Then the regiments of youth, educated to hunt, can be let off the leash in their own country and a dictatorship can be ushered in.

Kuba H.

## THE CRITICAL LATIN CLASS

Before I move to the actual subject matter, I will say a few words about the attitude of our class towards our "magistra," Ms. D. (I will not disclose any names because I don't want students from other schools to find out where this critical Latin class took place).

When this young, shy (because she had never taught before) lady in a black alpaca apron entered the classroom last year, she seemed very unpleasant to us. But we quickly grew accustomed to our new teacher and at the end of last year she had become the class favorite.

During summer vacation, the girls who left for camps carried out a friendly mail exchange with her. This year a lot of new schoolgirls came to our class. They were unable to start to like our "magistra" immediately, and others were not such good students as they had been last year, therefore the relationship between us and our dear teacher deteriorated a bit. But that lasted only two, three weeks. Old students started to get along with the new ones, convinced them that our favorite teacher is nice and from then on, Latin classes passed "sweetly."

With every day, with every smile and joke of the "magistra," the group of her admirers would grow. Almost after every lesson a handful of girls would gather around her and we had very nice chats. Usually these conversations were interrupted by a bell announcing the next class and profoundly pleasant words of "magistra":

"Stay healthy!"

On the day this unpleasant scene happened during Latin class, we were in an exceptionally good mood. When Ms. D. entered the classroom after the bell has rung, there were a few girls already sitting behind their desks, orange peels were scattered here and there, since this fruit had become very popular lately. In other words, it was a mess.

Ms. D., who in contrast to us was in an exceptionally bad mood on that day, was even more annoyed with the way the classroom looked. And so, very angry, she started to give the lesson.

Because we were, as I have already mentioned, in an excellent mood, we wanted the lesson to also be jolly. And here again, as almost in all cases of ill-treatment towards the teachers the issue of lack of understanding on the side of the students reappears. We didn't understand that our dear teacher has other troubles, not regarding us at all, that she can't always be in a good mood, that we also need to adapt to her. And the biggest mess was being done by her greatest admirers, myself included.

We understood our mistake only when Ms. D., at the highest level of irritation, after having walked one of the students out of the classroom, left herself, saying:

"As I can't punish the whole class, I am leaving myself."

The next day, after having consulted with our homeroom teacher, we decided not to apologize to our favorite, to whom we have done so much harm, but instead to remain perfectly quiet during class. However, the ambiance was very unpleasant.

Our "magistra," who had been so pampered by us all, visibly didn't consider it sufficient to go back to our previous relations.

She keeps being cross with us. When we say "good morning," she answers with a nod or sometimes with nothing at all.

As I have already said, since last year, we have started to like her mostly because she is very lenient, maybe the most compared to all other teachers. And this is why, besides sadness and melancholy that has overcome the entire class, we are also a bit surprised.

We are astonished that Ms. D. is not talking to us about that, like she used to do in all matters. Such a sudden change in the dear "magistra's" approach to us is the greatest punishment that we could have received. Maybe if she knew how sorry we are for our actions and how well we understand our mistake, she would forgive us. Therefore, I am writing hopeful that she will read it and will understand us.

W.M.

## I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE LACK OF FAITH

I usually approach people who deny the existence of God with a strange distrust. Their declarations are excessively pretentious. I am not sure if they don't hide the same dishonesty, this shallowness, which exists in the words and screams of those who try to pass for being religious and faithful.

The subjective, overly self-confident claim: "God doesn't exist" is just as glaring to me as the words: "God certainly exists" expressed with a false fervency.

I used to often encounter people who stressed their atheism as pointedly as possible in public spaces. In private conversations their doubts would

resurface, their insecurity – clumsily fumbling in the dark.

Maybe the headline is wrongly formulated. For sure there are people who have based their considerations on a deep analysis. I am not talking about them. But now I have in mind a certain type of people, who constitute the majority of non-believers.

As an example, let me use the work by Ryszard, which was read aloud during a discussion soirée of the Little Review.

One of the sub-headings was: "I don't believe in God, and yet..."

Ryszard doesn't remember the reason for breaking up with God. The

only thing he actually knows is that he was disheartened by the dirty sight of the synagogue, by a shammas stealing prayer books and by religion teachers, of whom one had an unkind face, and the other made advances at a maid.

And here lies the very matter of this insecure "yet." Lack of faith resulted from the embodiment of God in people who deal with godly matters. Because a priest was harassing Wikcia, because a shammas was stealing prayer books – this by no means proves that God doesn't exist.

A priest, a shammas, a melamed – they are people. God is the highest

being. People may make merchandise of God, but they are only besmirching themselves. The same way all ideologies should be denounced (as faith is an ideology) because often those who preach them are thieves, forgers and posers in their private life.

Ungrounded godlessness makes fun of and condemns works written under the influence of a feeling of a great love for God. The Bible, the Talmud, etc., are like brochures to non-believers. They don't understand their beauty, wisdom, persistence. The Bible is read in a very superficial manner. Memory holds only some moments like the one with the king that ordered his wife to dance naked in front of his guests, that

Lot's wife was too curious, and so on. The whole educational, historical content; the entire part on loving your neighbor is considered by them an unnecessary ballast, which should be discharged from one's mind.

This is a shallow ground, the lack of understanding, the erroneous identification of God with the flaws of his followers from which the lack of faith usually found among youth grows.

I am not tackling the very substance of the matter, I don't quote arguments for and against because all discussion about God existing or not is pointless. For every proof against you can find one in favor, or the other way around,

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## FROM RÓWNE TO CINCINNATI

At the beginning, as it was still unknown, they tried to keep this news hidden. But thanks to me, after a few days, the whole town already knew that we were to leave for America.

A group of 12 schoolmates gathered on November 18th at the train station. They were all sincerely saddened by my departure. Finally, the train took off. I will not describe the journey from Równe to Warsaw, nor from Warsaw to Gdynia.

In Gdynia, we spent the night in a camp for emigrants. "The camp" was actually three huge modern buildings erected outside of the city in a pine forest. Every floor has several large bright rooms where comfortable iron beds stand in rows. Electricity, central heating, bathrooms, exemplary cleanliness and order. It is worth also to underline the very good attitude of the administration towards emigrant Jew, who among other things were receiving special meals.

The next day at 12 a.m. we left the "camp" and went to the seaport. After taking care of the formalities, we boarded the Pułaski, a ship anchored in the port.

After two hours, to the sounds of the Polish national anthem "Poland is Not Yet Lost," the ship left with farewells bid by the crowd at the shore.

The Pułaski had taken on about 300 passengers, of which the majority were in the third class. The cabins were very small – about 3 x 3 meters. They fit two or three beds, which were of course bunk beds. The passengers consisted mostly of peasants – emigrants. A few American men and women attracted general attention.

There was no extraordinary entertainment on the ship. The films that were screened almost daily were also worthless. There were dances organized every day, but they didn't amuse me. Usually I stayed on the deck for the whole day and looked intently into the dark waves that seemed infinitely far and deep.

On the seventh day of the journey we experienced a storm and fog the day after. During the storm, waves soaked the deck every other moment and flowed through the windows into the covered decks. This storm lasted

about four hours. During the fog, there was a different danger looming: crashing into another ship. In order to avoid a crash, sirens blared intermittently, loud enough to raise a dead man from the grave. When I say "a dead man," I mean almost every passenger who thought they were already in the afterlife.

Already on the first day, I started to throw up. The journey to the capital of Latvia was more bothersome than the one through the ocean. Although the doctor reassured us that the sickness would go away once we reached the shore; in the meantime, however, you have to suffer, poor man.

Our ship stopped only in Copenhagen and in Halifax. Unfortunately, it stayed there only a few hours. Finally, on the 12th day of the journey, we entered the port in New York. Because we arrived at night, we weren't let off the ship until the next morning. I bid farewell to the ship on which I had spent 13 nights with both sadness and with joy. Thank you for bringing us safely from the Old to the New world! Farewell.

