

TO MY FUTURE READERS!

Our newspaper will be located in a great corner house. Beside it is a garden, on the right a huge sports field, on the left a pond and a boat: a skating rink in the winter. Of course, bikes, cars, and airplanes for the use of contributors and correspondents. An antenna on the roof, to make it easier to collect news from the whole country and the whole world. Wherever there is something important and interesting, our reporter and our photo camera will be there.

That will be the newspaper for children and school youth.

There will be twelve telephones, so that everyone, at any time, can call us and talk, ask a question, pass on a message, or file a complaint.

There will be two movie theaters (on the ground floor). In one, adventure and funny movies, in the other — moving and educational.

Everything will be interesting.

The paper will be printed on a rotary machine. I'm not exactly sure what a rotary machine is, but all big papers are printed on machines like that. Besides, it's got a nice name, very official:

"ROTARY MACHINE"

The newsroom will be located on the first floor. There will be a waiting room, or maybe two — one for the grown-ups, one for the kids. Because grown-ups will come to our newsroom with various matters, too. The paper will consider all of the matters concerning students and schools. And it will be edited in such a way that it will defend children.

The paper will make sure that everything happens

FAIRLY.

There will be three editors. One old (bald, wearing glasses), to make sure everything stays in order. A young editor for the boys, and a girl — an editor for the girls. So that nobody's ashamed and everyone speaks honestly and clearly what they need, what's hurting them, what are their worries and cares.

Whoever wants to can say whatever they want to, they can come in and write it down, right there in the newsroom.

Permanent correspondents will have **their own desks or drawers.**

If someone is embarrassed that they write messily or make mistakes, the editor will tell them:

"Don't worry. We'll fix it in editing."

Or if they don't want to write at all, the editor will call the stenographer and tell them, "Go on."

They'll go into a separate room and dictate.

People will be able to pass on news themselves, by phone, send by mail, dictate or write.

Just so that everyone's comfortable, so they're not embarrassed that someone will laugh at them.

There are many grown-ups who write only because they're not embarrassed. There are many children who have so many good ideas, observations, and comments, but they don't write, because they don't have the courage or because they don't want to.

Our paper will encourage young people to write.

It will encourage and embolden them.

Because it's not hard. It's harder to sell papers than to write them, but boys, even young ones, manage that very well. If someone writes something awkward or silly, nothing bad will happen to them. But if a newspaper boy takes a wrong turn, he can get run over by a car or a tram.

In the building of our paper, there will be a meeting room. We'll meet there together and talk about what improvements to make.

We'll have reporters from various departments.

Specialists:

football,
cinema,
trips,
jokes and pranks,
charades and riddles.

On the second floor, there will be a hallway with doors on the left and right, labeled soccer, sport, sightseeing, school (every department and every class will have their own reporter).

The paper will be published twice a day. In the morning for the youngest children — they have time to read in the morning.

IN THE MORNING EDITION, THERE WILL BE A LOT OF PICTURES.

As free extras, they'll get chocolates, gingerbread, and toys.

The evening edition will be serious, and the prizes will be different: books, pencil cases, watches, pocket knives, free tickets to theater plays.

There will be a library in the building, because if you want to write, you have to read books sometimes. There will be a large, well-lit drawing room.

Everyone will be able to comfortably read, write and draw.

When and where the house will be built, we don't know yet. We don't know what the paper will be called. This is only a project, a plan, an outline. It has to be filled in, altered, and fully worked out. We'll be grateful if our readers help us.

II.

In the Our Review newsroom, I was told, "We want to make a supplement for kids. It can come out once a week. We'll give you two pages a week. We don't want to bother you. Write what you want. You've written a few books for kids, it'll be easy for you."

I said, "All right."

But then I started to worry. There's a difference between books and papers. I write a book when I want to, but I'll have to write the paper like homework. A book is about one thing, but in a paper, you have to write about everything. In a book, I can make things up, but in a paper, you have to write the truth, or people get upset that you're lying. A book has to be interesting, but not for everyone. If someone doesn't like it, they don't have to read it. But a paper has to have something for everyone — one person reads about accidents, another reads the announcements, and another still the sports section. And I have to pretend that I know everything about everything.

I write books like a letter to a friend, but the paper is written for strangers.

When I was little, I was told to write a letter to my aunt. She lived far away, and supposedly I'd seen her sometime, but I couldn't remember.

"Here's paper, pen, and ink. Write."

"But I don't know her."

"It doesn't matter."

So here's what I wrote:

"Dear Auntie!

I am well and I wish you the same, dear Auntie. Auntie, I don't know what you look like. Please write me if you're fat or thin. And write me what kind of hair you have. And write me what your nose is like. And write me what your ears are like. And write me what your teeth are like. And write me if you like chocolates, Auntie, because I do. And write me if you collect stamps, because I do, and I have an album for stamps. And write me what your tongue is like. Auntie, please tell me if boys ride bicycles where you are, because I really want to, but I don't have a bicycle. I don't remember you, Auntie, do you remember me? And have you grown, Auntie, because I have. Please give my regards to your family Auntie. And please write back to me."

They told me that what I wrote was silly, and I'm worried that they'll tell me again that my writing isn't worth anything.

So I want to get to know my Readers, so I can write to them as friends.

I want to know what is interesting to a Reader, what they enjoy, what they like to do, how they spend their time, what their favorite games are.

I want to know what worries them, are they calm or do people call them trouble, are they good students, or do they say they're lazy, what schools they go to, what class they're in, what bench they sit on, and who sits beside them. I want to know if their teachers are nice and if their parents yell at them often and why. I want to know if they have older brothers and sisters, and if their older siblings are very bossy, or if they have younger brothers and sisters and if the kids bother them a lot.

Because I live in a house where there are a hundred boys and girls altogether. And I often visit a house where there are fifty boys and girls. In the summer, I spent time in a village, where there were two hundred of us. There are sometimes five or ten fights a week in our house. How many arguments, I can't tell you because we don't count them. It's easy to count the fights, but it's hard to count the arguments, because you often don't know if it was a fight, or just a talk, or if someone got mad. — Girls get mad more often than boys. — Once, Aron fought the most, and Lejzor argued the most. But Aron moved out, and Lejzor argues less these days.

We have more nice friends than not nice. We really like Szymonek because he jumps 135 centimeters high, and Sala because she's good. Of the younger ones, we like Chaskielek because he's part of the "Płomień" sports club and doesn't need to be coddled. In the forest in the village, we played matches. Hiluś is a good goalkeeper. There was a cricket match. There was a volleyball match that boys played with girls. The girls put on a show: there was singing, dancing, a funny sketch and little Sabina recited very nicely. In Pruszków, the boys put on a circus. There were magic tricks, jokes, trained tigers — Heniek was the wild animal trainer. It was a lot of fun.

In the summer, we had a reading race: who read the fastest. There were separate races for those who read more slowly and those who read quickly and fluently. There was a multiplication table race: in the girls' group, Dorcia won and received a pencil case. If Dorcia wasn't a slob, everything would be fine; but she's trying more these days.

I would write more about what's happening with us, but this is only the first letter, so I can't put everything in it.

Now I'll tell you about myself.

When I was little, they said I was a crybaby and a wicked boy.

When I didn't do well in school, they said I was lazy. I don't know. Supposedly if you don't have money, you're a dope. If so, then I'm a dope. And I really am wicked. If something doesn't go well for me, I get really angry. If this supplement for kids doesn't do well, it would be really bad. And I can be lazy, too, when I don't like doing something.

I never liked memorizing poems or playing the piano. And I had a lot of problems because of it.

And then I became a doctor. For seven years, I liked in a hospital, treating sick children. It was at the hospital that I noticed that children are smart and good. I remember Perla and Srulek — I'll tell you about them sometime — I remember Chaimek and Wladek, who were brought in by the Ambulance.

The Ambulance brought many children to our hospital because there are many unlucky accidents. In the papers for grown-ups, they write very briefly about these accidents. They'll write that so and so was run over by a tram, or that he burned himself — and that's it. We never know what happened with him. If the editor lets us, we'll write more about them in our supplement. Because accidents are interesting. Fires are interesting, too, and the adventures of various people, too. Just like a scary fairytale.

There are also funny adventures. When the children come home from school, they often tell us about what they saw on the street. Sometimes, it's a funeral with a band, or a policeman walking with a thief, or a drunk man arguing, or a man chasing a hat that was blown away by the wind.

We kindly request that our Readers send us descriptions of adventures and accidents.

When I stopped treating children, I didn't know what to do, so I started writing books. But a book takes a long time to write, and I don't have the patience, and it uses up a lot of paper, and my hand hurts. So maybe it's better to write a paper because the readers can help with that.

I can't do it alone.

So it'll be like this:

Everyone who writes to us more often, will receive the title of

CORRESPONDENT.

And if their news is interesting, after six months or a year, they'll be a

CONTRIBUTOR.

After that, they can become a

PERMANENT CONTRIBUTOR.

All letters will be graded. If someone wants to get an A, they have to write an interesting letter, without any errors, and write it cleanly and legibly. Letters should be written in ink so that the editors don't ruin their eyes. To become a correspondent, you'll need 10 or 20 fives, I haven't decided yet. I don't actually know how any of it will work yet. I'm still putting it together in my head to make it the best possible. If I was writing for grown-ups, I would have to pretend that I know. And I don't like to pretend, so I don't want to write for grown-ups.

I've also said I can be wicked. If I see that something isn't going well, that everyone just wants to read and nobody wants to write, I'll get impatient and stop writing. If you don't want to help, fine.

How can one person know what's happening in every city, on every street, in every backyard, in all schools, and what everyone wants to know?

To start, I'm opening a permanent section called:

"I WANT TO KNOW"

You can write in to the section using postcards. The address is:

The Little Review Newsroom

Warsaw

Nowolipki 7

All right. Meanwhile, it's the end. And then there will be a beginning. The beginning is always the most difficult. Please don't get mad if at the beginning our supplement is a little messy. Even when you're in school, at the beginning of the year, when not everyone has books and notebooks, when they change seats and schedules, there has to be a bit of a mess. I still don't have all the books and papers I need, either. On my editorial desk, there are only five issues of a paper called the Student's Voice.

In many schools, students put out papers; I have no doubt they'll send them to us.

Our organization will be apolitical and non-partisan.

I don't really know what that means, but papers usually say that in prospectuses. So why should we be any worse than they are?

Sincerely,

Janusz Korczak

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

SCARLET FEVER

Scarlet fever is a sickness that grown-ups catch very rarely, and children very often. The sickness can be mild, heavy, or fatal. In Warsaw hospitals, there are nearly 1000 children sick with scarlet fever, and there are also probably a lot of them in private homes. Scarlet fever is an infectious disease, and if a lot of people get this kind of disease at the same time, then they call it an epidemic.

We have a scarlet fever epidemic now, and the papers are writing what people should do to not get sick or infected anymore.

We don't want to argue with the grown-ups starting in the first issues, so we'll only have a few remarks about what they're writing.

Yes, vaccines are very important, as well as having clean hands, washing hands as soon as you come back from school, or even from walking on the street. It's also important to rinse your mouth and brush your teeth, as well as carefully wipe your nose. It's important not to pick anything up off the ground on the street or in

the garden and to not put anything unnecessary in your mouth.

But scientists have proven that a hungry person will get infected more easily and be sicker. There are many hungry children in schools, but nobody's writing that the hungry children in schools should be fed.

Scientists have also proven that people need fresh air, and meanwhile, many schools are very crowded, there are few windows, and there's nowhere to play even during breaks. And even if the day is nice, you don't see children on field trips or walks. Nobody's writing that they should organize more walks and give less homework, while the epidemic lasts.

A happy and satisfied person is more resistant to plague, and as soon as you get bored or scared, you can get sicker more quickly. So there should be more fun, too. Children should always be happy, especially while there is an epidemic. That's what the papers for grown-ups have forgotten to write about, so it's our duty to remind them. ■

PROPER WORKING TOOLS

Parents and teachers demand that students should have their books and notebooks in order and that their handwriting be neat and careful. This is a reasonable demand — we want the same. However, there are many obstacles. One of the most important is the low quality of our working tools.

The working tools of a student — pen, pencil, paper, blotting paper, compass, crayons, paints, etc. And everything that's for the grown-ups, for offices and institutions, it's made different, more expensive and better, and everything for schools is low quality.

Who hasn't had a nib fall off just when we're in a hurry and have to be careful to make it on time and not make a mistake? Or one that's stuck so deep that the only way to get it out is with your teeth? Of course, it's bad for your teeth, but what are we supposed to do if there's no other way?

You can count yourself lucky when you get a nib that doesn't scratch, doesn't write too thick. Sometimes, you break it on purpose, to get rid of a bad nib, and other times, you can write for a month or longer, take care of it and enjoy it, and regret when it breaks from overuse or through your

fault or a friend's.

The paper of school notebooks leave a lot to be desired. We understand that everyone wants to pay less, but should factories keep making notebooks that everyone knows are good for nothing? You can't even erase something without putting a hole in the paper. But little hairs get stuck in even the best nibs, and then you have a few smudged letters that nothing can be done about. You wipe a nib like that on your hair, trying to get the little hair out, and get ink all over your fingers. And that gets you angry and makes it hard to think. Then people ask why you have ink stains on your school apron or in your hair. Why? Because of flimsy paper that frays, drags, and smudges the writing.

Sometimes a student manages to get to the end successfully. They look over their work with satisfaction, breathe a sigh of relief and apply blotting paper. Except instead of blotting paper, they were given just plain thin paper. Careful application won't help, all the effort will be wasted. They'll have a smudged, dirty, awful page. What are they supposed to do?

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HACEFIRA

The oldest Hebrew paper, Hacefira, is being published again since September 29. This is the sixty-fifth year of its publication.

Hebrew papers have almost always remembered children and young

people. For a long time, Hacefira published a supplement "for the kids." Reports from the Hacefira newsroom say the supplement for young people will soon be published again. ■

FROM THE PARLIAMENT

There is a lot in papers about the Parliament: "It was said in the Parliament." "An MP said in the Parliament." "There was a vote." "A minister spoke in the Parliament."

These articles are long and boring. What's worse, they're full of incomprehensible words. Although the smartest people in every newsroom always write about the Parliament, it would be better to replace these articles with news about various events and interesting things happening in the world.

I would also like to start with something else, but there is no way around it — until we come up with our own paper, we have to imitate the grown-ups. In all papers, there are introductory articles and so we also have to have an introductory article. And later we'll see what we'll do.

The Parliament is located somewhere in the district of Mokotów, and I live in Wola, so I don't really know what goes on there. But maybe I can manage somehow. And if it turns out that there have to be introductory articles about the Parliament in the Little Review, too, then maybe we'll do it that way.

Members of Parliament have children. Let the dad write for the grown-ups, and the MP's son will write for us. Or perhaps the editor can read the grown-up papers, and then write it again for children, in a

way they'll understand. After all, a little knowledge won't hurt.

And so, recently the government, that is, all the ministers, got upset with the Parliament. The government said that the Parliament was advising them badly, and the Parliament said that the ministers were governing badly. The Parliament is most upset with two ministers and told them that they should leave. The others could stay, but those two had to leave.

And the government said, that the Parliament should get stuffed and paint itself green.

And the two ministers stayed. So the Parliament got even more upset, and wouldn't let the government spend as much money as they needed for all the expenses. "The government has fallen. The cabinet has fallen."

When a student doesn't pass a grade, or fails an exam, they say he fell short, as if he tried to jump somewhere and missed, even though grades are written in pen. And when we talk about ministers, we say they fell. As if they were walking, walking, and someone tripped them and they fell.

"The fall of Bartel's government." Bartel was like a class monitor. He was responsible for the work of his ministers.

We just say Bartel, without the "mister." And that's very strange.

If you don't respect someone a lot, you just say his name without adding the "mister." That's how the teacher usually lists names in school. But also, if you respect someone a lot, you also don't say "mister." Because no one says Mister Kościuszko, Mister Mickiewicz, or Mister Bartel. And if you want to insult someone, say that they're not really a great figure, you write about him as "mister". This is all very strange, but it can't be helped.

This is how it is:

The Parliament holds a vote that they don't trust the ministers. Then the ministers write a letter saying that they don't want to govern anymore. And the President picks another class monitor, another minister to be the most important one, to choose whoever he wants.

President Mościcki has picked Piłsudski.

There are many people in Poland who like Piłsudski a lot and they write that things will be better how. And those who don't like him, write that "Mister" Piłsudski has been picked, and they're mad.

And what happens next, nobody knows.

k.

A FLASH IN A PAN

We call it "a flash in a pan" if someone starts to work on something enthusiastically and then gets bored very quickly and stops. It's like a fire in a frying pan — starts easily and burns out quickly. And that sort of thing is a hindrance when you're starting on something.

Everyone rushes forward, calling out, "Me!" "And me!" "And me!"

There's noise, there's a crowd, and then someone grows impatient, another one gets tired quickly, yet another gets mad, and then there aren't enough people left.

It's going to be the same with the Little Review. There will be those who'll say, "Ooh, we'll write for sure, every week, for every issue, we'll write a lot!"

And there will be a lot of letters, and then fewer and fewer. The first letter will be carefully written, the others, not so much.

A flash in a pan — here today, gone tomorrow.

But there will be those who'll last, those who have a strong will. They won't hurry — instead, they'll read a few issues, they'll think about it, make a plan, write a rough draft, read it through and correct it, and only then put the letter in an envelope.

Those who do not hurry and get to work carefully, they will surely win. Even if they do not really want to, they'll write. And it's important that we have news from all schools from different cities — from Łódź, from Vilnius, from Krakow, from Lublin, from Płock, from Kalisz, from Lviv, from Sosnowiec, and even from really small towns and villages.

One of our careful readers writes to us:

Dear Editors,
Before I start writing for your paper, I would like to know some things:

1. Can we criticize if we don't like something?
2. Can we write fairytales, poems, and dreams?
3. Can we submit illustrated articles?
4. Can we write several articles at once?
5. Can we write under a pen name?

Sincerely,

P.T.

Allow us to answer:

You can do everything you want. What is most important for the paper are new ideas. What someone writes may be not very good, but the idea behind it can be very good. You can't

do everything at once. We'll have to wait for some things. We might get one thing right away, and another in a month, or even a year.

Illustrated articles — that's a good idea, but Our Review already has illustrated supplements, and drawings cost a lot.

We often say, "when I have money, I'll do it, I'll buy it, I'll go there."

Fairytales, poems and dreams are important, but we don't want to start with them; there are plenty of fairytales and poems in books and various papers for children, so it's better to start by writing about things that aren't there yet.

How articles are signed is also important — whether it's a first name, or a full name, or not at all. There are people who like to see their name in print because they think that they're famous. It's not like that at all. If someone has a lot written about them, it gets boring.

One boy told me once:

"I really don't like Magister Klawe."

"Why?" I asked him.
"Because everyone keeps writing about his Hemogen and they think it sounds funny."

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AN ORPHAN'S DIARY

This is a diary, not a novel. A diary contains the adventures and events from a person's life. They describe it all themselves, not someone else. A diary is the truth. We are happy to print this diary, which was given to us with the title "the short history of my life."

* * *

Finally, at the age of 14, I have decided to describe my life's experiences.

I was an orphan at a very early age. I didn't know my father. To this day, I don't know whether what I saw was real or a dream. When father died, I was two years old and I don't know what he looked like. All I have left is one memory.

It was night. My sisters and brother were asleep, but I couldn't sleep, so I got out of bed and went to the kitchen. My mother was standing there. (I remember mother a little bit because I was three when she died.) Then I went back to our room and stood by the door to our parents'

bedroom. Across from me was a bed, on which father lay. I only remember his black beard and uncovered chest that was smeared with something. When I told my brother about this a few years later, he told me that that was indeed what my father looked like. And I think that was the first and last time I ever saw him.

What I did later, whether I went back to bed, I don't remember.

I often think back on that memory. It is nice to see myself in a nightgown, standing at the door and probably rubbing my sleepy eyes.

I know from stories that father died of pneumonia, and mother from grief for father.

There were four of us orphans left. The oldest boy, who was twelve, and three girls.

When we were left alone, we had no choice but to go live with relatives. That is when I came to live with my aunt.

I remember my brother and sister walking on the stairs. My brother went

to Warsaw, one sister to Lublin and the other to Minsk. I remember that my brother gave me candy when we said goodbye.

I slept in one bed with my aunt's servant, who was very dirty. I was homesick and cried that I wanted to go home. I remember when auntie had another baby, and how, when I was five or six years old, I found out from the children in the yard that school was free and I could learn. I immediately ran to the school with one of the girls. The teacher was a very nice boy, probably from the fourth grade. He accepted me and told me to come back tomorrow. I went back home very happy.

The next day, I went to school. I didn't say anything about it because I was very proud that I found the school on my own. I wanted to surprise my aunt with being able to read and write.

When I came back, instead of a mother, who would hug her child and praise her diligence, my aunt was waiting

for me with an angry face. She shouted at me, asking where I was, but I didn't pay attention to her anger and started telling her about my adventure. Auntie didn't want to hear anything about it, she was furious and threatened to throw me out if I went back there. From then on, I had to sneak out.

I remember that my aunt promised me a roll with butter if I didn't go to school. She went to town and I couldn't wait for her to come back, so I left the baby alone and the door unlocked, and ran to school.

Auntie, seeing that I was of no use to her, decided to send me to live with uncle. Perhaps she was right — she had taken care of me for so long, it was now uncle's turn to suffer a bit. But I didn't understand it — I lay on the floor and refused to go anywhere. I was used to being there, and I was very scared of uncle.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Little Review). ■

THE FIRST MAIL DELIVERY

I have received 47 letters — 31 from boys and 16 from girls. There were 40 letters from Warsaw and 7 from other cities. In addition to the full names, addresses were also provided in 32 letters. It's better to give an address because names can be the same. Thanks to the addresses I know that Adam and Helena M. live together, that Leon N., evidently impatient, first wrote a letter together with his brother, and then a second one by himself. Four letters were signed only with a first name without a last name, and one letter with a pen name. I received 27 letters in envelopes, 9 postcards, and 11 on pages from notebooks. Two letters were dictated by children who do not know how to write yet.

All the letters have been numbered and catalogued, so we ask you to sign them clearly. If a word is smudged, we can guess it from the content; but the letter is not clearly signed, it may be entered incorrectly into the book and will be lost.

We know that everyone wants to get a response to their letter right away, but that is impossible. We have to think carefully before answering, because the answers should be smart and not shoddy, like in many papers for children.

In those, the editors answer:

Your letter made us very happy. Your letter made us sad. We are glad you like our paper. We are glad you study hard. We're worried that your tummy aches. Write us if your tummy has stopped hurting.

They're either happy or sad. Or rather, they pretend to love all their readers and keep thinking about them, worried that, God forbid, someone is hurting.

We won't pretend and we ask our Readers that they don't pretend, either. Please don't write us who loves us, because that's just a waste of paper. We also don't have to say that you would like your letter to be printed.

Mozes writes briefly: "I would like to know about airplanes, about the telephone and the radio."

S. Najdorf writes: "I would like to know about the war."

Eluś Segal writes: "I would like to know if the Little Review will be printed in capital letters."

Henio Justman sent us a math problem, and nothing else.

A short letter can be interesting, while a long one can be boring. Sometimes, you don't learn anything from a thick book, but a lot from a thin one.

Those who wrote to the Little Review: Miecio Klajnerer, Samuel Mozes, Alinka Gerberbaum, Heniūs Edelsburg, Ludwik Sigalin, Mietek, Władysław, Felicja Zangerówna, Judyta, "The Old Man", Leon and Z. Nissenbaum, Musiu Seelenfreund, Ch. Lewin, Sara Foremówna, Z. Bodkier, Madzia Markuze, S. Bieżuner, Hanna Frydmanówna, Jadw. Sieradzka, Boluś Jonas, Cesia L., Józef Ratusznik, Lutek, Future reader, Marysia Bentmanówna, Adam Miński, Henio Justman, Blimcia Rozenperl, S. Najdorf, J. Grundland, Dorka Hirsfeldówna, B. Mozes, Leon Kornic, Helena Mińska, Leon Nissenbaum, Oleś Wertheim, L. Zysman, Marek Merecki, Tołczyńska, M. Rendel, Beni, Berenius, Jasio, Jerzy Silberman, Kuba Traub, G. Ber, Eluś Segal, Róża Gutmanówna.

J.K.

LITTERING IN THE STREETS

It is really annoying when someone is wrong and they keep arguing. For example, you can tell them, "Go away," or "move aside," and they'll reply, "What are you going to do if I don't want to? This is what I feel like doing."

They know they're wrong, and they do what they want anyway because you can't do anything to them. If they knew I was stronger, or that there would be a punishment, they would listen, but because there's no punishment, they do what they want.

Nowhere in the world are people allowed to litter in the streets, but people throw away papers, pits, food, they spit and blow their noses. They're not allowed, but there's no punishment. A polite person won't litter, but when they see that everyone else does it, they won't watch themselves.

The police did not intervene, because you can't lock everyone up, and besides, no one really knows if you can arrest people for littering.

People have slipped and fallen because

of pits and orange peels, watchmen got angry, the streets were dirty and no one can do anything.

But now there is a law that fines people 50 groszy or 1 zloty for littering. 20,000 people have already paid the fine, and now they watch themselves more. I saw a man holding a bag on Złota Street, and then he looked around to see if anyone was looking, and he threw the bag away. Plum pits fell out of it. I wanted to tell him to pick them up, but I was afraid he would argue, because it was in the evening. ■

CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS

In every issue of the Little Review, we will write about the changes and improvements we have made. We will ask for the advice of various people; our readers will write to us what they don't like — if there is too much or not enough of something, what they want to know and what they don't care about. Of course, we will not be able to satisfy everyone. Some prefer fairytales, others true events, some like travel, others want historical information. The beginning is always the most difficult, because you have to think about everything; later, you can repeat what is good, and that's all right. And there is more time to introduce interesting new ideas.

We know that the Little Review is not very good yet. ■

THE SHOMER CONVENTION

There has been sad news from Palestine lately.

There is very little work. It is very difficult for many people, and they would like to come back.

Some are even coming back.

The shomrim pay no attention to

this; they have decided to go to Palestine, and many of them are learning to work in the field.

Last week, 300 older shomers from cities all over Poland gathered in Warsaw.

They decided to go to Palestine in the near future. ■

A FLASH IN A PAN

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Just like enthusiasm can be a flash in a pan, so can fame. Last year, one girl kept talking about Breitbart. She even bought a postcard with his picture and cried when he was ill. And now she doesn't even know if it's been a year since he died.

Szmulek Rzeszewski, who played chess, was also famous, but now nobody knows anything about him. Staiger was famous, there were even songs written about him. And Coogan was famous, as long as he was little, and now the children of an American waiter are becoming famous. Not only people are famous, but also animals. Rin Tin Tin the dog is more famous than many scholars, and a few years ago, there was a famous trained monkey, but I've already forgotten what its name was.

People should try to be useful, not famous. It's better that a hundred people know I am a good person than

if a thousand or a million knew my name and what I look like.

The papers write not just about useful and decent people, but also about thieves. God forbid someone should become as famous as Zieliński; I heard two boys talking on a tram:

"So what if he's a bandit, look how much they write about him in the papers. The whole police force is after him and they can't catch him."

These two boys envied what the papers wrote about Zieliński, but they didn't even think about how unhappy he must be. He has to hide, has to run — maybe his legs hurt, he's probably hungry, has nowhere to sleep, and he's cold. He's probably hurt himself while he was running away. And he knows that they will catch him and hang him.

And that's it.

And then they'll write about others, and only his mother will cry after him

that he wasted his life.

If a person is useful, he has friends and is happy, and nobody was ever made happy because they wrote about him in the papers.

So people shouldn't write for fame, but to say something interesting, to bring someone pleasure when they read it, or to say something important, interesting or funny.

Of course, it is convenient for the editors when they know who wrote a letter, because these letters are kept — every letter will have its number, so we know who writes often or not, who writes interesting things, who has been writing for a long time, or who has only started.

The letter signed "P.T." is an important and valuable letter from a boy who is not a "flash a pan," but who is thoughtful and inquisitive.

PROPER WORKING TOOLS

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Rip the page out and start over?

What about pencils that crumble? The wood is hard and the pocket knife is dull. You've worked hard, you're about to start writing or drawing, you don't even press it down hard and crack! The tip breaks off. Sometimes you end up cutting down a quarter of the pencil before you get to a more solid piece.

Those who are calm and patient will sigh and hold back their tears; but there are those who get angry. And in their anger, they stuff the school inkwell with flies, or scraps of paper, and make the pale ink so messy that it's impossible to say what to do next.

Then there are the school books, often bound so shoddily that even if you treat them gently like an egg, they won't last until the end of the year.

Crayons and paints that don't color, erasers that don't erase, compasses with loose screws, rulers made out of wood so soft it chips right away — all of these make it difficult to work, and make the already not too happy work hours even more unpleasant.

If there are regulations that prohibit making false bread, butter, or milk, should there not be a punishment for those who, in the name of dishonest competition, discourage young people from learning?

K.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

REPLIES TO LETTERS

(First mail delivery)

The first corrected letter looks as follows:

I.

"During the summer, we lived in Józefów near the station. Once, when I went out to wait for daddy, an express train from Otwock arrived and ran over a small doggie; the train cut off its paw. The little dog was squirming in horrible pain. A man couldn't watch the little dog suffer and killed it. We dug a hole and buried the doggie."

I am answering this letter not as if I was replying in a newspaper, but as in a private letter, to a friend.

Therefore:

"Dear boy,

I remember when as a little boy I saw a ran-over cat in Muranów. The cat was meowing terribly. It kept jumping up in a strange manner. It wanted to run away but kept falling down. I saw blood. It was moving its front paws, but its back paws were just hanging there. Later, at night, I dreamt about this little cat.

And I remember how we buried a canary: my sister and I. We cried when we came back from the funeral and the cage was empty.

Later I had seen already a lot of horrible things: how people and animals suffer. Now I don't cry anymore, I am just sad. Sometimes adults laugh when a child cries. They shouldn't do that. A child hasn't seen much suffering, so is not used to it yet."

I would write even more in a private letter.

And now think about this—can I give such long answers to 47 letters in the newspaper. There wouldn't be space for that.

I will do this: every week, I will answer one person with a big letter in the newspaper or by mail, and I will reply briefly to others. I will print one whole letter, and put just excerpts from the others in the paper (you may say: fragments—passages—snippets).

II.

With whom shall I start: 47 letters. Who wrote that they're waiting for an answer. Small children are waiting and the older ones too. Alinka, who is 7, is waiting. Lutek, who is 8, is waiting. Musiu from Brzozów is waiting, Jonas, Boluś; a second Lutek, who is also 8, and whose older brother beats him, is waiting; Marysia from the first grade and Jasio, and the third Lutek. There are three kids just with the name Lutek: one from 34 Chłodna Street, one from 1 Hoża Street, and the third hasn't written where he lives.

Girls and boys attending the preparatory, third and fourth grade of elementary school are waiting, and older ones from the sixth and seventh grades.

I want to answer in such a manner

that everybody is happy and that it is not boring for others.

It is as if 47 students from all grades were gathered in the classroom and one teacher were to have a class with them. Sometimes a teacher doesn't come to school, and they put two classes together, and immediately there is unrest and disorder. It is easiest to tell a fairytale then, but I don't want to be telling fairytales yet. It is the most difficult to talk with such a class. And I actually want to have a chat with you.

So: I'll start with the youngest—Oleś. Oleś has sent the following letter:

"My name is Oleś. I will be five in November. I can't read or write yet, but they read to me; and I am dictating this letter. We have a radio and I would like to request stories there every day, in the morning and in the evening, with music and with the little goddesses. We have a garden on Lelewela Street, and in the garden, there is my little brother, but not my real brother, just that uncle is my daddy's brother. And I ride a pony—it is a kind of a little colt. Do you know it? And I don't have a real brother or sister, and I am the only child. They say that I am a rascal, but it is not true, because I am well behaved. Sometimes I slide on the carpet and daddy doesn't allow that, and the next day I slide again because I forget. My parents yell at me and spank me, but not often. Is it necessary for them to yell? My mommy smacks my paws with her palm, and daddy slaps my back (actually it is not my back, but I am embarrassed to say it). I went to Ciecocinek. Daddy bought me a pistol and I was shooting, and the owner of the villa wanted to take my pistol away. And there was a sign on the door: "Do not cry and do not make noise." And I have dreams that I'm falling into a river or that a wolf is chasing me. I would like them not to spank me and not to sell the pony."

My answer:

Parents spank children when they have a problem and when they lose patience. Make an agreement with them at the beginning: that they should not spank you at once, but say: "If in five minutes (or in ten) you will not do what I say, then in half an hour I will spank you." Then you will have time to think about what to do.

And tell me why at times they say that children have hands and at other times—paws. After all it is bears that have paws, not people.

And please write me to tell me if my advice was good and if mom and dad didn't get mad that you have written about them. And it would be a pity to sell the pony.

One more thing: I know many kids without siblings—they are not too well behaved, because they are spoiled.

III.

Children don't know how to use a watch, they don't understand the calendar, they didn't study history. Therefore, when you tell them: "in two hours, in a month," they don't know when it is going to be—and they want it to be soon, they want it now. I would also add that adults often say: "tomorrow, later," because they think that a child will forget in the meantime. So they don't believe that will happen is what they wanted and what they have been promised. But whoever knows history, should even know what a hundred years means. And we should not get impatient with that. This is why we answer small children first.

Little Musiu complains: "I am not eight yet and they make me learn the multiplication tables, and at home they say that I'm lazy, and they yell at me even more. They say that chairs get ruined when I build cars out of them; what do I do so they don't yell at me and so that I can play the way I like to."

My answer:

Learn the multiplication tables of 2, then of 3, of 4—so that you can make one mistake in the multiplication table of 3, two mistakes—in the tables of 4 and 5, etc. Gradually you will learn. They should not be counting only the bad answers, but also the good ones. Because this is the way it is: you have written 100 words and made 10 mistakes; so no one will praise you for spelling 90 words well, but they are angry that you wrote 10 wrong. It is the same with the multiplication tables. Too bad—this is the way the world is.

As for chairs, make a deal, so that you're allowed to build cars out of them carefully, and only once a week, only for one hour. Once they see at home that the chairs do not get ruined, once you convince them that you are careful—maybe they will let you do it more often and for a longer time.

And what should be done so they don't yell at kids, I don't know, because I do yell myself—sometimes completely unnecessarily. But I will think about it some more: maybe I will come up with some method.

The letter from Boruś Jonas has given me the idea that our paper's future big house should also have a theater and a concert hall; then his sister Maryla will be able to play piano for everyone.

It is difficult to answer Jaś where exactly funny last names come from. Once our supplement get larger, we will ask a gentleman who knows about it to write about it.

Marysia from Solna Street has written a short letter because she

CONTINUED ON P. 2

FLAGS OF YOUNG STATES

Sometime you read a word and you don't know what it means. This is what dictionaries are for. Even the most difficult words are written in dictionaries. Sometimes you read about a great writer or about a king and you don't remember when he lived, where he was born, and what great things he did; or about a state or a country. This is what encyclopedias are for. They write about almost everything in the encyclopedias. In the new edition of the English encyclopedia there is a colorful table printed with the flags

of the all young states which were established a few years ago, during the war. There are colorful flags of Finland, Egypt and others. There is the white and red flag of Poland, which has been re-established again after the war. Above the white and blue flag with the Star of David it says "Eretz Israel." Under all the flags it is written: "These new flags symbolize the long years of fighting for freedom and noble hopes which have been recently fulfilled."

(w)

POLITICS

All of Europe, one country — Pan-Europe — How was it during the war? — What does the league of nations want? — What is pan-Europe? — What does Dick's mother say? — Mister Coudenhove and the Japanese fortuneteller

There was a war not so long ago. Some people still remember it. There was no bread. Milk was very expensive. Wounded soldiers were carried on the streets. You could hear cannon fire. Airplanes were dropping bombs. It was very bad. Then there was peace. It got better. But people are afraid that war might come again. They get together and they think. They don't want there to be a fight right away if Germany quarrels with France again, or Poland with Russia. So they should first try to reconcile, maybe they could succeed. A meeting of nations is called the League of Nations.

Some people say that the League will not help. If one nation gets very angry, there will be war anyway. So they say that borders are unnecessary. All of Europe should unite and live in peace. Just like the United States of America, there should be the united countries of Europe. This is called Pan-Europe. "Pan" is a Greek word that means all, universal, united.

In Vienna, there was a congress for everybody who wants that.

The English, Poles, Jews, Czechoslovakians, Lithuanians, Romanians and others came — almost all the nations. They debated. At the end, a German and a French man kissed as a sign of forgiveness; because there

was a war not so long ago. Bronisław Huberman from Warsaw played the violin. Everybody was feeling nice.

The first person to write about Pan-Europe was Dick Coudenhove. He is from England. He was born in Japan. His mother is Japanese. Coudenhove went to many countries; he met a lot of nations; he says that he loves entire Europe and Asia.

Coudenhove's mother is already very old. She likes to talk about Dick. She says that when Dick was small, he was often ill and weak. Everybody worried. An old Japanese fortuneteller found out about it, and she came and examined Dick, and said not to worry, because he would be a wise and a great man. Dick didn't like to play. His brothers would go hunting, but he would stay at home. He read difficult books.

Coudenhove's mother is happy that everybody likes her son. She is a little angry with Pan-Europe, as because of it she doesn't see her Dick much and misses him. Dick misses her as well for sure. But that is just too bad.

Dick has no time. He has to travel through many countries, to convince people to accept Pan-Europe. So that there can be a united Europe without borders and wars.

W.

BREAKING NEWS

Barbed wire in Krasiński Garden

The editors of the Little Review have learned that in Krasiński Garden, the small square intended for children has been fenced with barbed wire.

We will verify this information and write about it in the next issue. ■

REPLIES TO LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

felt like sleeping. Therefore, we say to Marysia and everyone else that letters to the editors should not be written all at once. First, spend a few days thinking about what to write, then write a rough draft, every day a fragment of the letter, then correct it, add something interesting, cross out something uninteresting, wait another two days, read once again—and only then recopy it.

One of the three boys named Lutek boasts about misbehaving and teasing the teacher, about being lazy and stubborn, and says he usually keeps his hands in his pockets. And he wants to get a book about traveling for his letter.

Lutek will get absolutely zip, nada, zilch for his letter instead of a book.

Yes, we will be probably giving books as prizes, but not to reward being lazy or stubborn.

Lutek's letter is very neatly written and without mistakes, so maybe someone told him to write this as a joke. But that is too bad, the editors were unable to verify, because Lutek didn't write his address, so we need to believe that Lutek has written the truth.

IV.

Now I am answering those who are complaining about harassing Jewish kids. There are three such letters: by Zosia from Bydgoszcz, by Cesia L. from the evening courses, and by M.R. from Białystok.

"I am the only Jew in my class, I am in a way alien and useless here. I am not a bad student, I just have problems with drawing. I don't know what will happen with my letter, I only know that starting today, thanks to the Little Review, I have a new purpose in life and a new interest. I am unable to find charm in the school life."

Zosia has a brother, Julek, who is 10 and is too big already to do pranks and to tease his sister. Zosia is not lazy, the teacher praises her; she is the best student in class. But her classmates call her "Zosia shaygetz" and this is very unpleasant.

Cesia complains that her schoolmates say: "Jewish horde, Jew pigs to Palestine, Jewish mess." Even the teacher once said to a Christian girl: "You have a truly Jewish nature."

Teasing Jewish children on the street and harassing them at school is a very important matter. I know this issue very well: the way it used to be, the way it is, and the way it should be. The Little Review will deal with this issue, not by the means of short answers, but in many articles.

We are not announcing that we will take care of it completely, we are not promising a quick improvement: because we know that this is a very difficult and painful matter. We will be coming back to it often.

A paper for children has the duty to defend them; a paper for Jewish children has the duty to defend children who were born Jews and are suffering because of it.

This is exactly why we chose these three letters as the first letters from older readers.

School has a lot of shortages, we don't want to and we have no need to hide this. Because, despite everything, school has a "charm." It is nice, happy, and interesting. Our task is to make it even nicer and more interesting. We feel sorry for these kids who feel bad in school, they feel "alien and useless."

Many readers write: "We love you Little Review," "our beloved little paper," "our dearest newspaper." We told them bluntly:

"This is a waste of paper, because we don't exist to be loved, but to serve you, to be of use to you. You can't even like us yet, because you don't know us. So why are you writing such baloney?"

One should write whatever they truly feel. They're not allowed to pretend, to try and sweet talk, or suck up.

But we believe the boy who writes that being the only unwelcomed Jew in the whole class, he has welcomed the paper as "his new purpose and interest."

We believe that he has put his trust in us. Trust is more important than love. He wrote a short letter, on a postcard, and in short words, he confided his sorrows to us.

V.

I am answering letters no. 6, 7, 10 and 14.

Mietek writes:

"Adults have newspapers, associations, and clubs, which, as they say, we can use as well. Finally, they take you to one of their meetings. They dress you up at home, and after one hundred requests and warnings for you to be well-behaved, they finally let you in. You enter, you are dazed and stunned by the bustle, talking, outfits—and after a few hours, you see that you haven't understood anything: you are impressed by that, and it seems to you that you will not be able to think of anything smart, in short—you get discouraged. Therefore we should start such an organization ourselves that would cover all institutions we need."

And Mietek attaches an outline of such an inter-school committee.

Neither that outline, nor the draft of a newsletter REALLY published by children will be printed here. The outline is written hastily and sloppily. It just came to his mind (an idea struck him), he sat down and wrote it. A newsletter, a cooperative, a velodrome, and a reading room. One has to think first about what is more important, how much each thing would cost, what could be started already, what order to develop it in, how to BRING THE IDEA TO LIFE.

Both Mietek and Felicja propose to collect monthly contributions.

The Future Reader proposes a fundraiser, they also demand subsidies from the government.

No, my dears, nobody will give anything for something new, unsure, untested. I will say more: If the purpose is unsure, one should not be collecting any contributions for it. Every grosz received must be accounted for. The government has enough expenses, money collections and contributions happen only for things that exist already and bring benefits. A velodrome? Yes. But a school tuition or a summer camp is more important. The prospect was a dream, and the Little Review is a reality. One has to work a lot on a small thing, before reaching for more.

There are people who create great projects, and they fail at everything. There are those who are content with small works, but they are capable of putting in a lot of time, thought, and work into them. There are those (but that is one case in many thousands), who carry out big plans. I wish you that you will be among them. But

without effort, without the school of small works—with only empty words—nobody will succeed. Nobody.

Remember: there are smart, good projects, but also immature ones.

VI.

I have made a decision to answer one letter weekly in a long and heartfelt manner, and reproach another one. It might happen that there will be nothing to be angry about: that is for the better.

So a sixteen-year-old gentleman writes to me as follows:

"Well, I sometimes get bored, I get bored horribly, and to kill time I scribble various boring things on paper, be it poems or short stories, anyway you understand, sir—such "pieces." So this idea came to me to try and send it to a newspaper; maybe it will be worthwhile; if not, then too bad. 'Cause the most important is not to worry and eat healthy. I'll end now, 'cause I feel I would bore you to death, sir."

I have shortened this letter quite a bit and corrected mistakes: scribble to scribble, eet to eat, etc.

Then:

I am not such a schnook after all to let anyone bore me.

I read some letters a few times, I only look through the others. I think about some letters for a long time, I forget immediately about others. I separate the calm and the noisy letters. Because you should know that just as in the classroom, there are good students and lazy students, calm and reckless kids, there are also letters which are nice and not nice, proper and dishonest.

There were already such cases that someone would copy a printed poem, sign their name under it, and then they laugh at the editor for letting himself be fooled. Or someone asks to be published, and then walks around like a hotshot:

"The author—the poet—is published in a real newspaper."

Maybe at the beginning we'll print a double issue once a month with poems, stories, jokes, but as I said: "maybe," because up until now we've had a lot of letters from those who want to write poems, but not one saying that they want to read them. And we are publishing the paper not for those who write, but for those who will—often with difficulty—be reading it.

If someone is bored, they should go to the cinema, they should learn some more grammar, they should write for themselves, for friends, family, acquaintances. They should write to the school newsletter, they should carefully write essays which the teacher will correct and give them a good grade or read to the entire class as an example.