The first impression I got of New York was extremely powerful; it was enhanced even more by the fact that we had spent the night in the world's capital at the Hotel Pennsylvania, the second largest hotel in the world (we were going to live in Cincinnati, Ohio). The Hotel Pennsylvania has 2,200 rooms and more than a dozen elevators. The building has 21 floors.

Unfortunately, I was unable to see New York up close because of lack of time and the large size of this city. I did, however, manage to go to Broadway, take a ride in the elevated train that travels at the height of two floors and in the subway, running 6 meters below the streets.

I was happy to learn that we were to continue our trip in my uncle's car. In general, owing to the roads and the cheapness of vehicles, one usually travels here by car, of which there are about 20 million in America!

In the morning, we packed our belongings and drove off. The weather was great. The car, driving on average at the speed of 60 miles per hour, dashed through fields and towns, which would appear every dozen minutes or

so. We had lunch in a town about twice the size of Otwock, but with much more cars. After an hour, we continued on our way and stayed for the night in the larger city of Lewistown. And in the morning, we rushed again along the winding ribbon of roads.

But apparently, God wanted to punish us for our sins. 3 hours from Pittsburgh, we got into an accident. The road was slippery, the car hit a pile of snow at a turn and the two front wheels broke off. Luckily, we were not hurt at all. We had to ride in a car that stopped to help us to the train station and continue the remaining part of our trip by train.

This spoiled our moods a bit. However, I had the chance to see what American train cars look like. They are more comfortable compared to ours. There is no first, second and third class there. The seats are covered with green cloth. There are also no compartments, instead there are two seats on both sides. These cars bring to mind our trams.

The landscape that we had in front of our eyes was hilly. These mountains were very wild and rocky. Among larger cities, we have passed Pittsburgh, an industrial city with 660,000 inhabitants, located inside a coal basin. There are about 35,000 Poles living there.

Finally at 9:30 p.m., we arrived in Cincinnati. It is a beautifully built city with 400,000 inhabitants connected to Lake Erie through a channel; it constitutes one of the most active markets of America.

The first thing that had me in awe was the train station. It is supposedly the prettiest one in America and one of the first in the world. It has a huge glass dome. Inside, you can see a lot of images depicting the lives of Americans. My attention was especially drawn to the history of the city in pictures. They depict the Indians who used to live in these parts, then the first colonists, and finally the present-day specialties and factories which are very numerous here.

We took a taxi to go home. A couple of hours later I was delighting in clean sheets and in sleeping in our new home.

Silas from Cincinnati  
(formerly Saluś from Równe)

## LUXEMBOURG

If anyone knows this country, it must be philatelists. They know exactly what kind of stamps are available there, and besides that... besides that nothing at all. Therefore, I was very happy to have accidentally met an authentic Luxemburger, a young man with linen-colored hair and blue eyes. We started to talk.

"Our nation has 290,000 people. They usually work in farming and mining. Luxembourg is a duchy governed by the Grand Duke and a parliament consisting of 47 representatives. We also have an army of 300 soldier-volunteers. Our capital is the city of Luxemburg with 50,000 inhabitants."

"Do you feel your national distinctiveness?"

"Naturally. Actually, the history of our nation answers this question the best: we used to be under Austrian, Spanish, French, Belgian and German rule, finally we got rid of all foreign rulers which were drawn in by the rich mines of our small countries. We are a nation like all others, just a small one. We speak Luxembourgish. It is a mixture of French and German with its own distinctive grammar. We also have our own national anthem titled "Our Homeland." I shall quote its contents: "Where the Alzette flows through the meadows – The Sauer bathes the rocks; – Where the Moselle, smiling and beautiful – We made a present of wine – This is our country for which – We risk everything on earth; – Our homeland and adorable home – Our soul which is fulfilled."

"What are the characteristics of your people?"

"Maybe this might seem strange, but our people do not have any distinctive outfits nor special dances. They sing interesting songs however: "Railway

heart" and "Mir wëlle bleiwe wat mir sinn" – we want to remain what we are. It is about our independence."

"Your pastimes?"

"They are no different from the pastimes of other European nations: theater, cinema, concerts... Sports don't have many enthusiasts."

"What are the games your children play?"

"Hide and seek, dice, merchants, cops and robbers. This last game has been now renamed to 'Nazis and Communists.'"

"Please tell me something about your education system."

"Education is on a very high level. We have one school, in the meaning of uniformity of education system, which children start to attend after their 7th birthday. After seven grades in the elementary school, you go to a 7-year middle school. In the youngest grades the language of instruction is Luxembourgish, afterwards children are taught in German, and at the end in French. This is how our youth are able to master three languages at the same time. Whoever wants to continue their education, they go to the French or German universities. They attend lectures there, but for exams they come to Luxembourg to pass them in front of our commission."

"Do you have your own literature?"

"Not much. The national epic is the "Renert" (The Fox) written by Michel Rodange. Besides him our main poets are Dicks and Michel Lentz. Is this information enough? I have an urgent matter in town."

The conversation was short, but educational. At least now I know that Luxembourg does more than just postage stamps.

D.

## I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE LACK OF FAITH

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

and continue in this manner endlessly. This is solely the matter of feeling and conscience, the matter of an honest reckoning with oneself.

And this is exactly why I am writing. Because I usually don't see that

self-reckoning, that scrupulous insight into one's own self.

However, I am unable to dispute things with a narrow group of youths whose lack of faith results from a deep analysis. Maybe because my Faith and their Disbelief have grown from the same soil – the soil of difficult moments of doubt.

Tadeusz B-ski

B.S.

## FROM PREVIOUS VACATION

(continued)

Last winter already Ms. P. has brought several boys to our camp. Just so it would be merrier. This year these boys brought their friends, these friends – their friends and at the end we had about 40 boys. They were often coming both when they were supposed to and when they were not.

These boys were quite decent, some were intelligent and witty, others were idiots, as this is how usually girls describe boys, as someone in the article has already rightly noted. The latter ones – the "idiots" – wanting to impress us, made fools out of themselves. Girls were satisfied with that, although they pretended that boys bored them. However, when the boys got cross, the girls themselves asked the boys to come and finally pardoned each other.

We called this entire herd of boys the "fitphodremen" association (or in human language an association of stove

fitters, photographers, hairdressers) and coachmen. We have called some of the boys stove fitters because their representative, as soon as he came, immediately put his head in the stove; hairdressers – because some of them had their hair groomed and perfumed; photographers owned photo cameras of course, and for the coachmen – this was just our supplement. The name just sounds better with a 'man' at the end.

The majority of the "fitphodremen" came to our New Year's Eve soirée, to the evening of madness, as Marysia and Jadzia have stated in their poem. The principal, Ms. P. and Ms. Bela also came. The guests brought over 100 donuts and a lot of sweets. We didn't have a gramophone, but a representative of the hairdressers' union played vivacious waltzes and sentimental tangos on the mandolin. At midnight, after sparklers and cheers, the dancing party started

that lasted until the early hours of the morning, which has found the left side of the room all dancing away, and the right side – asleep.

I have already written about how we loved Miss Luscia. You might guess that more than one of us was wiping their tears in secret at the thought of Miss Luscia leaving. She left the day after New Year's Eve.

During a stroll in the afternoon Marysia, Lutka, Gutka, Małgosia, Jadzia and I wrote poems, which after having been all read and clean copied, were put inside a chocolate box and ceremonially presented to Miss Luscia.

The presentation happened at the station. It was interrupted by the toot of the locomotive. There was moaning, some girls were even crying and had to be calmed down by the trainmaster. We returned to the villa all sad.

I don't remember if I have underlined that at the beginning Miss Luscia didn't suspect what a rival she would have within putting rhymes together with the arrival of Ms. Cecylia.

Because Ms. Cecylia was a Polish language teacher, we demanded that she answer all our questions in verse

or at least in rhyme, as it was already a custom in the camp's community. Ms. Cecylia was unable to do that, but the next day she read to us an entire epic poem, the result of a sleepless night. Delighted, we excused her from rhyming during the day, instead demanding new poems.

Her second poem was even better because she had rich material to draw from as we organized a "night ruckus" for the 5th and 6th graders. The program of the ruckus: number one – bells (performed by Różka, hanging in the closet on a peg), number two – war, three – a menagerie (an audio drama devoted to domestic animals – crowing, cackling, neighing and barking), "snorando" (snoring), fifth and the last – a gramophone.

Instead we were shown "Centos" – the institute for feeble-minded children. We have learned that they don't organize similar "ruckuses" over there. Quite the contrary – the children work in peace: boys in a carpentry workshop and girls in a seamstress studio, where 14-year-old Rywka, whom they love very much and listen to as if she were a real teacher, takes care of them. All equipment in the institute is manufactured by the students.

The director of "Centos" explained to us how medical examinations and intelligence tests are run, and how children are being developed.

We were supposed to stay at camp one more day, but we were not allowed. Because there was still money left, the decision was made to use it!

For breakfast – a lot of ham, for dinner – a wonderful pudding, for the afternoon snack – cake, chocolate and apples.

After lunch, we went to Meran, we rented sleds and then helter-skelter down the hill.

It was so nice to zoom on the jumping sled, and then lie down, close our eyes and ride through an even field.

In the evening, we rented four pairs of big sleighs.

It was really delightful. We sang and the echo replied to us in a thick, scratchy voice. Everywhere all was white and the sleigh hurried forward.

I think we were all happy then and wished to continue the ride for as long as possible, no, not ride, but drift on the surface of the ground, admire the stars lighting the sky and not think about tomorrow, when we would be obliged to go back to school. ■



## Adam M. Mazurek

# “PEOPLE GROW...”

### Part one: HOME

A LITTLE REVIEW NOVEL  
REPRINTING PROHIBITED

Yes, everybody says daddy is right. What shall be done then? Everybody is racking their brains. Ideas are flowing. Maybe this way, maybe another way. Finally, the members come to the conclusion that there must be some punishment for not getting up.

The following was resolved:

The clock shall be set at 6:40 a.m. Everybody has the right to stay in bed till 6:50 a.m. But afterwards – they just have to jump out of bed immediately. Paweł volunteers to write down who got up at what time every day. If someone just sticks out their legs, it doesn't mean they are up. They should get out bed completely. Whoever doesn't get up on time five times, then their pay is cut by 10 groszy. Whoever doesn't get up seven times within a month, they lose one entertainment event on Sunday, movies or theater. Of course, this shall not apply to Zdzich because he doesn't go to school.

Daddy knows from experience that it is going to be the worse with that entertainment part. If, let's suppose, Marek will have to stay at home for punishment while everyone else goes to the movies, there is going to be so much wailing and tears, that finally nobody will go. So daddy proposes that whoever loses on entertainment could have the right to submit their case at the meeting. If the majority forgives them – then too bad. But you can forgive only once every four months.

This resolution was also adopted.

When the matter of order or rather of disorder came up for discussion, everyone quarreled for good.

Mother says that since children are now not required to work for the household because they are very busy, then at least they should not make life difficult for anyone. Why do they leave books and notebooks on the table? Why is the inkwell not put away? And why do they sometimes just throw their hats or coats anywhere, instead of hanging them up where they belong? This is very annoying after all.

Paweł flared up:

“Come on, now you are just picking on us... You can't leave books on the table when you are going away just for a moment, instead you must drag them with you? So what that the moment has lasted longer? Too bad! You couldn't have foreseen it. You had something important to do... And when you put books away – they also find you at fault for having put them away in a disorderly manner. Not true, 'cause you have put them away nicely, so what that the books are not lined up completely straight and smoothly – this is picking on people. It's about that person just putting their things away. Anyways – since mom cares so much about it – they will do everything since now on in such an orderly manner that it will just rock your face.”

Everybody started to laugh.

But mom is headstrong:

“Yes, yes – fine words butter no parsnips... You are always the same, Paweł. We all know, after all, the way you are. You promise something, and then it's all just a pie in the sky.”

Paweł is appalled:

“Well, haven't I just said that mom is picking on me. You haven't seen it yet, mom, and you already know for sure that I will do wrong... Mom, you always...”

Everybody has calmed down only after the president has interfered in the quarrel. And even mom got her “portion.” Because daddy says that mom forgets that the family bunch is not the one it used to be a few months back anymore. Daddy has full trust in everyone and mom will soon find out that the siblings know how to keep their word.

Marysia put in the minutes that from today on everybody commits to keeping the apartment tidy, to put everything away in its place.

Daddy has asked to write additionally that if someone notices a piece of paper on the floor, they should immediately pick it up, without saying that “it wasn't me who threw it there,” and ceremoniously, on tiptoes and with a solemn face expression and one hand on their heart, take it to the nearest bin...

At every meeting, it just happened so that besides the planned matters also others would pop up.

Today, for instance, Paweł was nagging at Miss Antoniowa. No matter what – she immediately calls everyone “snots.” Snots and snotty brats... The children do not like it at all. And, should someone reply to Miss Antoniowa regarding that “snot,” she yells that on top of that one is a guttersnipe... And it is she, after all, who always starts to call people names.

Miss Antoniowa started to explain herself. That was really fun to watch. Everybody thought that once she gets her “grinder” in motion – no one will be able to talk her down. And there is Miss Antoniowa, unable to find her tongue, as if it kept getting stuck on something all the time. Simply – the eighth wonder of the world. This is Miss Antoniowa, after all – and to have her tongue tied? Unbelievable! Isn't it that she can't find her tongue because she's wrong?

Only daddy is not surprised and he understands it well. It is something different to talk to one person, and different to speak in front of several at once. Oh, in such events even the most expressive people lose their tongues in their mouths! And what is more – when one has to explain himself for having done the wrong thing...

But Miss Antoniowa believes she is right. She says that she calls people names more because she's used to it, and not out of malice. She has served in so many households already and for so many years! So she has grown accustomed to calling kids a “snots,” to being able to call them names. But since they wish she wouldn't do that, then she will try to get unaccustomed...

Miss Antoniowa has been forgiven from the bottom of everyone's heart!

How nice it is when the bunch get up in the morning on their own and on time.

One keeps an eye on the other, threatening that they might lose 10 groszy, a trip to the movies or to the circus. One comforts the other saying that it is like that only at the beginning that one doesn't feel like it... But later – once you get used to it – then it doesn't matter. And what is most important – if you get up early, you have still time to work in the workshop, or repeat some classes.

Mom is happy, Miss Antoniowa is also satisfied. Well yes – it is all thanks to the family council and the meetings.

The children laugh at Miss Antoniowa. In the past – as soon as something bad happened – immediately the family

council was at fault... But now when things are good at home, Miss Antoniowa is singing her song again “That was thanks – to the family council.”

But despite this – God knows why the children just need to quarrel from time to time! More than once Paweł has already decided that he would never ever fight with Marysia, which is something he always feels like doing... And yet – it just so happens that they have to tell each other a few words of truth...

Each one said something, and it would seem it was all over. But no. In the whole house, there are immediately bad moods. Seemingly, there is the family council, seemingly there is supposed to be peaceful life together, and look at what is happening? They have quarreled and it looks like the family council and paradise has been lost...

Usually mom is the most worried. Once she only hears someone speaking more loudly, she gets strangely anxious and even scared. She is almost convinced that now it is going to be all over for sure. Everything will go back to what it used to be, to...

Oh, how sorry everybody is after such a quarrel! You could say that not only mom, but the siblings and Miss Antoniowa think that way, that it all has gone to hell, that after all they are incapable to live in harmony. And in one moment they have all forgotten about the numerous joyful, cheerful weeks, when all was completely, but completely well.

And the strange thing: whatever would happen at home, the president should not find out about it. They didn't agree after all that they would not say anything to daddy – and despite that, it was as if a quiet agreement was struck by all. Just as long as daddy doesn't find out!

It was then just pure luck that one day when the household was still stuffy with bad moods because a moment ago Paweł and Marysia were... – that at exactly such a moment daddy has come home. Well yes, he had to notice everything immediately. As is his custom, he asks jokingly about what has happened and how it was.