I know that I am writing unpleasant things, and I am sorry. Papers for youth try not to offend them. They answer:

"This is a pretty poem, but not for printing. Yes, maybe. Yes, one day..."

No. The newsroom is not a shop where you have to be nice to customers, even those who are annoying and capricious.

A paper, and especially a paper for youth, should educate and instruct readers. It is rude to bore the editor because one of thousands of readers is bored.

Ludwiś is small—he is 8 years old, so I forgive him his five-chapter novel under the title A Captain at Fifteen. And I forgive him all the more so because it is very nice.

I am also not angry with Henio's poem, titled "The Future of Palestine."

The first stanza has rhythm and rhyme:

There, in Palestine which is so far away

There, where Jordan's waters are chilling,

There, where in Hebrew language they prey,

There, where the people are brave and willing.

But the further it goes, the worse it gets. No wonder: a fourth-grade student rarely has enough patience to PREPARE the entire subject; he gets tired quickly, and then just wants to be finished with it.

Madzia is worried that her poems are sitting somewhere at the bottom of a drawer, but she admits herself that the poems she wrote when she was 11 are silly and senseless. Recall, Madzia, if they already seemed silly to you then, and if your aunts didn't like them? Because aunts think:

"A little girl—these are very nice poems for her age."

kind life.

Children, don't take it out to the market. Have your quiet treasures in your own hearts and the hearts of your loved ones, in the drawer of your school desk.

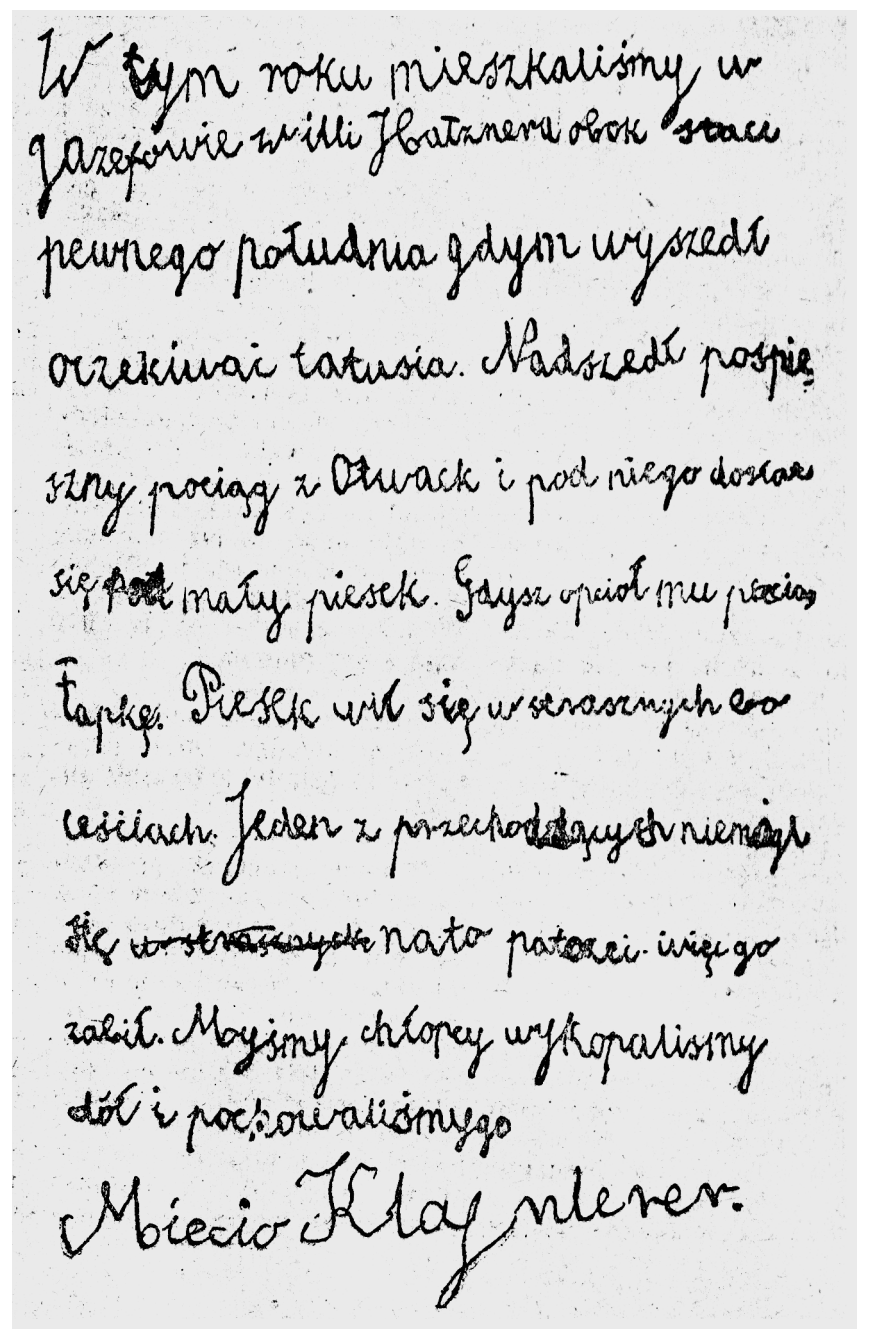
Hanka should continue to tell her fairytales to her three-year-old pupil, and the "nineteen-year-old elderly man" should tell them to the little Jankiele.

It is another matter with Judyta. She should try. If she knows how to look, and she sees a lot of interesting things, maybe her short stories will manage to attract the interest of the readers of the Little Review.

"Jerzy" is either big or he has copied his article. We will not publish it.

VII.

Please do not get discouraged. Whoever cried real tears when writing something sad, or was happy with all their heart for managing to invent an



What the 1st letter to Little Review looks like:

"This year we lived in Józefów in the Halsner villa near the stayshun one afternoon when I left to wait for daddy. An express train came from Otwock and a small dog got under it. Becoz the train caught its paw the Doggie was squirming in great suffering. One of the people passing by could not look at that so he killed the dog. Us boys we dug a hole and we buried it.

Mieczko Klajnerer."

But you wouldn't try to publish them now, would you?

Dorka is right when writing:

"If I read or hear something, then later, little short stories get composed out of that in my head."

After a performance, after reading a book or a poem, sentences appear in every person's head. But not everyone wants to write them. There are people who say little and those who talk a lot, there are also people who don't like to write, or write eagerly and with ease. One person draws, another one has an ear for music, another still participates in small sketches at home or at school. This is entertainment—a part of HOME, FAMILY life; a quiet,

amusing thing when writing something jolly; whoever didn't think they are smart when writing, forgot completely about themselves and their family, who is writing not because they were reminded of something, not because they want to copy others, but writing from their head, from their soul, who has the patience to correct many things afterwards, that person should not pay attention to my harsh tone, they should send the same thing once again and ask: "Is this good?" But they should ask, not demand that we send back the rejected tales; because we keep them to compare them with those written by others, who will write later.

CONTINUED ON P. 2

AN ORPHAN'S DIARY

My aunt gave me a doll and finally I went with the maidservant. But my uncle didn't want to take me in; he said there was nowhere for me to sleep and that he can't look at me being dressed shabbily, and he doesn't have money to buy clothes. So we came back home, but my aunt didn't want to take me in anymore, she was yelling at the maidservant and told her to go back once again and leave me there. The uncle was richer than the aunt, so this made her even angrier.

It was raining, it was dark, and I was hungry and tired.

Finally, we reached the hallway. In a split second the maidservant was already gone and left me all alone. My uncle opened the door and shouted: "What are you doing here at this hour?" Terrified by this welcome, I didn't answer. Oh my God! How I cried on that day. Just like it was raining heavily, bitter tears were falling from my eyes, and there was no one to dry them.

I was not let in from the hallway, where I stood huddled, tired from the experiences of the day. In the meantime, there was shouting, fighting, and bargaining in the room because my uncle wanted me to stay, and his wife was saying that she would not allow me to be there even for one moment. Finally, they sent me back to my aunt in a carriage. After wandering for a long time I have found my previous place there.

At last, after some time, a cousin took me in. It was better there, I was

sleeping in a room on the chairs, I was not given any work, and they started to educate me. But it didn't last long. I knew I would go to Warsaw, to other family members. They started to prepare me for the trip.

The day before leaving I went to my little sister, who was also sent away from Lublin and who was now at my uncle's. We said our goodbyes and we parted: neither of us cried. What use would crying be? Neither I nor she remembered the time when we were together under the same roof. Oh no! I was even impatiently awaiting the moment of my departure. I was impatient because it seemed to me that it would be the end of my sorrows, that I would start a new life, that I would attend a real school.

After arriving in Warsaw, I went to my cousin. They immediately notified my brother that I was there. I was sitting like that, when suddenly the door has opened and a big boy came in. It turned out that he was my brother, whom I didn't recognize and who didn't recognize me, either. I started to cry. The owner of the flat came and my brother started to beg that they keep me until I was accepted at an orphanage. The cousin agreed, and I stayed in his place temporarily.

It wasn't until I was there that my eyes finally opened, and I felt that I was a lonely orphan with nobody to care for her.

The children of my temporary guardian harassed me a lot, begrudging me the bread I was eating at every step. I was waiting for the end of the day with impatience because my brother would come in the evenings; he kissed me, comforted me, and gave me calming hope for the future.

I was supposed to be accepted at an orphanage, but it took a very long time before I was accepted. In the meantime, my benefactor was getting impatient, and his children took every opportunity to make me feel my sad circumstances.

Finally, I went to the orphanage. My brother was supposed to pay for

me, but he was doing his best to get them to take me in for free, because he wasn't making a lot of money and barely had enough for himself.

The orphanage was in Żyrdów. At last my wandering ended. I quickly grew accustomed to the children and to various rules, and I was better off there than at my relatives'.

At last I started to study with other children.

I spent one year in Żyrdów and then our establishment was moved to Warsaw.

In Warsaw, the older kids went to work, and younger ones were sent to school. I was among them.

And we would have been completely fine, if it weren't for the landlady, a simple woman, who didn't know how to deal with kids. The worst was that she had her favorites, whom she singled out while harming others, which gave reason to constant quarrels and jealousies. Some children were so jealous that sometimes at lunch they would pour hot soup on their happy peers, who actually weren't guilty of anything. She was especially vicious with the boys, she would throw them out into the hallway or on the stairs for nothing. It was commonplace to hear:

"Get lost, I don't ever want to see you again. Go back to where you came from."

Some children tried to flatter her and did it by inventing bogus things and wrongly accusing the misfortunate victim. The poor child would try to explain as best as they could asking for forgiveness while crying. All for nothing! It was the landlady's nature that she believed when someone made an accusation in secret, and didn't believe when someone was not whispering in another person's ear secretly, but talking openly.

Once in the winter, when everyone likes to sit in a warm room, our landlady grabbed me by the neck and threw me out into the hallway. At first I didn't know what was happening to me, but once I came to my senses, I started to wonder what I was being punished for.

Was it because I was a good student, or was it for the fact that I tidied up neatly (for which she has praised me herself)? To this day, I don't know why she threw me out into the dark and cold hallway. It must have been the doing of the evil kids, who made up something about me.

They shouldn't be judged harshly. Life drove them to do that. Oh, that life, how it ruins even the good people.

At last my brother came and seeing me in that state, he got very sad. Despite being only seventeen, he was my guardian after all. I was frozen, he wrapped his overcoat around me. We sat down on the stairs and he started to ask me what happened, but I was unable to answer him, I could only cry. Once I finally calmed down, he started to encourage me to go back to the apartment, to apologize, so that I wouldn't make the landlady I depended on even more angry. And this is when he told me for the first time that he would go to America and our suffering would end then.

Oh, what a joy it is to have someone who is able to paint everything in bright colors; who would like to change bitterness into sweetness.

Reassured, I went back into the apartment. I was cold for a long time and I couldn't fall asleep. And the next day I woke up with a strong headache. For another two or three days, I was well because I could walk. But on the third day, I fell really sick.

Soon, I have learned that the establishment would be moved to Mrozy and that there would be a different landlady there. And so it happened. The new landlady was a good and fair woman, so we quickly grew accustomed to her and started to like her. Our teacher came to Mrozy with us as well.

We were well and happy there. But such a state couldn't last long. First of all, my brother left. Although he rarely came to see me now, I cried and missed him, as if I had seen him every day. Now, I might not get a letter from him for four months, so I am not that worried, but it was different then. Well, it's too bad, a poor person, and especially an orphan, encounters only obstacles all the time, which hurt her like stones.

But that is not everything. One

time there was a horrible row in the establishment.

It started with the older kids whispering something among themselves. The small ones only caught echoes of all this gossip, which we didn't understand anyway. But the secret apparently has reached the ears of the caretakers because they arrived at the establishment. It was a terrible day!

It ended with the two oldest girls leaving for Warsaw and we were moved to Grodzisk.

Here my health started to get worse. I would often get headaches, I would stop studying, and finally I had to stay for a few months in a hospital. Since then, I have not been healthy anymore, not even once.

We were in Grodzisk, and later again in Warsaw.

(t.b.c.)

CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS

We have introduced a new column in this issue:

Current news. Current news stories are very important in the newspapers. There should be a lot of them so everyone can choose what is interesting to him.

Later we will divide the news into different parts: from, school, the city, domestic news, all over the world. Maybe we will introduce the title: reporter. Only after that – correspondent and contributor. We don't know yet for sure, because they often call reporters rascals, so we need to find out exactly, think first, ponder, because at times they accuse the innocent. ■

Stanisława Centnerszwerowa
drawing and painting lessons
49/19 Hoża Street, ph. 418-49, 3-5 p.m.

SECOND MAIL DELIVERY

The following people have written to the Little Review: Leon Hirszein, Ewa Reingewirówna, Władzio Litmanowicz, Sabina Szajka, M. Feldblum, "A lot of children," El-Żar, Lili Ajzensztajnowna, Felka Rotuszniak, A. Gips, Mietek Wolfowicz, M. Wrzosowicz, A. Brzeski, Hersz Kohn, Janka Mamłokówna, Bernard Badyłkes, Jerzy Ellenband, Zosia Nanasbaumówna, Mascheh Zajdensznr, H. Ajzenberg, Marek Szapiro, Halinka Z., Romeczka Grajssówna, Luba Rodkinówna, Jakub Goldszpigel, Dynka Byton, Liza Lewin, Zosia Rowińska, Ninka, Oleś Szper, Pola Nutkiewicz, Tosia Baumanówna, Moniek Gibiański, J. Weinstein, J. Jakubowicz, N. Lewental, Frania Władysław, Heniek Boniówka, Ruta Goldmanówna, Samuel Bornstein, M.K., Henio Ostern, S.J., Andzia Sznajder, Waclaw Reingold, Leon Zalkind, Ruta Bugajska, Janek Lichtenfeld, Estusia Goldwag, Blimicia Rozenblatt, Mietek Kolbsztrych. ■

ELECTRIC INSTALLATIONS

Licensed Office Józef Danziger
27 Ogrodowa Street ph. 198-87.

REPLIES TO LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM P. 2

The daddy from Lublin should calm Sara down: we don't have a garbage bin in the newsroom, we burn coal in the furnace, not children's letters. For adults, writing comes easily, and difficult for children. So we respect their work and store it as interesting documents.

We would like to thank S.B., a girl from the fifth grade, for her idea to announce surveys on various subjects. Why should she wait until she gets 20 As? By sending survey subjects, ideas for improvement, she will gain the correspondent title.

We give As not as encouragement, not to speculate, so that they care more, but to separate the wheat from the chaff.

We want to communicate with the readers, we want to become friends with the smartest and with the best. How do we do that? Surely, we will have hundreds of letters. Right now, every letter is new. When picking up the mail, we want to know ahead of time:

"Oh, this is from him—this is from her."

Some ask if they can write, or they announce they will. Such letters are unnecessary. Everyone can write and about everything.

Just not everything can be printed, and what is more—we can't print it IMMEDIATELY.

Józio from Solna Street and Jadzia from Orla Street have nicely described a school trip, but we do not print nice essays.

Adaś wants to know what adventures we want to publish:

"Probably those that will interest the readers."

We have given the letters from Helenka and Marek from Vilnius to the editor of the sport supplement.

Janusz Korczak

CURRENT NEWS

I have an uncle who has the custom of pinching me on my cheeks and saying: "Great boy. Atta boy"

And this hurts. And I am embarrassed to tell him not to do that.

And although this uncle is good and gives me different things, I don't like him. And I don't feel nice.

There are those who pinch a little, but there are also those who pinch hard.

I have an older brother (it does not say in the letter what his name is); he beats me for not listening to people older than me. He should not meddle with my things.

The teacher said to bring an onion to biology class, and when she gave it back to me, I ate half of it. I felt bitterness in my mouth and tears were pouring out of my eyes. And when I came home, I joked that I had received a bad grade.

I am already in the fifth grade, and I still make mistakes on the stickers and I write: fourth grade. It is always like that at the beginning.

I have a friend I've been mad at for three months already. I want to make up with him, but I don't know how.

I have two little sisters and two little brothers. My older sister goes to school. My younger brother is five years old, the youngest sister and brother are three years old and they bother me the most. When I want to sleep in the morning, they wake me up at six o'clock because Miecio is crying that he wants a cookie, and Wandzia that she wants pears. And I want to sleep and I get angry.

I sit beside an annoying classmate at school. Whatever I bring to school, he has to touch it.

In our class, we have: a chronicle keeper, a towel keeper, etc. Our chronicle is big and nice. Every student writes whatever she can in it and attaches an appropriate drawing to go with the text. Some of us

(w)

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

THE SCHOOL ISSUE

(Work — sorrow — joy — concern)

IN DEFENSE OF PRIMARY SCHOOL

In issue no. 30, we published a letter written by a boy who complained that a primary school doesn't teach much and brings children up badly. In the letter, he gives several examples of bad manners, such as improper conduct of primary school students on the street and at the cinema, intrusive demands for gifts (rattling on, squirting).

We published this letter without a signature to spare the boy unpleasantness, because although we considered these charges unjust, they were presented in good faith, i.e. not out of viciousness, but to prevent bad things. Quite often sharp criticism brings good effects, and the paper provides an opportunity to rectify untrue statements.

We asked our readers to defend primary school, if they want to and if they can do it.

Of the many letters regarding this subject which we received, only Samek agrees that a public primary school is worse than a middle school, that students there are less intelligent and only a lack of money forces parents to send their children to public primary schools.

Moniek — a primary school student from Kleczew — is of the opinion that since last year everything has improved: fewer exceptions, failing grades and horsing around. The worst thing is that in a primary school there are also groups, such as aristocracy, intelligentsia, wise ones, fools, the poor, etc. A higher grade doesn't speak with the lower one. To put it briefly: it's worse than in middle school, but not totally bad.

Doba from Zgierz writes: "Please tell the boy who doesn't like primary schools that I pity his schoolmates."

"Each homeroom teacher of a high school and primary school attempts — in the opinion of Estusia from Nowolipki Street — to wean children off bad behavior. An unjust teacher makes exceptions, but the school is not to be blamed for it."

Two public high school students — former middle school students — Benjamin and Heniek tell: "We will refer to the fact from our life in high school; after three lessons, we went out to the schoolyard as usual. A poorer schoolmate asked a richer one: "Lend me a piece of bread, because I have forgotten to bring my breakfast." The rich one replied: "You squirt; you should take it with you." In a public school we are not ashamed when we don't bring breakfast with us.

Halina from Twarda Street is "sure that this boy must have experienced

something unpleasant from his schoolmates, because otherwise he wouldn't have written things which are not true. I don't believe that boys whistle on their way to the movies — the teacher would forbid it immediately."

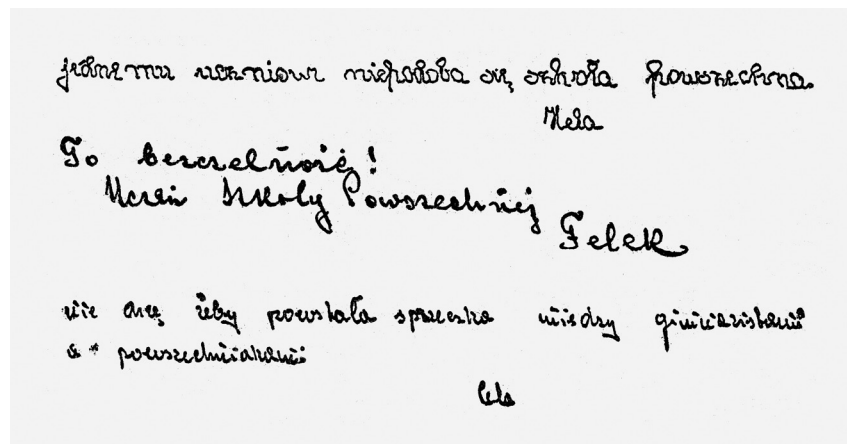
SABCIA'S LETTER

I spent seven years in a primary school. Now I am a middle school student. I can tell you that it was nicer in the primary school. In a high school, false shame stops the poor kids from admitting that they are poor, and when their friends ask them, they try to weasel out. In a primary school, everybody takes part in entertainment: an excursion or the movies; those who can, give more, and the mutual aid organization supplements the shortage. The same applies to clothes and all other things. I suppose that this student was angry about primary school because on that particular day some schoolmate made him feel bad.

GUZIA

I graduated from primary school. I have many friends among high school students and I can firmly state that the girls from primary schools are usually more intelligent, and they give more thought to everything than the high school students, where frivolity and thinking about fashion, clothes and entertainment prevails. Life conditions result in differences in ideas and opinions. I like my memories from the nice years spent at primary school. I would be happy if they came back. I want to add that in a primary school, there is more equality and solidarity.

As far as education is concerned, it isn't the fault of the primary school that many students are a bit older, because their life conditions prevented them from earlier start at school — primary school should be finished when one is fourteen.



One student doesn't like primary school

Hela

I don't want an argument between the middle school students and the primary school students.

This is insolence!

A primary school student

Felek

GENIA

I am a middle school student; I began to attend it after a few years in a primary school. I absolutely can't agree with the author of the letter. It is true that in primary school, there is less homework, but one can benefit from lessons in class. As far as upbringing is concerned, primary school probably pays more attention to it, because the financial situation prevents mothers from cooperating and facilitating this task by careful home upbringing. In middle school, the homeroom teacher has rather formal relations with students, doesn't analyze their needs and doesn't try to get to know them better. The author of the letter should not delude himself that everything is fine in high schools, because he would be deeply disappointed.

RENIA AND HELA

I don't go to primary school, but I have many friends there and they behave very well. My mommy often tells me to follow their example. It's true that there are bullies in primary schools but are there really none in middle schools?

I would also like to ask whether the author of the letter knows a private school since he praises it so much.

* * *

One student doesn't like a primary school because there are bad students and bullies there. I don't think it is right, although there are such students as he describes, but there are also very well behaved boys in primary school, who can be an example for others. I know several such boys. As far as the girls are concerned, almost all of them are models of good manners.

CONTINUED ON P. 2

TWO SCHOOL PERFORMANCES

At the high school on Miodowa Street

The program includes comedies and Hebrew and Polish recitations. I'm not a musician, so it's hard for me to evaluate them; I form my opinion based on the listeners, not the performers. The audience, especially the young people, was moved. There are few Jewish schools in Warsaw which have orchestras. Organizing an orchestra is difficult because musicians change all the time — either they graduate from school or they perform elsewhere.

Particularly successful was the staged Hebrew poem "Bat Heshamash" (The Schammes' Daughter) by Frug. A popular rabbi got very ill. There was no hope for him, people prayed at the saints' graves, but it didn't help. There was despair in the schammes' house; his daughter loved the old rabbi very much; he was her mentor. She trembled while waiting for the news. Only one very old Jewish piece of advice remains:

two educated young men are sent to the town to write down the life handouts for the pious tzaddik on parchment.

People offer the rabbi what is dearest for them — their own life: an hour, a day, or even a week. The messengers appear at the schammes' house with the sheet for handouts:

"And how much do you offer to the old rabbi, schammes' daughter?"

She got pale and whispered quietly but firmly:

"I give up my whole life for him..."

At the same time the rabbi got up from his bed and the schammes' daughter died.

The old rabbi lived for many years, all his friends died and he was left lonely and forgotten. He was worried that he had deprived a young girl of her life. He kept thinking about her. One night he heard wedding music;

CONTINUED ON P. 2

IN OUR NEIGHBORS' COUNTRY

When the Germans beat the French 60 years ago, they boasted about it and said, "We won the war because we have better teachers than the French. Children have been taught order and love for their homeland at school. A primary school teacher won the war."

After the victorious war, Germans began to build even more schools and ordered teachers to make even more educational efforts, but teachers could not handle some students, so they decided to beat them if they didn't obey the teacher.

They issued such laws:

1. The teacher has the right to beat students. This right stems from their official rights. They can beat students of another grade but not of another school; they can beat students for offences committed outside the school. The teacher has the right to beat students not only at school, but also outside school and out of lessons.

2. Since the right to beat students is the official right of the teacher, it is governed by the code and regulations of relevant authorities. These regulations describe in what cases the teacher is allowed to beat students and when.

3. If there are traces of beating (bumps, bruises or scratches), but they do no harm to the student's health, the teacher is not liable.

4. If the teacher deliberately punishes a student, but by carelessness hurts them badly, they are liable based

on the Penal Code (par. 223-230-240).

5. The teacher breaks the law if they beat parts of the body other than the allowed pursuant to the regulations. According to the decision of the Reich Court (of May 4th, 1904, V, Penal Senate) in case of hitting the face, the teacher's liability depends on whether they hit so hard that the student's health could be affected.

6. If the teacher beats the student unjustly, deliberately beats innocent students or beats a student because they refuse to do what the teacher has no right to demand, the teacher is subject to penalty.

7. The teacher cannot beat students if the authorities take away their right to beat students permanently or temporarily.

8. A beating that doesn't exceed the limits set out by the legal regulations, is not punishable, if the person who applied it was authorized by an entitled person.

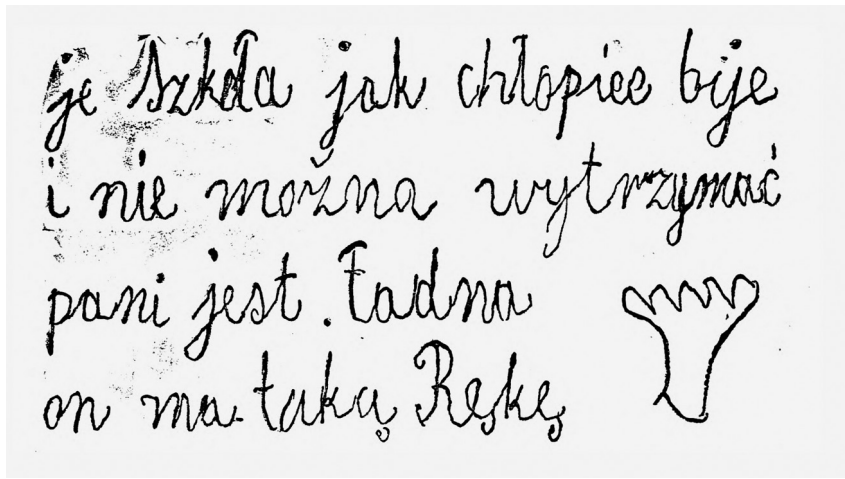
9. Priests can beat students only as teachers, not as clergymen.

10. Parents are not entitled to file a complaint against the teacher with the court; only the prosecutor is authorized to file applications for punishing the teacher.

The Germans issued such laws and were happy that they had the best order in the world in their schools. But the new, latest war came, and the

CONTINUED ON P. 2

THEY BEAT PEOPLE UP



[...] School when a boy beats / and one can't bear it / the teacher is pretty / he has a hand like this [drawing of a hand]

In almost every mail delivery, we get letters with complaints about beatings. The students of lower grades complain that the older students beat them, the weaker and peaceful complain that one schoolmate picks on them or several boys provoke the whole class. Sometimes they provide the boy's name, but since we can't check it, we prefer to be cautious.

"I am calm by nature," writes Rafał. "I have a gentle character,

I don't provoke anyone. There is a boy in our grade who picks on me terribly and beats me, especially when I go home. I told the teacher about it but she doesn't want to accept my complaint. I would like the editors to advise me what I am supposed to do. My address: No. 8 Wołyńska Street.

We are including a reprint sent by a boy from a small town: he even drew a hand, with which the bully beats him. ■

SUMMER IN CIECHOCINEK

I.

I went to Ciechocinek with my mommy and my brother. We stayed in a nice house; on one side of it there was a garden, and a clearing on the other. Yellow flowers grew there; I don't know their name but they smell nice. I was running in the clearing with my brother, and when I got tired, I sat in the grass. My brother brought flowers and I made wreaths. At noon, we took off our tops and we sunbathed. We used to go to the park, where music played. I saw many unhappy people. They were riding in wheelchairs because they couldn't walk. These wheelchairs were pushed by boys. I thanked God that I was in good health and no one had to push me in a wheelchair, but I felt sad. I saw a girl: she was as tall as me, but her face was pale, and I felt like crying. Not everyone goes to Ciechocinek for fun. I would be happy if all people were healthy and in good shape.

(MANIUSIA)

II.

I have been to the summer camp in Ciechocinek twice already. I felt good. We had a doctor and hygienist. Each child had their own bed. We played all day, we ate 5 times. At the beginning, I missed my family and I even cried, later I got used to it, but I was happy when it was time to go home. I would like to go to the summer camp every year, but in the period when there is no school, because I don't want to miss lessons.

(ANUSIA)

III.

The doctor prescribed me baths. I went to Ciechocinek, where I saw an accident. A deaf and dumb boy was crossing the street, when a cart appeared. The cart driver began to shout to the boy to go faster, but he couldn't hear him, a speeding horse ran into the boy and the cart ran over his leg. People began to shout and they took the boy to the hospital. Later I went to Warsaw because it was the beginning of the school year. I would like to write

more, but I have no time, because I have a ultraviolet lamp session.

(ELISZO)

IV.

I had the following an adventure in Ciechocinek. I was standing next to the ditch, and I wanted to pick up some shells; my long-legged and long-armed sister promised to help me. She stood on a piece of land surrounded by the marsh and picked up the shells. Suddenly, the earth moved down under the weight of the tall girl. She grabbed me because she didn't want to be eaten by the frogs. She caught me so unexpectedly that I also fell into the marsh. We managed to get out but it was difficult. When I looked at my sister I started to laugh, because she was black as a Negro. She said: "Don't laugh and don't think that you look different." We went home. Mommy was frightened when she saw that we were so dirty, she bathed us and put to beds. This was the end of my adventure.

(EWA)

A DISAGREEMENT

(A 3rd grade student)

There is no consent in our class. One girl protests against all projects. Just like when in the times of John II Casimir, the deputies contested all projects using one word — "veto". If someone wants to work in the students' council or to do something for the class, they can be sure that this girl will criticize them. She gossips and ridicules everybody and suspects them of being conceited. She wants the whole class to always do what and how she wants. The same applies to voting. If someone is against her as a candidate, she says: "because you want to be the candidate" or "you want your friend to run."

Her strange way of thinking has resulted in several girls crying and the class was upset. ■

A VISIT WITH TURNER'S MOTHER

We know very little about Icchak Turner's life. After our feature (the Little Review no. 32) some readers have many questions and they would like to get to know his life in detail.

Two shomers from Łódź — Elimelech and Meir — undertook, at our editors' request, the task of completing Turner's story. They found his family.

"We met Turner's oldest sister.

She told us some details about his life in Łódź.

Then we went to Icchak's mother. She is old and ill. When we arrived, she was reading the Tseno Ureno (the Women's Bible). Each word or memory about her son is painful for her, so we must be very tactful in asking questions. We didn't even dare to ask for his letters. She only has one photo of

IN DEFENSE OF PRIMARY SCHOOL

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

HANIA

After finishing primary school, I studied in middle school, but only for half a year; I had to leave it due to illness and financial problems. Although it was a short time, I managed to get familiarized with the school and students; earlier I didn't believe there was such a difference, I thought it was better in middle school. Now I've changed my mind.

At the primary school teachers often had talks for us, and they talked with us during breaks. The professor behaves in a different way: he comes to the classroom, gives homework, explains, listens, and that's all. He never talks warmly with the students. Lessons are boring and gloomy.

Among the girls there is a clear division between the rich and the poor. There are two groups, something like two camps. One invites only the members of one's group for a birthday party. The same applies to everything. Poor girls don't feel comfortable here.

ESTERA

If a primary school student says "you swine" to his classmate, it is not right, but don't middle school students use the same or even worse expressions? Don't we see middle school students horsing around in the street? They don't behave better than the boys from primary schools. Is there no weaseling and cheating (in the school meaning) in middle schools? If the educational levels of classes differ, the same happens in middle schools — it looks better in one grade and worse in another. It all depends on the abilities of a given grade and on the diligence of the teacher. In primary school, the same as in middle school, there are more and less intelligent students, and ones who are not intelligent at all. A primary school student has nothing besides school, so she respects it more. She wants more, and being experienced by life, she can work better. A child from middle school, surrounded by wealth, is less eager to learn, and their education proceeds only due to the help of governesses.

BASIA

The boy is not right in his accusations. Primary schools teach and bring up. Maybe his class is exceptional and there is no harmony, but the same may happen in middle school. People are people, and they have their weaknesses.

I respect primary school because thanks to it I can read, write and think. This boy should not pity us; he suffers from too much ambition — It sounds good to say one goes to high school.

SZOSZANA

The author of the letter is either embittered or is a man about town, and this is why he attacks primary schools. I'm a shomeret, and I know both rich and poor children. It might seem that the children whose parents work hard to make living and have no time to bring them up have the worse upbringing. But it turns out that a number of rich children behave much worse as if they never got any upbringing. I will quote a Jewish proverb: evil words result in evil answers. Maybe the author of the letter provoked his schoolmate with an evil word and the latter replied in the same manner. You can't divide children into these or those, but you can't say that they all are identical, either. This would be nonsense.

FELEK

As primary school student, I feel obliged to reply to the thoughtless scowl of a student who complains about primary school. If his grade is awful, it doesn't mean that all grades are like this. Each grade is versatile; it has bullies and easy-going students, the good and the bad, the diligent and the lazy. Why, instead of complaining and scowling like a spoiled child, doesn't he join the good ones? Anyway, if he doesn't like public schools, let him go to middle school instead of turning us against the school which we like, because this is impudence.

* * *

And it will be better if instead of thinking about what happens in all schools, everybody takes care of the order and wellness in their small grade, which is their place in one of these schools. ■

A TEACHER SLAPPED A STUDENT IN THE FACE

(A student of school No. 27)

Our school was at the city cinematograph on Tuesday. An unpleasant event happened. The homeroom teacher slapped two girls in the face for the following reasons. These girls left their seats and went closer to the barrier. This happened during the break. The teacher slapped them in the face and yanked them to make them go back to

their seats. The girls were ashamed and began to cry. Let's say that they deserved a reprimand, but should the teacher behave in such uncivilized way? She should be an example of good manners. Please, publish this sad letter. ■

Icchak — we made a copy and we are sending it to you.

We learned that in his youth, Icchak was strong and athletic. He was a good student. He was friendly and people liked him. He hated injustice that happened at school. He felt best with his schoolmates in Jaffa. When he was in middle school, he sometimes stood watch and he left the 7th grade to become a regular shomer.

The Arabs liked Turner very much. They remembered him for a long time after his death. They used to say with respect: "These are Turner's parents! This is his mother!"

The following incident speeded up his death. Once he lent his shoes to a friend who had the night watch. The same night there was an alarm — an attack by some bad neighbors. Turner ran out barefoot and he got lung disease.

He died on the evening of Pesach. His grave is cared for by the workers.

* * *

We cannot publish the photo because the black background makes it not possible to print it on the plate. ■

BULLIES

(Ludwiś)

I am informing you that mommy bought me a new cap. It is round, and children are ill-bred: they grab my cap and throw it into the road. Once the whole group of bullies provoked me on the stairs.

During the lesson, I suddenly feel that someone is rummaging in my desk, he takes out my cap and says, "Give me this pot, I will cook soup for you," and he spits into the cap. I went to complain to the teacher, and she only said: "Don't do it again," and that's all.

For me this is a serious thing, and for them it's nothing. Please, tell me what to do because they destroyed my cap and my dad has no money to buy me a new one. ■

A FAUX PAS

A very unpleasant incident took place in our class. One of our friends was a victim. The hygienist checked the cleanness of students and she punished one of the unclean girls in a very nasty way. In opposition to the opinion of the students and the girl's resistance, the homeroom teacher ordered to take off her shirt, the janitor brought a brush and basin with water, and the teacher washed her in the presence of all the girls.

Was the teacher, who should be an example, right to do something like this? Such conduct shocks the class and causes discontent.

(The school number and surname are written down in the letter). ■

IN OUR NEIGHBORS' COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Germans lost this war. They threw out a silly emperor and said that now everything would be different.

Everybody was satisfied because they thought: "If teachers who beat students lost, now they would probably stop beating children."

But we read in the paper that children are still beaten in German schools. It's strange how silly they are. ■

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

(Matys' diary)

When Pietrek gave the sign, I came out of the water and put on my clothes. Then we called the girls but they were embarrassed and didn't want to bathe because they didn't want everybody to see their figures. They asked a man where one can safely bathe. He showed them another pond, but a deep one, so they didn't bathe. In bed, I thought about the bath for a long time, and then I fell asleep.

July 4th — I didn't describe how I spent that day because I had no time.

July 5th — After breakfast I went out to the yard. I was there the whole time and I was very bored. I was bored until lunch. After lunch, I went to the forest, and then to the pond to bathe. The boys quarreled with the girls again: the girls said that the boys looked when they were bathing and it was not true. At 6 p.m. I received glockenspiel and a letter from my brother. After dinner, we talked about the news from Warsaw. We told fairy tales in the dormitory, and later I played the glockenspiel.

July 6th — After breakfast, I went to Mr. Wygocki to ask him to go and bring water. I waited for a long time until he harnessed the horse. He put me on the horse and I rode from the stable to the well. When he brought the water, he took the harness off and I rode to the stable. Then I went to write. When I was writing, Abramek came and said that the gentle boys wanted to break the raft. I had no time, and when I finished writing and ran there, the battle was already over. On my way back home, I picked some currants, which we are not allowed to do. I rode a horse. When I was near the well, the bullies began to shout: "Get off, kike!" and made me get off the horse. After dinner, I cleaned the kitchen and went to bed. When it was quiet, I played the glockenspiel. I fell asleep.

July 7th — I got dressed and I washed myself. I helped in the kitchen, then I bought a pound of bread; I didn't eat lunch, because I felt full. After lunch I lay down for a while. An hour later I went horseback riding and I bathed. The water was warm. And it was very nice.

After dinner, I went to bed. I felt sick to my stomach.

July 8th — I stayed in bed until lunch. Cesia brought me zwiebacks and cocoa for breakfast. Then I read a book until noon. For lunch, I got groats with milk. I got up and I stayed at home. Mr. Szymon's wife came and brought products. After tea, she was going back to Warsaw. I asked her to let me go to Grójec. It was very nice.

July 9th — Today I got up at 8 a.m. and I went to wash myself. When I came into the kitchen, Bluma told me to leave because she didn't have any work for me. I didn't want to leave, because Miss Cesia would later give me a reprimand. Bluma said: "If I tell you to leave, you don't have to be afraid." After breakfast, I sewed on some buttons, then I wrote in my diary and read a book. Before tea, Józiek came, and Jojne gave him a whip to beat me. They began to fight with me. I hit Szymon and Aron, because they provoked me the most. During the fight, they hit me in the eye with a stick and my eye swelled. Miss Cesia came back from Grójec and we had to carry in the things that she brought. Abram was very hungry. He told us in the dormitory, what happened in Grójec. Miss Cesia put a dressing on my eye and I went to bed. The boys sang Jewish songs. Srul sang in Polish.

July 10th — When the girls saw me, they said: "Look, how swollen he is." I was very offended but I didn't show it. While we were cleaning, Bluma said, "You are not handsome, because your eye is swollen." I said, "You may not fall in love with me." She went away. Later we stood and watched how to make dumplings. We invited two gentlemen from administration for lunch. They only ate dumplings. After lunch, they sold us cherries. I bought half a pound and I shared it with Gerszon. After tea, I played Old Maid and I won 20 groszy. Miss Franciszka told a very nice fairy tale in the dormitory, but I didn't hear it because I fell asleep.

On 12.7 I didn't write anything because I was copying things into a clean notebook.

July 13th — After lunch, Abram, Józef, Pinkus, Motek, and I went to the forest. We were told that there are

so many wild strawberries that you didn't even have to look for them. As soon as we got there I got pricked. At the beginning, there were few wild strawberries, but later — a lot. I picked them for nearly two hours. I gathered a whole can. On my way back, I met Mr. Wygocki, who was on his way to get wood, so I jumped on the cart and went with him. On the way back I walked, because horses were tired. I hurried because I thought it was late, but it turned out that the tea wasn't served yet. After tea, Kubek, Srul and I went to bathe, but we met the director, and he told us to take care of the horse. We looked after it for nearly half an hour before he came back. Later we went to bathe. Tomorrow I will go to Grójec. I was very happy to hear this, because my visit there had been planned for a long time. I cleaned the kitchen and I went to bed. ■

SZMULAK'S OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Dear Honorable
Mr. Minister,

If the temperature in winter falls to minus 12 degrees, children don't go to school so as not to get frostbite on their ears, even though their way to school lasts, at the most, a dozen or so minutes. But when it's plus 30,

we have to sit for five hours in stuffy classrooms. Teachers are tired and often give us tests, and we are dizzy. Please issue a law stating that if it is more than 20 degrees in June, lessons are suspended, and if that's not possible, that there are only three lessons. ■

AT A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN THE PRAGA DISTRICT

The children liked it very much that after the first songs sung by the choir the teacher asked:

"Do you want them to continue or is that enough?" The choir sang nicely so everybody agreed they wanted more. The "Kittens" looked like they were covered with white cherry flowers. The 2nd grade danced and now all children hum:

"We are kittens — purr, purr, purr!"
In the comedy "Stasio's dream,"

Felka pretends she is five and she can't read; she gets a book on her birthday and asks: "Is it the one with the story about Little Red Riding Hood?" When she fell asleep, she dreamed about different fairy tales because her brother, a young worker, often told her fairy tales. The audience liked the "Storyteller" best because he wore a colorful robe made of paper, beautifully played the violin, and called up fairy tales to appear. ■

TWO SCHOOL PERFORMANCES

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

the violin sadly played a Jewish canopy song. He understood — if she had been alive, it would have been her wedding. A bit later he heard a lullaby: "If she had been alive — she would have had a baby now."

Years passed and the old rabbi each night listened to the strange singing of a studying person: "Hoy, tanu rabinen!" "It's her son studying. Why did I deprive her of life?"

Then he heard a speech during her son's bar mitzvah. Wedding songs again. And one dark night he heard crying at a funeral. He understood that it was the last hour of the schammes' daughter, who died prematurely. He was happy that death would also end his tortures. The next day, the old man was found dead, but looking as if he were asleep and smiling.

This difficult ballad was very well directed. Pronunciation was a weak point because the artists did not decide

JONATAN'S LETTER

Recently, in the Prussian Parliament, deputies said that children at schools should not be beaten anymore. Others replied that they must be beaten because they don't obey teachers. So those MPs who were against beating, said that there was no beating in Denmark and France and students were as obedient as those in Germany. In Denmark, there are no penalties at all and no grades, and if someone misbehaves, they persuade them not to do it anymore. When the teacher who wanted to beat students, heard this, he said that in Germany, students were used to a firm hand and they didn't understand other

punishments. Then they began to shout that they wanted to wean children away from a firm hand. When this teacher heard this, he got up and said: "It was parents, not teachers, who accustomed students to beatings."

Finally, MPs decided that beatings would still be allowed!

This argument took place between adults, and there were no children, whose bodies they quarreled about. Little Review should protest against the barbarism of German educators, because our peers are being beaten.