No, mom was no longer able to keep it to herself. She started to complain. She is not going to hide the truth that the children are concealing things from daddy, while playing family council. This is one big farce! Nothing completely has changed at home! It is just as bad as it used to be...

And Marysia is already crying! Paweł is annoyed by that. She is such a fake. She thinks she is a saint. And since this is Paweł and he must be right, therefore he starts to argue, but in such a way as to drown out and shout louder than everybody sitting in the dining room about what was it like in reality and who is really at fault.

Everybody is so sad, and daddy – who would have thought – is smiling. He smiled once or twice, and then he grabbed a bell and is shaking it ferociously.

A meeting!

Miss Antoniowa was unable to look any longer at such clownery and lack of care about anything, and she ran to the kitchen as fast as she could.

There she caught her head in her hands, deeply appalled... What is that man doing? Kids will grow up to be bandits. The only thing to do is to spank them and spank them good!

The beginning of the meeting was sad.

Only daddy has kept his good mood:

“Well, my dears, chins up! I am counting to three: one... two... three... Just like that. Excellent. Pleasant faces, cheerful expressions on those mugs. Like at the photographer. Exactly. The whole thing, as you see, is about a misunderstanding. I can see that very well. Ha ha ha...”

Oh, how naïve! They thought that since there is family council, then they have to become angels immediately... Oh, you dear, dear brats, my dear wet behind the ears greenhorns! Who's told you that one can't quarrel? What is the mouth and the spit in it for? Who's told you that you are not allowed to hit each other? Look at these smartasses... And what will you do with your hands? Probably we will have to wrap them up nicely and send away to an exhibition abroad?... Oh, my naïve clowns, hands are for hitting, after all.”

Mom is clearly unhappy with the speech being given by daddy and is making a face. But the president of the council doesn't pay attention to her:

“Who cares? You feel like hitting each other, it shall be good for your health and good for the bruises... This is your right! But why should we immediately make a tragedy out of it and end up in a bad mood? Am I right, Zosieńka? But you see, an honorable, an aware member of the family council thinks this way: Well – all right, I have quarreled a bit. I know that one can't go without it because people are people, and it just happens so that they always have opportunities to quarrel. Yes. I also used to have them. I have quarreled. And now I want to forget about it and continue to be a decent man striving to have fewer of these disputes, so finally they end once and for all. Of course – because I am small, I can't unlearn it all immediately. But I will keep trying.”

Paweł's eyes are lighting up already – oh, how well daddy has thought this up. Oh, what a swell guy daddy is and he understands it is at times more difficult to live through a day without a fight than to live without a smile. It is after all beyond one's capacities to not to fight with someone.

Slowly all mouths have opened to smile. And mom's face is completely cheerful now. Yes, she admits daddy is right. Only now she understands that she was making a tragedy out of silly things unnecessarily. After the witty clarifications made by daddy, hitting does not look so awful and unbearable anymore. In comparison to the way it used to be in the past, ah...

Eyeglasses, through which mom is looking at children's quarrels, become rose-colored from one moment to another. Oh well, if dad is right, he's right. Doesn't mom remember these fights and brawls? You couldn't get a quiet moment. And now? Yes, Henryk is right. And so what if they quarrel a bit, that they bicker, if they're usually back to living in harmony the next minute.

And daddy:

“When I look back and recall the times when I was a kid myself, I know for sure that the most bickering happens when adults interfere. Daddy or mommy interferes during a row and it seems to them that they are necessary for happiness, that without them, the kids will murder each other... And this is not true. As soon as those who are quarreling see an adult is interfering, they start to hit each other more ferociously at once, they cry louder, they pretend they are very hurt – all this so the adult admits one of them is right and takes their side. I remember well, when I was a rascal and got into fights, a great energy would overcome me at the sight of my approaching mother and I would strike with all my might counting on her support and intercession. And when mom indeed took my side – well, then I had the victory and triumph in my pocket...”

The siblings are smiling. Oh, that daddy – as if he were reading our minds.

“Yes, yes, my dears. It is best that adults don't interfere. You have your rows, but what can you do to each other? The

worst that can happen is that one will give a number of nudges to the other, they will roll a bit on the floor, yet after one hour they will be... good friends... As children do. But if an adult interferes, fierceness grows in them and then for sure they will be mortal enemies for life...”

Paweł is unable to sit quietly. He has been fidgeting so long in his chair that the president noticed it and asked if he wanted to say something.

Well yes, Paweł has the same opinion as daddy. He says that he already had a talk with mom about the fights. But, well – mom laughed at him then and even threatened that she would take him out of school, since they teach there that it is all right to be fighting.

“Come on, Pawełek. We know each other well,” daddy is laughing. “Forgive me, but you will never become a saint... To unlearn it, I propose we write down our quarrels and skirmishes. We can for instance put up a list in the dining room. Of course, you understand that no one is risking anything in this way, even if he would have a lot of the good stuff. Simply – everyone will just write down on the list that they had a fight with this or that person. And once they write it down, they will remember and try not to wrestle and rumble so much.”

Everybody liked daddy's idea. Even Zdzicho was satisfied, although he would get scolded the most and it doesn't come easy for him. The poor thing can scribble his name already, usually going upwards... But nothing more than that.

Marek said that they would make a board in the workshop on which the list will be posted. Well done, Marek! And daddy added that it would be worth it to make a bigger board to also hang other lists on it. For instance, the one with ideas as where they are to go on Sundays.

Zdzicho envies a lot those who know how to read and write. He will start school only next year.

Zdzicho would like to have this knowledge already because he has come to the conclusion that it is very useful. There are lists hanged on the board, ideas written down, and he neither can read, nor write anything down and is often forced to ask someone for help. So – he really wants to start learning.

But mom says that he still has time for schooling and he will get bored with it many times. Despite that, his enthusiasm makes her happy. What is more, she has noticed that Zdzicho is clever. It is enough to show him a letter and he remembers it immediately. When she takes a stroll with him, he always looks at the big letters on the signboards and illuminated ads, he asks how they should be pronounced, read, and afterwards he slowly and painstakingly combines them into syllables on his own.

This matter has reached daddy. Zdzicho is begging to be taught. He promises that he will always want it and that he will always do his homework.

Daddy is listening to these promises, listening and thinking, and he has an idea already: well, if he wants to study why should we forbid him? And why should someone unknown teach him, when Marysia could do it successfully? It is understood that she should not do it just for the sake of it, to try it out, or out of mercy. Nothing would come out of that. She will show letters once or twice to Zdzicho, then she will get bored and the whole studying will be over. No. Marysia will receive remuneration. For one class every day, 15 zloty per month. The money will be useful to her. Yes, we will discuss this matter in a meeting. The council members should voice their opinions.”

(TBC)



## “ELIZABETH’S LAND”

“Elizabeth’s Land” by Pola Gojawiczyńska is a novel about Upper Silesia, but in essence it is a novel about life. A novel about life as it is in reality, not idealized, but real, actual life: a novel of broad horizons, a novel tackling the problems of all of mankind, a novel about the truth.

Because the matters tackled by the author are true, the descriptions of everyday life are true, the masterfully-described characters are true. You can clearly see the emotions and the sobriety of the author, the simplicity of expression devoid of any pretentiousness, the work’s wonderful composition.

The issue of the attitude towards the state, towards the Upper Silesia land and its inhabitants, and vice versa, is brilliantly presented: state politics are not idealized around this issue; the author clearly shows both its positive and negative sides, while at the same time expressively painting the way that these simple and honest Silesian people understand these politics.

The author not only skillfully and tactfully tackles this issue, she also avoids any excessive regionalism that might halt the “broader breath of the book.”

In fact, “Elizabeth’s Land” is not a regional novel. Not only is the proportion between life itself and its ideal wonderfully maintained – we keep our feet firmly on the ground – but we strive to reach the ideal as well.

To believe in spite of everything and against all odds: this is exactly what the author tells us to do. Despite unemployment, despite moments of weakness, despite injustice, maybe even harm: the courageous Silesian people will not give in and break down.

The book is of a high artistic level. Brevity with a simultaneous exploitation of the subject is also characteristic, although the author leaves a lot to the shrewdness of the reader. Therefore, the subject is exploited but not exhausted. After having read the book we feel the need to think it through and ponder its contents.