(Jonatan, a student of class 4-B)

AN AGGRIEVED STUDENT

I want to describe unpleasant things that a new student faces. It happened on the day when I had a history exam. My dream and goal is to thoroughly study this discipline in the future. I answered well, although I was nervous. I made one stupid mistake. The teacher, instead of correcting me, painfully mocked me by bursting out laughing. What did the class do? Following the teacher's example, all the students began to laugh.

Oh, teacher, you know the textbook but you don't know the student's soul. It's easy being a teacher; but it's hard

knowing young people.

I would advise you to deal with this matter and then the school won't be a hard desk but will become the center of youth's life.

A year has passed since this exam, and it still is vivid in my memory. I cannot forget and forgive it. I was painfully hurt at the very beginning. Whom should I blame: the girls, for their lack of solidarity, or the teacher, who made a joke at my expense?

Please don't write how the teacher joked, because I don't want all others to know who wrote this letter. ■

THE TEACHER'S LETTER

(Reply to the article "Don't make promises")

In connection with the issue of keeping one's word dealt with by the editors in the article entitled "Don't make promises," I would like to state that I felt hurt by it in my human and teacher's honor.

It happened because the editors too rashly relied on the student's complaint as a pretext to write the article. The complaint related to his homeroom teacher. The editors should have communicated with the teacher to check whether the child's charges were justified. The elementary rules of justice require this. A temporary failure to keep a promise, or rather

shifting the date of the fulfilment thereof, was clarified and justified by me to the children. The accuser proved that he is careless not only by sending the complaint regarding a temporary disappointment (which, I admit, I caused), but also by the later silence on his part.

Anyway, not holding a grudge against the student, I would like to inform the editors that the children went to the movies and saw *The Thief of Bagdad* (so the promise wasn't just idle talk); and please, in the future look also at the other side of the coin. ■

grades performed it. Small children didn't know why the beautiful maiden wanted to have a rose and why the student wanted to dance with her. They said: "If she is so difficult — it's no use trying." The children felt pity for the nightingale, which sacrificed itself and gave its blood to the pale rose to make it red. The children were angry with the beautiful maiden that she didn't want even the red rose and preferred diamonds. Finally, the student said that he was going to return to philosophy. The children didn't understand where he returned, but they guessed that it must be far away, and that it's very sad there. The saddest thing in the whole fairy tale was the beautiful violin playing by Chumek from the sixth grade. Music was understood by everybody.

The programs were nicely drawn, especially silhouettes — totally black. The money was designated for the summer camp.

Jawan

THINGS GET LOST

(Roma)

In our class nibs, pencils, or even money and books often get lost. For a long time, we didn't know who took all those things. Recently our suspicion was focused on one girl. We told the homeroom teacher, who promised to sort it out. I don't know if we did the right thing — maybe it would have been better to tell the girl not to do it anymore, because if she didn't stop, we would tell the teacher. She would surely improve. I don't want to write more because my letter is very sad.

We read in the Little Review that in one school, they organized a union of goodness. I like this union very much. I would like to have one in our school. I left the best news for the end: our middle school was granted rights. It happened like this. The geography professor ran into the classroom. He was very happy. Then the principal came in and told us this nice and important news. ■

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

(Stella)

We mentioned the issue of parents' attitude towards the child and vice versa several times. Recently, during a meeting, we spoke about it very honestly and openly. Suddenly someone asked: why do children respect strangers more than their parents? So many times I saw children doing their best to do a favor to the teacher, they say "please" and "thank you," and go where the teacher tells them. And when their parents say the same, children are reluctant to obey. Why is it so?

I find many answers. This is an unexhausted subject. At school children talk to their teachers about lofty aims, whereas with their parents, at home, they don't. When a child gets older, parents want them to be pious and anger begins. Why did the same people who are angry now not teach them in childhood, didn't imprint a sense of duty in their children, but just said, "when they get older, things

will work out somehow."

When a child wants to learn something, to ask about something, the mother is busy and has no time to answer, she just growls and the child won't ask her again. Quite often, when a child sees or listens to conversations, it hears and sees things that shouldn't take place.

There are many other reasons and the most important is that parents first only spoil their child and don't see a soul in it, and later they make demands.

Parents are loved but not always respected. Parents don't let their child learn and requests bring no effect. To have an ideal child, parents have to be ideal themselves. Even if the teacher is not better than the parents, a child doesn't know her bad sides, idealizes her and is more frank with her than with the parents. Parents think that children have no worries but they don't know child's soul. ■

RESPECT FOR PARENTS

(Sala)

Recently, I have thought a lot about the important thing that is respect for parents. Do all children respect their fathers and mothers? Many of them almost insult them. Is it really so difficult to muster up continuous attachment and respect? If one overcomes anger or offence once, it is much easier later on. I didn't think about this problem until this year. I probably respected them earlier, but not because I understood, but because I was taught respect. We never discussed this problem at school.

I don't mean that school is to blame, I'm just mentioning it. Thinking about this matter, I eventually understood that I'm very satisfied with it.

I'm an 8th grade student and I have already written 8 letters. In some of them, I signed myself the same, and in others — differently. Now I have decided not to change the signature because I see that the editors are in a difficult situation of not knowing to whom and how they should reply, because all letters are connected with each other. ■

SCHOOL IN SPRING

(Fela)

When spring comes, I'm not very eager to go to school. I want to go to the country and listen to the birds' songs. I'm not the only one who wants to get free from the narrow city walls — everybody likes spring. Spring has

some kind of charm, which makes all souls happy, erases sorrows, and brings relief from longing. Even an unhappy person smiles at the sun.

Schools organize excursions. People become better; they are embarrassed about their anger as compared to the goodness and beauty of nature. ■

A TWO-HOUR LONG TEST

(Edward)

We had a two-hour long math test. I wasn't happy about it because I don't like subtraction. I reluctantly began to work. I worked slowly and the teacher kept giving us new problems. I didn't feel like solving these problems anymore because it looked like a never-ending story. The teacher asked why the desks squeaked. The students answered: "Those who cannot solve the problem fidget around and that's why desks squeak." I got tired and I thought: now I will just pretend

to work. At last — the bell!

The next period was supposed to be a natural science class. The same teacher teaches natural science and I was worried to hear her say that instead of natural science, we would have another math class, because we have to finish the test. The whole class began to yawn with fatigue. We didn't know when the end would come. After two hours of waiting we heard the rescuing bell. The class monitor collected the notebooks and gave them to the teacher. We go home. I will send the end of this story when I get my grade. I am the pupil of the introductory grade. I got an A for the previous test. ■

BOYS AND GIRLS

(Mania)

I want to mention the following subject: Why do boys harass girls? Are the girls inferior to the boys? I had such an incident. On Thursday, I was walking down the street with my friend. A boy hit us with his fist. I called him a bully and said I would call a policeman. A policeman stood a few steps from us and laughed. He probably

didn't understand that when you are upset, you say whatever crosses your mind. If he reprimanded the boy, maybe he wouldn't harass people anymore. Why is it that if you throw a paper on the street, you pay a penalty of one zloty, and a boy can beat the girls and go unpunished? Let Little Review do something to make boys pay a penalty for poking girls. The policemen will surely agree because they would collect a lot of money. ■

A BROKEN RULER

(Students of the 4th grade)

It is really annoying when someone is wrong and they keep arguing. For example, you can tell them, "Go away," or "move aside," and they'll reply "what are you going to do if I don't want to? This is what I feel like doing."

They know they're wrong, and they do what they want anyway, because you can't do anything to them. If they knew I was stronger, or that there would be a punishment, they would listen, but because there's no punishment, they do what they want.

Nowhere in the world are people allowed to litter in the streets, but people throw away papers, pits, food, they spit and blow their noses. They're not allowed, but there's no punishment. A polite person won't litter, but when they see that everyone else does it,

they won't watch themselves.

The police did not intervene, because you can't lock everyone up, and besides, no one really knows if you can arrest people for littering.

People have slipped and fallen because of pits and orange peels, watchmen got angry, the streets were dirty, and no one can do anything.

But now there is a law that fines people 50 groszy or 1 zloty for littering. 20,000 people have already paid the fine, and now they watch themselves more. I saw a man holding a bag on Złota Street, and then he looked around to see if anyone was looking, and he threw the bag away. Plum pits fell out of it. I wanted to tell him to pick them up, but I was afraid he would argue, because it was in the evening. ■

THE FIGHT

(Heniek)

A performance was planned. Rehearsals took place every day. Today, two boys, Mietek and Lutek, started to fight during the rehearsal.

Mietek is a quiet, serious and hard-working boy. I don't know why they call him a dweeb. Lutek is gifted but he doesn't like to learn; he pays no attention in class and kids around. I don't know what this fight was like, but I found out that Mietek, deliberately or by accident, kicked Lutek in the forehead.

The teacher was leading us to another classroom where we had a rehearsal. During the rehearsal Lutek hit Mietek in the chest with his fist, Mietek began to cry, and the teacher told Lutek to go out into the hallway and told us to go into the classroom, and said that this part of the performance would not be shown unless the class made peace between these two classmates. They didn't want to apologize to each other. The algebra professor asked about it. Mietek said that Lutek had the right to hit him, but not during the rehearsal. Lutek murmured something. ■

THREE JEWS

(Tadzio X)

There are three of us Jews in the class. Two of us live in harmony with our Catholic classmates, we play with them, make homework together, visit each other, participate in union life, we belong to clubs and the mutual aid society. The third one is a contrast. He's always alone, silent and gloomy; he doesn't play with us or talk to anyone, especially to the Catholics. All of his behavior shows aversion and wish to avoid the gentiles.

I present this classmate as an illustration of my problem: why do some Jews imprint a hatred toward gentiles in their

children, which grows with time? I myself (as my mother says) used to be threatened: "Sleep or a gentile will come and get you" or: "Be quiet, or I will sell you to gentiles." Why? Aren't we the same citizens of Poland as others, shouldn't we love Poland the same as Palestine? We were born here and we live here. Jews should be Jewish only in religion.

I am against khalat smocks and side locks. This was good in the Middle Ages and not in the 20th century and the surrounding contemporary culture. Let's not be a laughing stock for other nations. Let's participate in the life of community. I ask the readers of our dear Little Review to present their opinions on this issue. ■

NO SOLIDARITY

(Fela)

I think that there is no solidarity in the whole world, because if there were solidarity, people would work together and would not kill each other. This is what I think; I don't know what happens in the whole world because I'm too young, but I know very well what happens at school.

A lot is said about schoolmate solidarity, but in fact there is no solidarity and everybody thinks only about themselves.

Once such an incident happened in our class. The teacher explained a new math problem. It seemed that we

understood it. The teacher provided examples illustrating this rule. Many girls couldn't do it, and the rest of them also had problems with understanding. So we agreed that when any of us is called to answer, the whole class will say that they don't understand and ask the teacher to explain it once again. And this is what happened. When one student came to the blackboard, she said she didn't understand it and the whole class didn't do it. The teacher asked: who does not understand? Silence, no one said a word. I don't know if the girls were cowardly, or they completely didn't understand the notion of solidarity. ■

NO WATER

(Chaim)

I go to school, to the 5th grade. I want to ask you if it is possible to withstand five hours without water. The janitor sits in his headquarters and

gives a quarter of the pot to everybody and if someone wants to rinse it — he shouts. When we complain during class, the teacher is angry, because she drank tea during the break. They don't think about us at all. Please, Mr. Editor, don't publish my surname. ■

THIRTY SIXTH MAIL DELIVERY

We received 42 letters from those, who had already written to Little Review: Alka, Bronisław Aszerman, Wolf Bereźniak, Mietek Berkman, Marylka Czarnożył, Henryka D., Justyna D., M.Dąb, Musia Dajches, Jakób Einfeld, Bela Finkelsztejn, Doba Fiszówna, D.Frydman, M.Fryszówna, Michaś Gold, Alinka Goldman, H., Bronia Jakubowicz, "Kfira," Mania Krakowska, Ewa M., Hela Majman, Helena Nikielburg, Gucia Perelberg, Saba R., Józef Rabinowicz, "Rachela," Mietek Rochman, Maryla Rosenberżanka, Ruteczka, Rozengartówna, "Sael," Helenka Segal, Rachel Sperling, Gienia Szajnić, Jakóbek Szafadajewski, Frania Szejndówna, Heniek Szenberg, Tamar, Celinka Wajngarten, H. Warhaftig, Tamarka Wasilkowska.

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NICKNAMES

(Beniek)

I am a student of the 4th grade of primary school. There are 49 students in our grade. A weak side of the school is giving nicknames. This results in many conflicts, fights, quarrels, even in inter-class wars. I could quote several examples but the number of nicknames is too large to be counted. I think it shouldn't be like this. Each class should have a peer court, which wouldn't allow nicknaming. ■

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

TOPICS

There are people who do not like to write at all. There are also people who want others to tell them what they should write about, as well as those who like to write about whatever they like.

If someone wants to write and doesn't know what to write about, they can now choose topics for the whole year. For example, choose 20 topics, and every two weeks, submit something to the Little Review.

If we get several replies to a given topic, we will announce a contest so that there's more of it, and then we will print everything here together. The topics listed here were collected over several years; some of them were suggested by adults, but the majority were submitted by boys and girls. Among them are some that the editors of the Little Review did not like, but we don't want to change or alter anything, because maybe they are necessary and interesting to the audience of the Little Review.

We did not put them in any order, because it was very difficult thing to do. We did not divide them into topics for younger and older writers, because we now know that everyone can write about anything, only a child will write things differently than someone older.

Topics:

1 — Write your signature 100 times (name and surname) and put a grade next to each signature — F or D or C if the signature isn't that great, B or A if it's written nicely.

2 — Write down your full name, address and date of birth 10 times.

3 — Write down your full name and date of birth, followed by those of your brothers, sisters and cousins (along with their ages).

4 — Write a list of the names of your school friends.

5 — Do the same thing, but next to each name add "I like them / I don't like them" or "I know them well / I hardly know them / I don't know them at all," you can also grade your friendship with them.

6 — How many people do you know and who are they? (Brothers, sisters, family, your friends from school, garden and outside).

7 — A list of people you like and people you don't like (you can also write a few words about the reasons).

8 — Write 10 or 100 (as many as possible) names of boys and girls — Jewish, Polish, Indian, any names you want.

9 — Names of the streets in your city.

10 — Names of various cities in Poland and abroad.

11 — Words that start with "K," "P," or any other one. Or words that end with "A" or another letter.

12 — Strange and funny words.

13 — Various delicacies (tasty things). You can write down 20 or

more things that you like to eat.

14 — Things you can buy in the marketplace, something to eat, to play with and other things. Write down as many things as you can.

15 — What do you have: in your pockets, in your drawer, in your table, in the cabinet.

16 — Your things — all the things that are yours. Write down a list of everything that is yours, all things that you can do whatever you want with, give to someone, exchange, lose, throw away, and that won't make anyone angry.

17 — What would you like to have but don't? What would you buy if you had 5, 10, 20, 50, 100 zloty?

18 — What would you take if you were allowed to take one thing from each display at one of ten stores? Which stores and what would you choose?

19 — If you want, you can also write about more stores than just ten.

20 — Write down 30 animals (or birds, fish, plants, flowers) that you know (you can do more if you want).

21 — Write down 20 various crafts and jobs. If you cannot, just write down fewer.

22 — Various illnesses, all ailments that you know or have heard about. You can also write about your own diseases and hospital.

23 — Titles of all the books, songs and poems that you have read.

24 — Write down 30 names of famous people (poets, scientists, painters, travelers, kings). You can write down more if you want.

25 — Proverbs (as many as you can). Riddles (as many as you can).

26 — Various games (you can describe one in detail).

27 — Words of wisdom.

28 — Drawings.

29 — 20 current events.

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ON THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

30 — What did you do when you were young, what do you remember: the first event that you remember, when you were 2 or 3 years old. Your first memory.

31 — Your nannies.

32 — Your first pants.

33 — First doll or another important toy.

34 — How did you learn to count? Your first letter.

35 — First notebook, first book, pencil case and backpack.

36 — First pocket knife or a watch.

37 — Your first time alone on the street.

38 — Your first travel by tram, car, train, boat or ship.

39 — Your first time in the cinema, theatre or a wedding.

40 — Your first time swimming in the river.

41 — Your first time buying something at a store.

42 — That time when you were lost on the street or in the woods.

43 — Your first big punishment (when you were grounded or spanked) and the reason.

44 — A description of fight you got into or a fight that you witnessed.

45 — Stories about your cuts, scrapes, bruises, and bumps (at least 10).

46 — Describe an illness: when did it happen, where, what was it, for how long? Was the patient hospitalized? Was it serious?

47 — The most pleasant day of your life.

48 — What did you lose? What have you had for a long — or the longest — time?

49 — Your souvenirs.

50 — A short story of your life (with three horrible accidents).

51 — How do you imagine your future: your living place and your job.

52 — In which country, city, and on what street would you like to live?

53 — How are you going to arrange your own apartment and your own room?

54 — Write something as if you were already living in that room.

55 — What are you going to do in three or five years?

56 — Is it better to be young or a grown-up? Why?

57 — Your future job.

58 — What kind of a caregiver would you be if you were to take care of a child?

59 — Your dreams about future?

60 — A page from your diary.

WHAT I LIKE, WHAT I DON'T LIKE, AND WHO I AM

61 — Five of the most beautiful names, both boys' and girls' names.

62 — The most beautiful flowers and animals.

63 — Which one of the letters — capital or not — do you like the most? What is your favorite letter to write? How about numbers?

64 — What games and pastimes do you know? What are your favorite ones?

65 — What kind of entertainment do you find the most enjoyable and why?

66 — Your favorite place to go for a walk (it can also be about a trip).

67 — The most beautiful store or the most enjoyable store display.

68 — A merchant whom you know.

69 — Whom do you like the most? Whom do you like a little bit less? Why?

70 — Who is better — boys or girls? Pros and cons of boys and girls.

71 — Who is better? The old or the young, children or adults?

72 — Why you don't like boys or girls (their pros and cons).

73 — Why do boys like girls, and why do girls like boys?

74 — Why you don't like Christians (whom among Christians do you like?)

75 — How many worries did you have and who caused them? (10 examples)

CONTINUED ON P. 2

ABOUT SPORTS FOR THE YOUNGEST

I often go to Ujazdowski Park, where I see a lot of handcars, bicycles, scooters, and children's bikes. I came up with an idea that we could organize children races. Such races would be great fun for all participants as well as the audience. It would also be a great way to get people acquainted with sports, and people are talking about this a lot.

Such competitions could include:

I — Bicycles:

A short tricycle race for the smallest children.

A short tricycle race for older children.

A long race for both.

A short and a long bicycle race.

A tricycle race with a passenger in the back.

II — Handcars:

The races would be exactly the same as for bicycles and tricycles, but there would be two of them: one for single-person handcars, and another one for teams.

III — Scooters: same races as for bicycles.

IV — Children's cars: a short and long race.

V — Hoop rolling

Short and long races for younger and older participants, as well as hoop maneuvering.

The numbers of races can be changed.

Wat

ANTI-GAS DEFENSE

I went with my friends to the airport for the gas war. Despite the crowds in the tram, we arrived there and followed people to the ticket office. After getting our tickets, we went to the airstrip. There were lots of people there already, in spite of the fact that it was only 2 p.m., and the fight was supposed to start at 3 p.m. We stood in line — I was disappointed to learn that we were supposed to stand, as there were no chairs to sit on. The first row was formed by the students of men's schools, who held hands together and formed a cordon, preventing the audience rushing on the field. We were satisfied with our spot and everything looked fine, but as soon as people started gathering and the machine-gun equipped cars drove into the field, the crowd started to push. The poor boys from the first row did the best they could, but it was

all in vain. However, we managed to defend our spot.

Finally, three planes took off from the field and darted into the air. They flew right over our heads, while the soldiers prepared their rifles and waited. Then, I noticed some small packages falling from the planes. Suddenly, we heard the explosion of a bomb. The women started to scream, the children cried. Then we heard another boom... boom... boom... Suddenly someone screamed, "Open your mouth!" You open your mouth when the cannons start firing, so that your eardrums won't rupture, and you won't go deaf. More and more bombs were falling, and the sky was in flames. Everyone was covered with a thick layer of dust. The cavalry rode through the field at full gallop. Then the gas was released, and the soldiers put on their gas masks, **CONTINUED ON P. 2**

MUSIA THE DANCER

It was Saturday. In the Friday issue of the Little Review, I read that Musia Dajches, a 6-year-old dancer will perform at the Philharmonic at 3 o'clock. I glanced at the clock, it was 2 o'clock. I wanted to see the little dancer, so I quickly got dressed and ran to the Philharmonic. Getting dressed and eating my dinner took me 15 minutes. At first, Mom was angry, but then she let me go. So I ran like a mad man, and finally I got to the ticket office, out of breath. It's too bad that little Musia did not see how tired I got to see her, and I did everything for her. After grabbing my ticket, I ran to the coat room and ran upstairs, where I took my seat, still breathing heavily.

The hall was full of children and

adults, it was hot and noisy. Then, suddenly, there was silence, and everyone took their seats. Mr. Henryk Makowski appeared on the stage and told us what an amazing child Musia is and how great her talent is. Then, he announced the dances she would perform.

From the side, the grey-haired pianist came up and sat behind his instrument, and everyone was waiting for Musia. I grew impatient. Then she finally came out to a tremendous applause. She was dressed in a light tutu and looked like a doll. The man hit the keys, Musia went to the center of the stage and knelt down, waving her small hands slower and slower, raising **CONTINUED ON P. 4**

TO THE DIRECTOR OF CITY TRAMS IN WARSAW (3 letters)

I.

Dear Mr. Director! We are writing to you to express our great disappointment. We would like to know why you gave student cards to the students of private schools, while we, the students of public schools, don't have any discounts? Why should public schools be in worse position? You probably already understand that the students of paid schools are more well-off than those attending public schools? We hope that you will change your plan.

A student of the 5th grade,
Mania

II.

The management of the city trams should give us all student cards. The management asserts that all high school children receive their student cards, despite the fact that they can pay for the trams, and we, the poor kids who attend public schools, won't get any. Is this fair? We would like to address the readers, editors and the Warsaw councilors.

Rózia

III.

A great injustice has been done to public schools. Starting with the 5th

grade, every year our class received student cards, and today they were given back to us, sparking an outrage. Why do public schools, whose students are less wealthy than those in high schools, not have any discounts, even though they cannot pay for the trams without them? We go to physics lectures, we visit the cinema. I am sure that high schools would deal far better with the lack of discounts. I would like to ask whether the magistrate's ordinance is justified?

Regina

TOPICS

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

76 — Whom are you the angriest at and why?

77 — With whom did you argue and why? At whom were you angry and for how long?

78 — Who teased you the most in life and why?

79 — With whom did you fight and why?

80 — Your longest grudge (how long it lasted, what started it).

81 — Your friend (how many friends do you have?)

82 — Your discussion with a friend.

83 — What is good and what is bad, what does happiness and sadness mean? (sorrows, trouble, worries)

84 — What is happiness?

85 — 10 worries.

86 — Your worries, things you lent and lost, or borrowed from someone and lost.

87 — What time of day is your favorite?

88 — What do you think about in the evening when lying in your bed, and what do you think about when you wake up at night?

89 — What did you dream of? Describe a pleasant and nice dream, or a nightmare.

90 — What dishes do you like and how often do you eat them (a perfect dinner).

91 — Your daily schedule — what does it look like now, and what would you want it to look like? (You can write it as a joke).

92 — A week spent exactly as you would like it (you can also describe a month or a year).

93 — List your positives and negatives.

94 — "I want to be better" — fighting your negatives.

95 — You have to have a strong will.

96 — What makes you angry (5 or 10 examples).

97 — What makes you sad, stressed, upset?

98 — Whom or what are you afraid the most?

99 — Whom or what are you ashamed of?

100 — Who makes you jealous?

101 — Your tears. Write about several times you cried and what was the reason?

102 — 10 strange things. What amazes you the most, what are some of the things that you don't understand, what answers would you like to get?

103 — List 10–25 strange and scary things.

104 — God, angels, the devil, sin, ghosts.

105 — Witches, wizards, miracles.

106 — Death, afterlife.

107 — What holiday do you like the most and why?

108 — What Jewish and Christian holidays do you know?

109 — Describe how do you exactly spend your Saturday.

110 — The story of the Jews in 200 lines.

111 — Hebrew and Jewish poets and writers.

112 — Legends and superstitions.

113 — Are people good or bad?

114 — Different looks, smiles, ways to bow and to shake hands.

115 — Honesty and lying.

ON ADULTS AND CHILDREN

116 — How to prevent grown-ups from yelling at their children?

117 — Uncomfortable questions from the grown-ups.

118 — Can you speak openly about everything that you feel and think about to the grown-up?

119 — Do you like talking with grown-ups?

120 — A discussion with an adult.

121 — How many times and why were you spanked?

122 — Kisses and hugs.

* * *

123 — What is your home like — good or bad — and why?

124 — What is forbidden, even though you like it? What do you have to do, even though you don't like it?

125 — Your little brother or sister. What sort of brother or sister would you like to have?

126 — In what ways do children annoy older people?

127 — An interview with my mommy.

128 — What are some of the things your grandpa or grandma always say?

129 — Are you worried when you don't get any money from your parents?

130 — What should aunts and uncles be like?

131 — Older sisters, older brothers..

132 — Domestic staff, friendly and unfriendly servants, my attitude towards servants.

133 — Is spanking helpful or not, or does it make things even worse?

134 — Dolls, dogs, canaries, toys, picture books, household, etc.

* * *

MY SCHOOL

135 — Your way from home to school and from school to home.

136 — What kind of adventures did you have on the street (list 10

adventures).

137 — Teasing, where and when do people tease each other the most.

138 — What do you do when someone teases you on the street (ways to avoid being teased).

139 — The fear of coming late to school and why were you late for school?

140 — Do you like learning at home and at school?

141 — Your class.

142 — The best desk and the best spot.

143 — Your school supplies, a detailed description of how many stains you have, what is broken and why.

144 — Which day do you like the most and the least — why?

145 — Calligraphed list of teachers and colleagues.

146 — A list of colleagues with their positives or negatives written next to them.

147 — A list of school nicknames.

148 — A boy (or a girl) in your class — description of a colleague.

149 — Whom would you like to sit next to, in front of and behind? Why?

150 — Who is the leader of your class and why?

151 — Three lists: colleagues you like, colleagues you dislike and those you are indifferent towards.

152 — Boys and girls.

153 — Rich and poor students.

154 — Students' breakfasts: gluttons, delicacies for breakfast.

155 — Complaints, who is bothering you?

156 — Rascal, lazybones, boot-licker, slob, huffy, bossy, teasing, shy, etc.

157 — The best and the worst friend.

158 — 10 examples of being stuck up or butting in.

159 — Your friend.

160 — Favors towards others, and how did they repay you.

161 — Selfish and selfless school mates.

162 — Suck-up and tattletale.

163 — What angers you the most (teasing, bothering, boredom, or laughing at someone).

164 — Your weekly schedule.

165 — School, teachers, and subjects that you like and don't like.

166 — Scolding and punishments that you experienced (standing in the corner, being thrown out).

167 — The most important affair at your school.

168 — Damage that you caused.

169 — To whom do you not want to lend anything and why? How many times did people not return your things, who doesn't return things and why?

170 — What did you lose at school?

171 — What have you lost?

172 — The history of your pens (list

THROUGH THE CRACK

The house trembled with Hebrew chants, loud, cheerful and vibrant. The soldiers are going to the sukkot. Rabbi Colonel Mizes arranged several mess halls for the Jewish soldiers who don't have families in Warsaw.

I thought, I should write to tell the readers of Little Review not to worry and to tell them their grown-up brothers and uncles were not sad during the holidays in Warsaw, as they thought they would be.

I decided to get inside, but the door was guarded by the bulky Srul from the 21st Regiment. He held a cup in his hand and asked for some wine for

kiddush, while his friend from the regiment said, "Don't bring him any, he's tricking you, he wants the wine for himself, not for kiddush!"

Fat Srul smiled pitifully. He remembered his mother taking care of him at home and giving him some wine. In the meantime, there was some commotion inside the sukkot. Szama Swaryński from the 36th Regiment led the bass choir, with some help from Benjamin — a Litvak.

You are perhaps curious how do I know their names? Sure, the sukkah was crowded and I couldn't get to the choir, but there was a crack in one of the boards, and through that crack I communicated with the soldiers. And when I told them I was writing to a paper and that's why I was asking them for their names, everyone started shouting to write something about them as well. Then, they were all silenced by the corporal, who screamed:

"Calm down, you bastards!"

They ate some delicious food, and outside I — the poor reporter — kept looking through the crack, salivating.

The host's servant divided the challah. When she brought fish, the host came and scolded the soldiers for not washing their hands before eating. They got the fish only after washing their hands. When the lokshn mit ioykh was brought to the table, a ravenously hungry soldier came to the hall. He couldn't get into the kitchen without the ticket, but he entered without asking anyone and started to eat quickly. When he finished, his colleagues finally saw what was going on, and the angry host threw him away from the sukkah. He left, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

The hungry soldier glances at the meat and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

Oh, hungry soldier, isn't it a shame? Seeing this made me very happy.

Harry

ANTI-GAS DEFENSE

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

which they carried in pouches on their necks. The planes were flying in all directions, the soldiers were falling down. The Red Cross medics got to work. There were two Red Cross tents on the battlefield, in one of them there was an operating table and bandages, in the other one there was a bed to the side and a table with medicines. The wounded and poisoned soldiers got up on their own, because it wasn't a real fight, but just a game. However, there were two boys in the crowd who were injured. The nurses took care of their wounds. One of them had a cut on his lip, and the other one's leg got crushed and he couldn't walk at all. Then, a photographer came and took a picture of the tent and the nurses who were holding a stretcher. Then the tents were brought down, along with the kitchen — which offered soup and tea. We went back home dirty, bruised, and tired, and we had to wait for three trams to pass before we were able to find one we could take.

o o o

Reporter Maksio, please answer honestly: whose report was more detailed, yours or this anonymous correspondent's?

A THOUGHT

A person has as much wisdom as they have patience.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS

Beiteinu No. 2

(continuation)

In the eucalyptus forest, behind the barn, there is a tiny nest at the end of two intertwined branches, and in the nest, there are three small eggs. We have no idea whose nest this is, so we are going to observe it and wait for their mother, watch her hatch the eggs and feed her offspring. Maybe we'll find out then? The nest is small, made of straw and thin roots and lined with horse hair. The egg is 16.5 millimeters long and 19 millimeters wide, it's grey and blueish, with some black dots and rings.

THE SHRIKE. A CRUEL BIRD

Before Pesach, Imanuel discovered a small nest on a lonely tree growing next to the road while he was picking peas. In the nest, he found six eggs, four of them belonging to one species, and two of a different one. After Pesach, when we went to harvest corn, we found two rather big hatchlings. After a few days, there was only one hatchling left. The nest was deep in the dense part of the tree and it was very difficult to reach. It had the shape of a bowl, the walls of which were made of thin branches and rotten pieces of bag twine. The entire nest was covered with smooth clay. The hatchling was already jumping on the branches and we couldn't catch it, so we scared it with a stick, it spread its wings and flew away. We ran after it and finally managed to catch it. It was gray, with black wings and tail, and a black stripe along the head and under the eyes. The beak was crooked, with yellow accents in its corners. When we caught it, it started chirping bitterly, and its mother must have heard it. She flew toward us from the field and started circling around us, chirping as if she was pleading with us. We eventually took pity and released the hatchling, which flew away together with its mother. Since then we've never seen it again. The mother bird we sometimes saw in the tree also disappeared when we removed the nest. On the day when we caught the hatchling we also found a small snake, impaled on a thorn in a bush. After looking further, we also found a lizard impaled on another thorn; half of it was already eaten. When we were returning after work, the lizard and the snake were nowhere to be found. That's what a shrike does to its prey.

THE NIGHTINGALE. UNSUCCESSFUL PRIZES. A SUDDEN DISCOVERY. CARING FOR THE HOMELESS

We have been taking care of the birds for several weeks now. We keep finding new nests, of which there are a lot in our neighborhood — swallows, larks, goldfinches, redwings and others. But ever since we took an interest in the nests, we have been looking for the nest of the nightingale that we love for her soft color, beautiful voice and tail, which she flaunts as if it is some kind of a fan.

We organized trips to the river bank, to the hills, forests and vineyards, and yet the search for the nightingale nest was in vain. Mosze promised to reward anyone who finds the nest, which prompted everyone — those interested in the reward and those who did not care about it — to look for the nest, but no one succeeded.

And one time, while the grown-ups

worked with machines, a small nest was discovered with three hatchlings in it. They jumped out of the nest immediately and started prancing in the grass. The grown-ups ran after them and tried to catch them, when a pair of nightingales appeared and started wailing sorrowfully. They suddenly realized and ran to tell us. All the children gathered in the barn. The hatchlings were covered with soft, grey feathers. We made a large cage with big holes in the net and put them inside, and then the cage was put up on a machine, where the young birds were found. After a while we saw a pair of large nightingales — their parents — circling the cage and chirping. One of them flew to the vineyard, and the other one stayed on the fence or circled the cage, guarding the offspring. Soon, the other one returned from the vineyard with food for the hatchlings in her beak. "He" climbed to the roof of the cage and chirped, the birds extended their little necks and their father put the food into their beaks through the holes in the cage. Then they switched — "he" remained on guard, while "she" flew to get some food. That is how the parents fed their hatchlings in captivity. We weren't satisfied with what they brought them — we caught some bugs and fed them, then we gave them something to drink. We filled our mouths with water, then put their beaks in our mouths — and they drank. (Erela and Geula)

When we took the nest out from the machine, it fell apart. We had to put the hatchlings into a cage with large holes in the mesh. Their mother and father cried loudly. We took pity on them. At first, we wanted to release the hatchlings into the wild, but then we thought that if we set them free, they are going to be hunted by cats or foxes. We observed the parents through a telescope, that's how we learned what kind of food they brought, so we would be able to do the same. We take care of them, as if they were orphans. (Immanuel)

CHILDREN AND BIRDS RAISING HATCHLINGS TOGETHER. A MOTHER WAITS FOR THE CAGE WITH HER CHILDREN. YOUNG NIGHTINGALES SET FREE

14th of Sivan. At first, the cage was in the barn, and with every single day we move it several meters closer to the school. The parents can still easily find the cage. When someone comes up close to the cage, the parents start wailing, flying around in fear, waving their tails and wings. When they are calm, they also flaunt their beautiful tails. We are very happy that we managed to bring a family of nightingales closer together and saved three hatchlings from certain death — we hope that one day we will be able to enjoy their beautiful songs. Whoever wants to enjoy watching the birds can do so on the window of our school.

18th of Sivan. The hatchlings are growing rapidly, we and their "parents" are very happy. They already raise their small tails and chirp. Today, Israel noticed that their mother brought them a black grape. We also started bringing them some, they swallowed and fought over them.

19th of Sivan. Every night we bring the cage inside and cover it with a coat.

At 4 in the morning, when the birds wake up, we hang it outside our house. After a while, their mother comes with food in her beak. Sometimes she comes earlier, circles the school and wails fearfully. When this happens, we hurry and hang out the cage as quickly as possible. Their father rarely comes to see them and doesn't sing that much.

24th of Sivan. Today we released the biggest hatchling into the wild. We tied a piece of red string to its leg and waited for its mother. When she came, we put the hatchling on the fence next to the classroom. It chirped at its mother, who came quickly. Suddenly, the young bird spread its wings and flew towards the barn. It could be seen there all day long because that's where it was born. At dusk, we saw it together with its father.

26th of Sivan. Today was the last day of living in captivity for the remaining birds.

First of all, we thoroughly described each bird. After doing that, we went to the barn, the birds' birthplace. From among the branches we heard the chirping of their free brother. We opened the cage door and backed away. The captive birds chirped, and their free brother flew over and landed on the cage, reached towards them with his beak and they jumped happily. Then their mother came and went straight to the cage. She got inside, and her offspring jumped around her and looked for something in her wings. Then, the mother flew away, followed by her children... Shalom, shalom, dear nightingales!

A letter to us was also attached to the Beiteinu — We would really love to read your paper (even though it's printed in Polish, but some of our friends understand and will translate it for us. We want to learn more about your lives. We got your paper only once. We would like to ask you to make sure that all issues are sent to us as soon as they are published. Shalom. On behalf of the children of kibbutz Ein Harod.

The editors of Beiteinu.

Dear friends!

We are deeply sorry that you weren't receiving our paper. Last year we made a deal with Our Review, but something got mixed up and they sent you just one issue.

A boy from Warsaw sends you his photograph as a proof he likes you very much. We don't know what are you going to do with that photograph — it is up to you.

We send best regards to the children, teacher, Mosze, Estera and everyone else. Shalom!

Jawan

A LETTER FROM MOJŻESZ

I've never been a writer. I did not write papers, I did not give speeches. Every assignment I wrote was short, concise, and well thought-out, and the teacher wrote a remark saying "telegraphic style" on one of them. Only in the 7th grade, I found the inspiration when I started to write class assignments, as they were far better than my homework.

Since a year and a half, I had a tendency to be overly talkative. I started writing long letters to my friends, I also wrote some to Little Review, but I did not send them. I've also been reading a lot, including scientific books on various topics. I did not read things that were forbidden. I thought: there will be time, I will read it one day. When I was fifteen, I started 7th grade. I worked a lot, I also learned Hebrew, English, stenography, and the Talmud outside school, I also gave lessons, in the 7th grade, they lasted even up to four hours a day. I made some good money.

Then, suddenly in the 8th grade, I felt that I was reading too much. I felt confused and decided that I wasn't going to read for some time so as not to think about someone's sick ideas. Now I read only scientific books. Everyone keeps laughing at the intelligent man who doesn't like books, but that doesn't faze me. I also started working out and drawing. When I was at a summer resort, I never stayed in one place, I

walked a lot whenever and wherever I could. Now I want to go on a journey into the world of books.

I've always thought a lot. Instead of playing and running around, I kept learning and thinking. I didn't speak much, and what I said was always concise, and only now my thoughts erupt and go out into the world.

Sometimes my head is full of music and visions, to the point it feels cramped, and I have many novels in my mind — I am a protagonist in all of them, but in these stories and adventures I am either far stronger or far weaker, far worse than I am or far better, full of nobleness and selflessness; sometimes I picture myself as a wise hero, almost a genius, sometimes as a cripple. I feel a strong rhythm and singing in me. Sometimes I walk down the street and hear tremendous music in the clacking of horseshoes, the drumming of carriage wheels and the grating noise of the trams, the music of the street. Sometimes I sit in the barn and hear some trees singing solo, and then form a choir. Recently, the music of the street has become more rare, but I hear it often in myself — it can be happy or sad, sometimes even very annoying, but in the majority of cases it's good and sublime, as if it was holy.

I would like to be strong. I can be determined — this is something I really like and the staple of my hopes.

A LETTER FROM DORA

I am not going to write the thoughts I poured out straight from my heart once again, even though they are messy. I would like to ask for advice, even though I don't know why this is so difficult for me. In the wake of important affairs, mine seem to be nothing. I also did not say a word about many things, because I see that new things are constantly coming up. I am waiting for my thoughts to either flourish or rot away. I am shiftless, I cannot deal with myself, and I am trying my best not to delve into myself so as to avoid going over the top and into finality. My will is so weak that I am not able to make even the smallest decision, and when I suffer a defeat, it tips me off my balance, my will falters, and I let go of myself and everything around me. This is caused by my imperfect character. From time to time, which is to be honest quite rarely, after I get emotional, I rebel and feel the urge to get revenge. Maybe it is all caused by the rules governing this part of my life? Sometimes I think about the results and effects of what is now, sometimes I think about the causes of things that were, sometimes I think only about my own feelings. I cannot get close to people. Discussions are embarrassing, they seem to be pointless, as if people were talking for the sake of talking. I wish to act, but I lack initiative to

do so. Maybe one day. Sometimes I no longer believe in that "one day." I am too weak physically and emotionally.

When I was young, I dreamed and imagined grandeur and strength, and now in reality I am as weak and feeble as all the people whom I criticized as a child. I can feel that the ideal is really far away, and I feel lost. I know that many things that I wrote above are barely comprehensible and messy. There are times when my thoughts and emotions are balanced and I start believing in myself, I can feel strong then. I am constantly worried about something and angry at my cowardice as I cannot make any obligations over those I can surely manage to carry out, I am afraid of the thought of moral or spiritual bankruptcy. I would feel relieved if I could get rid of everything that limits my will and disturbs my thoughts. I don't know whether anyone will be able to find any logic in this labyrinth, since I am lost in it myself. Perhaps that's enough. The paper, the style and the punctuation leave much to be desired, but I did not have any other paper on hand and I don't want to write this again, because these are my words, straight from my head and heart. I'm sorry for taking your time and good will.

WHO WILL HELP MANIA?

I am writing for the first time. I wanted to write long ago, but I did not have courage to do so. Now I finally brought myself to do it. The Little Review prints articles about so many sorrows, so maybe there will be some place for mine. I'll go straight to the point. I would like to join the Hashomer

Hatzair, but I don't know how to do it. I don't have any friends to support me, and I'm afraid and embarrassed to go to their kin and tell them.

"Will you accept me? I want to be with you because I feel bad alone." I cannot deal with that. I would like to become a shomer, but I don't have

anybody who would help me in realizing my dream. I ask you for your advice and help.

Mania

CURRENT NEWS

Polcia pinches and hits others in the back.

Celinka asks who found out that Adam and Eve were the first people in the world?

Geniek bet Rachelcia that it's better to be a Jew.

Chańcia wants to raise her chickens to become good people, she doesn't want to pamper them and brings them out to the sun so that they get a tan.

Sabcia caught five grasshoppers in her hat and wanted to keep them in a box but then took pity on them and released them on the grass.

Jakób attended someone's birthday, everyone had great fun but the host forgot about his guests at the table and was very unpleasant.

Pesa was given a croissant instead of a roll, so she got angry and refused to eat.

Zosia decided to lose her cap because she wanted her mom to buy her a new hat. On her way home from school, she kept dropping the cap on the ground, but every time someone picked it up and gave it back to her.

Celinka did not want to go to school, so she pretended to be sick, her mom laughed and told her to lie in bed.

During the elections, Wunia saw a hundred-year-old lady, a madman, and some other terrible things that made her head hurt.

Maniusia doesn't want to get older because if she grows older, she's gonna die more quickly, and she would like to live for a long time.

MISCELLANEOUS

On the street, Rózia found a 50-centimeter ruler, signed Lucyś Lajczyk. You can get it back in the 3rd grade of the school at 42 Ogródowa Street.

Dawid saw a tram run over a young coal carrier on Chłodna Street, and his wife cried loudly.

Harry saw a funeral of a pilot; the casket was placed on a broken airplane.

Ewelina saw a barn going up in flames, the villagers tried to control the fire, but they weren't able to save the grain.

The men who carry baskets with the press allow to read and watch the pictures on the side, but there are some stingy ones who don't want anyone to read for free, so they chase us away.

There is a store on Bielańska Street, which sells lottery tickets, on the display there is a bag full of money. Heniek saw the store worker fill the bag with sawdust and put some money on top.

Regina is angry at rich people because they think that money can buy everything.

Marylka read a book that was bound incorrectly — the 9th chapter was right after the 4th one. That's not how books should be bound.

Elżbieta was upset at the fact she couldn't come to the Little Review conference because she did not have a commemorative postcard, in her anger she was unjustly upset at her little sister.

Basia is concerned with the fact that the Little Review wants to introduce a section devoted to fights and gossip. She asked not to do it, as it is going to make the paper ugly.

Herszek proposed a ping-pong or a flying ball match between the readers of the Little Review and Di Kleyny Folks-Tzaytung.

Regina did not want to enter the gate, when some strange woman called her to help her clean her coat, hat and shoes.

RADIO FOR THE CHILDREN

On Wednesday, October 12th the Polish Radio broadcast a program for kids, where Wanda Tatarkiewiczówna told the listeners about the adventures of little Maciuś. Very funny adventures, to say the least: he fell into a bowl full of dough, then chased sun on the roof to dry his jacket, and got stuck in a chimney, from where he was rescued by his mother.

Then, she also told another story about dirty Hipek. Hipek did not want

to bathe, wash his teeth or brush his hair, and ate only sweets and candy. His father tried to make him change, so he took Hipek to the city and signed him up for school. However, Hipek ran away to the forest, since he was afraid that they were going to force him to wash himself at school. "In the forest, no one's going to force me to bathe!" he thought. But alas, he was caught by some dwarfs who tried to wash him, yet he did not budge, so

they threw him in prison and gave him only three berries to eat. Hipek promised that he was going to wash himself and pleaded with them to set him free. And so, they did, and he upheld his promise. Then, he stayed for some time with the dwarfs, who did not give him any sweets. When Hipek returned home, the parents were very happy that he was now a better boy.

A CONVERSATION

"I am very curious about the upcoming school year and how it goes."

"Well, nothing special. It will be just like it always was, sometimes better, sometimes worse. Praises and reprimands, As and Fs... Sometimes we will be in bad moods, sometimes our teacher will be. Some shouting, some gossips, insults and friendships. What is more interesting is that what will come in a year, after we finish."

"I'm going to keep studying and try to take the exam for the 5th grade."

"What will you do if you don't pass?"

"Why wouldn't I pass if I'm going to study for it?"

"It's always easier to dream about something that will come in many years, rather than something that will come soon."

"You are right. We know that we will have to work and earn our living. However, working isn't pleasant enough to think about it in advance."

"What do you think, are we going to see each other often when we finish school?"

"No. There will be new friendships, new and stronger emotions and you will think 'What do I need my old friends for?' — especially you, you're easily influenced."

"I don't know how you can accuse me of something like that."

"No one can really be sure of what will happen in the future."

"I can. Maybe I'm fickle, but I'm not thankless and resentful."

"Sure, but can you really predict what the future will bring? I'm always afraid about what awaits me in life, what will it do to me. The adults often scare you with that, but they never really say how people change when they get older, and what kind of dangers await them in life."

Sara

ANNOUNCEMENT

At 12:30 p.m. on Sunday a lecture about tuberculosis will take place at the Splendid cinema, followed by a screening of comedy titled Historic Vision.

Tickets will cost 50 and 75 groszy.

All proceeds from the tickets will go to Brijus Association for fighting tuberculosis.

The Academic Esperanto Association opens sign-ups for a course in the Esperanto language for schoolchildren. Information is available on Sundays and Thursdays at 8–10 p.m. in the Jewish Academic House at 21 Nowy Świat.

THIRD MAIL DELIVERY

We already received 29 letters from those who have already written. The following children wrote to Little Review for the first time:

Renia Erlich, Miecio Hufnagel, Alina Goldówna, Mania Grünberg, Mania Krell, O. Liwyszyc, Mery, Rutka Musal, Benjamin — Jakób Schreiber, Jaś Steinkeller, Lolek Urbeitel, Alfred Wierzbicki, a collective letter from the Mutual Aid of the 6th grade of the Tarbut school, two letters were not signed.

Cevi

A POLEMIC

I noticed the letter written by Nacia. In the letter, she wrote that some people experience the smile of fate earlier, and some later in life. This, however, is not exactly true. Many people don't know happiness, because they are not satisfied with what they have right now, instead they keep waiting for something that the future will bring. Nacia recommends being hopeful, but what to do in the meantime, before achieving the goal? Especially given that many people will never reach their goals.

Life — it is not about day and night, summer and winter. Suffering is not that dark, since every cloud has a silver lining, you only have to know how to look for it.

Those who don't go to school should be worried, because they have a treasure that the school would take away from them: solitude. When you go to school, all your thoughts are bound by it, but when you don't, you can think freely and exercise your mind.

Thinking is my favorite activity. It's a hard, yet very pleasant work. Sometimes you have to spend a lot of time on one issue, before you find yourself exactly where you started. It is best to think when the darkness falls and your room is completely silent because even the smallest distraction can break your concentration, and the thoughts fly away, often never to be found again.

A well-thought-out issue resembles a tunnel — and I can always see it whole, from the beginning to the end.

People laugh when I tell them that I'm happy, but it's true! In every situation, you can find a glimmer of hope, and then expand this good and build your own happiness.

I will end this letter with a quote from Maeterlinck: A wise man disarms fate.

Gienia

CORRECTION

In the announcement for the competition, we omitted the following names:

Estusia from Nowolipki Street

Harry the Reporter

Szear Jaszow.

Instead of "and many other things" it should say "Encouragement postcards" ("flowers").

MUSIA THE DANCER

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

them and letting them fall down. I was enthralled.

Now Musia will dance "The Orphan," a dance performance she created, with specially-composed music. We heard the first notes of the piano and Musia came out in sparse clothing, with her head hung low, visibly sad. In her hands, she held a small drum, like the ones used by street magicians. The pianist played a sad melody, while Musia danced and held out her little hand, like she was begging for money, but nobody gave her anything. She tried to dance once again, but the drum was still empty. She left the stage, covering her eyes with her little hand. Applause started, people started shouting and asking for an encore. Someone threw a bunch of flowers on stage. Musia returned and bowed prettily while holding the flowers to her chest.

Then, she danced the Hungarian dance and got a basket of flowers for it.

Then, Mr. Makowski returned to the stage and said that the little dancer needed a break. The intermission was short, and quickly ended with

the ringing of a bell. Everyone took their seats again, and Musia came to the stage to perform "Spring."

She was dressed in a pink dress with wreaths of flowers in her hands, and danced so happily that one could even say that the flowers and grass grew in the concert hall. For this dance, Musia was given a doll, larger than herself.

Then Mr. Makowski told us a story which made me laugh very much. Then Musia performed a Hassidic dance "To the Cheder." The white-haired man started playing his piano, and the little dancer, dressed in a black cap and sandals, with a coat under which she wore a tzitzit. People applauded, and Musia danced, showing the happiness of Hassidic children when they go to cheders. At the end of her performance, she curled her side locks and kissed the holy book. This time the round of applause was very long. Mr. Makowski told us that Musia had to get dressed, and in that time, he would tell us a story. The story was nice, and then Musia performed "Death of a Doll."

There was a girl sitting right next to me and she said he had an identical doll.

Musia entered the stage, hugging a doll. The doll was sick, and the dancer sorrowfully placed the doll on the floor, looked at her and stroked her hair. The pianist played a very sad melody. Suddenly, Musia stood up, grabbed her head and started dancing in despair. The doll died, and the dancer wanted to bring it back to life. Then she grabbed the doll and rushed off the stage. That performance left me very sad, but Mr. Makowski told us a cheerful story to disperse the sad thoughts. The last performance was the sailors' dance. Musia, dressed in long trousers pretended that she was climbing a ladder and pulling some ropes, stamping her feet to the rhythm and presenting the happiness of sailors who finished their work. At the end, she bowed nicely and put her hand to her visor.

That was the end. The audience rushed to the stage to get a closer look at the small dancer. When I was leaving the place, the applause was still going on. I returned home captivated, and on my way back I thought about the little dancer Musia.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

AN EGYPTIAN PLAGUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

Maks

Leon

MIPI HAKTANIM

— from the mouths of the youngest

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

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

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

HOW BENJAMIN FROM BALFOURIA PLANTED A VINEYARD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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MY SCHOOLMATE MENDEL

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

Mendel ran out from his desk and shouted:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Mendel was in a fight, everyone immediately ran to me to complain.

"Listen, Mendel has beaten this guy. Listen, Mendel is fighting."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he would also say:

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

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

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

1. FIGHTING IN THE HALL

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

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

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

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

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

2. A BREAK

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

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

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

CONTINUED ON P. 2

MY SCHOOLMATE MENDEL

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

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

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

“One... two... three...”

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

“Four... five... six...”

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

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

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

3.

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

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

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

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

Whoever once received that lesson would not oppose him anymore.

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And Mendel?

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

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

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

I was to say to Abramek that Mendel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And after the bell rang I talked to Mendel again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And Abramek?

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

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

Chaim

From the editors:

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

J. Korczak

MY TALES

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

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

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

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

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

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

Madzia

THE YOUNGEST HISTORIANS

I.

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

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

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

Samek

II.

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

CONTINUED ON P. 2

DOMESTIC NEWS

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

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

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

Lili is a schoolgirl now,

But soon she will be a university star.

Instead of memorizing things in Latin,

She will be studying medicine.

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

THE YOUNGEST HISTORIANS

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

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

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

Renisia from Lublin III.

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

Moses lead them through deserts and foreign countries.

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

Minia

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VIRTUES AND VICES OF BOYS AND GIRLS

(from the debate about Stefek's letter)

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

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

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

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

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

The boys' virtues (admitted by girls):

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

Flaws that girls assign to themselves:

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

Virtues that girls assign to themselves:

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

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

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

The girls' vices listed by boys:

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

The girls' virtues:

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

Boys admit to 15 vices:

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

Boys see only 5 virtues in themselves:

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

In total boys would have 51 vices and 12 virtues.

Girls — 51 vices and 38 virtues. ■

FILM SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maks

MIPI HAKTANIM

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

OUR HORSE KORACH

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

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

THREE ACCIDENTS WITH ZALMAN'S OX

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

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

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

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

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

W.

CURRENT NEWS

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Lunia has organized a small garden together with Ryfka. — A goat has eaten Zosia's cake. — Maniek is happy that his dog has given birth to six puppies. — Pesele likes to draw cats. — Lily is happy she has found a friend. — Halinka wishes to meet Musia, the star. — Maks desires to become a captain. — Manusia won an elephant during Ala's birthday. — Celinka was at her friend's birthday. — Samuel gave his newborn sister the name Debora. — Mila bought a tulip for her mommy's birthday. — Dorka has renounced new stockings for holidays to make things easier for her mommy. — Zygmus' sister doesn't want to help him with homework. — Mommy explained to Otton and Ludwik how one can hear what is on the radio. — Miecio was promised a violin, but he hasn't received one. — Tosia's little brother, Beniuś, is very stingy. — Dawidek doesn't want to be a teacher because he is afraid to get tuberculosis. — Lonia desires to be the best in class. — Genusia has improved since she started to change books in the library. — When Nina was five years old she was amazed at how people can read some kind of lines and circles. — Misza writes better than his teacher. — Rajzia calls her classmate "jitterbug." — Moniek had his cut eyelid sown in the emergency room. — Bronka was ill for three days after a careless game of tag. — Zosia is worried that her letter was misunderstood. — Bolek wants to know why his letter hasn't been printed. — Gienia is worried that she had spent 25 groszy on a stamp and she didn't get a reply to her letter. — Ewa writes, because she wants to surprise her parents.

MISCELLANEA

Józio feels his school desk burning him in the spring. — Salomon's soul is rejoicing at the sight of spring's greenery. — Renia loves nature like her own life. — Kuba is calling upon school youth to fight for three trips per week in spring. — Zosia asks if teachers have forgotten how they used to be students themselves, and what happened in their hearts in the spring. — Although Józio couldn't feel his legs after a trip, he wants them to happen every day. — In the past, Salek used to be afraid to open the doors for the prophet Elijah during seder. — Fela longs for Easter, and once the holidays come, she longs for bread. — Sala's eyes flood with tears at the thought of her not being able to get rid of her flaws. — Elżbieta is bored and weary with everything, but she will try to change her lifestyle. — Ninka believes that the truth most surely leads to victory. — Dorka has learned that lies win and truth is trampled with feet. — For Benjamin, war has only negative features and not one positive. — Mila is afraid that Jewish paupers will become the victims of the ten Egyptian plagues. — Danka knows the tables of sorrow in the juvenile court and the tables of joy where her club spends long, good hours. — Oszer is proud that Poschoff, the athlete, is Jewish. — Tania wants to know where last names come from and who awards them. — Maryla desires to become a doctor. — Cecylja dreams about her own little library. — Jadzia

has spoken publicly for the first time with a pounding heart. — Mery makes bets about doing homework, and every coloring book she wins is like a rung of the ladder that her will is climbing. — Minna compares her musical talents to a flower that withers without being cared for. — Manusia is happy and free for the whole month and before the first of the month, she is worried if she will receive money for school. — Estusia has a talent for drawing which withers without assistance. — Cesia believes that school of the future will protect the human kind against degeneration. — "Discipulus" believes that vengeance on teachers for an unjust grade is a crazy phenomenon that can't be forgiven. — Ewa's friend has offended the Hebrew teacher. — Samuel was seething with rage when put in the corner by an unfair teacher. — Mania's teacher is angry for whispering answers, and she whispers answers herself when the inspector comes. — Rysia's teacher doesn't want to talk to liars. — In Karola's school, indigent schoolgirls bring 3 groszy every day, instead of paying the monthly contribution. — Whoever joins Edzia's club, makes two oaths: of loyalty and of keeping secrets. — Sala asks if one should help a friend because of solidarity or to deserve gratitude. — In Ewelina's class a schoolgirl has stolen an essay from a better student as revenge. — In Leon's class, too many things are submitted to the peer court. — When admonished, Anka's friend says with a smile: "have you finished preaching?" — A friend has betrayed Manusia and Zosia. — A friend was getting along with Hela in the countryside, but after coming back she chose another friend. — Renia advises Hela to find consolation in learning after the death of her father. — Dorcia, Różia and Nomcia are comforting Hela after she lost her father. — Nadzia has described a story of a bench that once used to be a rustling tree. — Hela advises other girls not to get discouraged due to the lack of reply to their first letter. — Tania believes that all contributors should be choosing reporters for the Little Review. — Leon wants his diary to be published. — Gutka took offence because she is in the 5th grade and her message was printed under the Children's Corner. — A.B. asks for advice, but doesn't give a name nor address.

WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE FOLLOWING:

Bela and Miecio — a poem about spring, Mania — a poem, Pola — a poem about spring, Jadzia, Regina, Fela, Sara, Andziula, Sala, Ewa, Róża, Bolek and Ewa about Easter, Maks — his dream about a king, Masiusia — a dream, Jadzia — eighteen subjects and some jokes, a list of fifty poems she had read and a conversation, Maryla — a story about winter, about spring, and names of fifty cities, Hela — about school, titles of eleven books she had read in March, five subjects for a contest, three jokes and fifty crafts; Jadzia and Leon — memories, Beniek — a day of work, Esterka and Zahawit — about a shomer camp, Kuba — a parody of "The Father of the Plague-Stricken," Różia — her experiences from the

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

The correct solutions of the logogriph and the puzzle from issue no. 77 have been sent by:

Sewek Alchous, Michał Apte, Hala B., Bronia Bachner, Danek Bachner, Izaak Baczyński, Sonia Baczyńska, Iela Bakumgar, F. Baumfeldówna, Hela Bekerman, Gutka Biderman, Regina Bigelajzem, Izaak Binenkorn, Irena Bok, Szulim Borensztejn, Broniek Braun, Szmulek Brejsblat, Fela Bronstein, Sala Brzoza, Dora Ciesielska, Bińcia Cylich, Genia Cymrol, Jadzia Cynamon, Benio and Kuba Czarnobroda, Mila Czulno, Jerzyk Czyżyk, Lonia Dąbek, Celina Depsztok, Julian Dobroczyń, Różia Dredowicz, Luba Drukman, Saba Einfeld, Daniel Elbirt, Sala Elechnowicz, Hawcia Elefant, Irka Epelbaum, Maks Epstein, Natalia Etringold, Rutka Fagot, Różia Federman, Józio Fejgin, Ryszard Ferszt, Sala Figlarz, Bela Fiszbajn, Różka Flint, Ania Freidkes, Józiek Frenzel, Ewa Frenklei, Frania Frydman, Marynia Frysz, Dorcia Fryszman, Lilka Gąsior, Abramek Geber, Mania Gefen, Rachelka Gefen, M. Gowis, Genia Girszlak, Jakób Glücksberg, Bela Goldlust, Lonia Golendziner, Franka Goldfeld, Estusia Goldfinger, Mania Górna, Heniek Gransztajn, Jadzia Grycendler, Saba Grzybowier, Ida Gutfruid, Leoniek Drukman, Henia Hagel, Halina, Heniek and Krysia, Hanka Hirszbajn, Natan Inwentarz, Siuńka Inwentarz, Klara Irlight, Sala Jakubowicz, Alina Janasz, Adela Kahan, Cesia Kahan, Helcia Kahan, Salek Kaczor, Helena Kamlot, Henia Katz, Natan Kellerman, Maks Kimelman, Różia Koper, Jerzy Kirszenzweig, Felek Kiwelowicz, Dorka Klajman, Niusia Kólkier, Jerzy Kronenberg, Mundzio and Nateczek Kottkowie, Lucia Kraushar, Stella Krauze, Polek Kupferblum, Szlamek Lak, Szymon Langer, Reginka Lejbzelon, Wiktor Lewinson, Dora Lichtenberg, Jonatan Lichtenbaum, Lili, Różia Lisse, Hela Lukrecka, Lola Łaboczyńska, Hanka Machlis, Sewek Majzner, Pola Makowicz, Ewunia Małach, Michał Mandel, Julek Manikow, Moniek Milenbach, Ziuta Milszstein, Ewa Minc, Bronka Miodownik, Różia and Reginka Mokotow, Nadzia, Polcia Nagiel, M. Nauman, Renia Niedźwiedz, Zosia Oliwe, Halina Orlik, Bolek Pelc, R. Perelówna, G. Perkowicz, Ignas Posner, Kuba Puchaf, Laib Przepiórka, Adela Przetowska, Różia Rachenberg, Hela Reichman, E. Rosenberzanka, Ewelina Roszkowska, Efraim Rozen, Kuba Rozenblum, Irka Rozencwajg, Srulek Rozenmutter, Hela and Bronia Rozenperl, Różia Rozowska, Sala Rozowska, Roma Rubin, Fela Rukalska, Józef Rynek, Fredzia Ryterband, Eljasz Segal, Nadja and Renia Stobodjańskie, Sobolówna, Beniek Szlajen, Edzia Szlosberg, Mania Szpecht, Anka Szpigelman, Reginka Szrajzman, Ewa Sztaiberg, Andzia Sztenbaum, Dawid Sztern, Estera Sztern, Lola Sztern, Justyna Sztrajgold, Izydor Szulman, Mura Szwarcman, Gustaw Szydłower, Dawid Tajchner, Waclaw Teszner, Gućia Tursz, Róża Wajnsztajn, G. Waldman, Bela Wapniarska, Ninka Weintraub, M. Welisdorf, Henryk Winograd, Maria Władysław, Felicja Zanger, Chyjlus Zylbercan, Majer Zylbercan, Hadasa Zelechowska.

* * *

The correct solutions of only the logogriph from issue no. 77 were sent by:

Jehuda Arabczyk, Niutek Aronwald, Abrasza Basewicz, M. Berebejczyk, Bala Ber, Różia Bielkin, Lola Blumenfeld, Jan Blumental, Kuba Bocza, Edzia Borensztejn, Lilicia Breisblat, Renia Buchweitz, Abram Bursztyn, Różka Chasin, Regina Certner, Ania Cukierszaft, Kuba Cytrynblum, Fela Depsztok, Anka Dubas, Różia Dystel, Lusja Erlich, Moniek Falinower, Różia Finkielkraut, Maksymilian Finkielkraut, Salek Finkielstein, Tola Fragman, Sala Frycher, Lejcia Frydman, Zosia Tusweg, Henryk Gelbfisz, A. and H. Gelenderowie, Elżunia Ginsburg, L. Galtenberg, Zygmunt Gordon, Beniek Gotfrajd, Jakób Grandsztein, Różia Grauman, Szmulek Grünbaum, Pola Grünberg, Szmulek Grynbaum, Maryla Hedrich, Heniek Holckener, Estusia

"Zachęta" Art Gallery, Eljasz — about theft, Manusia — theft in school, Lutek — the walk to school, Szmulek — a trip to Grochów, Cesia — a summary, Moniek — a program of a concert, Estera — about sparrows, Hanka — about a little doe, Fela — about mushroom picking, Regina — about summer, Blima — about a skating rink, Halina — a fight, Justyna and Pola — about movies, Fela — copied poems, Lonia — school jokes, Hela — subjects and dry moss, Ninka — a drawing, Otto and Ludwik — a correction. ■

Horowicz, Hanka Hutberg, Jadzia Isers, Dora Izraelska, Bela Janowska, Józiek K., Polcia Kirszenblat, Ludwik Kohn, Losia Kohn, Ala Kołodziańska, Andzia Kleincweig, Cesia Kronenberg, Dorka and Ignacy Krotenberg, Edwarda Kupferblum, Miria Lajtman, Lusja Landau, Jerzy Lehr, Ewa Lejarowicz, Ewa Lenger, Dolek Lebelbaum, Pola Lebensold, Fela Lilienfal, Jadzia Lipniak, Hela Lipszyc, I. Lujawska, H. Marylówna, Belcia Metzkie, Heniek Mühlstein, Dorka Mundt, Samuel Natanblut, Dorka Natanzon, Hanka Nordwind, Zygmunt Nordwind, Maniusa Perelgier, Icek Rabiner, Mieczysław Rajn, Dorota Rajnfeld, Zygmunt Rajzman, Guta Raz, Celinka Robak, M. Rozenfeld, Nelly Rubinowicz, Maryla Rudnicka, Celina Rzasiańska, Julek Sauberman, Dorka Segal, Hanka Szluzna, Paulina Steinberg, Cesia Sznajder, Cecylia Sznedber, Józef Szpigelman, Marysia Szpilman, Leon Szrug, Leon Sztam, Adam Sztern, Estusia Szuzkowska, Edzia Szyber, Ignas Taub, Hela Fekłówna, Sala Tyk, Józiek Tyszelman, 2nd grade students from Białysok, Zosia Werobiwker, F. Warumówna, Maksima Waserman, Anka Wegmajster, Zion's Lover, Sabinka Wirgin, Polcia Włosko, Maksio Zawoźnik, Sława Zemmer, Jerzy Zylbercan.

Correct solutions of only the puzzle from issue no. 77 were sent by:

Moniek Frydman, Hanka, Marysia Kirzmer. Late solutions of the crosswords puzzle and the puzzle from no. 77 were sent by:

Sewek Alchous, Różia Berlinerblau, Fela and Andzia Blumenkranc, Genia Degenfesztant, Dorkas, Sala Elechnowicz, Maks Epsztejn, Abram Geber, Jakób Glücksberg, Rafalek Irlight, Ala Izac, Izaak Limor, Michał Mandel, Nelly Nass, Dawid Sztern, W. Teszner, Basia Wołkowicz. ■

INVITATION TO THE MOVIES

Tomorrow, on the 14th of April exactly at 12 and a half p.m. at the Świądowin cinema (111 Marszałkowska Street) there will be a screening only for those who hold Little Review commemorative postcards.

One postcard entitles three persons to get in.

We have asked for a beautiful story: Uncle Tom's Cabin, the prettiest movie for youth this year. ■

GRAY AFTERNOON

Silence. I am sitting at the window and looking at a silver mist which has fallen upon the world. And life is also that way, but not of this grayishness of sweetness and consolation, but dim and muddy. It is enough to look in a newspaper: so many thefts, murders and frauds, despair and misery; or on the street, these flashy election addresses... And this is life?

Adults say that you have to look at the world cheerfully, see its good sides, but they stain and soil them with their doings, and only after that they tell you to see the goodness. I would really like to see the dreamed-of, sunny life. But life is evil, there is so little significant joy in it, little truth, little beauty.

Yes, in novels you can meet perfect people and a sunny life, but in reality...

While I was contemplating all that, suddenly my train of thought was interrupted by the happy sounds of a song. Curious, I looked out of the window. I saw a ragged little boy playing the harmonica. He played cheerfully and lightheartedly.

I marvel at you and I have a lot of admiration for you, oh dear little boy, playing cheerfully and without a care.

Sulamita

TWENTY-EIGHTH MAIL DELIVERY

We have received 80 letters from those who have written before. People who have written to Little Review for the first time:

Izaak Altman, Estusia and Reginka B., Lola Blumental, Moniek Borensztejn, Minia Dystel, Bronka Finkielman, Sala Goldszpigiel, Danusia Gothard, H. Gruszkiewicz, Halina, Ircia Hochcajt, Janek, "One of many," Maryla Jedwabnik, Julek, Jucht, Cwi Judkowski, Ola K., Józio Kafeman, Zosia Kajzer, Mieczysław Kazor, Heniek Keniger, Dorka Klejmanówna, Rocheil Kornfeld, Krysia, Heniek Kulik, Luka Kuszański, Henio L., Hela Laska, Lunia, "M. A. D.," Małachówka, Monius Morgenszttern, Polcia, Kuba Rajzman, Hela and Wewek Rawicz, Fela Rozenberg, "Rona," Nelly Rubin, Roma Rubin, Fredzia Ryterband, Salek, Różia Segal, T. Skalka, Ryfka Skocenadek, Sala Szafran, Bala Szwarcbaum, Mura Szwarcman, Waclaw Teszner, Fela Windrman, Sabinka Wirgin, the editors of *Moje Pisemko*, Andzia Zekser, Ziuta, Hela Zysman, Bela Zmidek.

One letter was not signed. We have received 23 letters from the province, 108 — from Warsaw, 2 — from abroad. ■

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I kindly ask you, sir, to inform in the paper that all of us young girls working as servants suffer very much. They treat us like dogs at their feet.

We are not allowed to go out or to talk. Even the children harass us, instead of helping and teaching us because we were not schooled, and they go to school. The life of servants is sad.

Do something, sir, so that we are not troubled so, because there are a lot of us and we are suffering very much.

DYNA

THE FATE OF A YOUNG WORKER

(Answering a letter)

More than one of us has been touched after having read the letter of the young worker. We are certainly sorry for the young boy who is being threatened with being let go for every silly thing, but after some thought, we have to admit that the principal was right. Just because a young worker has to be taught to be punctual, and it is not the boss who should be waiting, but he should be waiting for the boss. You don't have to come one hour earlier at all and freeze — five minutes before the appointed hour is fine.

The boy should know from what duty means from an early age, and if he has a boss who does pay attention, he should be thankful to him, because only in such conditions is he going to grow to become a stalwart worker.

An adult reader

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

SCHOOL FRIENDS – GIRLS AND BOYS

ABOUT ME

I've been wanting to write here for a long time, but was embarrassed to do so.

But I read the Little Review every Friday and realized that many boys write, and so I gained courage.

I am 11 years old and I'm in first grade.

I'm a huge bully; I bother everyone.

People get angry with me at home and at school.

I promised myself many times I would improve, but have not kept my word.

Sometimes I fret over the way I behave, and other times I don't care about it at all.

Szlamek

* * *

MY IDEAL

The person I want to describe is one of my school friends, a girl of 14.

She is pretty, slim, with beautiful facial features and hair that falls on her forehead in ringlets and lends her charm.

Her courage has no limits. She is a pleasant and unassuming girl, yet with a great deal of dignity.

Her wise cornflower eyes communicate genuine kindness. Her face expresses sorrow and yearning.

She is also characteristically restrained, and speaks so quietly people can hardly hear her. Nonetheless, she is an intelligent and serious girl.

Mania from Sosnowiec

* * *

EMPATHY AND SUPPORT

Our friend Fela had been out of school for a few days already.

We thought she was sick, so Dorcia decided to visit her.

But the teacher said:

"Listen, your friend's mother had an accident — she fell on the street and broke her leg, and is ailing and bedridden — so now Fela is needed to do the work at home."

During the break we started talking that such a good girl was not able to attend school; we would not allow that.

We decided that one of us would go there every day to do homework together.

Manusia

* * *

FOR NO GOOD REASON

I had a friend; there was camaraderie between us. One day, during recess, he hit me for no good reason.

I said nothing just moved away, and he hit me again.

I couldn't take it anymore. I caught him by the neck and threw him, full force, on the floor. When he picked himself up, he hit me in the face so hard I saw stars.

Is this the way things should be, that your friend should harass you without cause?

Rafał from Łódź

* * *

THE HISTORY OF ONE FRIENDSHIP

I became friends with a girl in our

courtyard back when I was still little. We played together for a long time, and then came the day we went to school together.

We would leave together and come back together, played together during school breaks and did our homework together. This continued for four years.

Then, all of a sudden, my mother died. I was forced to stop attending school. Our friendship continued for some time but finally came to an end.

I went to work while my friend got into the middle school. Initially in imperceptible ways, then ever more openly, the middle school freshman became cocky. There were disagreements between us; we differed in the ways we thoughts and in our goals. Ultimately, I went my way, and she hers (even though we continued living within one courtyard).

When we meet and start talking these days, the conversation is very cold.

I feel sorry that fate can change people to such an extent, but what can you do? It is not my fault that I have a sense of honor, and that in itself is the main cause of us parting ways.

This letter may be stupid, but I feel relieved having transferred my thoughts to paper.

Różia

* * *

FAITHLESS FRIENDS

I am a third grade student and I have many faithless friends.

One girl wrote me a letter asking that we be good friends. I gladly agreed and was very happy, but my joy did not last long.

There came another girl and persuaded her to have nothing to do with me. This friend allowed herself to be persuaded and broke up with me; she nearly stopped talking to me.

Later she wrote another letter, asked me to forgive her, and we were the best of friends once again.

After a few days, the other girl approached my friend again, and history repeated itself.

Later they apparently got into a fight, and this time the other one asked that we be good friends.

And I agreed once more.

Over the next few weeks everything was fine. I thought it would stay that way forever, but unfortunately I was wrong.

I got sick. A few weeks passed before I returned to school; the two made up in the meantime, and I was left alone again.

I decided not to have anything to do with anyone. I also ask the Editor very much that he write that school girls should be faithful friends rather than false ones.

Hanka

* * *

MY SCHOOL FRIEND HELA

At the beginning of the school year, I made friends with my neighbor, Hela.

Hela had two more friends, Ania and Adela, who also sat together.

I liked being in their company. We would return home together and leave for school together; I spent most of my time with Hela though.

Sometime later, Hela and I quarreled with Ania and Adela, so I became even more attached to Hela. We played together and we did our homework together.

But Adela and Ania became jealous and decided to sow discord between me and Hela.

They began to invite her out to go boating and to the movies. It didn't even enter Hela's mind that this could upset me, because I did not have anyone to talk to and paced around like a madwoman.

Everyone said:

"If she is angry with Hela, I do not want to start with her."

Now, readers, tell me who is more at fault here? Is it Hela, who does not understand how she distresses me, or the jealous Ania and Adela?

Please, print this article, because I don't want my friends to ever act that way.

Estusia

FRIENDLESS

I have been attending school since the age of seven.

Over that entire time, I have not been able to find a true friend.

I liked one girl for a long time, I thought she was sincere. I confined in her without reservation. It seemed to me she was so helpful in the patch of life.

I finally realized she was a false friend, and I broke off all relations with her.

I feel much worse now. A storm and emptiness are raging in my soul. I have many thoughts, but don't know how to put them into action.

Life goes on and brings with it new concerns. I no longer have a friend, and who knows if I will ever have one.

I detest falsehood and tend not to believe in flattery.

Even the worst people in the world, if they are not false, are already worth a lot.

This, above all, is what we should be looking for in people.

Fela

* * *

THE GOOD AND THE BAD

I am a middle school student. We have a large class. We have stronger and weaker girl students. I like one classmate who never gives me trouble.

I am 11 years old and so is she, so we love each other.

I have another classmate who always bothers me, because I am the only Jew in the class, and she plays on that.

The teachers are good and impartial.

I like physics best and I get good grades in that subject. Everything else happens in the way I read in the Little Review.

Renia from Piotrków

A SECRET LETTER

Girls our class form two camps. One includes three girls, and the other six: Lucia, Irka, Edzia, Dora, Różia and Helena.

Let me describe one event.

This was on a Friday. The girls I mentioned sat themselves down in the last row and began writing something.

Whenever someone approached them, they would hide the letter and say:

"Get away, you nosy thing."

They were writing a secret letter.

One girl began to cry, because she thought they were writing about her. Dora swore they were writing about something else.

This entire incident made me very upset.

On the way home, I thought, how deceptive our girls are.

Fela

* * *

ANGER BECAUSE OF SECRETS
Dula used to be my friend. We played together and did our homework together. One time, we went to a park with another girl. We played hide and seek. I hid, and they ran away somewhere.

I started looking for them, but couldn't find them. As I stood there, I suddenly heard their cries. I came up, and Dula told me to move away, because she had something to tell that other girl.

It thought that when people are in a group, there should be no secrets between them.

From then on our friendly relations broke off.

Jadzia

* * *

A FATSO

It's no fun being obese. They often accost you on the street and call out: "fatso, fatso!"

I've grown accustomed to this, but let those who accost us know that it is no fun to be overweight.

You are not able to run or jump, or work out well.

They also say that we eat a lot, but that's just not true at all. You can eat very little and still be fat and vice versa.

Julek

* * *

NICE LEGS

I want to say a few words about jealousy between school friends. I, for example, am envied for being pretty and a good dancer, and for my nice legs.

They never invite me to parties, though I know they hold them.

And since the teacher said I had a talent for music, they've stopped choosing me for shows.

I want the readers to speak about this issue.

Andzia

* * *

ELZA DOESN'T DO MAKEUP

I have a friend, Hania. Now I'm angry with her, and I am about to write you why.

One day after class, Hania came up to me and started a conversation about whether I wore makeup.

I said no, I asked if she did. Hania replied that she did.

That made me very angry. I said that such a young girl should not use makeup yet.

Later, when we were on a school trip, Hania turned to me and my friends and called us "trash."

I'll write the rest of the story as soon as something new happens.

Elza

* * *

INFANTILE

We have a school friend who is so incredibly infantile. She is already 14 but postures as a two-year-old child, and not just at recess and class breaks, but also in the course of lessons.

The teachers caution her to stop coddling herself, because it is unseemly and doesn't help a bit.

She is not dumb at all, but if you look at the way she carries herself and listen to her voice, you are liable to think she is somehow retarded or disturbed.

Sometimes it also a shame to listen to the things she says.

Elka

* * *

NEGLIGENT

I have a friend who is very negligent. When we agree to meet at 4 p.m. to do homework, she will not be there, even by 5 p.m.

When you reproach her, she will listen with a smile. When I stop, she will ask, with the same smile:

"Are you done with the moralizing?" She just considers it all moralizing.

Finally, she makes excuses that she couldn't, because this or that, and that it won't happen again; but then we have the same old story over again, and the same excuses again.

Because of this, we have frequent disagreements and the goodwill between us dissipates.

After all, I only reproach her to improve her, and not to make her feel miserable.

Whenever I decide on something and fail to go through with it, I chide myself for not having enough willpower and I am embarrassed, but what do you do with a person who just couldn't care less about all this?

Anka

* * *

A PHONY

I meet this friend on my way to school. She tells me:

"You know Regina, I just saw 'Destiny!'"

I ask how the film ends. She replies that she forgot.

So I start asking further:

"Who did Blanka Dodo visit; what did Musia do?"

Her answers are neither this nor that. "What happened to the brother?"

CONTINUED ON P. 2

That she forgot too...

I came away convinced she never saw "Destiny"; she just made it up.
Regina

* * *

OIL ALWAYS RISES TO THE TOP

Everyone knows perfectly well they should not lie, but we realize there is some weight that pushes us towards that.

I realized that when visiting my friend.

This is the way it happened. My friend invited me to her house. When I came, I had to wait, because, it so happened, she had gone to the doctor with her mother.

As I was sitting there, my friend's sister said that the friend had been ill for two weeks, with high fever.

Meantime, she came in and invited me to another room. There she started telling me how much she had enjoyed herself recently, how she went to the theater to see Ninka Wilińska, and that she went to the movies too.

I said:

"Why don't we go to your sister and ask her whether you are telling the truth?"

She then blushed and replied saying that she didn't want to lie, only she just got used to doing it.

I did not want to embarrass her, so I just said that "oil always rises to the top."

Gutka

* * *

A LIE

Our teacher at school asked a girl whether she had her drawing notebook. The girl answered that she didn't.

"Did you leave it at home?"

"No," said the girl.

The teacher then told her to take out everything she had in her school bag.

It turned out the girl didn't feel like drawing and that's why she said the notebook wasn't there. The teacher called her a liar and forbade us to play with her and talk to her.

One day, the girl asked the teacher about something, but the teacher didn't give her an answer.

"I don't talk to liars."

The girl was very embarrassed, and I felt sorry for her.

Rysia

* * *

LIVING THE TRUTH

This was in the industrial arts class. The teacher said that she would grade us based on not just our work, but also our notebooks; but many girls did not have their notebooks with them. I was unfortunately one of those, because I had just lost my notebook.

Some of the girls borrowed notebooks from those that had already been called and graded, while other ones simply admitted their fault.

Some of the girls suggested that I take their notebook, but I did not agree.

The teacher called me to herself. I said I did not have my notebook, so I graded me on the box I made; but she downgraded me as I didn't have my notebook.

I sat down and began to cry. My friends began reprimanding me for not taking the notebook from them, and one of them told the teacher that I actually lost my notebook.

When the teacher heard about that, she improved my grade, but at the same time ordered all the notebooks be collected, supposedly to check for the possibility of mine being among them, but she really wanted to identify those who took notebooks from others.

It turned out that three girls took notebooks from others, and they were punished.

I am happy that I 'lived the truth' and I will strive to always live that way, and I ask you, readers: live the truth and all evil will turn to good for you.

Hela

* * *

AN UGLY HABIT

My classmates have a certain ugly habit: usually after school and on the way back home, they will pin papers on people's backs and laugh about it.

A girl who realizes they are laughing at her feels humiliated.

She turns and sees a piece of paper stuck on her back.

She takes it off and feels embarrassed.

I kindly ask that you publish this letter, because when they get this via the editor, they will be embarrassed and stop this pinning once and for all.

Reginka

* * *

FOUR CATEGORIES

I was sitting with my schoolmates.

One of the girls didn't feel like studying and suggested we take a stroll.

Seeing the laziness of the one who did not want to do the homework, I asked everyone to quiet down and posed a question with that girl in mind:

"There are four categories of students:

1. - Those with the brains and the desire to learn;

2. - Those who are intelligent but not willing to learn;

3. - Those who are not intelligent but willing to learn; and

4. - Those who are neither intelligent nor willing to learn.

Now, I ask myself, which of these students give satisfaction to the teachers and the parents alike, which give satisfaction to the parents only while the teachers are not satisfied, and which no one can be satisfied with?"

My classmates told me to write this as an article for the Little Review.

Frania

* * *

EMBARRASSING OTHERS

That all should burst out laughing whenever one student says something wrong is an ugly habit.

He may have said something dumb, but shouldn't laugh, because that embarrasses him and he blushes and no longer knows what to say.

I feel really sorry looking at such a boy, and I am also embarrassed.

If someone says something wrong, you need to correct them and behave in the spirit of camaraderie.

Heniek from Miedziana Street

* * *

AND UNKIND CLASSMATE

The teacher called me out to answer grammar questions. I did not master the material and was very worried, because she said she would give me a C as the final grade in Polish.

But what hurt me the most was that one of the classmates kept on lifting her hand to show that she knew the answers.

But she also knew I had difficulty answering, so she should not have done this.

I returned from school with a grudge toward that unkind friend.

Józia from Nowolipie Street

* * *

CONCEITED

We know that there are stronger and weaker students in every classroom. In ours, we have a classmate who envies everyone terribly. He believes that she is the only know-it-all and that she is entitled to everything.

On one occasion, the teacher called her up to the blackboard. She did not

know the material and the teacher gave her an F. She began to cry.

The next day, I came over to her to go over and explain the problems, but she refused the offer. She said she knew that material better than me. I felt insulted and moved away.

I don't think anyone should be jealous of someone else being a better student; and if they don't know something, he should be able to admit that freely, and ask their classmates for help.

Jagusia

* * *

LESS CLEVER

I am not very clever, and so when I went to school one day, the teacher said I needed help. When the teacher said that, the girls started shouting out:

"Oh, she needs help."

I was very embarrassed and started to cry.

When I calmed down, I went home and told my mom about it. Mom told me not to worry and that I would have a tutor.

I've resigned myself to my fate, and now the schoolwork is much easier for me, but I'm getting sick of my classmates' excuses.

I ask whether it is all right that girls should offend those who are less clever, and cannot manage by themselves?

Dora from Miła Street

* * *

CLASSMATE JEALOUSY

I'm in the fifth grade. I am considered one of the better students; I experience a lot of animosity because of that.

When the teacher marks up my home essay, whispers and rumors go around the class: that I got help with it at home.

When the teacher praises my class essay, they say that I had it all written down in advance, at home.

I've tried to explain that that's not the way it is, but that hasn't helped.

I often ask myself how to correct my friends. Unfortunately, I cannot seem to find the answer.

Andzia

* * *

JEERING

I am a second grader and a B student.

One time, the teacher called me up to the blackboard and asked a question. I couldn't answer it, so she called another girl. She didn't know the answer either, and so it was with others as well.

I did not get any mark. The girls called me "a special case."

I responded by saying I was not to blame that the teacher liked me, but they have kept on jeering me.

Irka

* * *

IS THAT FAIR?

A year ago, I had a friend. We loved each other very much and we did our homework together.

He was a better student better than I was, but I did not envy him.

This year my friend was sick for a month, so I went to see him and brought him his homework.

When he returned to school after a month, he was worse off than me, envied me and made many unpleasant things.

Should it be so? Is that fair?

Samuel

* * *

COMPETITION

Strife and competition reign between our good students. When a teacher praises one for her essay, the others envy her and in the course of reading of the essay will try to find as many mistakes in it as they possibly can and will criticize it.

For instance, a girl used a nice phrase.

"Oh, how poetic, I can't stand it," says one competitor, with irony.

"Terribly lofty sounding," adds another.

"I'd embarrassed to write this way," interjects the third one.

Now, because there are only four best students in our class, you not hear more critical voices than those.

Andzia

* * *

UNFRIENDLY

It's very common to see classmates not treating one another well.

Sometimes, a girl does learn something, and you suddenly hear another one calling out:

"This is so easy."

It hurts a lot, and the girl concerned loses her train of thought, and is unable to continue her response.

I had that experience one time.

Before I started solving a mathematical problem at the blackboard, my classmate could be heard saying:

"That's so easy."

Of course, from that point on I couldn't think anymore. Perhaps if she hadn't interrupted me, I would have worked out the right answer.

Such commenting has become customary, but I hope that when they are called out on it, they will reflect and stop it.

Basia

* * *

DISLOYALTY

The teacher gave an essay assignment, the subject was "On the way to school."

I could not manage writing it by myself, so I asked a classmate to help me. She agreed and I went to her house with my friend; a fine essay came out of this, and I got a B.

But my companion friend became jealous, because she got a lower grade for hers.

On the following day, during history class, I noticed a sheet of paper on her desktop. This was her essay, with the nicest sounding sentence lifted right out of mine.

Upset, I reproached her, and she complained to the teacher that I was talking.

The teacher asked why I was talking in class, so I explained the issue between us. That's when my friend got up and said that another classmate had written the entire essay for me.

She went from a friend of three years, to my enemy. I had to break things off with her.

Frania

* * *

A QUARREL

After class, we went out into the hall. A quarrel began.

One fourth grader quarreled with us. One of our girls began to insult her, then took a cup of water and doused her with it. That girl began to cry.

I handed her a towel so she could dry herself off, but she didn't want it. I tried to calm her down.

Then, we all went home and the girl said she would bring her mom to the homeroom teacher.

Lodzia

* * *

WANTING TO IMPRESS

My classmates don't like me very much. I pay them back with the same coin.

My classmates are much older than me; I am the youngest.

I do not know why, but I'm often angry or sad; I don't visit anyone and I don't try to do things the way they do.

They all want to be in eighth grade and be able to impress the boys.

Halina

UNRELIABILITY

I have a classmate who likes to borrow money, but he doesn't like to pay it back. I once lent him 40 groszy. A week and then two weeks went by, and he still didn't pay back, so I said:

"Give me back the 40 groszy."

He said:

"I don't have it."

A whole month went by, and he still didn't pay me back, yet he had the money.

He would always say:

"I have to buy this or that."

One time he had 30 groszy, so I asked him to give it back to me. He said he needed a pencil. I offered:

"Spend 10 groszy on a pencil, and give the rest to me."

We went to a store and bought a pencil at 10 groszy; and he stood there and didn't want to give me the money saying he lost it, and anyways, it says in the Bible that if someone lent money, he shouldn't ask for it back.

I said:

"Show me where that's written in the Bible."

He said:

"I can't, because I haven't washed my hands yet."

Finally, I went to see his mother. She told me to come back the next day, and then again on the following day.