Elizabeth’s character especially requires thinking through. The author doesn’t make a main character out of her, around which the plot would be woven; usually she pushes her into the shadow of her “great mother,” Agnieszka. The psychological moment is delightfully caught: almost

all characters concentrate around Agnieszka; Agnieszka manages everything; Agnieszka is active. These events delineate Elżbieta’s character for us, partially unveiling her intellect and her soul, but only partially because until the end of the novel, Elżbieta is enveloped in a mist of ambiguities and mysteries. In general, besides that, we are dealing with a great wealth of archetypes. The author shows the environment, the community and the characters that stick out, describing them by highlighting through events.

Finally, I would like to quote an excerpt from a review by J.E. Skiwski:

“The members of the Puczek family will be shooting magpies, and the members of the Sroka family will run to the head of a rally of the unemployed with their miserable brats. Human weakness will be mixed with that, and injustice, a rebellion of hungry stomachs, and passions which are never satisfied – one time great, another time ordinary and mundane, but the healthy nation knows and remembers that, in the end, simple human decency and the will to remain on the surface of life wins. I have read this healthy lesson in ‘Elizabeth’s Land’ – and I would be happy to contribute to its popularity.”

Lusia from Częstochowa

## ON CHESS PROBLEMS

It is not so much composing as solving all types of problems, self-mates or studies that highly develops the intellect of chess players. We learn about new methods of positioning, avoiding or prolonging checkmates. We learn how to play the endgames, find moves that are characteristic for a given situation, etc. Our understanding of playing offensively and defensively is greatly enriched. These three factors, besides playing master games, are the most important in theory.

As everybody knows, chess problems are artificially set compositions of chess pieces, the objective of which is to checkmate in a specified number of moves (2, 3, 4). It is required that they are nicely composed, i.e., so that a difficult and at the same time interesting combination may be performed with an equal number of white and black chess pieces.

It is understandable that the simplest problems are the two-movers. Here we have a very interesting composition by M. Wróbel, which won one of the awards at the competition organized by “La Settimana Enigmistica” in 1932.

White:

Kg8, Qb5, Rd3, Rd2, Nh5, Nf3, Bb6, Bc4, e2, e3, g4.

Black:

Ke4, Qa3, Ra5, Rh6, Bb8, Bb8, Sc5, g7, h7.

We see that the number of chess pieces is almost the same. And none of them are placed without a purpose. Let’s take for instance bishop b8. It seems at first completely unnecessary, but if it weren’t there, knight h6 could go to g3 and checkmate.

The author wants the path to performing the mate in two moves to be only one.

When rook d3 goes to c3, any move made by Black will result in an immediate mate. Even if Black tries to check by capturing with knight b3 x c4, White escapes Hb5 x c4 and mate.

To solve the problems one needs not only to have an understanding of chess, but also to think in a logical manner. If, for instance, we notice that Black has the possibility to check White, we know that it is in the annihilation of this move that the sense of this solution lays.

Three-movers are an order of magnitude more difficult than four-movers – the most accomplished chess players struggle with them. Only once we master this group of the simplest problems, when we can solve problems of this type without difficulty, will we be able to move to a higher class. Here are two quite interesting and characteristic examples representing two extremes types of the same class.

A. Mari. Barcelona.

White: Ke3, Qg2, Bg7, Bh3, Nf5, a3, b4, c2, c6.

Black: Kd5, Qa7, Re5, Rd6, Bb8, Nd7, b5, c3 and c6.

It might seem that in such a position it wouldn’t be too hard to give a mate, and in several manners. However, the iron rule of chess problems says: one method, one move. If one can give a mate in one manner or another, the whole composition is worthless. The only possible solution is Ke3 – f4, similarly to before. Wherever White goes, it will be immediately checkmated.

To finish I will present a beautiful three-mover composition by M. Wróbel, which won an award in 1927 from “Shakmatny Listok.”

White: Kf1, Qd4, Ne5, Bf5, b2, g2, h4, d7, e4.

Black: Kf4, Bh2, Bf7, Sa2, b7, h7, h6, h5, b4, c4, c3, g3.

I will present here only two solutions:

Ne5 – c6 ! Bf7 – e6

e4 – e5 Kf4 x f5

Nc6 – e7 mate.

Ne5 – e6 ! Bf7 – g6

Nc6 – e7 ! Bg6 x f5

e4 – f5 and mate.

In Poland, D. Przepiórka is considered to be the best composer. Unfortunately, his problems are too complicated and difficult for us to be presented here.

Salek from Świętojska Street

## WE HAVE OUR OWN ICE RINK

On one beautiful morning, I looked out to the backyard by coincidence and uttered these words:

“We could make an ice rink here.”

In order for you to understand what followed, I need to explain: we live on the ground floor; there is a high wall within a distance of seven steps from our windows. This wall encloses the backyard. We are the only ones who have access to it. The next day, the “ice campaign” started, as it was called by Sewek (in general Sewek speaks very intelligently lately). The following children participated in this “campaign”:

Janek – 6 years old – my cousin

Józek – 9 years old – my cousin

Halinka – 12 years old – my sister

Sewek – 12 years old – my cousin

We opened the balcony wide. Mom started to lament: “You’re gonna put me in my grave. I have the flu and you are letting ice-cold air inside.”

First of all, we had to clog the drain, so that water wouldn’t escape. Sewek is great at boxing, (especially with me), but in this case he had to abase himself in front of me. Because his attempts were fruitless, I had to clog the drain with a kitchen floor-rag using my own hands and legs. However, it turned out that this was not enough, either. A board we put down wasn’t watertight, either. The water kept escaping. Then Halinka had an ingenious idea: Józek and Janek would stand on the plank and they pressed it against the rag with all their strength.

We were able to start with the most important matter: how to get the required amount of water to the backyard? There was no question of a hose. We decided that I would go inside the house and pour water out through the window in the dining room with the help of a bucket.

As decided, it was carried out. A pilgrimage with a bucket of water held in my hands started from the kitchen, through the hall, to the dining room, then from the dining room, through the hall, to the kitchen, this time with an empty bucket.

Everyone understands that, despite trying hard, two or at most maybe three drops of water have dripped onto the polished floor. But for these three drops such a storm fell over me that I completely didn’t know where to hide.

“You, miss, you don’t respect people’s work at all, you just spill and drip.”

“But it was only two drops!”

I scream loud, but I know that she’s right.

“You should not pull the wool over people’s eyes, miss. We have an excellent understanding of drops (by the way she has no understanding of drops at all because once, instead of Guttae Inoziemcovi drops, she put clove oil drops in my glass, and I almost poisoned myself with that). People’s hearts are hurting. We work, we work. And here comes such an idler and spoils everything.”

I turned crimson and purple: you can accuse me of many things, but not of being idle.

Anyway, I was beginning to be angry with the whole enterprise myself. About ten buckets of water had already been poured out and nothing, it was as if someone had only spat there. Additionally, it turned out that we would have to pick up the garbage that has appeared from God knows where. I passed a broom through the window, which started to look like a wet rag after a few minutes, while the future ice became the color of mud.

I was about to quit on making the ice rink, when Heniek appeared. Heniek is smart and witty.

“Heniek, what to do? If we only had a hose!”

“So take the gas pipe,” he answers calmly with no sign of a smile.

Mom started to laugh, the maid is giggling.

“No, I need to hide it instead. So you can have something to hang yourself on.”

We look out the window. Suddenly Heniek knocks on the window pane and gives advice in a serious tone:

“Everyone should spit as much as they can!”

Halinka’s eyes are full of tears, and I have no more strength. I bring out one last bucket of water.

“Heniek, you will take the cauldron down from the cupboard, you will pour water into it and you will take it out to them to the backyard.”

Heniek obeyed the order, but poured the water out so awkwardly that Janek and Józek suddenly were standing in water up to their ankles.

That was enough: Janek had just had bronchitis. Despite of the most ardent protests of all, the entire bunch had to go inside the apartment at my mom’s order.