It was only later that his conscience prompted him to give me back 20 groszy; he will give the rest back later.

He always rides the tram, has lots of money and wants people to lend him even more; but I'm not that stupid anymore.

Izrael

* * *

THEY DON'T LIKE SCHOOL

If a girl feels uncomfortable in her school, there is no obligation: she can leave that school. However, there are students who keep attending and all they do is complain.

Who or what are they looking for? Just themselves.

For them, the days are long and tedious, they await holidays or the summer recess; they also say they are bored and they discourage others.

You will find these students who have an adverse effect on the class most anywhere.

You either make an effort to get used to and adapt to your school or you look for another school, a better one.

Basia

* * *

AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT

I am agitated. I would like to share this feeling with the Little Review.

We formed a geography club in our class.

At its second meeting, we were choosing librarians. There were many candidates, and I was among them.

I received 12 votes.

When the last two votes were about to be cast, the teacher stopped it and said that I and two other girls had been selected.

I said that the voting should be carried to the end, but that didn't help any.

Then I crossed my name off the board and gave up on my election.

The teacher wasn't concerned with that at all and just chose the girl that came in fourth.

It seems to me that I was right.

Bronka

* * *

AN INCIDENT AT SCHOOL

A girl from another class stole something from my classmate. At first, nobody knew who, but later the secret came out. The culprit did not admit her fault at first, and later she didn't

even cry, as if she didn't care. Even her voice showed no sign of remorse.

Then her mother came in and she had tears in her eyes, because her child had committed such an unkind act. She looked grimly at the girl and the teacher.

Only then did the girl lower her head and was embarrassed.

We were very upset that such an incident occurred in our class.

Hania from Pawia Street
* * *

THEFT OR REVENGE?

I will describe a sad incident that occurred in our class.

We were given one month in which to write an essay. Its subject was as follows: "The attitude of Polish youth to Russian schools on the basis of Stefan Żeromski's 'Sisyphian Labors'."

None of us got to work throughout that month.

Why bother? We had plenty of time.

We were three days away from the deadline when one of our better students wrote something.

She brought her notebook to class to read her piece to us during the recess. We sat quietly interested in hearing it and hoping to lift something from her.

But despite her best wishes she wasn't able to read, because her notebook disappeared. A detailed search we conducted did not help.

The student was not concerned, because she had already drafted a clean copy of the essay at home.

The next morning, one of our classmates handed her the lost notebook, but the pages with the essay had been torn from it.

Ewelina

SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE IT? One girl loves me very much. She is simply infatuated with me. I knew that she loved me, but that she was infatuated? That she accidentally blurted out. This secret apparently weighed upon her, so she began telling me this:

"Let's say I love someone very much, but I see their faults. I forgive the ones that are not very big, and I pay no attention to them; I just see them. If I am infatuated I do not even see those faults. Isn't it true that people without faults do not exist?"

Here the girl listed a few of my flaws.

That's when I realized that she was infatuated with me.

Hala

* * *

ILL-MANNERED

I am in class B; I am nine years old. We have many bad mannered boys in my class.

One time, two boys from our class beat me up as I was coming out of the school building.

I wanted to complain to the principal the next day, but instead of complaining I just got angry.

Since then I have stopped speaking with them.

Oleś from Łódź

* * *

ZUZANNA'S POEM

We have it all, from A to Z, every letter of the alphabet: a different person, a different character, altogether something else. One is pretty, another one is ugly; one is good, another is bad; one is unflinching, another a crybaby. We have many private circles.

The younger form circles and so do the more grown up ones, and so do the childish, the serious minded, and the fun loving ones. Each group consists of three to four girls.

As soon as a teacher leaves the classroom, the circles emerge. Some study, others play, and still others talk. That's how the breaks pass.

But whenever the bell announces the beginning of another lesson, the circles are out the door. All the students form a single whole, with common heartbeat, and there is one hidden thought that animates them: to help, to prompt.

Zuzanna is one of the best and most beloved friends. She has a golden angelic heart. There hasn't been an instance where someone would come away from her without being helped, or without an answer to a nagging question. In a word, there is much to love her for.

On one occasion, on a Sunday, two teachers were absent from school. You can imagine what was happening in the classroom. A real country fair: peddlers, but without the goods. We had two hours to spare. At the request of our homeroom teacher, whom we like very much, we kept quiet in the classroom. Most read books, Zuzanna was writing something.

It was a poem. As she tells us herself, Zuzanna sometimes feels an urge to write about something sublime, beyond the school work strictures; she feels inspiration, some higher calling. It was not her first poem; she had written a lot before. She's not one of those who, when they write or make something, would say, "don't touch." On the contrary, she will show it to everyone

and ask for their opinion. That's the way it was this time as well. When she finished writing and read it in her circle, she shared it with the girls. Some praised it, others pointed out mistakes; all were interested. Zuzanna said that the poem was a flower among all her work to date. The sheet of paper passed from hand to hand, until it reached Rózia, who is known in the school as an intelligent but scatterbrained girl.

She loves Zuzanna very much. She began to read the poem aloud, and when she had finished, she said:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be writing such crap? I say this just doesn't suit you at all."

And suddenly, she ripped up the paper. Tears flowed from Zuzanna's eyes, but she say nothing, just lowered her head.

Our devilish Rózia panicked; she was terribly upset and began to apologize to Zuzanna saying she didn't realize the poem was so precious to her.

They made up, but the tears once shed will not flow back.

Zośka

* * *

A FAILED ATTEMPT

Things are not going very well in our class. It is divided up into different factions, each with different secrets, and in an eternal strife with each other. We decided to organize different clubs, such as a nature club, a history club, etc., this on a trial basis, as we thought this would bring us closer together.

We were wrong though. The creation of the clubs only further increased the confusion and the chasm between us.

We discussed the idea of clubs in the apartment of one of our classmates; on the very next day there were secret talks, slander and bad air. One of the girls said:

"Remember, I warned you; this is not going to work."

Since then, we have been mad at each other.

Lusia

* * *
NOT LIKED

I am going to be frank and write this down.

When I started school, my attitude was that of indifference; later I felt increasingly worse, because I had met with hostile reception.

I cannot say that they bothered me in any particular way, but the girls were cold, insincere and kept their distance.

When I was sick, only one called me up. There were quarrels, full of venom and bitterness.

Then a different time came. One of the teachers, who can empathize with our souls, lifted me up with her heartfelt words.

I got closer with the class group and made a sincere decision to change my attitude.

This did not last long, however. The old days returned.

I tell myself neither "be secretive, lonely, and stand aside" nor "show angelic patience and cherish hope." I remain undecided, unsure of myself.

I hesitate between "yes" and "no." Too bad, if you live you suffer.

Sulamita

MENDEL'S DIARY

January 1, 1926 – It's a New Year, still not clear whether a happy or an unhappy one. Just like this one, so will a second and a third year pass. Man lives by hope; tomorrow will be better. Everyone wants to be older, but no one expects their death.

We walk around the marshes; you think some and then go to bed. Sometimes a speaker arrives, but a school lesson always goes the same way. The pious ones say there is something wrong with the lightning and thunder: the Jews have been sinning too much.

The day flew by like the wind. Clouds take walks in the sky; one chases another, until a third one comes up and swallows them both. When I look at them, I think of human life. One generation expires and another one arrives, and one man swallows another. The larger ones overshadow the weaker and smaller ones. That's the way the world is, and no one can change that. There are people who say, "this you can do, that you can't do" and yet they do it themselves. No one can improve the world and no one can change it. It will stay that way forever.

January 2 – This Saturday has gone, leaving room for the incoming Sunday. Saturday is already asleep. When I was little, I heard that the earth was round. I could not understand that. How can the world have no end?

When I studied in cheder, I heard about the red Jews and the river Sambation. The way I pictured it to myself then was: "I'm not afraid of the stones the Sambation throws out. I will cross the river in an airplane and I will reach the red Jews."

I couldn't cope with the stars: the moon and the sun are necessary and

they walk around the sky, but what are those stars? I thought they were small holes in the sky.

I always looked at the sky and wondered why I was in the middle. After all, the sky goes further down, but when I go on, I see that I am in the middle again.

I did not understand why the moon always followed me. I would run in different directions, and it always remained behind me.

January 3 – Today, I signed up for the Polish library. I read a lot now. I am reading Prus' "Anielka."

There is water standing in the fields. I did very little skating this winter. Szyje left for Warsaw.

Our house is a book that has seen much and remembers everything. In front of the house, there is a stone threshold, and to the left, there is a bench; on summer evenings, Jews sit and talk on that bench.

A fair is held every Wednesday. At the end of the market day, everyone sweeps their plot. It is the goats which benefit the most from the fair.

There is a room in the attic; I sleep there. Laundry hangs in another part of that attic, and we hold firewood in its third section. The stairs that lead to the attic start in our shop. The living quarters consist of three chambers: a dayroom, a bedroom and a kitchen. There is a ladder in the kitchen that leads to the section of the attic where the wood is stored.

Virginia creeper grows in the garden. This year there are nice flowers: the trees have been overshadowing the sun.

Me and Szyje used to have a plant and animal museum. Szyje was the manager; I was the caretaker.

January 6 – The winter recess is over. School was about to start, but the teacher got sick. Together with two other boys, we went for a walk to the river. I am reading the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe".

February 1 – We are very sad now. Many young people have been arrested, but otherwise there are no changes. There are no lectures, games or talks. It feels like the town has died out.

What can you do? That's the way the world is constructed: a child in a big city is cheerful while a child in a small town is always sad. A smile rarely appears on their lips. The big city child has the opportunities to learn, but often doesn't want to; a small town child wants to, but often doesn't have good conditions to do so.

I am not satisfied with my school work; this is because there are three classes that study in a single room; plus we study with a single teacher. We spend too much time at school. This week we will get our report cards.

February 6 – On Tuesday night, a girl died; she was a fourth-grade student. I was at the funeral. This year, four of our schoolmates died already.

The temperatures are below freezing. We had a geography exam at the school today. Me and my friend have been drawing maps. I received invitations for membership from many different clubs. My club sent me a letter with a French stamp. It was also written in French; I cannot read it.

February 10 – Kuba and I just completed a painting that depicts a night at sea. Even though the girls who are our classmates have greater choice of paint color, we think our drawings are nicer.

When I sometimes ask myself whether I want to be rich, my answer is "no." A rich person is constantly preoccupied with their money, they care only about money; a poor person is not as demanding, they have time for entertainments and they are content.

My oldest brother left for America a long time ago, from America he went to Russia, and from Russia to Paris, where he still lives with his wife. I would like to be there, but I would miss our trees in the garden, our home and my friend.

Today they handed out our report cards. I am not satisfied with my grades. One girl fainted (it is fashionable here), because she did not get good grades.

Those arrested are still in jail. I see trees beginning to bud.

February 13 – We had the first sunny day today. Whenever I think of my grades, I am angry with the teacher. Before she filled out the report cards, she asked the class what marks we thought people should get. Those with loyal and good friends get good grades.

When Estera went into a paroxysm of grief, the teacher raised her grades.

The teacher spoke the truth when she said there was no justice in the world. I received a B for behavior, which is quite unfair, because I behave well at school.

The seventh graders talk much about middle school. They justifiably complain about school. This learning is a waste of time. All they actually do is give you assignments rather than teaching you. I haven't been reading recently, because I don't have books. Without a book, I am sad.

February 14 – My friend Kubaś and I painted a picture of winter. We will

finish it tomorrow. During the gym class, we played paper telephone. I received a postcard from Herszek. It has a picture of a little girl with a dog. It's clear that the girl treats the dog as her best and most faithful friend, and it works both ways. The girl cannot do without the dog and the dog without the girl. Herszek is right when he writes: "It is at times better to have a dog as your friend than a cunning man who would betray you."

The man is greedy while the dog is not. Though the dog doesn't speak, it understands feelings and thoughts of its human friend. Seeing a friend in danger, a dog will try to save him, and the man – if he sees no gain in it – will leave him. The dog has a sense of gratitude. The man thinks everything is owed to him as a right. The dog will try to rid itself of bad habits while the man seeks to transfer his or her flaws on to other people.

February 18 – Mud is all around us. The days are getting nicer. Winter is passing, spring is near. I just read "Hania" by Henryk Sienkiewicz and the third part of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables".

My friend Kuba and I were at the bridge. We competed on who can run the fastest and who can throw stones the farthest. Aron gave a lecture about the poet Juliusz Słowacki. The Hasidim tried to disturb the event.

Sometimes at night, you dream about what you thought about throughout the day. Today, I dreamed I was on an excursion out of town, in the mountains, and that I was alone and afraid to climb up higher, and looking for a better way.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

DOMESTIC NEWS

SIEDLCE – Mania gave a pair of slippers to a poor girl. – Rachelka asks how her peers in the larger cities spend long winter evenings. – Dyńcia is glad that Poland is independent and has its own country. – Lejcia described a conversation between Józio, Rysio and Staś on Poland's Independence.

SIERPC – Lutek cannot understand why the Hashomer and the Maccabi organizations form two hostile camps, even though they have common ideas and goals. – Gerszon wrote about Chanukkah and about the candles whose lights seem to tell about the Jewish people's past.

SKOLE – Berisch learned about the existence of the Little Review, and wants to become a reader and faithful companion of the paper; and he sends in a story about orphans.

SKÓRCZ – Edzia had a doll named Jadwisia; the doll had sapphire-colored eyes, ruddy cheeks and lush golden hair.

SŁAWKÓW – Gucia is sad that she can no longer swim in the river or run in the meadow, because it is cold and wet.

SŁONIM – Genia was in Szczawnica; she saw the Pieniny Mountains and their highlanders, and heard nice Gypsy music.

SOSNOWIEC – Mietek left his house in secret and set out to Gdańsk on foot, but after the first 30 minutes of his adventurous journey, he returned home in tears. – Salomon watched the November celebrations and reflected on whether the Jews would one day also celebrate the anniversary of their

independence and of their country. – Genia and Zosia sent in three jokes.

STASZÓW – Sala cannot understand why people in her school treat Jews with such hostility, because she read in books that a Pole would not hurt anyone.

SUWAŁKI – Łazar recited his own poem about Chanukkah in his middle school.

TORUŃ – Roma is disheartened that her classmates mock her and call her names: “an oaf and a fatso.”

WIELUŃ – Sala studies privately, together with her sister, because they want to take their exams to the middle school right after the summer recess. – Samek heard a nice concert on the radio and saw an engaging feature at the movie theater.

VILNIUS – In her reply to Tadzio X., Tania writes that even if Jews wanted to follow his example, they would be rejected, because for a Christian, a “Jew” stands for something unsafe that should be persecuted and eliminated. – According to Samuel, Tadzio X. is an assimilator who allows himself to make critical comments on Jewish garb and sidelocks for the sake of gaining the affection of Christian boys. – Jakób made an arduous journey from Russia to Poland. – Maks, a Vilnius poet, sent in a quatrain poem he composed to commemorate Poland's Independence. – Tania sends hearty thanks for the book she received.

WŁOCŁAWEK – Cela is sad at sitting home alone, because she is very bored. – Cesia feels her disability painfully, but hopes she will get well and will be healthy again. – Niusia is

yet got integrate with her new school and schoolmates. – Lola has a friend, Brońcia, and they do their homework together. – Cesia loves learning and wants to get an education. – Szulem saw two caps flow on the Vistula river; they seemed very tiny from afar. – The hoarse voices of ravens disturbed Zenia in her homework. – Edzia has a canary she called Maciuś the Second. – Heniek claims that if a boy does the slightest harm to a girl, she will blow that small thing up into a major case. – From this time on, Edek's only friend will be his diary; if he succeeds, he will send the diary to print in the Little Review.

WŁOSZCZOWA – Dawid wants to meet Stefek, the defender of chicks, and he asks if he's not ashamed of becoming a girl.

ZAMBROW – Różia regrets that she doesn't live in the countryside anymore; she misses her garden, in which year after year, in the springtime, she would plant flowers. – Mania envies her sister, who went to Warsaw and where she will see so many interesting things. – Leja wants to know very much what falls are like in Warsaw, whether there is just as much mud in the streets and it is just as sad. – Malka is happy that their class has a new room now, because there is more space there for games during the school recess. – The most beautiful book Brocha read this year was “Robinson Crusoe”. – Raszka had an unpleasant accident while taking a bath, but she is glad that the misfortune has already passed. – The happiest moment in Bela's life was when her father returned home, after many years

of war. – Hanka's grandma came from America and brought her a watch as a gift. – Gitla received a nice souvenir from Druskininkai from her aunt. – Gucia had a strange dream about Stanislaw Jachowicz. – Students of a certain fifth grade asks the Little Review to print their letter to their former principal, who will be happy when she reads it there.

ZAMOŚĆ – Rachelcia is in the second grade; she is making good progress in school and her friends like her. – When Mirjam was small, she slipped out of the house, went to the river, and nearly drowned. – Dorka saw the boys steal some beets and run off into a field. – Symche, a class and a cinema reporter, sent in a description of Zamość, Józefów, Nielisz and of the local zoo.

ZAWIERCIE – In two months, Rochuś will be going to his grandpa in Palestine, and has a donkey there already. – Hanka loves Chanukkah not just because the candle flames are pretty, but because she already understands the significance of the holiday. – Rywcia sent in a nice story, which she had heard from her grandma on one Chanukkah evening. – “The Real One” calls on the readers to donate to Keren Kayemeth, which is the basis of the future Jewish national home.

ZŁOTY POTOK – Lusia asks not to be sent “Iton Katan” anymore, because he cannot it read herself and daddy has no time to translate.

ŻYWICZ – Henio is concerned about not being able to reach an understanding with the administrators of Our Review: he wants to receive the Friday issues, and they don't seem to care. ■

CURRENT NEWS

– Różia does not understand why older people hide truth from children. – Gutka thinks older people should have some respect for children. – Heniek thinks that overcoat pockets should be large, because books don't fit, and hands freeze and you get scolded for torn pockets. – It is on a daily basis that Śniegulka notes in her diary the good and the bad she did. – Edek's classmate assured him that anyone with at least a shred of a voice can get into the synagogue choir. – At the end of a concert at Dawid's school everyone sang “Hatikvah” and “We Are the First Brigade”. – Those practicing before a recital seemed to Józio as stiff as if they had swallowed a stick. – Henia thinks that the circus audience observing bouts plays the role of Nero. – Leon's watch had been running wild, until it got tired and stopped, and won't run any more. – Salusia's uncle got sick, because on his way back from America he had to stand for three days. – Dawid is surprised that so many people died in railway accidents. – “Ewon” is pained by the society's indifference to human suffering. – Mania can't bear

the indifference of the rich passing by a blind beggar. – Halina thinks that injustice – just like calamity – lurks behind the back of every person. – Dorcia wants Luba to improve herself and not to call her “a drunk.” – After being betrayed by friends, Pola became cautious and suspicious. – Instead of helping Tosia with her homework, her classmate smudged her entire notebook. – Judyta is surprised that schools pay so little attention to calligraphy. – Jehuda asks whether it is fair that only the schools that offer at least 5 hours of instruction per day are issued student registers. – Leon thinks that the boys who don't want to study and then blame their teacher for the F's they get are mean-spirited. – Esterka's class has been apologizing to their teacher for their wrongdoing through acts rather than words. – A teacher struck Eljasz when the boy forgot to bring a certificate. – Those in Estusia's class who belong to the history club are required to bring newspapers to school and to report on political events. – The former students of public schools who transferred to the fourth grade at Halina's school earned a nickname of “crazy girl philosophers,” although they are actually serious and

intelligent. – Hela feels more at home in a Polish school rather than a Jewish school. – Nacia used to go to bed late and her teacher complained that she was sleepy at school. – Melcia's class was commended by their teacher for having sung scales without any error.

– At a Student Council meeting, Bela proposed that girls wear black stockings only while the teacher advised that they choose their delegates from among the girls with no F's on their report cards. – At Hela's school, the older girl students play with the younger ones during breaks. – There was a fist fight in Izrael's class. – At the end of the final lesson before the winter holidays, Mietek's class ran out like a storm that cannot be held back. – Instead of going to the cheder, Szmul and his classmates went to an ice rink – Wanda imagined the first snowflakes being shy and bashful in the way they fell. – Gucia felt sorry for the snow trampled under horse hooves. – Moniek writes about winter, because he wants to keep up with the other children. – Szlama wrote a short story about an orphan who looked for God in the heavens. – Blima is angry with the editors for not printing her article about Chanukkah. ■

JOKES

A FAIR ONE

“Did you share the candy with your little brother?”

“Yea, I took the candy for myself and gave him the wrappers with the coloring pictures.”

HE UNDERSTOOD

Teacher (who has been talking about steam engines for an hour): “Did you understand everything?”

One student: “Yes, perfectly, but I would like to ask about one more thing: How can a locomotive move on rails without horses?”

COUNTING

“How old are you?”

“I am ten. In fact, I should be eleven, but I was sick for a year, so that doesn't count.”

A HARD WORKER

“And don't you get tired of not doing anything?”

“Of course I do; I get terribly tired!”

“What do you do then?”

“Then... I take a rest.”

CONTRIBUTIONS:

Bella – a Chanukkah legend. Leon – a holiday legend. Icek, Pola, Ewa and Izrael – a piece about winter. Ireczka – a piece about an argument between Irka and Cela. Gucia – a piece about a school event. Hanusia and Balbinka – jokes. Jerzyk – four winter drawings. Szymuś – a piece about car racing. Lolek and Brońcia – nice small drawings. ■

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct answers to the brain teasers in issue No. 115 were sent by the following:

Irka Abramowicz, Helena Ajzen, Róża Ajzenberg, Michał Apte, Nusia and Niutek Aronwald, Henryka Baruch, Zofja Bauman, Halusia Bąk, Izrael Bielweiss, Józek Bursztyn, Sara Bursztyn, Salek Chalebski, M. Daniel, Regina Dąb, Mietek Fajngryc, Bronia Fiszhaut, Leopold Fruchtman, Lejcia Frydman, Zygmunt Gersztenbin, Elek Geszkin, Elżunia Ginsberg, Lewek Glikman, Aleksander Goldman, Rena Grossman, Izrael Gutkind, Szmuel Gutkind, Adaś Halber, Paulina Ingberman, Jakób Jakubowicz, Benio and Niutek Jaszucki, I. Kahanowicz, Józef Klinger, Lola Kluska, W. Kałuszynier, Artur Knaster, Mietek Kohn, Ala Kołodziańska, Piniek Kossowski, Lucia Kraushar, D. Krauzer, Symcha Kronfeld, Reginka Lengier, Sonia Lewkowicz, Jesek Lipowski, S. Mesz, Heniek Mühlstein, Ziuta Mühlstein, Renia Niedźwiedz, Adaś Poremba, Lajb Przepiórka, Zosia Rajtman, Aleksander Rajskind, Lolek Rotsztein, Efraim Rozen, Eljasz Segal, Olek Segelman, Heniuś Słomnicki, K. Szlosberg, Salomon Sznabel, Hiluś Szternfinkiel, I. Szwarcbard, Nadzia Teitelbaum, Hania Teitelbaum, Henryk Trauman, Halina Trocka, Sonia Tuchminc, Blima Ubial, Lolek Wegmeister, Sara Wilner, Henryk Winograd, Fejgusia Wolnowicz, Aron Wolwic, Miecio Zelur, Jerzy Zylberman.

MAIL

We received 66 letters from those who have written us earlier. Those who wrote to the Little Review for the first time include:

Estusia Bauman, Sala Birenbaum, Lolek Borensztejn, Genia Braun, Irena Budańska, Wolf Chilerowicz, Szymonek Dembiński, Doluś Dorez, Jurek Fenigstein. Leon Fleszler, Zosia Fusweg, Zdzicho Geyer, Ewa Ginter, Andzia Goldsztejn, Henio Gurfinkiel, B. Holcblat, Heniek Macocki, Salek Mazin, Abram Minc, Olek Mucha, Luba Nisenbaum, Dawid Rozenbaum, Bronia Rozenfeld, Lola Róg, Marysia Rydzik, Sala Saksznajder, Izia Steinwurcel, Józio Telner, Niusia Tran, Edzia Ufał, Ania Wałach, Moniek Weinberg, Symek Wojdesławski.

We received 24 letters from the province, 87 from Warsaw and 2 from abroad.

MENDEL'S DIARY

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

Recently, I have been thinking a lot about trips, that's why I had that dream. Even in my dream, I regretted not having my diary with me, because I had decided to take it along on all my trips. I had decided to write more this year.

When I read what I wrote last year, it seems to me I would have written it much better now, or I get angry that I wrote down this or that. On further reflection, I say to myself: “No matter; the brain ordered it, the eyes pointed the way, and the hands wrote.”

I like excursions. I have been to Daniłowo twice this year already.

(TBC)

CHILDREN'S CORNER

– Oleś likes Stefek, who defends the girls. – Lonia loves his little brother, though the boy is mischievous. – Dudek has a great sweet tooth. – When Ewek eats candy, his tooth hurts. – Miecio is ill in bed and “reads” poems from memory. – Michaś misses his dad very much. – Karol wants his dad to take him to Argentina as soon as possible. – Lena's dream came true,

because she got a piano. – Zbyszek is able to set a record player all by himself. – Szulim fed the sparrows on the balcony. – Halinka cannot decide what to buy with the 30 groszy she has: some halva, a toy watch or a bracelet. – Regina thought her uncle made a mistake when gave her 10 złoty for Chanukkah. – Alinka was to a synagogue for the first time, and the chorus sang so beautifully you could cry. – Gabrysia saw a beautiful show

at the Jabłkowski Brothers department store. – The show at Wigduś's school featured magic tricks. – Artek is four years old and has just started learning to read. – Jesek stopped going to school. – Karolek suffered a lot before he found the right school. – Zysele was so upset that her letter did not get printed that she could not play all day. – Marysia is curious when she will gets her commemorative postcard.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

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WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

MY IMPORTANT MOMENTS (A page)

Every person has many important moments in their lifetimes. Every single one of them is important in its own way, every single one is different, and there are no identical ones. Some of them are changes or spiritual transformations.

When I was six years old, I fell gravely ill and I was sick for a long time. My mom took care of me.

One night was the most significant of them all. Everybody thought that I was going to die. Mom held me on her lap, there was a doctor and I don't remember who else. A tiny night lamp was alight. Everyone was whispering and moving around on their toes. Mom says I was unconscious, but I remember everything.

My head hurt terribly, and Mom put cold compresses on my head. I don't remember what the doctor was doing.

I clearly see my room, filled with mysterious light, full of mysterious shadows. The room was always bright and happy; there was a lot of sun and flowers. Behind the window, there was an apple tree, white from all the snow in winter and all the flowers in spring, green in summer and colorful in autumn with colored leaves and ripe apples. Beyond, I could see only fields, meadows and gardens.

My eyes were closed; I often opened them and looked at everything. The most important thing was – and I remember it the best – that Mom was holding me on her lap.

After that night I slowly started regaining health. And something really strange happened – I did not remember anything from my childhood before I fell ill. Often the adults have memories from when they were four, three or even two, and my earliest memory is that fateful night. I only remember everything that happened since I was six.

This night is important for me, because it took part of my childhood away and threw me into dark oblivion.

Another important moment was my birthday, when I turned ten. It was a cloudy winter morning, and large snowflakes were falling from the sky. I woke up and got dressed, slowly and lazily tying my shoes. Only then did I remember that it was my birthday and that on that day my eleventh year on this world started. I thought:

"Yesterday I was still nine, so my age had just one number in it. Today I'm ten – two numbers. And from that moment on, I'm always going to have two numbers: 11-12-14-17... Never again am I going to be six, seven or nine years old.

And I will have to study all the time. I will be serious; I won't be able to

play, because if someone's ten, they are not nine or eight anymore."

I started thinking about organizing my life and how it was going to turn out.

I had my hair tied with a wide red ribbon; I wore a green wool dress with a red pattern on it, high boots and a red velvet coat and a similar red cap. I can clearly remember the little girl who used to be me, and did not expect that one day...

I met a girl, who later became my friend. I'm not going to describe our life together. The year was full of important moments. In spring, I started writing poetry, and in the summer we started writing a novel together.

The project of the novel was created in the field during one of our trips to get some forget-me-nots. The sun was shining bright and hot. I remember tall grains and grass, a ditch full of frogs and snails, water plants, lilies and forget-me-nots.

The novel I started writing is buried somewhere deep in my drawer. There are two chapters, strangely true. I strongly believed in that childish novel.

I left my town and went to Warsaw. It was autumn. On the day before I left, we sewed the last dress. I was supposed to keep it forever, but I lost it. Back in the day we used to sew little dresses for dolls.

They walked us to the car, and off we went. I did not say a tender goodbye to Bronka, because I thought I was going to visit her and see her soon. Mum told me that Warsaw is not at the end of the world, and that I could come to Wieluń from time to time.

The car started. I looked out the window. Bronka was running after the car, calling my name. I stood on my seat, because the window was really high, I stuck my hand out and waved at her, but soon we turned, and everything – the market square, the street, the houses and Bronka – disappeared. We got to the road with stubble on both sides.

My head was filled with void and lazy thoughts. This was an important moment of Thoughtlessness and Fore-sadness. I wasn't even sad. I was just empty, strange, devoid of any feelings.

I wasn't enjoying the trip to Warsaw, and the city did not leave a lasting impression on me either. I left the train and heard the city noise, I saw the tall houses, brightly lit streets and shop windows, but that did not leave me speechless in the slightest.

Grey, colorless feelings and thoughts. Beautiful moments of my life, come and gather together, stand in a single line in my soul. Let me see

your colors – red and scarlet, blue and purple, green and aquamarine. I want to see you all, my moments. I call all of you beautiful, both the bad and good ones, sad and happy, grey and emerald... Every single one of you left a deep mark on my soul. Invisible to everyone but me – you, fleeting moments, you belong to me and only to me. No one will take you away from me.

Float towards me, beautiful moments, and if any of you doesn't want the world to know about you, fear not, for I will leave you alone, hidden in the confines of my soul.

There were moments of boundless longing. I missed Bronka, the field, the apple tree, the ditch with forget-me-nots, radishes from my garden, the bright, silent thoughts and white dreams. I missed the old fair hair, blue aprons with flowers and starched fabric dresses, my old spring poems, the long-forgotten beliefs and trust...

One day, going down the street I saw something that was as lonely as I was, surrounded by darkness just like me and strange, weird like me. It was a small window, lit up at the top of a tall, gloomy wall of one house. The evening was dark and misty. The wall could not be seen, blending into one with the sky, and only this small, lonely window hung up there, looking at me in a friendly way. That was a beautiful and solemn moment. Ever since, when I felt sad, lonely and longing, I went out to the street and looked at that small, strange window. And I felt good when it looked back at me...

New feelings appeared, and with them came a wave of new moments. I started thinking in a different way than I used to think before. I formed new dreams – and suddenly I could understand all the pretentious people. Back in the day, I could not understand those who cried when everyone could see, loudly admiring the beauty of the setting sun, telling everyone about their feelings and experiences. I thought that they were pretending, that everything they did was fake. They bored me to no end and I felt irritated looking at them. I wouldn't tell anybody what was going on deep in my soul if my life depended on it. I showed people my poems, but I could not talk about them.

One day I received a letter from my friend, written over 12 pages in red ink – a hopeless and boundlessly sad letter. Bronka just recovered from an illness, she missed me and she was unhappy. I stood by the window and cried. For the first and only time in my life I was not ashamed of my effusive tears.

I found many new friends, and they all gave me many beautiful and great moments. When we walked together, we talked about one interesting matter. The evening was cold and windy. We got to a corner and said our goodbyes, shaking our hands.

"Your fingers are crying," she said.

I looked at her, and she was telling the truth. My fingers were trembling, and so was my soul.

I had many bright moments, with unsung songs and hymns sounding in my soul like a magnificent fire and powerful rhythm in my chest sounding like a bell. I believe that I could lift up the entire world and bring it up to the tall and impossible heights.

I feel blooming love, great love to everything that is beautiful and good, bad and ugly...

Snow was falling. It was spring, and snow was still falling. It was white, soft and it smelled like spring. I remembered the "Jungle Book" and the "time of new speech." I walked down the street. There wasn't much snow on the sidewalk, so I walked down the road, right beside the sidewalk. It was ankle-deep and I was very happy.

Spring revealed itself to me in white winter snow.

The rain and the wind are vastly important in my life. So many times I used to walk slowly, breathing in the tiny droplets on rainy days in autumn.

Every time I have so many strange, abnormal and uncommon thoughts and feelings. I feel and love stronger, or I don't feel anything at all and every feeling I have is reduced into one undefined lump of feelings...

Today in the morning I had yet another important moment. For the first time I heard how the antique peddler yells "Altwork! Altwork! (Old things!)" Until now, I only had some auditory experiences, but today in the morning I really heard her. I distinctly

heard some kind of a through in her throat, through which she passed her voice – "Altwork!" – with the same tone, unchanged even after several years, still hoarse, deep and monotonous voice with its own melody. If only I could write sheet music, I would jot down her yelling, since I heard her so distinctly that it still sounds deep in my soul.

In those screams I see the eternal worry of a monotonous life of the peddler... After all, is there anything that breaks the monotony of her everyday life? Maybe from time to time she will buy something at a bargain price, or sell something for more than she expected. Every day in the morning she takes her bag and starts wandering around the backyards, announcing to everyone with her monotonous voice that she is buying antiques...

I would like to describe more of my moments, since what I wrote here is just a small part of everything. There are also those that I cannot describe, and there are more of them.

Murky streams flow along the beds of the rails,

A dirty sky stretches above the street,

A tram squeals mournful songs on the turn,

The corner lamp spreads deceptive gleams.

In the rainy gloom, in the mud, a car rushes along madly,

And sprays brown droplets onto the passers-by.

From up above, a small window, brightly lit,

Gleams and shines with a brave look in the darkness.

A drunk, hunched-over vagabond sleeps by the wall,

Tightly wrapped in a tattered coat.

A wet dog sneaks by, cowering,
Hungry, lost, unwanted, alien, bent.

Madzia

MENDEL'S DIARY

IN THE TOWN

31 VII – On Monday we went to Paproc with Aron. At first, I didn't want to go, but when Debora joined us, we decided to go. The school there has four grades, and the teacher is a German. We talked to the pastor, who's 88 years old. He was very nice and told us many interesting things. We spent the night at a German man's house, and the pastor asked him to let us stay. We slept in a barn. The night was cold. We woke up at 4 o'clock in the morning. Our host did not want any money for the supper. On Wednesday, Aron

went to Zakopane. The photographer is working already.

A boy from America came with his father to visit the family. He is very nice and talks about interesting things.

6 VIII – I'm writing in the field. I'm reading novels by Maupassant, one book per day, and I bathe several times a day. I talk a lot with the American boy. He doesn't know the life in a small town at all. I saw a boy get caught stealing peas. The son of the landowner killed a duck and wounded another one for getting in the oat field. That's barbaric.

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THE STREET

TEASING

I will write about what happened to me.

One day I was going to school with a bottle of tea in my hand. I was passed by a group of girls who laughed at me that I was going to school with a bottle.

I didn't respond, I just went my way.

I'm writing this to show everyone that it's not only boys who tease the girls, but that girls also tease the boys.

Kubuś from Karmielicka Street

WORRY

I took 15 groszy from my mum and I went to use a phone. The local confectionery had a "phone is working" sign on the door. I entered the store and asked whether I could call. They told me I could, but when I called, the line was busy. I called twice, and they had me pay 30 groszy – but I didn't manage to call anywhere.

Celinka

A PRANK

One day, I went on a trip with my cousin. He gave me a tram pass and told me I could ride a tram without my school ID card. I believed him and we got on a tram.

My cousin immediately showed his ID card, and the conductor asked me to show mine. I just stood there and I did not know what was going on with me. The conductor looked at me, and I kept looking at him. Thankfully, there was a stop and I quickly ran away... Otherwise I would probably have to jump out of the tram.

Jakób

STUPID PRANKS

I got on a tram in Krasiński Square. Near the Saxon Garden, a man boarded the tram. He took a destroyed pass, rolled it up and started to prod me with it, and when he was getting off, he tore it into pieces and threw them down my shirt.

I don't think that was very smart.

Judyta

AN OLD MAN

When I left school, I saw an old man in the corner. He sat at the stairs leading to the grocery store. On his chest, he had a sign saying that he's blind and a big can with some coins in it.

I looked at him for a moment, put 5 groszy in his can and went home.

I saw many rich people who passed him by and did not even look at him.

Mania from Kupiecka Street

A LAME MAN

When I was going home from school, I saw a poor lame man, who was begging for money. It was cold. I had 80 groszy that I needed, but I could not look at him holding out his hand, so I gave him all the money.

When the man saw that he had 80 groszy, he stood up at once, but he was cold and he could not walk. I took him by his arm and started guiding him across the street. When we were crossing, there were trams passing by, and he fell on the tracks after dropping his cane.

I picked up his cane, gave it back to him – and returned home.

Chaim from Gęsia Street

WHY?

I went down the stairs on my way to the backyard. I saw an old lady, carrying a bunch of wood.

I let her go first, and then suddenly I had a thought:

"I should help her! I'll carry the

wood for her. It's nothing for me, and it will be great help for her."

I took a step forward and I was about to speak to her, but I couldn't. Something held me back, as if I was ashamed or embarrassed, like I was going to do something evil.

I couldn't muster up the courage, and I felt uncertain. Finally, I decided to say nothing and just wait. I saw how difficult it was for her.

I kept thinking about this situation for a long time, and I kept berating myself. I couldn't do even such a small thing. Why couldn't I find any strength and courage, why couldn't I control myself?

Jerychonka from Rypin

AN EVIL FATHER

There is an unfinished house at the back of our school. On Saturdays, local boys gather here and we play together. One Saturday we were also there, but suddenly some older man came to one of the small boys and said:

"Gay arub fun danet. (Get away from here.)"

The boy, almost crying out of shame and fear went to him, and the man grabbed the boy, took some telephone wire out of his pocket and started beating him relentlessly, murmuring some strange words.

Then he pushed him towards the gate, hearing our voices of disdain and disapproval.

A few minutes later, we all went home, thinking about this unpleasant event.

Stasiek from Gęsia Street

TO HORSE OWNERS

People should respect horses, but sadly, no one really does. The carters beat them relentlessly.

One day, when I was going down the street with my friends I saw a carter beat a horse. I pitied the poor animal and shouted at the man, but he threatened me with his whip.

I wanted to go to the policeman and tell him about it, but I didn't manage to, because the cart turned into another street.

I returned home, depressed. And now I want to address all horse owners to have mercy on the poor animals, which are so gentle and useful.

Beniek

VENDING MACHINE

In Bankowy Square, a group of boys surrounded the vending machine. I also decided to hang around, and they started telling me:

"Put some money in, you will get an R!"

I put 10 groszy in the machine, I pulled the lever, but the chocolate never came out. They started laughing out loud, saying:

"Nothing's going to help you now! We didn't get anything as well!"

They didn't know I already knew this trick. I put my hand in the opening and pulled a piece of paper they used to cover it. When I pulled it out, I got my chocolate. Seeing that their plan failed, they started asking me to give them the wrapper, but I told them:

"You're not going to get anything, because you tried to rob me of the chocolate and the wrapper!"

Moniek from Miedziana Street

DRUNK DRIVER

On Sunday evening I got in a car with my mum. At first, the car was driving smoothly, but then the driver started

to hit all the curbs. It was obvious that he was drunk. We drove like that to Nowolipki Street, when suddenly the car hit a huge pile of snow and two wheels became stuck in the pile, while two other stood firmly on the road.

If the pile collapsed, the car would certainly fall over on its side. We sat like that for several minutes, afraid of moving or even breathing, while crowds of onlookers just stood around, as if they were witnessing something beautiful.

Then we were pulled from the car, and the driver started trying to disperse the crowd in order to avoid attracting the police to the scene.

Wacław

AN ACCIDENT

On my way to school, I saw a girl trying to cross the street, slip and fall, and then almost get run over by a cart. Only then people started shouting, the cart stopped and some people helped the girl back to her feet.

At school, I could not focus on whatever the teachers were saying, because I could not stop thinking about the girl.

Please print my letter, and I will always write to the Little Review

Henia from Ciepła Street

A RUN-OVER WOMAN

I was crossing Bielańska Street, when suddenly a car swerved onto the sidewalk and hit a woman. The people gathered around because everyone was curious about what was going on.

The woman was pale and could not move from where she had fallen. Some men helped her sit on the stairs to the Polish Bank, where she regained consciousness.

A policeman stopped the car and wrote a note, and the poor woman was taken to the hospital by ambulance.

When I returned home, my head hurt and I could not stop thinking about it.

Zosia from Kapucyńska Street

A CART ACCIDENT

I had been waiting for the 0 tram for fifteen minutes, it was late and I was in a hurry because I didn't do my writing assignment yet. On the corner of Smocza and Dzielna Streets, I saw a cart pulled by two horses, filled with bags of flour, and the tram clipped its wheel.

The driver's side windshield of the tram shattered and the right side of the cart was ruined, some of the bags fell to the ground and flour went everywhere.

The tram driver explained to the policeman that the engine was damaged and the tram first could not start on Żelazna Street, and then it went very slowly.

As a result I was late to school, and I'm angry at the management for letting damaged trams leave the depot.

Jehuda

A FIRE

I was walking with my friends, and then suddenly we heard the sound of a trumpet. A fire brigade was rushing to a fire somewhere. We ran to the corner of Grzybowska and Żelazna Streets, and there was a crowd, surrounding five fire department cars.

In the background, we saw fire in the windows. We stood there for a moment and watched, and then I returned home with clouded thoughts.

Marysia from Twarda Street

PICKPOCKET

While with my friends, I stopped in front of a shop window on Leszno Street. Suddenly I felt someone taking 30 groszy from my pocket.

The boy who stood next to me tried to escape, but my friend went after him, managed to grab him and threatened him with the policeman who stood on the corner.

People gathered around, and the boy tried to pretend that he found the money and asked me to swear that it was mine.

At first I didn't want to agree to that, but I really needed the money, so I swore.

Embarrassed, he had to give me my 30 groszy back.

Itka, Salusia and Hania

A SAD INCIDENT

When I was going home from school on Friday, I saw a large gathering around the store with galoshes and snow boots.

I didn't know what it was all about. Only later I saw a woman's boots on the sidewalk and I learned that the thief had tried to steal them.

A mounted policeman was passing by and gave chase – it turned out to be successful. The thief was short, hunchbacked and dressed rather poorly.

When the policeman tried to take him to the station, he tried to escape, but the officer could easily catch him again.

Out of a sudden, the wife of the thief appeared with their child and started screaming:

"Let him go!"

I don't know whether he did it out of poverty or something else. I pity that poor man.

Szlamek from Krochmalna Street

THERE ARE DECENT PEOPLE OUT THERE

While going home from work, I saw a 40-year old man in the Saxon Garden. He was rummaging through an open suitcase on the ground.

It was dark, and only some electric lamps cast some lights on the scene.

A man approached with hands behind his back and asked:

"Did you lose something?"

"Yes, I lost two pairs of children's uppers."

Then, the man showed his hands and gave him the two pairs of uppers that the other one lost.

Just think about what would happen to that man if he wouldn't have the uppers returned to him? Perhaps he is an apprentice working for someone and he would get fired? Suffice to say, he was happy as if he just won a dollar coin.

I will remember that incident for a long time, because I liked it very much.

Lola Róg

SECRET ORDER

During today's assembly, the rosh of our kvutza wrote a secret order:

"At 6:40, be at 1 Trybunalski Square."

We fulfilled the secret order and waited in the entryway. It was very cold, but we did not care. We waited for the rosh impatiently. Suddenly, two scoundrels appeared and one of them said:

"What are you looking for here, you Jews?"

We didn't respond and kept waiting, even though one of them hit Jakow. At that moment, rosh came and the scoundrels ran away.

Then we went to the kin.

Heniek from Piotrków

BRAWLS AND GAMES

I live on Krakowskie Przedmieście, opposite of the Royal Castle. I often go to the Old Town market square to play with others.

We played football there, ran around the mermaid statue and biked together.

All the time, we had to fight with Polish boys, who constantly attacked us. Sometimes they won, sometimes we were on top. Whoever won the fight stood on the stones near the mermaid, basking in glory, and then we bought each other ice cream.

Sometimes we fought for real, sometimes just for fun. When there weren't enough boys on Polish side, they took some Jews to join them, and when there were too many of them, some Poles joined us to fight on our side.

In the winter, we had snowball fights.

In the spring, they started renovating the houses around the Old Town, and everything was painted. We came to watch the works.

The worst thing is that they took the mermaid and the market square was left without our assembly point.

Our group broke apart, and the rest meeting in the reading room on Piekarska Street.

Moniek from Zamkowy Square

GLORY TO THE HEROES

A young lady boarded the train from Lviv to Warsaw. She had a heavy suitcase, but no one was willing to help her.

Suddenly, to the surprise of the people there, a priest took the suitcase from her, lifted it up to the shelf and gave up his own seat for her. The lady was so embarrassed, she didn't even know what to do.

There's more! At the end of her journey, she did not call for a porter, because she did not have any money. The priest wanted to lend her some, but she did not accept.

Sadly, we don't live in a world where it is possible to help each other without getting embarrassed.

Then the priest paid the porter and pointed out the Jewish girl, so that he would pick up her suitcase and boxes.

I'm sorry, but for certain reasons, I cannot sign the letter with my name.

Young Jewish girl from Będzin

KINDNESS

When I read the article "Kindness Week in Japan" in Our Review, my heart started racing and thoughts started crowding in my head.

"What about us? Here, the people are different..."

Last week, when I went to see my friend, Chańcia, she wasn't at home. Her father just said, "She's not here!" and slammed the door. I was shocked at being treated that way and I will never go and visit her again.

When I went to summer camp in Ciechocinek, I met Miss Edzia, who worked as a secretary.

Whenever anybody asked her about something, she responded as if she hated children. It was the only stain on the beautiful memories from the summer camp.

The janitor at our house? I suffered a lot, when he called my sister "garbage."

Will our country be like Japan one day?

Syma

FROM A TOWN TO WARSAW

I was just 8 years old when I came from a small town of Baranów to Warsaw.

My father perished during the war and my mother wasn't really doing that well. I lived with my grandpa, but he died as well.

My oldest sister lived in Warsaw. When she heard that I have problems and nowhere to go, she wrote me to go to Warsaw, as she thought it was going to be better there.

I was still very young. I was happy that I was going to ride on a train and see carriages that can go without horses in Warsaw, but it was sad to leave my rabbi and my friends from the cheder behind.

After saying our goodbyes, we went to the train station and mother bought two tickets. There was a crowd waiting for the train, and when it finally arrived, everyone started pushing in order to get the best seats. We did not manage to get in, and so we had to wait. Mum was worried that she spent money for nothing, but she explained our situation and they gave us a stamp allowing us to wait for another one. We waited all night long for the next train.

It was difficult to get on the next train, but somehow we managed to squeeze in. It took us all day to get to the Praga district in the evening.

I was amazed by the Kierbedź Bridge. Then, I kept looking at trams and tall houses.

Finally, we got to 13 Pawia Street. I took two pumpkins for my sister, but

I lost one on the way. I was tired and very sleepy, so I quickly went to bed.

Mom was looking for a job and she did not allow me to go out, because she was afraid I would get lost. It was before Purim.

I was surprised that I didn't see any kids making masks. For a second I thought no one celebrated holidays here. I even saw some Jews smoking on a Saturday.

In Baranów, for Purim, I'd buy colored paper, glue and cardstock and do everything myself, here in Warsaw I spent all my time at home, sometimes I'd get out with my mom.

After the holidays, mom said I would go to cheder again. I was happy that I would be able to see the streets again. I liked Dzika Street the most.

The cheder in Warsaw was better, because I came back home at 4 o'clock instead of 10 in the evening, as it was in Baranów, but I was beaten more here. The rabbi from Warsaw beat us so hard that we almost fainted. When someone was late, he didn't send us home, instead he would smack us.

I had a friend at the cheder, who lived across the hall from us. He showed me around in the city and often bought me candy. One day he got on the 0 tram with me and we toured Warsaw together.

Finally, I asked him where he gets all the candy. He told me he earns money by selling candy. I wanted to do the same, but I did not have money to buy any, and my mom didn't want to give me cash.

Then, I saved up some marks and bought 40 candies. My friend from the cheder didn't want to tell me the location of the factory, he just bought them for me. I also had to get a box and some twine.

The boy didn't want to stand with me, because people wouldn't buy anything. I agreed and moved to the Dzika Street, where I was screaming in Yiddish:

"Tzvay karmelkis far ayn mark! (Two caramels for one mark.)"

At first, I was very embarrassed to scream loudly on the street, but other boys did the same. When I earned 20 marks, mom was proud and gave me 50 marks, so I could buy a whole wooden plank box.

When I told my friend how much I earned on that day, he was very angry, because he didn't earn as much, and he did not want to buy candy for me anymore. He refused to help me, and I couldn't sell anything for several days, so I was angry at him.

Then, I asked the boys who stood on the street. For one mark, they showed me the chocolate factory, where I bought a box of toffee candy.

Meanwhile, I was doing badly at the cheder, because candy occupied my mind all the time. I kept thinking about what was better to peddle, where to go with my box and how to sell the candy.

After several weeks, I already knew many streets and factories, I also learned where the police rarely

patrolled. Everything I earned went to my mother.

I did not know how to count very well, so it always worried me that something was always wrong with my money. I thought I was losing it somewhere, so mum made a big pocket for me. It was the most difficult to sell anything when it snowed and when it was cold. I couldn't open my box and no one bought anything. I didn't like to stand with other boys, because when someone wanted to buy from me, they would start screaming that they had better candy, and when someone bought from me, they threw snow into my box and the chocolates would melt.

On the other hand, it was safer to stand with other boys because someone would always notice a policeman and alert others, so everyone could run. After a while, I had a group of friends.

Sometimes no one noticed the police from afar and we had to run. I would often lose my goods on the way and end up with a big loss. Once I was also caught and the policeman wanted to take my box and take me to the police station, but I started crying, so he let me go, and another one took the box with candy from me.

One day a passer-by gave me 10 marks. I thought he wanted to buy something, but he didn't take anything and just went his way. I was very worried that I couldn't say thank you to this man.

My friend from the cheder was mad at me and he ratted to everyone that I was selling candy on the street, as if he wasn't doing it as well. The others told the rabbi, and he realized that this was the reason for my poor results. He was angry at my mom, asking her why she allows me to peddle on the street and have bad grades, so she forbid me from selling candy and I didn't have money any more.

I will also tell you about my first trip to the Skala cinema on Dzielna Street. When we got in, my friend bought the tickets, I sat in my seat and waited until the text and images would appear on the screen. I didn't know how to read back then, so I was bored, but then there was a family on the screen and some other images. I thought everything was happening behind the screen, but then I saw a street, a train and other things, and it was impossible to fit everything in a single room.

No one was able to explain this to me, even my friend, who already knew how to read. I would often go to cinema, but I didn't understand anything and only looked at the moving pictures.

Later on, I learned how to read. I got older, and now I know what's interesting from the pictures on the cinema building.

I go to elementary school and I'm in the 6th grade.

BENJAMIN

I DON'T BELIEVE

I was overcome with a sense of doubt.

I no longer believe in friendship and it seems that I will never believe in it anymore. Many times I realized that friendship is but a delusion like everything else in the world.

I had several friends, and I parted ways with all of them with much pain and bitterness. After several disappointments, I decided not to get close to any more classmates, and for quite a long time I lived alone, apart from everyday school life.

Suddenly – my life took a sharp turn. I found a friend.

It happened without my will, we just became close all of a sudden and being together felt just great.

I didn't hide anything from her, we did everything together because I loved her so much, I loved her pretty face and intelligence.

I still love her, even though the ties of friendship that kept us together were cut.

I cannot blame myself for that, it was all her fault. Perhaps she thinks she can do anything because she's pretty and so on.

For too long I had to deal with her shenanigans, in the same manner a loving mother deals with the whims of her beloved child, but then I snapped... On the day we ended our relationship, she teased me terribly about something, and even though I asked her to stop and even though she knew how painful it was to me, she did not cease her teasing, saying that she was enjoying it.

I didn't say anything to that.

Then, turning everything into a joke I said something nasty to her – far less nasty than what she said, so that it would not hurt her pride too much.

I thought she was going to laugh at it or disregard that just like I did before.

I was wrong. Oh, how disappointed I was in you, my dear.

Your pride was hurt, and you went away, saying a cold goodbye, leaving me astonished, angry and devastated.

Did it cross your mind that your actions hurt me? Did you spend just a moment to think about the consequences of your actions?

Oh, I know you. I know that you sail through life with no regard towards anything or anyone, never looking behind.

But maybe, just maybe you also regret the end of our relationship? Would you deal with the pain of our divide so easily – you, who shared the happiness and sorrow with me?

Is it possible that you would let me doubt the honesty of the Friendship that we discussed so often?

If you love me like you used to do, come back to me, my little black-haired friend. Come back and you will find a heart ready to accept you back.

Only if you want to return unwillingly or reluctantly, you better not come back at all, and I will keep our loving relationship in my fond memories as pure and undefiled even with the coldness of your goodbye.

Our friendship brought me a lot of happiness, for which I'm eternally thankful.

I don't blame you for what happened. Nature has made you beautiful, light and adventurous. Be honest: you were bored by simple, sincere and loving friend?

I have one word for you: Godspeed!

I only wish you would think about me from time to time, but don't think about me badly – just as an honest and trustworthy person.

ANKA

MENDEL'S DIARY

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

I can't write more, because my pencil is too short.

9 VIII – A cousin came to visit us, and he stayed for a week. I like him very much. He's nice and smart. I discussed many things with him. Yesterday we walked around with girls and talked about love. The American boy photographed us in the garden. I'm going to write a letter to Aron and go to sleep.

12 VIII – Friday. They are calling people to the synagogue. I finished reading Mastboim's "Three Generations." The night was beautiful. I spend time mostly around boys, because I'm bored with girls. I don't know what Szymon saw in them.

14 VIII – I just returned from Ursanki, where I saw three brothers who had drowned. It shocked me. The burial will take place tomorrow. The entire town is talking about that, and I still see them right in front of my eyes. I especially remember the middle brother with black hair. They drowned in the Bug River. They came for the summer from Warsaw. The oldest was 17, the middle one 15 and the youngest was 12 years old. I saw the oldest brother several times when he was around here. He was a Polish scout, and completed seven grades of middle school. When the oldest brother started drowning, the middle one wanted to save him and plunged to his death. The locals didn't want to help. The youngest one looked like he was sleeping. The oldest brother was very bloated. They had a very young mother. The funeral ceremony was this morning. No one was hysterical, even their mother – very religious and brave – didn't cry. They still have one daughter and one son. Many Jews

attended the funeral. It was the second time I saw a drowned person. Last year a student perished the same way.

Such images deeply affect the human mind. The more dead people you see, the less afraid you are of your own mortality. We cannot comfort ourselves the same way our grandparents used to do. We aren't brave enough to tell ourselves that it's all in vain and nothing will be left of us. We talked about this with the boys.

15 VIII – A dog hurt our cat. We bandaged its leg, but the cat tore the bandage off and just hops around on three legs.

I didn't read anything today, because I didn't exchange the book yesterday. The streets are dark, it's a sad night.

16 VIII – The American boy left with his father. They are going to be in Paris, visiting our relatives. He promised he would write. He doesn't know Yiddish and understands just a bit, but he's still very young. I liked talking to him. His father isn't proud and haughty at all, even though he's rich. I'll miss him.

17 VIII – It's rainy and I'm sad, but somehow I like that sadness. I have been walking around with girls. I wrote a lot of letters. While I was writing, it dawned on me that nothing ever changes in the world. Life is like a cog, it turns in one way only, and cannot return to its previous position. What already happened will never return. A young person doesn't believe they will grow old and die. Today, Bińcia and Sura are getting together. In seven years another Bina and Sura will walk around. Another generation will come, and they will think about us the same we think about the old generation, and they will criticize the unfair and unpleasant world. The old suffering will go away, and new reasons to suffer will appear.

I have a strange sensation when I see a mother walking together with

her daughter on the street. I would like to still live in 100 years' time, but not as an old man, rather as a young boy.

I asked an old Christian whether he remembered what he was doing when he was 20. He told me he didn't remember a thing. Everyone should have their own diary to remember the past in order to understand youth.

23 VIII – On Monday, our town was visited by Mastboim, the Jewish writer. He gave a lecture titled "The Modern Jewish Woman." I wanted to talk to him. I met him near the bridge and asked him for a pencil, he said he didn't have any. I didn't know how to start a conversation.

I attended the lecture and honestly I was expecting more of such a famous writer. Perhaps he disregarded our small town, did not prepare anything and just said whatever came to his mind. At the end, he recited a poem. This was the second Jewish writer I saw.

Why am I walking around with girls? I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do next year. I spend most of my time on reading, and I'm bored only when I don't have a book handy. The long evenings are starting. The street is sad – and my soul is sad as well. It's hard to believe that summer has passed, along with the will to live. Sometimes it seems that the whole life is but a big joke. A large city doesn't see the sun, the moon or the clouds, and people don't think about many things in life.

30 VIII – I didn't do anything for a whole week. I was looking for a book, but I didn't find it anywhere. I wrote a long letter to Szyje and Herszel. I'm not going to go to Warsaw. They told me I can complete the 7th grade of elementary school here. They blame me for everything. I am jealous for the people who can learn. I keep hoping and waiting for what the future will bring. (TBC)

DOMESTIC NEWS

KALISZ – Irka's brother likes potato pancakes very much. – Sula got a piggy bank on her birthday and saved up 7 zloty. – Jadzia's parents traded their small flat for a large and comfortable one; Jadzia wrote about her adventure with a boy and sent three jokes. – Zuzia wrote a nice report from a school ball, where three prizes were awarded for the best costumes. – Guta is bitter, because her teacher addresses her as "Miss", even though she graduated just half a year ago. – Lutek dreamt for a long time to write to the Little Review but he couldn't muster up courage. – Renia wants the correspondents of the Little Review from Kalisz to get closer together and asks the editors to help.

KALUSZYN – Chaim doesn't know where to look for justice, when Jewish boys were beaten by the police and Christian boys were let go for the same infraction.

KAMIENIEC – Hanka sent us a fantastic story about an old oak tree.

KATOWICE – Anusia wants to become a doctor and treat only poor people.

KAZIMIERZ – Mitka asked why the Little Review did not print the photographs of Miss Europe and Miss Polonia.

KIELCE – Henryk likes to learn, but often comes late to school. – Andziunia is angry at her father for not keeping his promise to buy her toys. – Eścia dreams of being an admired movie actress. – Bala regrets that her dream of Palestine was not a reality. – Leja believes that those who suffer should have strong will to fight evil. – Sala pities a young boy who was killed while trying to earn a living. – Kubuś says that people can never be satisfied. In summer they want winter, in winter they want summer.

KLECZEW – During colder days, Sala felt like she was exiled to Siberia. – Halina couldn't wait for real spring.

KŁODAWA – Abracek likes it very much when his aunt Idzia reads the Little Review to him.

KOLNO – Elias thinks that the goal of friendship is collaboration and supporting each other with words and actions.

KOŁO – Zosia's birthday was on the 24th of March. – Halina visited Feluś on his birthday. – Rutka is happy that it's not cold outside anymore and that she doesn't have to sit at home, bored out of her mind. – Mira doesn't go to school, because she's sick. She misses her teacher and friends very much. – Geniek is now seven years old and he's going to go to the 2nd grade after summer holidays. – Pawełek is already writing to the Little Review.

KOŃSKIE – Regina cried many times because of the Little Review as her friends laughed at her that her articles are not published.

KOSÓW – Shomer Ryska tells the author of "What to do?" to find a common

way, in line with the idea and with what the parents think.

KOWEL – Fira wants to have a brother. – Niusia's cat ate some liver, got sick and died. – Wowik read a funny story about dirty Fipcio. – Gryśza's mother is going to Warsaw. – Mareczek's birthday was fun, there was a barrel on the table and every child was drawing lots. – Szajndla got a beautiful bag with a mirror and a handkerchief from Mareczek for her birthday. – The dark and silent night makes Mojżesz think about a lot of things. Only then he is able to write in his diary.

KNYSZYN – Heniek was very happy when the teacher got better and returned to school.

KUTNO – Heniek gets ready for the middle school, and when he passes, he is going to get ice skates from his mother. – Jehuda submitted an article about human suffering and a poem about spring. – Mita wants the Little Review to announce a competition for the most beautiful child.

LESZNO – Zygmunt regrets that the Little Review is a paper for children and doesn't cover any issues of youth.

LIDA – Fańcia's soul lightens up when she thinks about spring.

LIPNO – Henia is surprised that books about Zionism are nowhere to be found and she thinks that people collaborating with "Haynt" should publish booklets about that. – Class 5A responds to Izaak that he didn't act like a gentleman because instead of helping, he only hurt someone who was weaker than him.

LUBARTÓW – Dad promised Edek and Staś to buy them bikes – on two wheels for the former and on three for the latter. – Dawid dreamed about a white angel who spread his wings and led the Jews to Eretz Israel.

CURRENT NEWS

– Seweryn doesn't have time for writing, because the teacher won't give him a break. – There are no bad teachers at Tosia's school. – If Mietek was a teacher, he wouldn't yank even the rudest child. – If Mania was a teacher, she would punish the rudest children. – Ludwik doesn't have the calling to become a teacher. – Syma is worried that someone took her two pencils at school. – Girls decorated Genia's classroom with ribbons, but they were torn down by boys. – Ruta is angry, because the first-grade girls want to pretend they are all grown up. – Lili is angry at her friend. – Ida is angry because Anka quickly came to terms after they ended their relationship. – Mania has a friend, she's poor but very happy. – Lili gets along well with her friend, because they both dance well. – Henia and Cesia are spring lovers. – Aleksander's soul wants

to go to the countryside in spring. – Lucia enjoys spring together with the sparrows. – Boluś is worried that the Pesach is over already. – Józio was proud that he knew kashes this year. – Dad promised to get Blimcia a watch for finding a matzoh. – Cesia helped her mother with everything for the holidays as much as she could. – After an interesting dream Lolek woke up under his bed. – In Frania's heart, a spark of hope starts a great fire. – Szlamek's heart pounded near the end of "Palestinian Nights." – The plebiscite in Otto's reading room was won by "Marjorie's Quest," followed by "In Desert and Wilderness." – Felek condemns beauty pageants, instead he would like to see hard work pageants. – Edzia is mad that her letters aren't being printed.

SUBMISSIONS:

Celina, Mila, Estusia, Paweł and Tosia – poems about spring; Efraim, Jakób, Sewek and Ignas – poems; Anka – poem about school; Henia – about winter in the city; Gucia – a short story; Guta, Srulek – about the Pesach; Marek and Lola – about Purim; Reginka – a short story and drawings; Mania – a dream; Henio – a joke; Heniek – a 'thank you' for a book; Reginka – a colorful drawing of knights; Maryla, Marek, Heniek, Stasio and Sala – drawings.

The following children brought their drawings to the Newsroom: Anka, Izaak, Hadassa, Heia, Henia Judyta, Lonia, Mietek, Reginka, Saba, Szlamek, Celinka, Estusia, Fela, Guta, Halinka, Izio, Jadzia, Mendel, Roma, Stefcia, Adek, Harry, Edzia and Zosia.

The following children brought their creations to the Newsroom: Lucia – a cardboard ashtray; Bela – curtains; Adek – a pen and a shelf; Edzia – a house and a flashlight; Irka – a pillow; Mala – a doll hat; – Hela framed the pictures.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Jerzyk cried because he was scammed and given a fake watch.

Stasio drawn his goldfish.

Irka has had a single doll for three years.

Mita does not like sad stories.

Jerzyk regrets that Ceška has left. Jurek was at the synagogue and prayed to the Lord.

Tusia was at Maccabi's performance.

Little sister teases Irka.

Micia had pleasant birthday.

LITTLE REVIEW

We received 29 letters from children who already wrote. The first-time submitters were:

Kisiel Feji, Genia Groblass, Hela Kapłan, Jurek Karo, Pola Korczak, Cesia Lebensold, Zosia Lederman, Irka Lichtenstein Mińcia Malberg, Rafałek, Pat, Boruch Poczteruk, Edward Pragier, Jakób Prawda, B. Rugier, G. Szmuszkowicz, Heniek Wermus, Chana Winokur, Józef Zekcer, Emanuel Złotkiewicz.

We received 26 letters from the province, 37 from Warsaw and 1 from abroad.

JOKES

MECHANICS

"I don't know what happened to my watch. It doesn't work anymore, it's probably dusty. I'll have it cleaned."

"Don't do that. We tried to give it a starting kick for two hours this morning."

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct solutions to the 17th Brain Teasers were submitted by:

Irka Abramowicz, Szmul Bejbe, Chaja Bejmlat, Tania Bielinko, Lola Blumental, Moniek Boksenbaum, Dawid Edelist, Józef Edelszejn, Michaś Fajwisz, Lilka Feldblum, Sala Feldblum, Dawid Frydman, Lewek Glikman, Tola Glikman, Izaak Grynbaum, E. Heyman, Zosia Hochbaum, Szymon Kaper, Piniek Kossowski, Sala Licht, Marek Majngarten, Berek Margines, Józio Mazurek, Heniek Mühlstein, Mirek Nisenhauss, Z. Rajzman, Sala Rozenfein, Mika Spiro, Klara Szapiro, J. Szleistein, Dawid Sztern, Dawid and Jadzia Tyrman, Bela Wajcentreger, Henryk Winograd, Leoś Wortsman, B. Zamek, Mieczek Zapolski, Zunia from Konwiktorska Street.

Late solutions for the 16th Brain Teasers were submitted by:

Irka Abramowicz, Mirka Spiro, Dawid and Jadzia Tyrman.

READERS' REQUESTS

Jerzyk begs all the mothers to have mercy on their children, to be less angry and more forgiving towards them.

Rachel asks for advice, because the shomer group is really alluring, and the director threatens anyone who joins with expulsion.

Irena asks for advice about what to do in order not to read that much, because the teacher is angry at her and calls her a "bunch of nerves."

Henia asks everyone to have heart for the orphans.

Heniek asks the editors to do something so that Miss Judea will come and visit their school.

Gutek asks us not to "cut" his letter.

Sewek asks for a postcard, because he reads the Little Review on a regular basis.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

HOME

THIS AND THAT

Dear Editors, what Józio from Radom has written – that was not his dream at all, because the same dream is in the “First Reading Book” by Falski. It is written there that Ala had a dream how she was going to plant pansies, and there was a toad sitting on every pot staring at her.

The only difference being that there was no gentleman with a bear...

Yesterday I brought some willow from school and put it in water. I think that the catkins will fall off and leaves will grow out. I will plant it in a pot and a tree will grow.

My brother says that money from the new year is lucky. So when I see that someone has new money, I ask them to give it to me. I hide this money so that nobody can see.

Saluniek from Brukowa Street

LONGING

I have a brother in France and I miss him very much. I count the days left till he comes.

Unfortunately, he will not come for four months.

Bela from Zawiercie

FIRST ADVENTURE

It happened in the summer. Mommy was busy. I was bored at home. I opened the door quietly and ran out to the backyard.

My aunt (the one who lives in the same house) was passing by and said: “Jerzyk, come to me.”

So I went. I played a bit with little Stasio and I returned home.

There I found out that mommy had been looking for me. I got distressed and I cried.

And when mommy came I promised that I would never go anywhere again without asking.

Jerzyk from Nalewki Street

NOBODY KNOWS

Once our tenant went to see her cousin. She was waiting in the kitchen for a phone call because her friend was supposed to call her. She called. The tenant left her handbag in the kitchen and walked up to the phone.

She returns to the kitchen and she sees her handbag is gone. Nobody knows if a servant took it or maybe a patient did.

Jurek from Wielka Street

ENLARGED COOKIE

A strange lens lies on daddy's desk. It is convex with a metal frame and has a handle to hold it. Daddy often looks through it at small objects, because this is a magnifying glass.

The other day daddy couldn't find the glass on his desk. He searched in the drawers and pockets, not a sign. So he calls on my little brother, who likes to play with the glass.

“Miecio, come, help me find the magnifying glass.”

Miecio doesn't come so daddy goes to the children's room and sees... Guess what!

Miecio is sitting at the table. In front of him there is a piece of cake with cream on a little plate. Miecio is holding daddy's glass and looking through it at the cake.

“What are you doing, Miecio?” asks daddy surprised.

“I am eating the cake, daddy. It is so good... I want it to be bigger.”

Ewa from Dzielna Street

JEALOUS

I have decided to ask Mister Editor for advice.

I have a sister two years my senior. Her name is Maria. I don't like her, because she is jealous.

She goes to school, which doesn't give her any proper education.

Please answer my letter.

Abram from Franciszkańska Street

“THE PIPE”

My brother Janeczek is 9 years old and he already attends middle school. He is very handsome and polite (I am exaggerating a bit).

When he was 4 weeks old he started to smoke a pipe, which means he kept his thumb in his mouth. He got used to his “pipe” like an old sailor.

When he was little, nobody held it against him. He will grow – we thought – and he will break this habit. That was not the case.

Janeczek wore a pageboy style with bangs until he was 6 years old. He didn't look like a boy at all. He was smart. When he was three years old, he would go out on the street and come back home by himself. He would also ride the bicycle with our neighbor and look after the bicycle when the neighbor went inside a store. Janeczek was the chief in the yard. Although he often participated in fights, he never cried, when he was beaten. It should be underlined that he cried without tears. He cried with tears for the first time when parents smeared his thumb or his “pipe” with fish bile. He managed to handle it: he wiped his bitter thumb with a hand-washing stone.

He was 6 years old when he went to school, and he still smoked his “pipe.”

Adults would say:

“He is going to keep his finger in his mouth until his wedding day.” And children would yell:

“Pipe, pipe, from porcelain – do not bite it.”

Only last year Janeczek has stopped “smoking the pipe.” He decided to break the habit and, having a strong will, he succeeded.

Ela from Częstochowa

REPLACING MOMMY

I don't have my mommy anymore, but I have my sister Fela, who takes care of me. She is very kind to me. She helps me with my homework, goes on walks and talks with me a lot, and tells me about very interesting things.

Besides me, Fela takes also care of two more sisters. Sometimes she yells at us, but only when we really annoy her. The youngest sister, Rywcia, is plump like a roll, and Henia is older than me and already a shomer.

I want Fela to know how much I am grateful to her and how much I love her.

Czarna from Rypin

MY BIRTHDAY

I.

I was waiting for guests for a long time, I thought they wouldn't come. But they didn't disappoint me and they came.

I received nice presents. My nanny made dresses, hats and flags out of paper, so we put these outfits on. We played various games: ring around the rosie, Old Maid, London Bridge is falling down, the tomato question game and Chinese whispers. We said poems and performed a short comedy.

At 7 p.m. we had a tasty dinner.

The next day I went to the park, I met my guests from yesterday. I asked them how they felt after my birthday. They all answered that they felt well.

I don't know how to write yet, so I am dictating this to my nanny.

Rachelcia from Nowolipki Street

II.

On the first of March I was invited to my friend's birthday together with my little sister. We had a good time. I came back home with a sore throat and now I have to stay at home.

My little sister Romcia is 4 years old. I would like her to write to the Little Review as well, but she doesn't know how yet, so she is dictating to me.

This is dictated by Romcia:

“I am a little girl. I asked my mommy to sign me up for kindergarten because I know a lot of nice rhymes. I know how to draw little houses and dolls, I am sending you two of my drawings.”

Halinka from Muranów

A WEDDING

My sister got married on the 19th of February. That day, my sister didn't go outside at all, she stayed at home until the evening.

I went to school in the morning. After I returned, I ate lunch and I changed my clothes. My sister didn't want to take me into the car, because there were too many people. I started to cry, so my sister took mercy on me.

In the evening guests came to look at the bride. At 9 p.m. two cars arrived.

The bride (my sister Cela) went in the first car together with the groom's sisters and me. Mommy, my sister Mania and my aunt rode in the second car.

We got out. Once we entered the hallway, my aunt ran upstairs and warned everyone that the bride was coming.

Then the music started to play loud and the bride was taken to the throne.

At the beginning, we drank tea and ate pastries. Afterwards, the dances begun. My brother had distributed serpentine streamers among the guests who threw them at the dancers. It looked so nice when streamers of various colors unfolded and entangled the dancing couples.

Afterwards, candy was offered. Once we ate, there was more dancing and throwing of streamers.

At midnight, a march was played and the groom came in. When he walked up to the bride to say hello, people tossed multi-colored confetti at him. Afterwards, he went to the adjacent room where he was served food and drinks. Half an hour later guests came up to the bride and tossed confetti at her. Next, the canopy was lifted; it was held by the men. The groom was brought in and one man was reading in Yiddish. When he finished, the canopy was taken away, the bride returned to her seat, and the waiter brought out the tables with food and the wedding feast begun. Guests left at 5 a.m.

Bela from Zamenhofa Street

MY TREASURES

I have a lot of objects that don't have any value for others but they are treasures to me.

So first of all – a collection of foreign post stamps. I have very many of them, but without an album, so they have to stay in matchboxes. There is a card glued on each box with an inscription saying where the stamp is from, for instance: Austria, Russia, Belgium etc.

My film postcards are the main reason for arguments with my brother. I received all these postcards from my former friend. I also cut photos of male and female artists out of the “Dobry Wieczór” paper.

Dried leaves and flowers come from Mrozy, Marymont, Czersk, Warsaw and from a park next to the Polish Bank.

I have shells from Józefów, from the Vistula River and the Baltic Sea.

I have a lot of pretty postcards, books and photos, which I used to collect in the past, but I have stopped, because people laughed at me. – For now I don't have anything else.

Kazia from Dzika Street

OUR SHOP

My mommy runs a women's hat making studio. I am 9 years old. We have three girls who work at our place: Dorka, Salka and Renia. I fancy Miss Dorka the best because she has black hair. We have a maid, her name is Andzia. She is always angry.

I like to sit in the shop and make little dresses, hats and shoes for my little sister's dolly.

Frania from Targowa Street

OUR FARM

We have a leather factory. There are horses, a sulky cart and a carriage.

Besides that, we have a farm with a field, a meadow and a garden. There are horses too and also cows there.

There is a lot of work in the factory and on the farm. In the evenings, the horses are so tired that they barely reach the stables. The coachman is also worn-out, he can't take care of the horses. Then we have to go and feed the horses.

The horses sleep for the whole night. In the morning, the coachmen come and give them food. Once they shout at the horses – they set out to work. They take skins to the station, they work without a rest.

There is a lot of work with cows as well. Cows have other uses – they give us milk and meat. For 5 days, they graze in the meadow and on Saturday and Sunday, the horses come to the meadow, as this is when they rest.

The garden is very useful because we have fruit, vegetables and flowers.

Janas from Radom

AT THE SHOEMAKER'S

I go there often because we bring shoes to be repaired. These people are still young and have one tiny baby.

The small room where they live is only two meters long and one and a half meters wide. A small gallery with two beds and a cradle for the baby has been fitted under the ceiling.

There is a tiny kitchen in the corner near the door. The young mother keeps busy there.

The room looks very modest. But people who live there love each other very much. They lead a quiet life, without complaining or envying anyone. Every time I come, I stay longer than I need to because I feel good there and it is nice to chat with them.

It is not a great achievement to live in a big residence and be joyful. Anyways, what do we need them for? Doesn't boredom and falsehood reign in them?

No, I desire to have a calm, nice life, and what is the most important – life filled with work. Because riches do not bring happiness.

Cesia from Dzielna Street

CURIOSITY PUNISHED

On Monday mommy went to town and left me at home to look after my little brother Monius.

Suddenly a man came to our backyard and showed us some tricks with a dog. My friend Lonia ran up to me and said, “Estusia, let's go to the backyard, we will take a look.”

But I said:

“I will not go, because during that time Monius might do something to himself, and anyway mommy has forbidden me.”

And Lonia said, “But my mommy also left me with the baby and I am going”

“I will not go.”

“So sit here alone then.”

Lonia ran out to the backyard, and it turned out that the dog was not yet fully tamed. Lonia was standing too close and the dog bit her leg.

Now she is lying in bed, and I am thanking God for having stayed at home.

Ewcia from Brukowa Street

CONTINUED ON P. 4

THE FREE TRIBUNE

Ja tak myślę, żeby wojen nie było, tylko żeby państwa wygrały drużyny piłki nożnej. Najbardziej Niemiec państwo chce wojować z Polską. To co się mają zabijać i tracić łose na armaty i karaliny? Lepiej grać w piłkę, a kto ma więcej goli, przegrywa, kto ma mniej, to jego państwo wygrywa, meki wojne. Kł z Wysokiej.

I reckon that there should be no wars only that the states would send soccer teams. For example, the German state wants to go to war with Poland. Why should they be killing each other and lose money on cannons and guns? It is better to play soccer, and whoever has more goals scored against them, loses; whoever has fewer – then their state wins the game and the war.

Iza from Wysoka

ANSWERS

1. Mieczysław, you write that you don't understand why the Little Review still publishes "Children's corner" despite protests.

What would you say if Our Review demanded we get rid of the Little Review, justifying it by the fact that they don't understand the need for a paper for children and youth? Surely, you would be greatly appalled.

So why are you demanding we eliminate the "Children's Corner"? The Little Review isn't a paper just for youth after all but also for children.

It even seems to me that we are unfair to children because we take more space than we should.

You are also wrong about "Current News." We write there about current matters. Because we can't print a letter immediately, therefore we mention the letters in this column.

2. Postcard no. 611, you ask, "why do people tell lies?" Well, it is very simple.

Among lies, you need to differentiate between lies out of good will and egoistic lies.

We all lie – at school and at home. For instance: I didn't learn the lesson, because I felt a bit strange, a bit sad. I can't tell the teacher the truth, because they will not understand, because they will laugh at me, so people say that they had a headache or another problem. And thus, we have the lie out of fear of being ridiculed.

It is the same at home. We tell lies out of fear of punishment or when they ask about things dear to us, which they can't understand. Sometimes people lie to dismiss insistent questions.

I rarely reproach myself for having lied, because I know that I had no other choice. I don't deny it – lies could cease to exist, but only if there was more understanding for us in school and at home.

You have also surprised me by saying that you had heard a phrase:

"I will be educating myself and you will be working."

I have never heard anything like that. Young people believe that getting an education is the same type of work as obtaining a profession.

Emanuel from Częstochowa

THANK YOU

Someone brought the Little Review home. I peeked inside. My gaze fell upon the title:

"Ugly – pretty (answers to Anđzia's letter)."

I covered my face with my hands. I understood that I would be largely criticized. I didn't have the strengths to read it. Finally, with trembling hands, I picked up my dear newspaper and I delved into reading.

I was not mistaken. Almost everyone criticized me for being vain.

Dear peers – how am I to thank you for your answers?

You don't know what your words have caused. I achieved a victory over myself: I have stopped thinking about myself.

It didn't come easy. I wondered for a long time if you are right. There was a moment – when I already admitted that you were right. Then it was as if someone deceitful and evil would whisper:

"You will never gain friendship among people, because the world judges people only by appearances – not by experience."

I was crushed. Suddenly an unknown girl has emerged from darkness, the same girl who had written:

"Would you believe that in a smallish town someone has stronger feelings for you than sympathy? If you want, we can be friends."

Dear, or perhaps even darling, Renia! Why wouldn't I be your friend, me, who desires friendship so much, who has never experienced it. Just give me your address...

I am cheerful, jubilant. Suddenly I again hear the same hostile voice:

"You silly girl... So what will you gain out of the fact that readers have understood you? You will not be liked by the rest of the society, because those who are ugly, although good, seem evil to people."

Again, sadness and bitterness. Suddenly I see tears dropping on the lines:

"It is not true that ugly is unkind, unpleasant. Be good, have a beautiful soul and you will see that they will like you."

I am looking at these words, I am surprised I didn't notice them before. One more moment of doubt and it's done – I don't deny it anymore.

And I have already won, but it is not a full victory – some doubts remain. Luckily the following words have dispersed them:

"The world is not divided into classes of beauty; and the young and strong will

have the right to reach for anything."

I have won! You don't need to comfort me anymore saying that one day I might become pretty, because now a beautiful face has no significance for me. I have become serene and free.

And I owe all that to you, my unknown friends. I will never forget your words.

Anđzia from Będzin

MORE FOR ANĐZIA

The article under the title "Ugly" has made a great impression on me. Anđzia is complaining about being ugly; that because of this she has no company and feels unhappy.

I am also ugly. I have no company either and I don't go anywhere. I feel very, very lonely.

This idea occurred to me that maybe we could become friends? I am sure that spending time together, going to the movies, reading books, etc., we will have a lot of fun, and what is most important – we will forget about our grievances and we will not feel so alone.

I can sense from the letter that you are good and nice, Anđzia. As for me – after we meet you will see for yourself. So, let's lift our heads up high and say: "Ugly with ugly, pretty with pretty."

Summer is coming. I am not going anywhere. We can spend vacation together – in Łazienki Park, in other parks and gardens. I promise that I will try to be an honest, loyal and devoted friend for you.

Bela from Dzika Street

WHY DO PEOPLE TELL LIES?

In the last "Free Tribune" I found wise and interesting thoughts. I was pondering the article "Why do people tell lies?" the most, because the author was asking readers explain it to him.

I know that people usually lie because they are defending themselves. However, I consider lying to be the worst of flaws.

I don't want to say by that that I don't have flaws. Quite opposite, I will list them: I am irresponsible, absent-minded, I am also a stinkpot, but I don't know how to lie. If I can't say the truth – I am silent.

I will give you two examples. Teachers forbid us to do our homework in the mornings. One day we had to make a cuboid as homework. I glued it together in the morning because I didn't feel like it in the evening. I came to school. The teacher looked at the cuboid, she noticed it is crooked, so she asked:

"When did you make it?"

"In the morning," I replied.

And because I told the truth, I was not punished.

And now the second example. I was doing my math homework in the morning, and I was writing in an untidy manner. Again, the teacher asked:

"When did you write it?"

I wanted to lie, but I stopped myself, I kept silent. And again, I was not punished, just the teacher asked if I was going to do this again and I promised that I would never.

I am speaking from my own experience:

"People should not lie, there will be no good for them from that."

I would like to see this letter in the Little Review in two weeks, but I am not sure if the editor will give me this pleasure.

Halinka from Zduńska Wola

TWO COALITIONS

The Little Review contributors split into two coalitions: youth and children.

The youth say that the editors devote too little space to them, and children, without saying anything, send letters to the editors.

I understand that if the youth wrote more letters about how they live, what they think about, they would have more space in the paper, because after all, the editors will not write letters in our place.

No, us youth, we are capable only of complaining. One person writes that he is feeling bad, another doesn't have the time, the third one doesn't feel like it, and afterwards everybody together complain that letters from youth are not being published.

We do not have the type of vacations where you're not allowed to write because you're supposed to rest. For us, every day is a working day. For us, every day is a twin of the next workday.

Whoever works is able to write in the evening. And those who do nothing are so lazy that they don't even feel like writing pages in their dairies.

I write a few things every day, about what I have done on that day, what I saw, what I have experienced. Therefore, we can send diaries. Whoever doesn't write one, they should simply write letters as if they were pages from a diary. Let's write, and we will check if the editors are publishing our letters.

I have heard that some people complain that the paper should be run differently. I think that the editors are better experienced with this undertaking than we are, so let's leave this business to them.

Hersz K.

A YOUNG WORKER

Łódź, May 14th – I came back from work, as usual, tired – with a pounding of raging machines in my battered head.

I would like to escape these iron wheels and transmission belts so much! Even when I was ill, I was hallucinating about machines and machines endlessly. They have become my misfortune.

There is still daylight outside. It is good to walk outside of the city now, to lie on green grass and breathe fresh air filled with springtime. But I will not be going anywhere. I will lie down and sleep heavily after an eight-hour workday, until morning, when I awake to the lingering howl of the factory siren. It seems to me that I might sleep through my life together with my youth...

May 17th – My day is as follows. At 7:30 a.m. I am awoken by the howling of sirens. I get up, I put on my work sweatshirt. I manage to swallow a cup of tea, I take the food with me and – off to work.

There are a lot of people on the street like me, in grey sweatshirts, with the traces of sleep on their tired faces. These are the working people – you almost can't see any others at this hour on the streets of Łódź. I pass by multiple factories, bristled with high, red chimneys. Finally, mine appears.

There is a signboard above the gate: "Cotton products factory"

I enter the main building through a narrow front yard cluttered with bricks and freshly brought material. This is where the weaving and spinning

mills are located. Huge rooms are connected with a corridor and with openings in the walls with transmission belts and cylinders going through them.

My spot is in the right wing of the building. I stop at one of the machines that are arranged in long rows. In the adjacent rooms, work is already in full swing, huge machines are knocking in a humdrum rhythm. Cases with spools of yarn slide in through the opening in the wall. Everyone receives several such cases daily.

My work is not too hard, it only requires skill and speed. I take out one of the spools, I wind the thread over one of the fast-moving cylinders. Once the spool ends, you have to stop the cylinder with your left hand, and immediately catch the end of the thread

from the next spool to make a so-called weaver's knot. Then you need to set the cylinder in motion again, but the spools have to be put back in their place so they don't damage the machine.

And I have to hurry like that in order not to fall behind or waste the material. The work is boring and weary. And around me there is the roar and whirl of machines, grey dust obscures the figures of people who are working and there is a semidarkness reigning inside. Only when the machines are slowing down, one can hear voices of the workers and the overseer shouting:

"Faster! Stop lolling about!"

Everything is as if one wanted to surpass the other. Workers don't look at each other, they seem to be parts of the machine.

There is a boy working next to me whose voice I haven't heard yet. His face is scrawny, indifferent to everything and his eyes have a dull expression. He has gotten so

used to performing his movements in a uniform manner that when the machine stops, his hands shake and he gives the impression of a person who is losing his balance.

On the other side, there is a pale Jewish girl who winds endless threads of wool on fast-turning spools. Her white complexion is covered with dust, her hands can barely keep up with the spinning wheel.

There is a break at noon. I wipe the sweat off my forehead, I take out my bread and eat it. We all gather in the hallway. One of the workers unfolds a newspaper. They ask him if there is any hot news. Those who are more talkative start to chatter. Jokes and bullying of the younger ones. One time a boy went on the roof for a prank. Older workers took away the ladder, and although the boy was crying and pleading, they only laughed at him. This boy lost one hour of work, so he was laid off from the factory. Nobody cares about anyone else here. When a machine cut a worker's hand, nobody

However, I believe that the editors should give some space to Mr. Korczak because we don't even see his name in the paper lately.

Therefore, I am submitting the request for Dr. Korczak (if he agrees) to give advice in sudden cases and to add at least one article per week. The inscription "edited by J. Korczak" should be given back to the paper, and other reforms should be made by the person who was passing reforms in "King Matt the First."

Majer from Łódź

WAR VERSUS WORK

War is a great disaster for all people and nations. Think about it:

"How many people get killed?"

"How many widows, mothers and orphans are left all alone?"

"Everybody becomes poorer. War ruins all workplaces – industry, trade and agriculture."

War reaps victims not only on battlefields, but everywhere – in quiet villages and loud cities. People are starving because they need to feed soldiers on the fronts with their labor. They die because contagious diseases appear and people who are cold, hungry and dirty can't fight them.

It is time for people to understand this horrible word:

"War!"

And so that once and for all they renounce this disaster.

All people should just get invested in peaceful and useful work. Because war destroys, and work builds.

Ceńska from Sierakowska Street

THE POET

Poets and writers are – in my opinion – the happiest, most dignified people in the world. They have a divine gift and fame.

Although there are many famous people – political and social activists, actors, doctors, musicians and others – not one of them is as adored and respected as a poet. Everybody needs him because he brings solace to all. Poor or rich, sad or happy, a child or an old man – everyone sooner or later, more seldom or more often, hears the words of a poet, cries his tears and laughs with his laughter. Could there be a greater fame than the fame of a poet?

And now – the divine gift. I am not saying it's a talent. Because politicians, doctors, engineers and generals can have a talent; there are talents and geniuses in all professions. But a poet

– like a prophet – has a divine gift, he can feel the world. He has empathy for human, animal and plant lives. The stars and the murmur of waves are more understandable and closer to him.