Those who don’t believe don’t have to, but after two days there was an ice rink, small, not too even, but it was our own.

Wita

## 17TH MAIL DELIVERY

Last week (from January 25th to February 1st) brought several nice works: a text by Dorka from Zamość about the school zoo (we will print it in March), a reportage by Lejzor from Gęsia Street – “After the matura exam” (in the next issue), a short story by Renia from Sierakowska Street entitled “Librarians,” “Winter season in the Polish radio” by Marjan Z. (in the next issue), “I have fallen ill” by Halina from Świętojska Street and a diary by Saluniek from Brukowa Street (however, a piece of the same value and subject sent earlier by Janka should be published first). – We have selected letters by

Bunia from Łomża, Mieczysław from Świętojska Street, Anita, Hala from Franciszkańska Street, Hala from Bonifraterska Street, Zosieńka from Staszów, Izio from Mińsk Mazowiecki, Salomon from Otwock and Józef from Al. Jerozolimskie Street for the next “Reader updates” column.

Out of the remaining correspondence it is worth to mention “An adventure at the skating rink” and “The soirée” by Mania from Pińsk, “The Olympics” by St.K., “Employment” by Popella, “Olek the party member” by Rita, “In the backyard” by Marek N., a letter from Marysia from Włocławek, “A frozen

window pane” by Luba from Vilnius, Otwock’s chronicle by Szlamiek, “Skiing excursion” by W.Z., letters from Ania from Białystok, Bronka from Grzybowska Street (“Comparison”), Estusia and Edzia, Anima from Otwock (“Bolek or Władek?”). We forward the letter from Luba A. to Tadeusz B-ski, and the poem by Ryszard to editor Appenzlak.

Answers:

To Jonas D. – “May I send it?” – Naturally. – “Will it be published?” – We need to read it first. The title itself (“The old mill”) doesn’t say anything about the value of the work. However, we would like you to note that you should not hesitate to send summer material. Because the newsroom will be closed

during summer vacation; therefore, we will start putting together the summer issues as early as March.

To Różia from Płock – Of course, your father’s diary might get published in the Little Review if: 1). It was really written in his early youth and 2). Constitutes an interesting document about the life of youth 30 years ago.

To Bolek from Łódź – Not on your own. Too serious a matter. Please contact the responsible correspondent of the Little Review: Paweł Liberman, No. 40, 11 Listopada Street apt. 14, Sunday 4-5 p.m.

To Henryk T. from Łódź – In the envelope, we only found photos of M. Bogdy and A. Brodzisz with their dedications to the Little Review – without

a word of clarification. Did you conduct an interview?

To J.S. (Grodno) – Thank you for the words of appreciation, but your article can’t be used by the Little Review – children’s and youth paper.

Jerzy M. (Sosnowiec) – About the matter of establishing a Sosnowiec club of Little Review contributors, we advise you to contact our colleague L. Rajchman, No. 5 Stara Street.

To Ewa P. from Kielce – We can’t send the issue from 14.12, 1.01, and 18.01. as we only have the copies for the editors. You should ask the administration of the Little Review to send you these issues, and include 75 groszy in postage stamps.

CONTINUED ON P. 6



# READER UPDATES

## A FLOOD IN SCHOOL

On January 15th, I went to school for the first time after winter break. On the way there I met classmates who were already going home. I was very surprised and I asked them what had happened.

My friends told me that a pipe broke at school and water flooded the ground floor and our changing room. Anxious, I hastened my pace in order to be at school as quickly as possible. However, I was unable to get inside because they were not letting anyone in.

The next day, the teacher explained the reason for the disaster to us. Due to freezing cold weather, the water in the pipe froze. After it warmed up, the ice broke the walls of the pipe and water started to leak. After a long search, the broken pipe was found. Because of this accident, the school incurred great losses.

Zofja Cz.

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## CORRECTION

There was a letter from Staś from Nowolipki Street in the Little Review in the "Reader updates" section under the title "We are searching for prospects." Stasiak was blaming me that I became a deputy, received prospects and didn't want to share with him.

This is not true, because I haven't received any prospects. Stasio slandered me in the paper.

Rysio from Ogrodowa Street

\* \* \*

## ORANGES GOT CHEAPER

Nowadays at every corner one can see baskets and carts: everybody is selling oranges.

"Sweet, raspberry-taste at 20 groszy! Buy, buy, don't be sorry to spend money, cause it's cheaper than bread!"

Some people buy, others don't, some haggle, others pay at once. One lady knocked over all oranges and bought nothing.

"What? You want 20 groszy for oranges like that? They aren't worth even 10 groszy."

"Then don't buy any."

"Of course, I will not buy them," and she went away.

There is another cart standing near that one. Here oranges cost 15 groszy. So the merchants are arguing:

"You there, you're competing with me here, I will teach you a lesson!"

"Get away from here, beat it," and of course they are already fighting.

Standing farther on, there is another merchant, but nobody is buying from him because he offends everyone.

A policeman comes, there is a commotion and everyone flees. Suddenly I meet a friend:

"Aren't you glad? The prices of oranges went down!"

And my friend answers:

"Whoever was able to buy oranges for 1 zloty, will now be buying for 20 groszy, and those who didn't have 1 zloty in the past, won't have 20 groszy either. It would be better if the price of shoes or coats went down, then every poor person could be nicely dressed.

P.S. I apologize to Rysiek for the faux pas in my letter, "We are searching for prospects."

Stasio from Nowolipki Street

\* \* \*

## STOP THE TORTURE

Near the hospital, I saw a crowd of people and inside there was a carriage with a horse.

Various thoughts were coming to my mind: maybe they brought a sick person to the hospital, maybe the horse has run someone over, or maybe a family has come in this carriage for someone who has passed away. They will pull out a casket in a moment, family members will get on the carriage and they will go to the cemetery. I approached it with a pounding heart. There, I saw the coachman who was beating the horse mercilessly. The horse was kicking and was unable to start moving. Two ladies, wrapped in furs, got off the carriage and were very angry at the horse.

I couldn't watch it. I was angry that people were gawking, but nobody defended the horse. I ran away home. I kept hearing the swishing of the

whip. I was mad. I slammed the door and I got scolded.

Why were they beating the horse? For carrying people? For pulling huge loads? And why I keep hearing the swish of the whip?

I wanted to go out to find out if the carriage was still there. I put a coat on and ran outside.

I looked towards the hospital. My heart lightened up, as if someone had lifted a stone from it. There was no horse, nor the crowd there anymore. On the place of the horse there were two people standing: they were police officers.

Dita from Pińsk

\* \* \*

## CHILDREN'S CONVERSATIONS (Otwock)

Mirka: "I have recently come to Otwock, but I will stay here for good. Everybody here wears long skiing pants and sweatshirts, and they also wear dark blue hats. They look nice and I am dreaming of having such an outfit and skis as well."

Josek: "I give you my word that Otwock is beautiful. And the casino – it is probably the most beautiful building in the world. They say that Warsaw is also nice, but I don't know, I have never been there, and I love Otwock very much."

And another thing: my friends and I always go to the house where a reporter from the Little Review lives. His chamber is really nice, completely like in an office. But once I played a prank on him. Instead of a letter, I threw a stick in the mailbox.

Mirka: "Enough. I will tell you about the movies because I often go there with daddy."

Miecieo: "You have already talked, so now I will talk: our cinema is located in a big building. There is a stage and a sheet. Once it gets dark, images appear on the sheet, I don't know where from. People move on that canvas, carriages drive by, and some people talk and you can hear everything, you just can't understand anything."

Hania: "I get up at 7 a.m., I eat breakfast and run to school. Our school

is big and pretty. Our teacher is kind, so almost everyone is an excellent student. It is calm during every lesson, except for religion. The teacher is angry, she stomps her feet, but this doesn't help at all.

After class, we run out screaming to the changing room. Here, some children make a mess, because they stomp on others' feet, coats, so that at last Piotr the janitor chases them away.

After lunch, I go to my own ice rink, which my friend and I made on our own. My parents don't let me go to other rinks, so I slide on the one we made.