A poet has a great power of the spirit, a creative power of feelings. This is also why he even might not be aware of why things are this way and not the other, why he chooses these words and not different ones, when he speaks about things that are, that were, or that will be, and despite that – his is a prescient song.

Centuries go by. Old generations die out, the new ones arrive, and these songs are alive and will be alive together with humanity because they connect everyone – people of different statuses, beliefs and nationalities.

Sally from Pawia Street

VARIOUS THOUGHTS

- People carry out various activities, and when someone takes on somebody else's role, it offends us, and a given person is exposed to inconveniences.

- People point out flaws because they don't want that person to be better than the rest.

- We strive for the future, but once the future appears, the past is tackled – the origins.

- Very often when a weak person is being harmed, justice is called upon as a witness.

- We get an education, but our view of the world is rarely the result of the education.

- To self-improve means – to go around, to respect, to not touch other people's things.

- A human being is born in order to climb – to strive.

- There are classes and professions in the society, but talent can manifest itself only in a profession.

- The white-collar workers are dependent on blue-collar workers.

- We walk on a cobblestone pavement, and cobblestones are the sweat and labor of the people.

Bronia from Otwock
Editors' note: Bronia, wouldn't it be better to collect your own thoughts?

ASPIRATION

In one of the recent issues there was an article published under the title "I am bored." The author described his feelings of low spirits, perplexity and that, well, his nerves are on edge.

I think that he is lacking ideals. Youth without ideals is like a man without

a soul. Only a person who has the flame of aspirations at the bottom of their soul is worth happiness and may find happiness.

We, the contemporary youth, don't want to embrace life while being blind-folded, we can't play the blind man's bluff with life.

On our path, in front of us, we need to be able to see something grand.

Maybe in the past, books were enough to look around, to choose a path. Now, life has become too complicated. We need the help of experienced people or from our own peer-group.

While searching, we often get entangled in various organizations, which push us towards political battle, and politics for a young person are like poison. Unfortunately, we currently have quite a lot of such organizations.

Only organizations of educational character which are striving to educate people to be ready for independent and productive work have the "raison d'être."

Heniek from Nalewki Street

TO GET TO KNOW – TO CHOOSE

I am tormented by a lot of questions. I will tackle one, the most painful, in this letter.

Why do the majority of youth think only about themselves? Are they really unable to see anything besides their own pleasure? Neither duty nor joy from working for others?

Flirtation, stupid chatter, egoism and vanity of my peers hurt me. This is some kind of backwater...

By no means do I wish to write a manifesto or give sermons, I am also not imposing my beliefs on anyone. I desire for all of you to find your own truth, for you all to have it. And the pathways leading to truth are varied.

We have various clubs and organizations. Get to know them and choose. Don't let anyone deceive you. I don't want anyone to impose their ideals on you. Don't you have your own thoughts and dreams? Choose whatever appeals to you and whatever you will love.

You are complaining about your parents; that they interfere, that they don't explain and don't understand. But have you tried to explain to them what you really want, what you feel and that whatever you want is not a momentary whim?

The hostile approach existing between various clubs and organizations hurts me even more. Could they not be working peacefully, nicely, without quarrels and roars. Why should we be

fighting each other? The truth will prevail after all.

Please do not sign my letter.

A LETTER TO MY SISTER

You ask what I think about feelings – I will answer.

First of all, I will deal with the description of a feeling. So: it is a twisted, sick thought.

Are you scowling? Let's make it more precise: a feeling consists of a whirl of thoughts, not connected in any way with each other.

Let's imagine a thought as a straight line. When whatever you call a feeling is being born, then a number of such lines hit each other – the lines break, bend and afterwards wander chaotically around one point. This point is our "ego."

But such a presentation of a feeling probably hasn't convinced you. All right then – Let's try differently.

Imagine for a moment – you are walking on the street, you notice a skinny, scabby dog. It gets tangled under your feet. You are completely indifferent. You are thinking: first of all, there should be shelters for sick dogs, second – a sick dog should be killed. Such thoughts – straight lines.

A teenage boy runs across the street. Hard kick. The dog pushed with the boot falls on the pavement completely limp, it squeals like a little baby. You look at it. The dog has lifted its scabbed muzzle and is looking at you – it has black, human-like eyes that understand everything. What then? For a moment you feel mercy, sorrow.

Mercy, sorrow – these must be feelings. Let's explain these feelings to ourselves.

When you see a beaten dog then in your subconscious, I repeat – in your subconscious, the image of you yourself is constructed. For a moment, for a split second, you become that dog. You are the one who has been kicked, you are the one squealing, you are dying. Then normal thoughts, the straight lines, hit you, break, bend, rotate around your ego. You feel pity for the dog, or rather for yourself. And pity for yourself is – you must admit – something twisted.

Such is the feeling that was created under the pressure of circumstances that didn't depend on you. But there are also other feelings, those that you awake on purpose. Example – the feeling of wistfulness. You are sitting alone in your room. There is an adequate ambiance – you start to recall memories. Childhood – "idyllic, angelic." You retrace nice

forgotten images from the past. You get all mushy. Something "grabs your heart" – pleasant, delightful tears. This kind of feeling is constructed of twisted thoughts, "thought-parabolas"...

Boring? Maybe. You didn't care at all about these feelings encountered most frequently, the most common ones. You wanted me to write about – love.

Yes, love is a true feeling.

By all means – it is subtle, fragrant, sunny. The beloved, the desired, the love you dream of. You are in love with love. But I will not write you about love.

... Tell K. to sign up for a sports society, for the boxing section.

Let him harden physically, let his fists toughen up, and then he won't be spouting nonsense about flowers, love and spring. Let his chest get broader, then he will breathe clean, healthy air instead of getting intoxicated with the fragrance of a scented soap.

L. M-r.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Renusia likes to bask herself in the sun. – Fredzio likes to frolic and everybody calls him a rascal. – Janeczka doesn't like fish oil. – Mommy promised to buy a bicycle for Sewek. – Leonek resents daddy for not having bought him the fountain pen he promised one year ago. – Witold received "Płomyk" from his parents. – Robuś is four years old and knows how to use a typewriter. – Sala's older brother is teaching her how to read and write. – Branusia knows how to read and write, but she prefers to write. – Artek will go to school this year already. – Marysia has a cold and doesn't go to school. – Izaak was sick for two months and didn't go to school. – Bolek is hoping that he will get better soon and go to school. – Helcia is learning arithmetic, Polish and singing at school. – Geniek correctly has answered a question about which animals live in the mountains. – Director Szyjka has promised to boys that they would go to the movies, but they didn't go at all. – Różia has a nice time in the day-care room. – Rysio hopes that one day he will become a famous violinist and he will play on the radio. – Nina's aunt has encouraged her to write to the Little Review. – Heniek doesn't know how to convince Józek and Hipek that an image and a poem in the Little Review are his. – Fela has written a nice poem about winter. – Jurek has written a poem about Palestine. – Marysia and Renia have put together a poem. ■

even looked back; you can't stop the work. Everybody knows that behind their back there are a hundred others, unemployed, hungry for work.

"There is no shortage of people," we often hear.

Work ends at 5 p.m. I go home tired, I eat dinner and I start to read a newspaper that I never finish. At 6 p.m. I throw myself on the bed and I fall asleep.

May 18th – I came to the conclusion that I live like an animal.

Today I realized – I have to do some reading. I know books from my school times, but after all there are still plenty of them. I will be studying, I will be reading. When? Too bad, one has to fight with sleep. A bit of energy and perseverance!

May 19th – An event worth noting. An unemployed man came to the eatery where I usually have dinner.

He ate his dinner and he didn't pay. The owner ran out to him with such a fury that she almost hit him with a rolling pin.

"I hope you croak, you damn dog!" She cursed him.

A lot of people gathered in to watch. Some were shouting:

"Look at him, he has no money and he comes to gobble cutlets!"

"Thief!" Screamed the owner.

"He was hungry, so he ate up," I chimed in.

"He did the right thing," someone added from the crowd.

I was depressed going home.

The batteries in the factory broke down, so the machines stopped. The repairs took the whole day, so everybody was glad that they can rest a bit. I thought they would pay us for that time, but no way!

May 20th – it is easy to say – read, but what? I am alone, there is no one to give me guidelines.

I borrowed a book from J. I tried to overcome my fatigue, I managed to devour half of the volume. I threw it at aside: cock-and-bull story.

May 21st – I told J. that his book was worth nothing. He laughed at me; he

said that I was in search of philosophy. I don't know what he calls philosophy.

I met a girl I know on the tram. She didn't recognize me, because I was ragged and dirty. It seems to me that I make a bad impression.

May 25th – I recently started to get a hold of myself. It turned out that I have a lot of flaws and I am uneducated – whatever I had learned in school is nothing compared to the huge amount of knowledge. I was always a good student, I am not talentless, I've just become unaccustomed to studying. Let me only get some practice and later it will go without any difficulties.

I also have to improve my character. Self-improvement is the ultimate virtue. Yesterday I decided that I should read something about virtue. At the library, they recommended I check out "Ethics" by Spinoza. (Ethics – as it was explained to me – is a discipline concerning morality, a certain hygiene of character). I was unable to understand Spinoza. I ditched the book and sat down to a lighter type of reading:

"Stories from Greek history," "The lives of the philosophers: Socrates, Plato."

Today I was touched. I heard music. It is the only art that I understand. You don't have to be educated at all to comprehend music. For instance, I feel it in my own manner. At times I get the impression of having pierced through the earth's crust and of flying on the chords into the great highs. Then I hear a different speech, a lofty one – maybe God's.

May 28th – I will remember today for a long time. I have encountered the first man who deserves to be called intelligent. Those that I knew so far are halfwits compared to this sixteen year old boy from the factory.

This is the way it went. A machine broke in our room. Workers from the mechanical department came in. Broad-shouldered with a healthy red face, a high forehead. His eyes are black and his gaze is pleasant and wise. We got acquainted when he was explaining to me the reason the machine had

broken. He was speaking about the capacity of the steam boiler. I didn't understand. Then he said:

"Read Auerbach."

On the way home we talked about education.

"You have to study, read, get to know everything," he said, "because an ignorant person doesn't know what surrounds him, like a bat during the day, and he escapes daylight because it blinds him. Learning is the basis of our life. Without it, we would be living like barbarians."

"And art?" I chimed in shyly.

"Art was born when humans began to sense God, but only a few understand art. And if it is in general about spiritual culture – then its source is morality."

At home I have drawn a man-bat. I destroyed the drawing. I would like to get acquainted with the theory of art. I have been drawing for a few years, but I haven't read anything about the art of painting. I haven't seen many paintings either.

(TBC)

WHEN I AM ALONE

When I am alone with myself in the bedroom and when the night starts to cling to the windows, when one can only hear the iron scream of machines – then I look back.

I look back, or rather I experience my past life once more.

A wide room, lime-washed walls, two beds, a three-legged table... My apartment, my home.

Next to me there is a broad-shouldered woman with a pale, yellowish face – like fresh butter. She is mending “his” socks. She has lowered her head, her hair is red; she has covered her colorless, fish-like eyes with long eyelashes. My mother.

A small oil lamp, silence, brick-colored twilight. I look through the window. So dark – it seems as if a black rag has been hung on the window pane.

The wind screams in a thin voice. Fear creeps over me. I rest my head against my mother’s hard back. She is silent, she doesn’t caress me – she has never caressed me.

Suddenly, she stands up, straightens her back and walks up to the window with heavy steps, she presses her fingers against the window pane and looks out. I am watching her. Her body slowly dissolves in front of my eyes. I fall asleep...

Morning. The scent of strong tea and chamomile.

“He” – my father is sitting at the table. He is resting his head on his elbow, lifting a mug of tea to his lips with his other hand. He is dressed as usual: boots and a black hairy jacket buttoned up to the neck. He frowns with his thick, dark eyebrows and stares intensely with his grey dead eyes at the tin mug filled with tea.

I look at his face, as if I were a lousy mongrel; I am silent – I am always silent when I look at him. I am afraid of him.

“He” puts away his tea mug, pulls a tiny canvas-bound notebook and a short yellow pencil out of his pocket. He moistens the lead with his spit and writes something down.

My father trades in grain.

“Man of wood” – this is what they call him.

He is tall, taller than mother, his back is wide, he walks like a sailor – putting his legs wide apart and swaying. He

is always silent – they paired up well with my mother.

Now he stands up, goes outside. Slams the door. Mother is standing by the basin, she washes her face with cold water. I jump out of bed, I pull my patched trousers on, I put a hat with a button in the middle on my head and a warm, old jacket – “his” jacket. I slip quietly outside.

A cloudy, frosty day, there is snow lying on the ground. I slide two fingers in my mouth – a shrill whistle.

Nearby, another whistle answers from the “shed,” I run there.

The “shed” is an old cottage falling apart. This is where we meet – me, Stasiak, Mendel and Ruchla. It is cold and empty in the shed. This time only Mendel and Ruchla are there.

Ruchla – small, thin, red hands – a kitten pulled out of water.

Mendel – a big head, short hands, a humpback, greedy black eyes.

Mendel fears me, Ruchla is not afraid of anyone. She is holding a huge pretzel in her frozen, red hand.

I come up to her. I say loudly, angrily: “Give me the pretzel.”

Ruchla laughs. I bend down abruptly and bite her hand. I sink my teeth in hard, harder and harder. Screaming, howling.

My mother runs out from our small house. She hits my face, pulls me towards the apartment.

“Don’t scream,” she says, “he’ has already come!”

Warsaw. Two rooms, a kitchen. The fourth floor.

Father bought knitting machines. There is work to do. You have to work shifts – days and nights.

...Night. I am standing at the machine. One – two – one – two, with the hand to the right, with the hand to the left. It stinks of grease and lamp oil. My eyelids are swollen, red – they itch. I have red-hot, mad machines in my head. One – two – one... I clench my teeth – to break them, to crush them...

...Dawn. Sun, a cold spring sun. A sunray falls on the machine’s steel. The pace has slowed down. Ooone – twooo – ooone...

Eight a.m. The factory sirens are howling. The current passes through

the walls of the building. Every floor, every apartment starts to talk, jabber, scream.

“Quiet, dammit, I want quiet! Keep it down, idiots!”

I burst out of the apartment. I run down the stairs, I stamp loudly with my shoes. I am heavy. I have lead in my bones, lead in my stomach.

It is the same on the street – the damned noise. Two streets, three streets and the park. The park means – slough. Wet benches, a dirty, half-frozen pond. I fall heavily on a bench.

A small, freezing boy is selling newspapers. He runs through an empty sidewalk and shouts, shouts. He stops in front of me.

“Go to hell,” I say.

I mindlessly fix my eyes on one point. It’s cold.

Boys and girls pass by along the sidewalk. They have stuffed bags. Schoolboys and schoolgirls. I look at them carefully.

Well fed, well rested, relaxed. Slackers! They don’t know what night is, they don’t know what sweat is, they don’t know what blood is. Parasites!

They are going to school. To school... I want to squash them, crush them, beat them till they bleed. They should know!

Slowly I cool down. I whistle, I whistle loud. A woman sitting on the other bench is watching me. Do I look strange? All of you should go to...

I start to chant rhythmically:

“They go to school – they go to school – they will be studying – I have to work – I have to work.”

I get up from the bench, I walk out on the street, I buy a cigarette.

I walk home slowly. Sleep, I want to sleep.

I drag my feet up to the fourth floor. I throw myself on the bed. Another minute – sleep hits me like a heavy stone. I have to sleep, rest, so that at 8 p.m. I can stand at the machine.

Memories. I like to play with the machine of memories.

I like to oil the rusty wheels of past experiences.

So what that they will be screeching and mocking me. Let them turn, let them move once more.

L. M.-r.

CURRENT NEWS

Marek can’t live without books. – The cinema is the best entertainment for Paweł. – Henia has already found out about many movie secrets. – The golden sun awakens longing and quiet sorrow in Ania’s soul. – Moniek doesn’t understand how one could not be happy when the spring breeze brings the scent of flowers that are coming to life in the meadows and gardens. – Genia prefers not to pretend to be grown-up girl, and instead to be herself. – Mery believes that the key to happiness is peace and mutual love. – Heniek has lost his works and doesn’t have the will nor the inspiration to continue working. – “The Reader” doesn’t want others to take her for a crazy dreamer or a hysteric, because she is neither one nor the other. – Władek laments the death of a young cousin. – Frania had a dream that her family was robbed. – Heniek is angry at his brother for having interrupted a nice dream he had. – Bela’s little brother has eyes like cornflowers. – Bolek saw people chasing a thief on the street. – Sylwia goes to school on Saturdays and on Sundays she celebrates. – Dorka was afraid of the teacher because she had lost her notebook. – Paweł’s classmates eat seeds during religion class, make noise and the teacher is unable to cope with that. – Sala is crying over her fate because she doesn’t know if she will be able to continue to go to school. – “The Student” believes that if schools abolish Latin classes, they would be stabbing themselves in the heart. – “The Schoolgirl” is complaining about their school nurse being

LITTLE HANIA

I have a little sister. She is small. She is two years old and her name is Hania.

Hania likes to play with blocks, she builds houses and trains out of them.

And she has a big ball and a doll with a cradle.

Adek from Łowicz

AT THE MOVIES

I went to the cinema with my daddy. They showed Fleischer’s movies and the Bim-Bom sailors.

I liked Bim and Bom the most. They were so funny.

When I left the cinema, it was snowing hard.

Michał from Nowolipki Street

THE FIRST STEP

I never had the courage to write to the Little Review. And now I have borrowed courage from my teacher and I am writing.

But this is a secret. I want to surprise my mommy and daddy.

Fela from Białystok

LUNAR ECLIPSE

I am a student in second grade. In the evening on the 2nd of April, I saw a lunar eclipse and I was very proud of that.

And my sister was scared.

Abram from Zawiercie

anti-Semitic and is unpleasant to her friends. – Zdzisław is the treasurer of the “Friends” club. – Lolek’s fraction have won in the fight with other peers. – Ania feels good among her friends, but she gets overwhelmed by the longing for her beloved Lili. – Despite his best intentions, Paweł is unable to get along with Lutek because the latter always says that he doesn’t like something. – Anka has written a description of Heniusia in rhymes. – Natek has sent a description of a Maccabi boxing match. – Lwiv – Mietek is surprised that the Little Review is not introducing a sports column. – Hersz is angry at the editors for usually printing the scribbles of small kids, good for sleeping. – Henia was happy when she saw her letter in the paper. – Frania has sent a description of Easter. ■

26TH MAIL DELIVERY

Persons who have written to the Little Review for the first time:

Ajzensznajderówna Dorcia. – Bela from Zawiercie. – Borensztejn Ala. – Borzykowski Abram. – “Chadasza.” – Boys from the boarding house at Targowa Street. – Dora from Zawiercie. – Elelman Władzio. – Ercio from Równe. – Falcówna Iza. – Fiszmanówna Lusja. – Fuksówna Balbina. – G. Michaś. – Groshaus Różia. – Izerland Fela. – Kalinwkier Moniek. – Kotlarz Różia. – Leon from Miła Street. – Lewówna Lola. – Liberman. – Marylka from Bonifratska Street. – Miecio z Miłej. – Nadelman Hipolit. – “The Eagle.” – Pinczewski Kuba. – Polcio from Pawia Street. – Renia. – Rezenekówna Hela. – Sapir Beniuś and Helenka. – Sanicka Renia. – Siemiontek Maksio. – Spiro Ula. – Suchowolska Fela. – Sznajder Dawid. – Szolzojn Srulek. – Szpirówna Malwinka. – Tchórzówna Hela. – Wajman Heniek. – Wurcelman Salek. – Zylberman Sabcia.

We have received 47 letters from Warsaw and 21 from the province.

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct solutions to brain teasers have been sent by:

Seweryn Ajzenberg, Abramcio and Halcia Blumen, Romek Blueth, Anka Bonisławska, Heniusia Brenmiller from Nowiniarska Street, Szmul Brodt, Dora Broner, Celina, Salek Ćwik, B. Dorfman, N.S., S.J., Ala Flancmanówna, Jadzia Flejszer, Alfred Gicht, Marjan Glauberman, Stanisław Goldmar, Binka Grunwald, Henia Gwiazdówna, Lilka Halpern, Renia Herszenfus, Nolek Honig, Ewa Jakubowiczówna, M. Jerozolimski, A. and S. Kahan, Bronka and Różka Kahanówna, Halinka Kahanówna, Jakób Kamień, Hania Kessel, Różia Klepfisz, T. Kraushar, Lola Kwartówna, Reginka Lengerówna, Zosia Lenger, Rysio Lewkowicz, Sara Liberman.

HOME

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

MEMORIES

At times images from my childhood years pass in front of my eyes, the moments that were happy and nice. I miss them then, I want to recall those years.

I see myself in a playful group of kids. I start an argument with a friend – a fight – I have a bruise and he is crying.

My mom had a lot of trouble with me, but she didn’t hold it against me. I was the leader of my peers. We often carried out wars with the kids in the next yard over. Sometimes these wars lasted for a few days, depending on our strengths and moods.

The greatest thing was to play

soldiers. We exercised like real troops. Everybody had swords and had to salute the “colonel.” We often organized fights like in a circus and we played soccer. At times the caretaker chased us, then we would escape to the cellars.

At 2 p.m., I usually would hurry back home. I knew that at this hour my father or my brother pass through the backyard on their way to lunch. I hid from them to avoid a spanking. I did have a defense however: my mother didn’t allow me to be spanked. Daddy, however, believed that this was the best education – palpable. So it was better not to irritate him, not gambol in front of him.

I remember – it was a beautiful summer morning. I went to the pond. I met an acquaintance who took me on his boat. We took off. Suddenly

the boat got caught on something under the water and tilted to the side. I lost my balance and I fell in the water. I barely dragged myself ashore. I wanted to hide this adventure from my parents, but a sickness betrayed me.

This is when I realized that my father loved me very much. All of his free-of-work hours he would sit by my bed.

I have many memories of my brother. Sometimes we would quarrel and argue. However usually we lived in peace. He defended me against older boys, helped with homework and games.

Now I am older, I have different activities and games. But despite that, I would so much like to go back to my childhood years.

Dawid from Nowolipki Street

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

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.

Szlamiek 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 – Kirszbaum 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.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

SHOLEM ASCH FRIENDS

I.

Stefan's father and Jankiel's father live in the same house. Jankiel and Stefan grew up under one roof. In Stefan's company, Jankiel felt he was with his brother. Jankiel was born a Jew and Stefan a Christian.

It so happened one day that Jankiel's father told him about what the future would be like: that the Messiah would come and lead all the Jews with great fervor to Zion.

That is when Jankiel asked in astonishment:

"Will Stefan go with us to Zion?"

"No, dear boy," replied his father, "Stefan will not come with us, because he's a Christian."

These words filled Jankiel with sorrow and grief.

"What does it matter that he is a Christian," Jankiel thought, "why shouldn't he ascend with us to Zion?"

From then on, whenever Jankiel met Stefan, he looked at him with great pity.

"Come on Jankiel, let's play horse," says Stefan and pulls Jankiel behind him.

And Jankiel continues to look at Stefan with deep sadness.

"Do you know, Stefan, that you will not go with us to Zion when the Messiah comes?" says Jankiel, partly in broken Polish and partly in Yiddish, helping himself with his hands.

Stefan looks at Jankiel with astonishment. A timid smile appears on his lips. He resumes pulling Jankiel by his clothes and calls out:

"Gee, gee, gee! ..."

"Aren't you worried?" Jankiel asks Stefan.

"Gee, gee! ...," Stefan shouts out in a stronger voice and beats Jankiel with the whip he is holding.

Many days passed this way.

II.

It is a summertime Friday evening. The sun has not yet gone down. Candles in silver candlesticks burn on a table covered with a white tablecloth. At the table, clad in festive attire, are Jankiel and his entire family. His father stands at the top reciting kiddush. His mother sits to his side and portions out the fish to one after another. Jankiel looks around, suddenly walks up to the window and looks out into the yard. He sees Stefan standing next to a wagon: dressed in his everyday dusty clothes. His face is grimy all over, and he holds a piece of brown bread in his hand as on any other day. Whereas here at home, everything is so clean and sacred. Jankiel takes pity on Stefan:

"He has no Sabbaths or feasts," Jankiel thinks to himself.

Jankiel looks at his friend through the window and says to himself:

"I have been sinning against him."

That is when he decides to fix everything.

What's most important though," Jankiel thinks, "is not to divulge that secret to anyone."

III.

No one knows how it happened. One day Jankiel began speaking to Stefan in Yiddish and Stefan understood him, and Stefan spoke back to him in Polish, and Jankiel understood him too.

From then on, they could communicate better.

Jankiel found out that decent people of other faiths could also take part in the return to Zion. And so he decided to educate his friend to become a decent man: that he could go to Zion with others. Jankiel loved dearly this friend, who was a faithful friend to him.

"I'll teach Stefan the Gemara," Jankiel thought. "Let him also learn our holy faith and take part in the return to Zion."

On one occasion Jankiel asks in Yiddish: "Stefan, do you want to learn the Gemara?"

"What are you talking about?" Stefan asks back.

"Do you want to know what my father taught me?"

"Yeah," Stefan replies.

"Then listen: two men are holding one tallit. One says that it all belongs to him and the other that it all belongs to him. So the ruling is to divide up the tallit."

"What are you talking about?" Stefan asks.

"You jackass," Jankiel says and points his finger the way he had seen his rebbe do, "you've not learned the 'two holding a tallit'? Is there even one boy who would not know that?"

"Once more then: two men are holding one tallit. One..."

"Forget it. Come with me, I'll show you how you catch a bird with bricks. Listen now: you place four bricks together to form a sort of a box. You also put a brick atop, leaving a small hole and you tie a thin piece of string to it. You throw bread crumbs through the hole. When a bird goes in to pick the crumbs and moves the string, the top brick will fall in and the bird gets trapped inside."

"And what if the brick kills the bird?" asks Jankiel with pity.

"And so what if it gets killed," Stefan replies.

"But the bird did not sin, why should it be killed?"

"Don't you get it? As the bird moves the string, the brick..."

"Forget it," Jankiel says, and heads home.

Stefan is left alone.

Translated by A. M. from Tarbut

CHILDREN IN THE STREETS

Images

I.

The street is jam-packed. People cluster around something or someone and deliberate loudly. Even a cop came up. I managed to push my way through the throng to the wrongdoer. This was a disheveled little boy. He wept profusely, covering his eyes with his dirty fists. What the purpose of that procedure was I do not know. Did he want to cover his eyes so as not to look at the people surrounding him, or did he want to smear his sincere tears all over his less-than-clean face?

The Varsovians are curious. The child was exposed to a barrage of questions: who was he and why was he crying?

The boy stood fidgeting:

"Boohoo, I've lost my mom!"

"And what is your name?"

"Mojszele... Boohoo, where is my mom?"

I understood why he was crying. He strayed away from his mom and now couldn't find her.

Warsaw is merciful. Everyone pitched in with their word of consolation, someone handed him a piece of caramel candy, another offered to find the lost mom. But the tyke would not stop crying. He did not respond to candy and even less so to comforting words. He called out to his mom and cried.

A tiny girl of about the same age as him stepped out of the crowd. She approached him and took him by the hand.

"Don't cry, Mojszele, come, we'll play together!"

He opened one eye first, then the other one, he made another attempt at shedding some more tears, but suddenly his face lit up with a smile, in a beautiful contrast with the huge glassy droplets in his eyes.

I dropped my gaze. She was such a small girl, yet she achieved so much more than all those adults!

II.

It was raining, the fine, needle-sharp droplets cutting across my face. I walked down the street immersed

in my thoughts. Instinctively, I came to a halt at a confectionery storefront. It was not so much the delicacies behind the shop window that drew me, but rather what I noticed in front of it. An impossibly dirty small boy stood there as if glued to the wet glass. His black eyes devoured various biscuits, cakes, donuts.

Suddenly, a thought hit me:

"Listen, punk, would you like to eat some of these cakes?"

He looked at me as if at a madman.

"I asked if you would like to eat them?"

He put a finger in his mouth, his eyes went ablaze.

"Sure, but I have no money."

I took him by the hand and led him inside. I had some money with me and decided to spend it.

"Madam, give this tyke all the cakes he can eat, whatever he chooses! I'm paying!"

I put the money on the counter.

"I'm so happy," he whispered.

"Really? You're happy? Then go on and eat, only make sure this happiness doesn't make you sick!"

Even as I stepped out into the street, I could see through the glazed door how greedy he devoured one cake after another.

I smiled to myself. At least one human being was happy at this moment!

Half an hour later, I returned. I found him in the very same place as before. He stood there bending over and cried.

"What's happened to you?"

I looked down and understood it all. It was nothing special. He just puked.

I laughed out loud:

"And didn't tell you happiness could make you sick?"

I walked away angry. Even he, such a lad, overdosed on happiness; and it made him sick!

III.

They are on their way to the cheder: Abramek in front – he is a rich man, the holder of a penny – followed by

Dawidek. They approach a stall that sells candy.

"Dawidek, what should I buy? A piece of hard candy, a caramel or maybe sunflower seeds?"

"Buy... buy hard candy."

"What're you standing here for? Go your way!"

For this lady proprietor, such guests are unwelcome. They block access for the real customers.

"I have a grosz!"

"If you do, give it here!"

An exchange takes place. Abramek gives up the grosz (which a moment later gets mixed up with other copper coins) and receives a piece of pink hard candy in a wrapper.

Dawidek looks on with envy, drooling.

"Let me have one lick..."

"And... you won't bite off a piece?"

The kid raised two fingers in a solemn oath.

"Let me... I won't bite it off!"

"Then, here you are!"

He carefully extends the treasure to the other's tongue and backs it up immediately.

A moment later, Dawidek pesters again:

"Abramek..."

"What?"

This "what" sounds a bit muffled; it's difficult to talk while you're sucking on a piece of candy.

"Once more, just one more time, this tiny lick..."

And his eyes light up.

He shows on the tip of his finger how much he's going to take and it somehow works on Abramek and he offers his friend one more lick. But he suddenly screams and withdraws his hand rapidly.

"Ouch... you wanted to bite it off, you... You bit my finger."

There are tears in his eyes, but joy fills his heart. His finger has been bitten, but the candy remains intact. He will refuse the next request for a lick!

Szalom Wajsbrod

FROM THE WORLD OF PHILATELY

THE HISTORY OF MAILBOXES Before the mailbox conquered the world, it went through various stages of development in its form and function.

These days, even the smallest village will have at least one mailbox, while in larger cities you will find them hanging at almost every street corner. It was not always that way though.

It could not be established when or where exactly the mailbox appeared for the first time as a separate postal service fixture.

Apparently, in the 16th century, the churches of the Italian city of Florence provided wooden wall boxes with slots for depositing letters. These boxes were referred to as "tamburi" and they served a very specific purpose, namely, they were intended for transfer of anonymous reports warning the city governors against any plots of riots or assassinations.

Misused, these "tamburi" ultimately disappeared.

The postal service took over this

idea for its own purposes, and here begins the story of the mailbox.

However, in the 16th century letter writing was still a rare activity, and the letter writer would usually dispatch their letter through a special messenger.

Even at the end of the 18th century, the movement of correspondence was still very weak. In Vienna, for example, there were no mailboxes at all; letters were collected by special

CONTINUED ON P. 4

ANERI

A GRAPHOMANIA-AFFECTED CLASSMATE

Various miracles have happened in the world and this holy land has spawned various maniacs. Once, I even encountered a mania maniac; in other words, a person whose favorite pastime is to detect and discover the most diverse kinds of manias of his neighbors. Let me leave that type alone though. That's because they are such an original and rare creature (doesn't even appear to have a Latin name), they would guess readily we were talking about them. They would beat me to a pulp, and you will agree there'd be no pleasure in that. I prefer then to describe one of my likable graphomania-affected school friends, as that is a more commonly encountered type. Thus, if ever confronted, I can always make an innocent face and declare I was actually not describing Jadzia but rather Marysia, or that I just made it all up.

I'll start with a brief description. This friend's name is – let's suppose – Hela. But because this is a person with a deeply poetic and lyrically-romantic disposition, somehow, she has renamed herself Liliana, or something to that effect, as whenever she writes letters, or rather the pink cologne scented little notes she sends to one dreamy idiot, poste restante, she always sweetly signs herself as "Lila." That specific idiot's name is Pietrek, but since that's not a proper name for romance, Lili renames him Petronius for her purposes, so that when she goes out to the balcony and gazes at the sky, she can sigh: "Oh, Petrus, my love!"

And then... then she writes a romance and here begins the phenomenal career of a graphomaniac...

* * *

Here is a math lesson: functions, lines, zigzags, digits, numbers... numbers... numbers, our friend sighs.

"Ah, how prosaic! What is mathematics worth compared to eternity? Well, actually, not so much eternity as love..."

My friend's heart swells. She feels she can create a novel that no ears have heard or eyes have seen yet. (That's right!)

And she writes. Describes the tragic history of young heroes. Petrus is naturally the main character. The text continually reiterates such words and phrases as "champagne life" (and why not "cherry brandy," for that matter?), "boarding-school girl," "cute lass" and "te deum laudamus," and is, all in all, an idiotically stupid piece of nonsense, absolutely not worth discussing at any length. Naturally, the outcomes of all this include F's, not just in math but in all the subjects, followed by what is commonly called a flop, streams of tears from the eyes that "twinkle like two stars," plus the crowning achievement in the form of a new and fascinating novel and a poignantly ridiculous letter to the dreamy student at poste restante, which read as follows:

"At eight o'clock tonight, I will hurl myself off Kierbedzia Bridge, at the fifth pillar from the right bank of the river on the left side of the bridge. I cannot reveal to you the reason for which I chose to deprive myself of life, of being able to appreciate birds, flowers and the sun. May our beloved Vistula devour my poor body. Farewell.

Yours, even beyond death,
LILI

Naturally, "Petrus" arrives at 8 p.m. at the agreed place and the tragedy ends in a walk "in the moonlight," and that stroll serves as the subject of a new novel.

We are having fun with it: at one of the boring lessons, we can oblige the author and deride the "champagne school life" and similar expressions of a girl who is not sentimental, but affects sentimentality, because she believes it agrees with her. When the class will not share her sentimental notions, she stands at the pulpit, takes on a theatrical pose she had previously studied at the mirror and states in a pathos-filled voice:

"Ah, you are incapable of understanding me! Not all are given a poetic soul!"

Subsequently, she pours out her deep-seated regrets to pages of her diary. This diary, by the way, is also a literary gem. I always thought that I was the sentimental goose (though some say I am a she-goat), but I learned that there are types even more sentimental than I, who produce pieces so overcrowded with daybreaks and sunsets, blossom fragrances and the hiss of wind in fir trees, that human heart gets mawkish momentarily.

Sometimes, Lili has an argument with her Petronius. Some tears drip on paper as a fresh product of rapture and another letter to a relationship advice column in some magazine is written. The letter gets signed. The tragedy deepens further as the letter falls into the hands of the teacher, who initiates the relevant steps, i.e., calls in the parents, who solemnly swear to throw every one of their daughter's suitors down the stairs and to bat him over the head with a broom, for good measure. What a mundane end to such poetic drama! ■

FROM A CYCLE ENTITLED "TO THAT WHICH IS UNKNOWN"

SHADOW

I know you not, oh shadow fine, conjured by light
Who smears on walls its own dark signs.
I know you not, and know not why you write
And sketch me in odd streaks and broken lines.

When I rise so rise you – trace my step,
Lie coal black, long and slim, on the floors.
Me you stalk, give no peace, chill my pep.
As you draft eerie lines, my contours.

A human head, blown and grim, the ceiling haunts.
Round it now springs a creepy lion's mane,
Shrunken next on your whim, me it taunts.
Spiting you – mock you may – I stay sane.

Where's your home, shadow ghost, I may find the strength I need
To part ways – to the door thou to lead!
And that you after me do not stray to the sun I would glad point your way,
and erase thereby my manic mark.

That is the whole thing that I do not know your home
And that you do not offend when I say that obtrusive
And I do not know when, when you disappear cover,
Wrapping a good night's face in some nasty grimace.

I do not know how your name companion faithful,
Will you always be, by the shadow of being, behind me will you wander?
And then change into a smudge, into a dark black belt,
And slowly... quietly... in the morning fog to sink?...

Oh say it! Speak to me... once... one word.
After all, we know each other so long and we survived so much...
Answer me like a man, this ordinary human speech.
Will I still be together by my life?

You're still – I know – quiet shadow,
Always... always silent and only once, sometimes
On a mat white wall, a crooked twist
He paints a shapeless, blackish smudge.

Halina F.

AN UNEXPECTED EFFECT

"Children," says the teacher, "you have to be extra careful now. One time it's cold and the next it's warm, it's a dangerous time of the year. I knew one boy who had a runny nose during a thaw, the snow

fell again and he went out with his sled and fell into the snow. He caught a cold; then he got pneumonia and died..."

The students listen in silence. A moment later though, a voice comes from the back benches:

"Where is his sled now, Professor?" ■

NORRIS

IN THE MOUNTAINS

A Summer Romance with Adventures

In the summer, we went on many trips. We walked the Chornohora and Gorgany mountain ranges back and forth, we visited their various beautiful regions and climbed several of the summits, including Hoverla, Turkul, Velika Marishevska, Khomiak, Syniak, Gorgan, Dovbushanka, Syvulya and Pip Ivan.

Especially the trip to Syvulya etched itself into our memory. It started in an ordinary way. When we came out of the forest through which our patch ran, we began searching for some accommodation.

At the foot of Syvulya, there is a place people refer to as the "Factory." That's where we decided to spend the night, with the thought that we would get up at six the next morning and be able to reach the summit by noon.

The plan was a good one. Unfortunately, we could not find the factory. A Hutsul we encountered was ready to take us to it, but demanded 5 zloty.

"That's too much," we decided and went in search of accommodation in one of the coliba huts.

It was already 7 p.m. when we came upon a coliba and lit a fire in the clearing in front of it. The host was not there. When he arrived, it turned out he was the same Hutsul who demanded 5 zloty for pointing us to the factory.

We bought milk from him and began scrambling into the coliba, in which he hastily started a fire.

No coliba is particularly luxurious, but that one was perhaps the height of confinement and stuffiness. We couldn't fit more than ten of us in it, and so another five of us found room in a second, smaller coliba, about 200 feet away from the first one, while the rest of the group – Danek and Lolek included – decided to spend the night outdoors by the fire. There were about ten of them there. They set up a watch by the fire, and we all fell soundly asleep.

I lay in the coliba on a blanket, with another blanket pulled almost up to my eyes, this to protect myself from the smoke. On trips like this, I learned

to sleep on the hardest of beds, and so I quickly fell asleep.

I was suddenly awakened from my first sleep by a cry:

"Boys, get up!"

I jumped up, still half asleep. All those sleeping outdoors pressed themselves into the coliba, with their blankets and backpacks. The guide stood in the doorway and fired a revolver into the air twice.

"What happened?" we kept asking one another.

No one had the answer. We were given commands:

"Collect all your stuff in one place. Get dressed!"

Suddenly, Lolek said:

"You know what, I think I'm hurt."

Only then did I notice it as he lifted a handkerchief from his forehead.

We had one medical student in the party. She took care of Lolek: washed clean his forehead, bandaged it and laid him down comfortably in the coliba, leaving him in the care of two girls, who at the same time watched over our things.

From snippets of the conversations I heard, I put together a view of what just happened. Lolek began his watch duty at around 11 p.m. He sat by the fire and... fell asleep while on duty. He only woke up when a rock hit him in the head. He jumped up, woke everybody up and made them take refuge in the coliba.

"Are you sure the wound was made by a rock?" we asked the doctor in the making. "Couldn't it be a bullet wound?"

"I think it's from a rock."

"How can you tell?"

"If it were a revolver bullet, he would have been dead now. Temple area wounds are fatal."

Meanwhile, there was no calm in the coliba. Rocks kept pounding over its wooden walls, the roar was that of thunder.

The tour guide gave a few more shots. He must have remembered something suddenly because he turned in our direction and called out:

"Search this Hutsul!"

The Hutsul, who trembled with fear like an aspen leaf, obediently allowed himself to be frisked, this without getting up from his bed.

"He has no firearm on him."

"Move your feet away from the fire!" the tour guide shouted, and when the Hutsul tucked his legs, he said to us in German: "Watch that he not use his feet to put out the fire. He may be in collusion with assailants."

The roar of the rocks ceased, but the danger remained imminent. We were afraid the robbers would sneak up inaudibly from the back of the coliba, attack us and seize our backpacks and blankets.

At the tour guide's command, we searched the entire coliba and armed ourselves in all we found there: saws, iron rods, sharp stones, bottles broken at the neck, canes, etc. We took out the best blankets outside the coliba and posted ourselves in ambush positions around the hut. A handful of girls and boys remained inside; they guarded our belongings and the wounded Lolek, and "illuminated" the Hutsul with flashlight, to make sure he didn't do anything uncalled for. Initially, the Hutsul was very irritated, but finally fell asleep calmly.

The tour guide sat himself at the hut door and received reports as he called us by our names.

Initially it sounded like this:

"Janek!"

"All good."

"Norris."

"No one here."

"Danek!"

"All right."

Later on, when danger did not materialize, our moods improved. The reports went like this:

"Janek!"

"They're coming."

"Who?"

"Two sheep."

"You should get it in the smacker for such answers," the tour guide responded irritated.

"Norris!"

"One ram just sneezed."

STARS AND A SPIDER'S WEB

Measuring the distances between stars is one of the most difficult tasks because it requires skill, patience and precision.

While it is difficult to measure these distances, it is equally difficult to imagine them for an average person, who had so far been used to measuring only terrestrial distances. For example, what do we make of the scholarly information that the distance between the Sun and Earth is 149,500,000 km. The scholars also use another measure they refer to as "light-years." They claim, for example, that Proxima Centauri, the star nearest to us, is 3.6 light-years away.

What does that measure mean?

Well, the fastest speed known in the universe is the speed of light. It is around 300,000 kilometers per second, which is 18 million kilometers per minute. For comparison's sake, we should also say that sound, which also travels fast, covers only 1/3 of a kilometer per second. It could thus circle around Earth within 36 hours, while light circles the Earth seven times a second.

That is also why we see the lightning first and only then hear the thunder.

The distance in light seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years refers to the time it takes for a ray of light to travel that distance. In other words, one light minute equals 18 million kilometers.

Imagine then, that one beautiful morning we set out on a journey through the universe in a chariot drawn by the rays of light. We begin the journey at the center of our solar system – from the Sun.

In three and one-third minutes we will have reached Mercury, in six

minutes Venus, in eight and one-third Earth, and after thirteen minutes we will have reached Mars. On our journey we will have further encountered Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and finally, within five hours of the Sun we will have reached Pluto.

This would be the end of our solar system, and we will have begun to wonder who we should visit next.

We might initially assume that Sirius may be the most appropriate one as it shines so brightly, so it must be close by. But we immediately remember that astronomers on Earth told us that the closest to us is Proxima Centauri. We will have resumed our travel in its direction.

We fly one day, one week, one month... with no change in sight. We navigate with the maddening speed of 18 million kilometers per minute. Finally, after 3 years and 7 months, we approach Proxima. It turns out to be a massive radiant sun, very much like our earthly Sun.

The same is true about other stars. They are all suns; some smaller and some larger than ours, and certainly many of them also have planets orbiting around them; nonetheless, we have no information about that.

As it took us 3.6 years to reach Proxima at the speed of light, we say it is 3.6 light-years from Earth.

Astronomical telescopes normally include a grid of thin organic or metal filaments on the eyepiece, placed there to allow for measurement in the course of observation.

For many years, the material used for that purpose was the spider's web, though not that relatively coarse web we see on trees and in the grass, say in the morning, when it glistens with

dew, but rather the thinnest filaments the female spider uses to spin a small cocoon sac in which it protects its eggs. These threads are extremely delicate and thin, and must be mounted with extreme caution and dexterity.

A technician involved in this work once used very sensitive scales to weigh a strictly measured length of such filament and then calculated how much of it would be needed to make a pound. It turned out that the length would have been 40,250 km. – enough to wrap around Earth; ten pounds would yield a thread long enough to reach the Moon.