Afterwards I do my homework, I eat dinner and I go to sleep."

Itka: "Shoeless Jasio – this is what they call him – is a small man. He walks around in ragged clothes. He usually strolls on Kościelna Street, and the coachmen harass him, beat him, laugh at him and call him crazy."

Miecieo: "He is not crazy at all, just unhappy. Some people give him packages to carry home for them."

Itka: "And he never wears shoes."

Hania: "I watch the patients who come to see my daddy. They put their clothes on all the chairs, they make a mess. Small children usually cry. Sometimes when adults come, they cough so horribly and spit. Daddy doesn't let me come near them. He says that they have tuberculosis and that this is a terrible disease."

Josek: "I sometimes cough and spit, do I have tuberculosis as well?"

Hania: "For sure, but anyway, I am not sure, I will ask daddy. And also, they say that sick people come to see us from other towns."

Mirka: "Because there is always fresh air in Otwock."

Miecieo: "Why is that?"

Josek: "Yes, near the station I have read this sign: 'Climate and health resort station', but I don't know what it means."

Miecieo: "It seems to me that climate means some kind of air, and a health resort has to do with health." (collected by reporter Szlamiek)

# THE STORY OF THE WOODEN STOOL

There was an old, grey-haired nanny. And there were stories. Some beautiful, sad, others scary. And there were ghosts – good and evil ones. Good ghosts lived in the wall of the dining room, and evil ones – in the bedroom. We never saw the good ones because they would appear only at night, and evil ones would haunt us during the day.

"You know," my brother said to me, "I saw a good ghost last night"

"What did he look like?"

"Well actually I didn't see him, but I heard clearly that he was walking and moving chairs around."

"Swear!"

"I should turn into a negro! I should be scalped! I should be devoured by a lion, if I am lying. Do you believe me?"

We soon forgot about ghosts because a stool appeared.

It had been painted red. I tried it to see if it is comfy to sit on and... there was a huge stain on my dress and a huge scene because of it.

In general, there were often quarrels and scolding because of the stool.

"I am going to sit on the stool today!"

"No, I am sitting."

"No, I am."

"I'm already sitting!"

"In a moment, you will be lying down."

"Just try!"

Sometimes, it would end in a fight, and other times, one would let the other take it.

"You sit on it at lunch and I will sit at dinner."

One time the stool betrayed us good. We made an expedition to get preserves. Mother would place them high on a cupboard. Impossible to reach them. But what is the stool and a good head on the shoulders for? Mietek climbed the stool, I climbed on Mietek. I grunt a bit, but I've got the jar. I stick all my fingers in the preserves and lick them.

"Enough! It is my turn now." Mietek is impatient.

And so we took turns. Until a few drops fell on the stool. We haven't noticed.

"You have been eating preserves!" Mom is yelling.

"No."

"So why is the stool stained?"

"Maybe ghosts?" A salutary thought came to our minds.

Unfortunately, the adults have stopped believing in ghosts a long time ago.

\*\*\*

I am looking at you now, my stool, and you bring memories back.

You were our only and our dearest toy. We wouldn't have given you away even for all rarities from the window of an expensive shop.

Do you remember when we played car, when we searched for a steering wheel in order to triumphantly break off a wheel of a stroller, after having wounded our hands?

How sad we were when we didn't have a trunk because how can a car not have a trunk. We broke a window pane then and a glass. Afterwards we tried to fall asleep as quickly as possible in order to not to hear until the morning: "My God, it is impossible to manage with these children..."

You are my dearest piece of memorabilia.

Bronka

# CURRENT NEWS

– A Mickiewicz exhibition is open every day until the 21st of March, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. in the Count Potocki palace (No. 32 Krakowskie Przedmieście).

– Admission for youth 50 groszy, for groups – 10 groszy.

– The Team of Jewish Sea Scouts is starting to build kayaks. Sign-ups are open every day at 4-5 p.m., No. 49 Królewska Street, apt. 26, ph. 627-20.

– The Jewish Society of the Nurture of Fine Arts has organized an exhibition of works of Jewish artists in the "Ahdut" premises (No. 11 Wierzbowa Street, apt. 33). The exhibition is open every day from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m. Admission 50 groszy.

– A matinée devoted to Norwid's poetry will take place on Sunday, February 10th at 12 o'clock in Reduta (36-40 Kopernika).

– On Saturdays and Sundays afternoons, the "Ateneum" theater is performing a sketch for youth, "Oh my, what's

happening?" by Aleksander Fredro.

– A common room meeting was held in the "Ascola" Middle School in the presence of principals from middle schools from the entire Warsaw district. The principal of "Ascola" presented a paper about the common room movement. A discussion is supposed to take place in the Education Office.

– Kalecka Middle School has launched a woodworking workshop for their students.

– The student library at the P. Zaksowa Middle School is organizing a series of excursions titled "How does a book come to life?" Among other things, students visit a paper factory and a printing house.

– A "Sports soirée" was organized and proved very popular, the proof of which is that almost the entire program has been repeated at the request of the public.

– According to data collected in one of Warsaw's libraries, the most popular

book among female students from the second grade of middle school is currently "Martin Eden." This book is being borrowed almost every day and has been read by 83% of all readers, students of the second grade.

– "I have learned from the press," writes Leon, "that in the United States there was a ceremony of granting the medal of 'Goodwill' to Sir James McDonald by the American Jewish community. Facts like this are like clear flashes on a dark horizon; they show that the idea of human brotherhood is not disappearing and can't disappear. The question arises however – how can we, young people, contribute to the peaceful coexistence of various nations, at least only in the area of Poland? Should it be through the establishment of joint clubs or an exchange of delegates from organizations and clubhouses? There are probably also other methods of establishing relations between Jewish and Polish youth. In my opinion this

matter should be well considered."

– "Why has the newcomer column been published only now?" Ewa El-oka asks. "Naturally, the newbies do not write as well as for instance Edwin or a reporter from Italy, but instead their letters are more familiar, they speak about things that everybody experiences. While reading "The hour of torment" by Irka from Łódź, I had the impression that I was reading about myself. Every day I experience the same thing Irka does. But such articles should have a voting coupon attached. If it would turn out that 90% of students suffer because of having to get up early, then who knows, maybe the school authorities would decide to start classes one hour later in winter. Such coupons are necessary for all articles about general matters. For instance, there is now a lot being said about Hebrew and Yiddish. A vote should be organized: who thinks in Polish, who in Yiddish and who in Hebrew. ■



# JUNIOR TRIBUNE

## COMPETITIVE SPORTS VERSUS PHYSICAL EDUCATION

During a general meeting of the Secondary and Higher Education Teachers' Society, Professor Piasecki presented a paper about "Physical Culture versus National Upbringing."

The speaker considers competitive sports and "Olympism" to be harmful to society because instead of setting universal records it leads to individual records. Physical education should be universal. However, in the primary schools in exists only "on paper," in middle schools it is not very effective, and it only starts to develop in higher education.

Insofar as promoting sports in schools – I agree with the author completely. More than one column has been already printed covering this subject matter. It is very good that these words were spoken in front of such audience. But insofar as the harmfulness of "Olympism" – forgive me, professor, but I can't agree with that.

You are right that sports should above all develop horizontally. But there is a certain percentage of

athletes who, maybe even unwillingly, will achieve ever better results while only doing sports. And rivalry, if only with time or with oneself, is so attractive that it is impossible to resist it. Can the desire to achieve the fastest possible speed and dexterity, can the will to improve, to perfect one's organs, movement, muscles and senses, just as the drive to improve radio and telegraph for instance, be harmful to society?

After all, despite the biggest possible propaganda, three quarters of society would certainly not let themselves get sucked into this "Olympism." Yes, I admit, that an excessive specialization and unilaterality is harmful. I will also agree that various scandals happening around sports are very unhealthy. But physical education combined with rivalry in a noble form and striving to set one's own records, not world or national ones, is not only harmless but even an excellent educational factor. Why? It doesn't seem necessary to expound on it.

K.H.

## IS TABLE TENNIS A SPORT?

I don't know Mr. H-n, but I am convinced that he doesn't play table tennis and it seems to be he hasn't seen a real game. This is the opinion I came up with after having read his article entitled "Is table tennis a sport?" I am myself a supporter of table tennis, and not only in theory because playing this game is my passion. Therefore, I will try to answer H-n's charges, one after another, starting with the premise that table tennis is a sport.

First, H-n writes: "There is only rivalry in table tennis, but it doesn't influence physical development at all." Is that really true? Does physical development include only battering about on a football pitch? Isn't a player making a physical effort when playing table tennis? Naturally, to a lesser degree when compared with football or regular tennis, but for sure more than in case of shooting, which is considered to be a sport.

Second: "Table tennis doesn't influence the physical development of the player at all." Another matter of dispute.

A boy (a girl) in a poor physical condition may benefit from a sensible table tennis practice much more than by straining the heart during basketball for instance. Thinking that table tennis only develops muscles in one hand is wrong. You play with your entire body. I utilize both hands and legs, when putting the paddle from one hand to the other because I am moving the whole time; my torso, because hand movements also result in working the torso.

Third: playing conditions. It is true that a "stuffy, crowded room is not an adequate playing area," only few have a different one at their disposal. But this is what the common room in schools is for and anyways you can always find a friend at whose home you can play in good conditions.

Besides that, I haven't heard about the School Board being unfavorable to table tennis. Quite opposite, in majority of middle schools there are official tournaments organized including awards and diplomas.

Wiktor from Zamość

## CHRONICLE

In the district of Kraków, in accordance with the opinion of the Ministry of Religion and Public Education, the National Council and the State Department of Physical Education, school sports clubs have been established. Middle school students who achieve the minimum defined by school boards of these clubs can become their members. In the near future, such school sports

clubs are also to be established in Warsaw.

Answer for Abram F. (Tomaszów Mazowiecki): the Little Review is only interested in youth sports.

Answer for Tadek Sz.: Your article under the title "Youth in Polish sports" is not fit for the Little Review. Concerning further cooperation, you may contact Kuba H. in the newsroom on Sundays during opening hours. ■

## SPORTS IN SCHOOLS

(St. Żeromski Middle School)

In comparison with the success of last year's situation, the level of works of the Sports Club in the middle school has dramatically declined. Despite that situation, individual sports disciplines are marked by excellent efforts.

Here we should mainly list shooting, in which the middle school is excelling. Thanks to the full of energy and enthusiasms teaching work of Ms. Wanda Stażyna, the Shooting Club is becoming the most popular in the school, gaining at the same time publicity on the outside (Inter-School Shooting Competition). Additionally, it should be stressed that it is the youngest schoolboys from the 1st and 2nd grade of middle school that are the most interested and work the hardest in the Shooting Club.

The queen of sports – track and field athletics – falls therefore to the secondary position, although the school is not lacking exquisite talents. First of all, we should mention here the long-distance runner – Rethé; the sprinter – Szyperski; and the "geniuses" in other disciplines – Cytowski, Średnicki and Ziółkiewicz. Among Jews, only Majzner is achieving more or less a normal level.

The most popular in the school are sports games, thanks to the special care

given to this discipline by Professor Świcz. Basketball and volleyball teams have a strong position, the proof of which is that they ranked second in basketball at the tournament of "Forge of Youth." Currently, basketball and volleyball players are practicing in the P.E. Center.

Swimming is strongly represented by Ziółkiewicz, Szymalski, Jonakowski and others, who can be proud of having won several first places at the Inter-School Swimming Competition.

Winter sports are marked by excellent incompetence. The hockey team particularly plays at a level that doesn't allow it to play games due to a complete ignorance within maneuvering the puck.

As a result of a firm attitude of Principal Wojeński, the danger of starting a boxing section fortunately has been prevented. On the other hand, the principal has fruitfully backed hockey and shooting sections.

Additionally, more developed athletes transferring from other schools have their input in the improvement of the level of sports in our middle school.

M.K.

## JOKES

### HE WILL TEACH HIM

A policeman (having caught a boy who was stealing): "Just you wait, I'll teach you to steal!"

A boy: "Oh, I will be very grateful to you, sir, because I can't figure out myself how to do it and not get caught."

### COLD BLOOD

A customer comes to the hardware store and asks for a big and strong bucket. For a longtime, he is unable to find the right one: one is too big, another too small, the third not strong enough, etc. Finally, he chooses one, and after long bit of haggling, he pays and says:

"Just please send it to my place immediately because there is a fire there right at this moment."

### APALLED

A daddy took his 7-year old daughter and a 5-year old son to a zoo for the first time. The children are delighted and charmed. They simply can't part with a big and lovely ass.

"Look," the boy calls to his sister. "This ass is as big as daddy."

"What are you saying!" the appalled girl answers. "Nowhere in the world could you find a ass as big as our daddy."

## SPORTS GAMES

The first interclub basketball game of this season played in the hall of W.Ż. Center between the team from J. Finkel Middle School and "Spójnia" has ended in the former team winning 33:19. (15:12) The teams played with significantly weakened squads. The "Finkel" team only with three players from the first team, "Spójnia" without its two main players. During the first minutes of the game, "Spójnia" was in the lead by as much as 12:3. However, from that moment on, the players from the "Finkel" team got a hold of themselves and within a few minutes scored 6 times (12 points). After changing sides, the winners became the masters of the court and won in a significant manner (33:19) if we take into consideration that they played twice for 10 minutes.

The players of "Spójnia" and those from the Finkel middle school have

made huge progress since last year. The winners can't be blamed for anything. Except the fact that they don't care about educating younger grades, which in a few months will take upon themselves the duty of defending the name of the best among Jewish schools in basketball. The best on the team – Goldsztajn and Rozenbaum; Frajman also did well. "Spójnia" on the other hand is not well trained in technique. Passes and throws are stumbling. Frenkiel and Kołobieski stand out; however, just as other players, they dribble too often and as high as at the level of their faces. Such tricks couldn't have been successful, especially during a game with the "Finkel" team, whose defender Sztern is a specialist in taking the ball away from someone who is dribbling. A bit of careless refereeing was delivered by Mr. B. Prusak. ■

READERS MAY CONTACT THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM BY TELEPHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 AND 2 P.M. – PHONE 11-99-17. VISITORS ARE WELCOME ON SUNDAYS BETWEEN 4 AND 5 P.M. AT NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, WE INVITE THE FOLLOWING: HALINA EICHEL, SALUNIEK WIERZBA, STANISŁAW KRONENBERG AND W.M. (THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER ENTITLED "THE CRITICAL LATIN CLASS").

## 17TH MAIL DELIVERY

CONTINUED FROM P. 4

To Estera Ż. (Ustrzyki Dolne) – All right. Tell us what Ustrzyki looks like. What kind of people live there, what do they do for work and how is the life of children and youth. But don't write immediately. First, you need to collect the material, think, only then start writing.

To Izio from Pańska Street – You were late and that is too bad: it was an interesting piece of news. We have already published several reminders that urgent material for the next issue needs to be sent or delivered by Sunday.

To Basia G. from Włocławek – You are right, we haven't yet received a longer correspondence from Włocławek this year. But this is not easy. Maybe you could write together with Marysia Winterówna, No. 24 Marszałka Piłsudskiego Boulevard.

Current news right now: descriptions and impressions for the column "We are Sightseeing" (to be published soon), Purim stories, working youth, "Our cooperative" (students), "Maimonides" (contest entry).

The following persons have written to the Little Review for the first time:

Bachnerówna Elżunia, Goldglasówna Guta, Joffe Abrasza, Kaczor Luba, Kirszenbaum S., Kirszenberg Stelusia, Otterman R., Rabinowicz B.D., Ratinowówna Zosieńka, Rozberger Estusia, Rozenberg Stela, Rozenblum Mojżesz, Szereszewski Józef, Szprynger Różka, Szterenber Ruth, Szwarz Lwa, Wermus Lutka, Łukaczewski Jonas.

We have received 45 manuscripts from Warsaw, 56 – from the province, 1 – from abroad, in total – 102.