And how much of this thread would be needed to link us with the Proxima star?

You would need over 450,000 tons! To carry that quantity, you would need a 240-km-long train pulled by 500 powerful locomotives.

Such is the distance to the nearest fixed star, the one closest to our Sun, and one of the many rotating in outer space.

Sirius, the brightest of the stars, glitters from a distance of more than 8 light-years, Vega – 25 light-years, Polaris – 270 light-years, and there are many, many more far behind those.

If some inhabitants of Polaris could observe Earth today, they would presently see what was happening in Poland and Europe 270 years ago, in the year 1663. What an extraordinary perspective for historians! It turns out that the image of our Earth as it was a few hundred years ago did not disappear completely, but is rushing along with rays of light somewhere in outer space, getting farther away from us at a maddening speed of 300,000 kilometers per second. ■

INTERESTING STUFF

ANIMAL DREAMS

Do animals sleep like humans?

In other words, do they see any images in their sleep?

And which animals sleep that way?

Scholars have considered such questions for a long time. Their answer is as follows:

It is a long established fact that the sleep of a great number of animals is similar to human sleep, meaning that they also dream dreams. Aristotle stated that very long ago, ancient Roman writers also noted it, and scientists of respective ages and times have been examining it.

It is certain, for example, that dogs have visions and dreams in their sleep. A survey Professor de Sanctis conducted among dog breeders and hunters demonstrated that the pointing breeds experience most dramatic dreams. Domestic dogs have quiet and less vivid dreams. The proof that dogs go through various events in their dreams is that in the state of sleep they move their paws and heads, and their entire bodies shake nervously, and that they also moan, sigh and bark half-heartedly.

Professor Erhard involved his hunting dog in various experiments. He would first keep the dog at home, away from a forested area, for some days. When the dog was asleep – at completion of such a period of detention – Professor Erhard would bring a pine tree branch close to its nose. Immediately, under the influence of the air it inhaled, which was saturated with the scents carried by the branch, the dog exhibited forest related associations: though asleep, it acted as it would when hunting in the woods.

Observations have demonstrated that the ability to dream in dogs is closely correlated with breeds and their habits. Dachshunds or Fox Terriers sleep and dream differently than Great Danes or Dobermans.

Apart from dogs, cats and foxes also undoubtedly dream. What is characteristic is that most dogs dream their image-filled dreams only after midnight, while foxes have them only in the afternoon.

It is hard to say anything decisive about whether all mammals dream and what they dream about. It is known that many mammals have a very light sleep and just as many a deep sleep, but it is difficult to say whether their brains are a seat of fantastic visions.

It is even more difficult to tell what animals dream about. We can guess the dreams of dogs and cats; it is harder to guess at the dreams of a fox.

Perhaps science will reveal that mystery too.

ON HOW LONG SOME ANIMALS CAN SUBSIST WITHOUT FOOD

Some animals can subsist without food for very long: there are recorded cases of bats and toads discovered alive after being accidentally bricked up several years earlier. Snakes are next in terms of hunger resilience. One boa constrictor would not have any food for twenty-three consecutive months, despite all efforts on the part of its keeper at Jardin des Plantes in Paris. One giant anaconda, in the same Jardin des Plantes, had eaten only 34 times over six years, and thus it needed to eat more or less once every two months. There were times, however, in which it did not touch food over 204 successive days. The musk deer can go without food over ten days in a row, the antelope for twenty, the eagle for twenty-eight, the badger for thirty, and the dog for forty-five days. The horse can subsist on water alone for twenty-five days, and can survive without eating or drinking for seventeen days. Two months of strict fasting make no impression on the crocodile; scorpions can go without food for three months, bears for six, chameleons for eight, and vipers for ten days.

A certain species of the Persian tick is particularly resilient to hunger, and can survive without food for three years.

In one Swiss village, an avalanche came over a pigpen, trapping a porker. Four weeks passed before the pigpen was excavated; the hog survived, but was extremely emaciated; over all that time, it was consuming its own fat.

WHAT DOES A FALLING MAN EXPERIENCE?

So far, it was assumed that while falling from high elevation a person loses consciousness, unless they die of air pressure caused asphyxiation before reaching the ground. This supposition was proven wrong through the unusually bold attempts made by Private Bourdreau at the Selfridge Airport in America. Brought to the altitude of 1,500 meters by a military airplane, Bourdreau performed a headlong jump with a parachute. In one hand he held a rope for opening the parachute and in the other a timepiece, which he held before his eyes and thus monitored every moment of his journey. Spectators and the airplane pilots witnessed the spectacle with bated breath. Though the wind shook him in all possible directions, Bourdreau fell at a rapid speed. After 30 seconds, Bourdreau pulled the rope to open the parachute – at the altitude of 200 meters – and descended to the ground unobstructed. He declared that he had not lost control of himself for even a moment nor did he have a sense of any imminent danger; he only experienced the whizzing of the air around him. ■

"Danek!"

"Well by now."

"Who is?"

"The ram is."

"Every decent man should be entitled to kill one varmint like you once a year," the tour guide said furiously.

"There was one who said such things and later died of dandruff," we answered in a choir.

We suddenly remembered the five we left in the second coliba.

"Shouldn't we go and get them? Who knows what's happening there," someone suggested.

Two of us went there, but were back in ten minutes. They could not find their way, and they felt they could be ambushed at any moment: every rustle of leaves in the wind and every sneeze of a ram with a cold exacerbated their anxiety.

The night dragged on. Finally, around 3 a.m. we witnessed dawn in the mountains. What a beautiful sight when one side of the horizon lights up suddenly, while the other – obscured by the mountains – is still enveloped in darkness. Only now could we bring our five people out of the other hut.

"How did you sleep?"

"As the knights of Frederick Barbarossa."

"Nobody attacked you?"

"What do you mean nobody? Don't fleas count?"

"Fleas do not count, and fleas are

not robbers either. Did you hear the shots?"

"We sure did!"

"Why did you not come running?"

"What'd you expect, that we get out of beds just because someone felt like cannonading for joy?"

When we told them everything, they barely believed us. The Hutsul, the hut owner, told us that though quite rarely, groups and huts had been robbed.

That is why you always have to carry firearms with you. As a compensation for unfounded mistreatment during the night, the Hutsul received some sausage and we continued our march.

When we reached the foot of Syvulya, the weather was beautiful. We reached the summit in two groups. When one party climbed to the top (no backpacks, just chocolate in their pockets), the other one stayed back, watched over the belongings, had some food and rested.

At 3 p.m. we reached the summit and began our trek back. We returned through the beautiful Salatruck river valley and kept on telling ourselves along the way:

"We'll have so much to tell about back at the camp!"

To our surprise, they wouldn't believe us at the camp, and when we pointed to Lolek's busted head as evidence of truth, the answer was:

"He fell over and smashed his head, and you just added this entire

crime-action-thriller-travel romance to it."

This irritated us to the highest degree. To disbelieve in a perfectly authentic and blood soaked story; that's scandalous!

Our vengeance was original. We began spreading mutually exclusive stories and coming up with fantastic versions of the adventure so that ultimately no one knew what was true or what was false.

"Don't believe in this bullshit Hutsul attack," Danek said. "We smashed Lolek's head deliberately, so we could tell these eerie stories."

"No way," Lolek said. "When I reached the Syvulya summit, a meteorite fell straight on my head, and hence the wound."

"No, here they go," said the tour guide. "He stepped on a tree root with too much force and the tree jumped up, and hit him in the head."

"We were simply playing soccer," said Janek from Lviv. "It's the ball that hit him."

"Actually, it wasn't us who played football," I would begin my story. "The soccer match was played on a clearing in front of the coliba: the cows against the rams. They used rocks for the ball. Lolek stood right behind the goal and got hit in the head at one cow's volley."

"What football?" said Gutek, the one who slept in the other hut and had his own doubts. "When we were

climbing the Syvulya, an avalanche of rocks came down, you know the 'gorgans' that cover all the peaks in the Gorgan range. This was quite dangerous. Lolek saved us all.

He stood on the avalanche path and cried out:

'Stop ye, now! About face! Forward march!'

And the 'gorgians' heeded. Only one of the rocks defied Lolek and hit him in the head. A field court-martial sentenced that rock to be pushed over a precipice. The sentence led to a summary execution."

That is how we managed to convince the entire camp and hopefully you readers as well. And if you did not believe it, then you should know that it was all baloney, and what actually happened was that this giant gorilla in the forest bashed Lolek's skull with a branch and hence the wound. But then, it could also have been other monkeys throwing coconuts down from oaks that hurt him. Got it?

Shortly after this excursion, we returned to Warsaw.

In the title I said "a summer romance with adventures." The reader may ask: "You had adventures, you had the summer, but where is the romance?"

Let me placate you. The title did not lie. There was a romantic thread there too. I just somehow forgot to write about it.

THE END

CHINESE AND JAPANESE CURIOSITIES

CHOPSTICKS

People's habits differ from country to country and from one historic era to the next. Something considered in good taste in the past can be an object of ridicule today. Foreign customs may seem original and peculiar to us, just because we are not accustomed to them. Members of other nations may initially think of us in the same way.

The Japanese, for example, are considered a very original nation because their customs differ from our in many aspects. In their books they provide footnotes at the top of the page, above a line, rather than at the bottom, as we do. They mount horses from the right side and place troughs in stables facing the front door. When writing out the particulars of addressees on letters, the Japanese write the family name first and then the given name followed by relevant titles. In trading accounts, small coin values precede total balances. Polite respect is demonstrated there by taking off of shoes rather than a hat.

We laugh at those customs and cannot understand how a Japanese or a Chinese person can hold food using just two thin chopsticks and manages well completely without our knives, spoons or forks.

In return, Japanese laugh at us. In the booths with mechanical figurines, which can be found in all Japanese flea markets, there are exhibits depicting a European eating his food with a spoon, a knife and a fork. The image of a sober figure slicing meat and raising it to their mouth with a fork elicits peals of laughter.

The way chopsticks are used in China and Japan is really interesting. If we consider a Japanese person eating, they will have a sealed envelope containing chopsticks placed next to their plate. These chopsticks will be a partially cut piece of wood that will need to be split before use. The stamp on the envelope and the fact that the sticks remain uncut are a proof that the set had not been used. Japanese follow strict rules of hygiene. Chopsticks there are only used once; they are burned after use. These chopsticks are 30 cm long, pencil-thick and completely white.

When eating, a Japanese person holds both the chopsticks in one hand, specifically in the right hand. One of them rests at the base of the thumb and the index finger, and in the middle it rests on the ring finger. This chopstick remains stationary in the course of manipulation. The second chopstick is placed between the free tips of the first three fingers, just like a writing pen; this one is mobile and moves away from or closer to the first chopstick, as needed. Thus, we have a kind of wooden tweezers held together with the hand. The Japanese use them with great dexterity, they can grasp the smallest pieces of food, even an individual grain of rice. They sometimes do it with fabulous speed. They considered the transfer of an egg from a dish standing on a table into a basket placed on the ground between the reveler's legs a show of extraordinary dexterity. It only takes one false move for the egg to fall out and break.

The Chinese also eat with chopsticks, but while Japanese use only wooden utensils, they make theirs of gold, silver, ivory, steel or copper, depending on the user's wealth. Hygiene there is not as strict, and chopsticks will be used repeatedly, just like we would use knives, forks and spoons. We should note here that the Japanese are perhaps the most cleanliness-conscious nation in the world and occasionally bathe several times a day.

Chinese restaurants hold a unique type of lottery in connection with the use of chopsticks. The way it works is that on entering a restaurant, every guest will take a pair of chopsticks out of a box placed by the entrance. The box will have several of the chopstick sets numbered: the patron who pulls out numbered chopsticks will be entitled to one free dish.

In Japan, chopsticks are put to versatile use. Chefs are not familiar with spoons, and they use chopsticks to mix sauces, to beat liquids into a foam, to stretch dough, to sprinkle it with sugar or flour. In Japanese houses, we find porcelain stoves with coals

arranged into pyramids, inside which embers glow; here metal chopsticks connected by a chain play the role of tongs and a poker. Silkworm breeders use chopsticks to carry the weaker or young caterpillars between leaves of the mulberry trees. These useful insects are so delicate that a stronger touch can kill them. Lastly, Japanese garbage truck operators use 60 to 90 cm long chopsticks to collect trash from the streets.

The use of chopsticks in Japan goes way back in time. One monastery holds a complete collection of chopsticks which used to belong to a Japanese monarch that reigned in the 5th century CE.

"Look," the Japanese will speak with pride as they show us these relics, "while you were still shredding animal flesh with your bare hands, we were already eating food like decent people."

CRICKET FIGHTING

Cricket fighting is one of the most popular pastimes of the Chinese people. In China, these fights are also a welcome pretext for betting, just as horse races are in this country, boxing is in America, or cockfights are in England. That is why the Chinese carefully search out these insects – taking them out of their hiding places in walls – and nurture them with care until the big day of fighting.

The fighting involves two wrestlers released simultaneously into a large tray, pushed towards each other and spurred on to fight. As soon as one of the agitated insects sees the other, it will give a sudden sharp war chirp, throw itself on the opponent and beat it fiercely until the other bounces back. The owner of the winning cricket collects the winning bets. These takings may differ vastly because next to the poor, who wager small bets, the wealthy also engage in that sport with passion, and often put up bets of several hundred dollars. For this reason, a tried-and-tested wrestler often costs a lot of money. China even has cricket fighting clubs, which gather in sheds built for that purpose. ■

FROM THE WORLD OF PHILATELY

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

mailmen provided with ratchets, with which they notified of their presence.

In Paris, mailboxes were introduced in the second half of the 17th century, and were used for local correspondence only. The Napoleonic wars precipitated the spread of this solution throughout the world. Initially in Germany, later they were also adopted in Poland.

Initially, the boxes were small. Also, the postal service regulations of the time made their use quite difficult.

People were allowed to drop into the mailboxes only the free-to-sender local letters. The postal service charge was collected from the letter recipient. The letters with a foreign destination, which the sender had to pay for, had to be brought to a post office to be paid, since postage stamps were not yet in use. The charged amount depended on the distance to the destination.

The institution of the mailbox met with varying reception in different cities. In some places, they were praised as a wonderful device available to the public day and night. Elsewhere, the innovation met with protracted resistance rationalized with a suspicion that persons disgruntled with the postal service workers might drop into them offensive anonymous letters.

The early mailboxes were made of wood or tin plate and oftentimes had fantastic shapes.

Initially, the boxes were emptied by hand, later they had fitted inserts of metal plate or leather. These locked inserts were removed from the box at specified times and replaced by empty inserts. The process of clearing the inserts would take place at a post office, under official supervision.

The mailboxes with inserts were ultimately replaced by automatic mailboxes. These are cleared by inserting a letter bag into an iron frame on the bottom side of the box, which then opens automatically and

the letters fall into the bag. As the bag is pulled out, the bottom of the box closes automatically.

In Poland, we currently have about 17,000 mailboxes.

THE LARGEST POSTAL MUSEUM

The world's largest postal museum is located in Switzerland, in the city of Bern. In addition to its huge and very rich collection of postal service related artifacts, it also houses the world's richest collection of postage stamps.

The museum management has been expanding this collection since 1874, the date when the Universal Postal Union with headquarters in Bern was founded. This extraordinarily valuable collection includes several tens of thousands of postage stamps, this because the postal service administrations of every member state of the Union are required to send the museum samples of their every new stamp issue. ■

LAST SUMMER ISSUE:

Starting next Friday

THE LITTLE REVIEW will be 6 pages long.

In the upcoming issue, we will publish our prospectus for the 1933–34 school year (plans and guidelines of the editorial team) and begin printing a new novel by

DR. JANUSZ KORCZAK

JOKES

A STRANGE ADVENTURE

One evening, two boys arrived, after a short trip in a certain town where their parents' acquaintance lived. They found him and asked if he would put them up for the night. The man led them to a dark cell and pointing to a small uncomfortable bed said:

"You can rest on this bed, but this door," he pointed to one, "you must not open."

One of the boys, intrigued by the old man's words, decided to find out what was behind that mystery door. He opened it absentmindedly and was stunned as he found himself in front of a beautiful bed covered with a down duvet.

Overjoyed by his discovery, he told his brother:

"Look, what a wonderful bed, Jaś let's both sleep here."

Jaś agreed and both the boys soon fell asleep.

As one of the boys woke up the next day – and it was high noon by them – and saw his brother lay there completely uncovered, he cried:

"Jaś, cover yourself; we're in a shop window."

A TIP

An old lady sits in a train compartment clearly waiting for someone, repeatedly checking her watch impatiently.

Suddenly, a small boy runs up to the carriage window and cries out, nearly breathless:

"Madam, I am here."

"Finally! Do you have the ticket?"

"Sure, I bought it. It cost 4 zloty and 30 groszy."

The lady opens her purse, counts out a sum and says as she hands the boy the money:

"Here you have 4 zloty and 30 groszy, which you can keep for your trouble."

A DIVERS' DISCUSSION

Two divers meet underwater. One says to the other:

"I prefer working here to sitting home. My home is horribly damp."

ON THE STREET

"Mr. Policeman, is this the second street to the left?"

IMAGINATION

A traveler talks about an adventure he had in Mexico.

"Imagine, I'm on my way home at 4 in the morning. Suddenly, a bandit jumps out at me from around a corner and shouts 'your money or your life!' I run away. I'd never had to escape in my life. When I started running it was

4 a.m. and when I stopped my watch said 12 noon.

"You're lying, you couldn't be running for so many hours!"

"That's right, but my watch was so frightened it covered eleven hours in five minutes!"

AN INTELLIGENT PROFESSOR
"And so, my dear student," says one professor, "let us take the case of someone coming with serious chilblains. The thing happens in the wilderness; there are no houses nearby. What do you do to give him first aid?"

"I rub his legs vigorously with snow, Professor."

"Very well. Now imagine that all this happens in the summertime and there is no snow anywhere nearby..."

DEAFNESS

Professor Ł. is an elderly man and somewhat hard of hearing. On one occasion he asks a student:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Kapuśniak." (cabbage soup)

"What?"

"Kapuśniak, professor."

"Say it louder; I cannot hear you..."

"Kapuśniak!" the student shouts out.

The professor begins to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Professor?"

"Oh, you see, I am hard of hearing and I thought I heard you say Kapuśniak..."

THE EPITOME

OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS...
...is when a member of Parliament entitled to a free first-class train ticket buys a second-class ticket, sits in the third and pays a penalty fare for riding without a ticket.

EXAGGERATION

"When I was in America," boasts one gentleman, "I saw – imagine this – a machine to which they put grain on one end and ready-made bread and buns come out the other end!"

"Hey, that's really nothing," says another man. "When I was in Italy, I saw a machine to which they poured in fresh grapes on one side, and kicked out drunk guys from the bar on the other."

TIMES CHANGE

Two flies walk down the shiny bald head of one man.

"Oh my, how this world changes," says one fly to the other. "I can remember the days when only a narrow path ran through this place."

THAT'S LIFE

Patrolling along the Vistula river, a policeman sees a man in the water, at a distance of a dozen or so meters.

"Hey, dear sir! You come out of there this instant. You're not allowed to bathe here."

"I'm not bathing, I'm drowning!"

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Until now, in the anniversary issues, the editors have made reports, the readers have offered critique and made suggestions.

Today, you can write the report yourselves. You can see that the letters and articles are better, you know that 1000 more manuscripts have been sent in as compared to last year, and so the size of the paper was increased to six pages. At one point, you read that the newsroom saw 270 interested visitors, that the Little Review mailboxes have been hung out in four cities and correspondents responsible for them have been selected. What matters were discussed, what departments were introduced – you probably remember all that. We have also mentioned the number of postcards and books. There have already been reports about the survey, contests and tournament, and the reporters have written themselves about how they tried to set out into the world and what they brought us.

And so for the first time, a report in the anniversary issue turned out to be unnecessary. Critique, on the other hand, is needed, but there is none. Only Henryk and Seweryn, pointed out the faults of the Little Review – with Seweryn's article, written last year, no longer applies, since we have gotten rid of or changed what it criticized. Only Henryk's article, "I believe in the Little Review" remains. We are publishing it on the front page under a different title – "A conventional paper" – to call the readers' attention to its main accusation.

The lack of critique is not proof of the paper's perfection. It only shows that our correspondents and readers are so far satisfied with all the changes and surprises, and that they have not yet noticed their negative sides.

Eljasz sees a perfect Little Review in the near future. Let us not fool ourselves. This will never happen, for the simple reason that when we reach our goals, we always notice the unintended consequences.

We wanted to update the material, to raise the level of the paper, to broaden the scope of matters and interests discussed. We have what we wanted, but now we see two very dangerous phenomena:

1. From the enormous group of correspondents, a group of 25 useful and popular contributors has emerged, but sometimes, they drown out the voices of the group. And so we have new problems and tasks: how to maintain the mass character of the paper without lowering the quality we have achieved?

2. Our statistics show that the group of youngest correspondents and the group of young adults is growing. However, the group in the middle, who aren't writing short letters to the "Reader updates" department, but can't write long articles like the young adults do, have lost their heads and can't find a place for themselves.

"The younger kids probably don't appreciate that L.R. has become more serious, but I've become more serious and I'm glad," confesses Aneri with disarming honesty.

"It was a pleasure to see the Alusies gradually disappear," said Franka from Przyokopowa Street, speaking selfishly and frivolously.

Selfishly, because she would want the whole issue only for herself, frivolously – given the paper's mission and future – because Alusies grow up to be Aleksanders, whom she likes and admires.

We say this so that after reading the articles, which were unfortunately "special occasion" ones, you don't think that everything here is perfect and remain silent like Eljasz. He is only right when he advises a specific and cautious critique.

Together, we have overcome many troubles and difficulties. We hope that we can handle this, too.

The tenth anniversary will be a celebration. For now, we are closing the seventh and beginning the eighth year of our paper's existence. ■

WHERE THERE'S NO CRITIQUE, THE EDITOR GROWS LAZY

A paper is a youth organization when it has something youthful and natural in it. It should be a youth paper not through its title but through the work, through the articles.

There are quite a few doctrinaires among the readers and contributors of the Little Review, who, after reading the title, typed in neat letters, "a children's and youth paper," consider all the articles to be young, although they frequently do not deserve such an adjective.

Let us take a person without any doctrine, thought. Such a critic would only qualify articles full of verve and youthfulness to print in our paper.

I met a friend, a contributor to the Little Review. "I started a paper, it's really cool," he said.

"What about the Little Review?" I asked him.

"I've given up on that. I prefer my own paper, made on the mimeograph. Everyone tells me that it's only going to get better. I already have all the

essential sections: school life social life, and lots of young critique."

I asked him what he had against the Little Review. He said that he's still reading it all the time, but he's not writing for it anymore. He sees that articles by the same authors are constantly published, sometimes two letters per issue, while other letters rot in the editor's thick file.

"So what are you accusing the editor of?"

"He's not doing enough work!"

That makes me somewhat indignant.

"I don't know him, but I can see his work. I can see from the mail lists how many letters are sent in. He has to read them all, select them for publication, do the editing, prepare the issue, and what about seeing people in the newsroom?"

"That's not what I mean. The editor works diligently and quite intelligently, but why does he not answer letters from new contributors in the 'Current News'? Sure, it's a lot of work. He doesn't want to write."

"But then you'd have to take up half the issue for the answers. There would only be scraps left for articles."

"There's a way to solve that. There are many unqualified works, especially those from new contributors. They write a debut article, in the neatest handwriting possible (without any inkblots), they put it into an envelope and into the mailbox with bated breath. They impatiently wait for Friday. And then it turns out that there are no 'Current News'. They look for their name in vain, and finally they give up on contributing."

"All right, I'll agree with you on some of that," I said. "The editor should answer letters in the very next issue, invite people to the newsroom, point out the mistakes and correct them. It's possible that many contributors wouldn't give up on writing then, and everyone would be happy: they, the Little Review and the readers."

Seweryn

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT?

I've written 12 letters now. I edited some of them after recopying and thought about whether they were worthwhile, whether they would be published.

I can see that my letters are written in the style of essays, as if someone gave me a topic and I'm elaborating on it.

I understand that letters should be written only when we feel a heaviness in our hearts and a need to express ourselves, when we have interesting impressions.

My letters aren't what they should be. They're different – I can't describe them. I compare articles published in the Little Review to mine, and I see differences. I try as hard as I can to make my articles be the best they can be, but I'm not seeing improvements.

This is one of smaller weaknesses of my writing. I guess I can overcome it over time.

But I have a worse fault. As a beginner correspondent, I had a lot of topics, which are running out now. I really want to write, but I don't know what about.

I have a friend who is the very opposite of me: he has a lot of topics, but he doesn't like to write.

The result will be that I will be forced to seldom write for the Little Review, maybe once a month, which I don't like at all. I don't know what to do. I'm in an unpleasant situation and I'm asking the editors for advice.

I think that we don't have to look for topics, that we should only write when we have really important news

or confessions. On the other hand, I have the constant urge to write. And so I don't see a way out.

I can tell you about summer camp, but that is not a current topic right now.

Sometimes I think I'm a failure because there are thousands of current topics, but I can't find them.

Stasiek

ANSWER: You're right in noticing that you should write about what's on your heart or mind. The essay style always appears when the topic is imposed on the writer. This is why the editors are not giving a list of "A thousand current topics," and only sometimes writes that this or that permanent section will be published soon, so there are fewer late submissions. Ludwik and Emkott, and later Renia and Stefa formed writing teams because they complemented each other. Perhaps you could try writing with your friend who has so many good ideas. ■

A CONVENTIONAL PAPER

The Little Review contributors and readers – they were my friends and loved ones. Today, they have turned their backs on the paper with words of contempt: the Little Review is a cowardly and conventional paper for people who only walk the well-trodden paths. There is no rebellion in it – nothing new and young. It's a paper for young-old people.

Young people are saying this – former readers. They are somewhat right. But that is not the fault of the editors, but of those people whose letters are so old.

I do not believe – I do not want to believe that the Little Review is a cowardly

and conventional paper. Many a rebellion has matured on its pages – it's very founding was a rebellion against the old, against the lack of freedom of expression.

I believe in the Little Review. What it is and what it could be – we are responsible for this, and it is up to us and only us. If our letters and articles are young and fresh, the Little Review will be, too.

The Little Review is in our hands. Let us keep them up, and it will be a true paper of thinking children and thinking youth.

Henryk

ONLY POEMS ARE MISSING

Issue no. 313 of the Little Review was more curious and interesting than the previous ones for me. In every issue of the Little Review, I look for something surprising and new, and in this issue, I found many such surprises. In the notes from the editors I found apt judgment and answers to questions I wanted to ask the Little Review. Other readers asked them for me.

I noticed that the Little Review does not overlook or forget any correspondent (I'm speaking of the good ones). Whoever writes once, but well, gets mentioned by the Little Review

even after a long time. Although many readers complain that the Little Review does not publish all the articles or does not judge all articles fairly, I don't think that's how it is. But I won't defend the Little Review, because it can handle it on its own.

I have often spoken of the Little Review with my friends, or thought about it myself. I always considered the Little Review to be an unserious paper. And although I read it, cover to cover, I did not see or tried not to see the positive traits of the Little Review.

I decided that I would never write again. But in my reading, I noticed that I liked it more and more. The Little Review moves forward with every week. The readers are becoming more attached to it, there are more articles about more serious subjects, things that interest us or literary ones; there have also been columns, etc.

Only poems are missing. Many readers, including myself, would like to see poems in the Little Review. And so I suggest that every now and then, there is an issue with a poetry section.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

FIRST LETTERS

I. I have been reading the Little Review for four years. Every Friday, after reading the paper, I thought: how do I write an article?

I thought about it for a long time, and then I decided not to write but simply read every Friday.

Last year on a Friday, I was sitting at the table and I heard a loud knocking. I ran to open the door and saw a friend standing there, out of breath.

"Tobcia!" She shouted. "Have you read my article in the Little Review yet?" "No," I said.

She quickly took the paper out of her pocket and showed me her article. I was jealous. After she left, I thought for a long time.

"No," I said to myself. "That's not how it's going to be. She gets to write and I don't? I'm going to write."

A few weeks later, there was an unhappy event in our class. Our teacher got sick and left. I decided to confide in the readers. After writing the letter, I showed it to my mother. Mother said that it was childish for my age. I wanted to rip it up, but then I thought, "no, I'll show it to the girls."

The next day, I read the letter to my friends.

"It's so good, you can go ahead and send it."

Happy about what I heard, I took the letter to mail it after school. After I put it in the box, I thought that maybe the teacher would read my letter, and she would know that we liked her.

One day, my sister came to me.

"You know, I want to write an article for the Little Review but about what?"

"Write about how mommy surprised you with the watch."

"All right," my sister said. "I'll

write that."

"But what will I write?" I thought to myself. "I know: about the incident that happened to me on Kupiecka Street."

We wrote the articles, and then we gave them to mother to read.

"You should be ashamed of sending such childish letters," mother told me.

I didn't say anything. My sister took the letters to mail them. I was embarrassed in front of mother for writing such childish letters.

After a while, I sent in another letter. I didn't give this one to mother to read, because I knew that she would say, "too childish."

One evening, lying on the settee, I thought to myself, "I write childish letters now, but later I'll write like Aneri and Stefa. I'll try to write more serious articles, and then I won't hear that they're 'childish' from mother again."

Tobcia from Muranowska Street

II.

My cousin lived across the street from us. It was there that I first encountered the Little Review. I was young then and went to kindergarten, but the Little Review was also young and not like it is today. The kindergarten teacher brought us the paper every Friday, and told us that all the articles she read us were written by children. We were surprised – children?

"May I also write something?" I asked once.

"You may," the teacher said.

So I wrote a short letter about going to kindergarten, that I knew how to read and write, and that my name was Ala. The editors evidently didn't like my letter, because it wasn't published. I got mad and didn't read the Little Review for two weeks. Afterwards,

I started reading again, but I didn't want to write anymore.

I tried again later. I wrote about a nasty aunt. It was published, but in the "Reader updates" section (I think it was called something else then). I thought that I was too old for the section, and I promised myself I wouldn't write anymore.

A few years went by. That whole time, I kept reading the Little Review, but I didn't write anything. I was in school, by then. One day, it was discovered in class that I have a good style. My friends started encouraging me to write an article. I did, and it was printed. The beginning was the most difficult – later on it was easier, but not always the way I would have liked.

After a few articles, I was called into the newsroom, and I found out that while they printed my letters, they were a little... dumb. The rest of the conversation was about how I had to make more of an effort because otherwise all my articles would end up in the trash.

After that conversation, I told my friends to go to hell and decided not to write again. I changed my mind later: better to keep writing, maybe I would acquire more skills and someday, write well.

I would like the editors to tell me if I have improved (indeed – Editor's note) because you really need a lot of patience to keep writing after swallowing such a bitter pill. It's not easy.

I suggest that the Little Review try and publish the first letter of a new contributor, even if it is not very good.

It will cheer them on and encourage them to keep working.

Ala from Zamenhofa Street

Aneri

THE LITTLE REVIEW AND I

The Little Review has changed. It has changed unconditionally. But is it for the better? I don't know. The youngest readers are probably not thrilled by it, because it's become more serious, but I've grown more serious, too, and I'm happy with the metamorphosis of the Little Review.

I treat it as a good Friend. Not because I confide in it. You can't really confide your childish cares in the Little Review – that your tummy hurts, or that your older brother beats you. No, I won't write about that anymore, because these things don't matter to me anymore and few people entrust their cares to the indiscretion of an editorial machine. Despite all our good will, what we pour onto paper with the awareness that everyone can read it loses much of its honesty adorned with the embellishments of style.

I know that I often write not because of an ache, but because I feel an inner need to write. That is why I like the Little Review, for satisfying this inner need (perhaps a graphomania), for giving me somewhere to unburden myself, and... I've grown attached to it.

I remember my wild joy when I saw my first article published in an issue. I was as happy as a child, and I am almost as happy with every new one, as long as the typesetter or some other devil doesn't mess it up. That's when I get upset. I impatiently wait for Fridays as if I were waiting for the arrival of a good friend.

That is when it pains me when the Little Review advertises itself. There were two advertisements. Two dry ads in Our Review, which reminded me that the Little Review is a paper and a business after all. Perhaps this

makes the paper for children and youth more grown-up, but why be like the grown-ups in this case? Perhaps the editors thought that we would like it, that we would be proud of it? I don't know. Perhaps there are those who were impressed by this, but as far as I am concerned, such an advertisement was a bit hurtful: I have put too much of my heart into this paper, and just like someone in love sees only the positives in their beloved, I hold the Little Review above the commonness of advertising and would not want to be disappointed. But then again, that is my view. I don't know what others think about this.

Nevertheless, I like the changes in the Little Review. First of all, expanding it to six pages means a lot. This was the most important thing: staying current. Reviews won't wait a month to be published, and current affairs won't stop being current. And there will be more room, which means more to read.

We should also note that the Little Review is not inspired by any similar paper, that it is the first and only of its kind, and that is its main advantage. And after all, we have all created the Little Review. Someone had the idea, someone else added another thing, and the paper improved. It is this united work that I am proud of.

When we were writing our articles, we didn't realize that we were creating together, and maybe only the editors can comprehend and see the enormous mass of heads and pens that created the Little Review for seven years.

We will celebrate the seventh anniversary of our paper. Seven years is a lot of time, after all. Dr. Korczak's fears of a "flash in the pan" have not come true. We have a lot to be proud of!

Perhaps one day, we will sit our grandchildren on our laps and point to the yellowed pages of old issues of the Little Review with trembling fingers.

"Look," we'll say. "See what young people thought about in our times." ■

WHAT I LIKE – AND WHAT I DON'T

COMMEMORATIVE POSTCARDS

I don't remember the period when I started reading the Little Review; I only know it was a long time ago. I didn't read it regularly then, because I didn't understand some of the sections. I thought the short letters were silly. In general, I considered mocking the Little Review to be something that was in good tone.

I only started reading the sections a few years ago, putting together the letters and comparing them. After a short time, I stopped mocking them – I started to be surprised.

After the Little Review published Benjamin's article "Into an unknown world," a storm of jeers poured out of my cousins, directed at Benjamin, for having something in common with a "pamphlet" for kids, as they contemptuously called the Little Review. I defended the paper and the contributors, although I did not like them all.

I could tell the regular contributors from the occasional ones, and I had an opinion about each one of them.

I was pleased to see, to quote Kaaa, the gradual disappearance of "Alusies." I leafed through and then carefully analyzed every issue of the Little Review. It was the subject of

discussion for me and my friends for the whole week.

We were not gentle in our critiques. We had our favorites, as well as contributors we didn't like. Among my favorites is Ludwik. I think he is intelligent, nice, and energetic. He did mock and ridicule girls, yes, but I do not think he is their enemy.

I like Norris for his sense of humor. Edwin bores me a bit with his tourist's enthusiasm. I liked Mendel and the author of "Redhaired Bluma's smile," but "Off the rails" left me feeling rather unpleasant. I do not sympathize with Le Zjon since he said that he considers the entire class to be brats. I also like to read Efraim's reportages very much, which, despite giving him away as an extreme cinephile, are very interesting. I recently saw Efraim's name together with Aneri under an article recently, and it made me mad because I am definitely not a proponent of Aneri. I find her articles to be pompous and fake, and Aneri herself to be a poser. Only her "Playing hooky" seemed a bit nicer.

I hope that you will share your observations with me and write about the same subject.

Franka from Przyokopowa Street

To commemorate useful collaboration in 1932–33, 260 contributors have been awarded postcards.

"I've only written 12 letters, and I have already received a postcard," Stasiek writes in surprise.

"I have not written for four months. Am I eligible for a postcard?" Niewiadomski asks.

Many would like to know who is receiving the postcards, what for and for what purpose.

This is explained by the writing on the postcard: ... "(name and surname) received the postcard as a souvenir." When a correspondent receives a postcard, they know that the editors remember them and value their contributions.

Postcards are issued for letters qualified for publication, even if they have not yet been printed. For how many letters? That differs. For one, for six, for ten – it depends on what letters or articles they are.

The youngest "postcard recipient" is 5 years old, the oldest 55. They are Miecio from Miła Street, and Dr. Janusz Korczak. Miecio received a postcard for 18 letters, dictated to his sister, and Dr. Janusz Korczak for

one very long "letter" titled "Kaytek the Wizard." As you can see, we have one grown-up correspondent. This year, for the first time, the ranks of valued correspondents were joined by a Polish student: Tadeusz B-ski.

After the postcards are delivered, a postman comes to the newsroom with a bag, filled with joy and tears. Some are very happy and send their thanks, others complain about unfairness, pointing out the "exceptions" – why did he get one, and not me?

It is time to do away with the legend of exceptions. Everyone has the same rights and opportunities, but not everyone is sensible, talented, and persistent in the same way. If we understood equality to mean that we would have to publish all letters, even silly and mean ones, things would be a garbage heap that everyone avoided. Those who write well and often will of course find their letters or works being published in the Little Review more frequently.

This year in Warsaw, Muranowska Street took first place with 13 postcards (last year, it was Nalewki Street – 11 postcards). Białystok didn't

let anyone get ahead of it this year, either, receiving the highest number of postcards as compared to other cities – 14).

Postcards which were undelivered, due to inexact addresses or changes of address:

Warsaw: Sz. Altenberg, H. Aszkinazy, A. Babic, A. Belin, F. Choimowicz, R. Chojna, S. Dobraszklanka, J. Dornówna, C. Fuksówna, A. Jęzcmień, B. Hochglik, H. Horowicz, I. Mitman, Cz. Rakowska, M. Szwalbe, R. Tolczyńska, Zb. Walfisz, R. Wermus, T. Zajdman.

Province: Bajtnerówna Miła, Hirsberg Renia from Włocławek, Mocnówna Lusja from Żuromin, Tchórzewska Stella from Włocławek, Mania from Pińsk ("Joint Diary"), Raja from Suwałki ("The Women's Legion"), Mała and Lusja from Bydgoszcz, Synmcha from Zamość and Dosia from Łódź.

Abroad: Charles Kurchard from Paris and Monacsy Józef from Budapest.

The above correspondents from Warsaw can pick up their postcards in the newsroom from 4 to 5 o'clock on Sunday. Recipients from the province should provide an exact address. ■

Janusz Korczak

KAYTEK THE WIZARD

A LITTLE REVIEW NOVEL. REPRINTING PROHIBITED.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Scenes the world has never seen — People, clocks, store signs, dogs and cats all muddled up — In the square and on the bridge — Kaytek's lookalike

Mom is in tears and Dad is mad. "Where have you been all this time?" "It's such nice weather," says Kaytek.

"Nice weather, so after being sick you run off for half a day? We thought something had gotten into you again. You promised you'd come straight back from the cemetery. I went there to look for you. Aren't you ashamed?"

Kaytek has let his head droop; he doesn't even try to explain. He feels ashamed: he broke his word.

His father says some more, but Kaytek isn't even listening.

It's always like that when the grown-ups get really mad, and the child is so terrified he can no longer understand what and why they're shouting at him. It's just a noise in his ears and his head. He's just waiting for it to be over, and wondering if they're going to hit him or not.

"Today you're staying home, and tomorrow you're going to school. That's enough of this delinquency. You're well, so you can go study. Understood?"

Without saying goodbye, his father goes out. Kaytek is left alone with his mom.

Mom tries to console him. She's so kind.

"Oh well, never mind, it happened. You won't ever do that again. It's not even your fault. I shouldn't have let you go to the cemetery on your own. You're all we've got, so we're afraid of something bad happening to you. Don't worry — we won't send you to a detention center. Your dad just said that."

Kaytek calms down.

"Apparently there was some fuss going on in town? Is that where you went?" asks Mom.

Kaytek reads the special supplement aloud.

"Yes, yes — there must be another war on the way. They just won't leave people in peace. Your great-grandfather, and your grandfather, and your father . . ."

At once Kaytek asks his mom to tell him how the insurgents hid in the woodshed, and how there were secret books and papers hidden under the wood.

What sort of books were they? Why weren't they allowed? Why were people sent to a freezing cold country as a punishment for having books like that? Maybe there was at least one of those books left?

It had occurred to Kaytek a long time ago that maybe there were instructions in the secret books saying how to conquer your enemies.

So Mom tells him about the wars that happened in the past, and Kaytek thinks about the one that's going to happen. He even wants a war to break out. Because then he could help — his strong will could be useful.

After that his dad comes home; he talks about the events described in the papers and what he has heard from other people.

"It looks as if there's trouble brewing."

For a long time Kaytek can't get to sleep. Because if he does, at once he'll hear the thunder of cannons, the roar of airplanes, bombs, and grenades.

At once Kaytek's spells are helping to win the battle.

All right, so Poland has Kaytek. But the enemy might have some wizards too — maybe older ones who are more careful? What if Kaytek makes a mistake, or his magic power lets him down at a critical moment, and the enemy wins the war?

Kaytek considers what sort of unknown weapons to conjure up, what sort of fortresses to build, what sort of orders to give, what sort of armor, helmets, and masks to dress the army in.

"Maybe a regiment of giants, or maybe some iron cavalry on horses made of steel?"

Dad is moving in bed.

"Dad!"

"What?"

"What's stronger: iron or steel?"

"Go to sleep!"

His father mutters something else too. He's annoyed. So Kaytek went to sleep. He woke up and thought: "Tomorrow I'm going to school. They're going to ask why I ran away from home, and what I was doing in the hospital; they'll start bugging me to tell. Maybe I'd better leave late so I can go straight into class just before the bell?"

Or maybe he should postpone his power for another month?

No, he can no longer do without it; admittedly it hasn't brought any benefit, but that depends on him. He doesn't have to do silly things with it. He must work out a plan of action. "A strategic plan."

He doesn't entirely understand what that means, but he senses that's exactly what it should be — there should be order, the spells should have a plan, and he shouldn't worry his parents.

Until finally he finds a way to leave the house whenever he wants and for as long as he likes, so that his mom and dad won't be in the least bit worried.

It'll be good if it works.

"I'll conjure up an alter ego. I'll summon up an illusion that looks just like me. There'll be two Kayteks; one will be the apparition, the lookalike, the illusion, and the other one will be the real me. That'll be good. Gradually I'll try things out and learn: meanwhile I'll send the lookalike to school or let him stay home. I'll even be able to go to foreign countries — for a long time. I'll travel; I'll sail on a ship, and I'll go hunt wild animals."

Kaytek thinks and sees what he has read and seen at the movies. His thoughts and mental images all mix together and go racing around his head. Some of the images are distinct, others are foggy, some are near, others far away.

And now he wants to sleep.

But his pillow is making him hot. He tries arranging the quilt first one way, then another. He puts his hand under his head, now this way, now that.

He lies on his back, then on his side. He tries to go to sleep.

"Get up. Time for school."

"Hmmm."

"Hurry up or you'll be late."

He gets up. He sorts out his textbooks and exercise books.

Then he says goodbye and leaves. His father is annoyed.

Behind the wooden fence he summons up his lookalike. It makes him feel sorry, strange somehow. The lookalike is just the same as he is — it's as if he were looking in a mirror.

So they walk along side by side, but they don't talk. They stop outside a store. A lady comes along with a man. She stops too, and stares at them.

"Look how similar they are. Are you boys twins?"

"What's it to you?" mutters Kaytek.

"How rude you are," says the man.

"So what? Why do you have to interfere? Why accost us?"

Grown-ups think they have the right to accost you, make loud remarks, and ask any old questions just because you're a child.

They say: "What fine eyes that little boy has. How old are you? It's not nice to whistle in the street."

Kaytek has always pretended not to hear, or he sticks out his tongue and runs away.

But this time it's lucky it happened, because it has made him realize he shouldn't walk along with his lookalike. What would he say if he ran into someone he knew?

Disappear, double.

The apparition dissolves like the mist. Kaytek sighs with relief because he hasn't a clue what to talk to his twin about.

Then he bumps into a friend who collects stamps. He already has stamps from thirty-two different countries, and he knows a store where you can swap double stamps for others — it's better to swap them at a store than with other boys, because they might cheat you, and there's a bigger selection at the store.

There are stamps that cost a hundred zlotys or more.

Kaytek gets carried away talking, and forgets he's meant to be in school.

But at school no one takes any notice — they're all talking about the incident in town.

In the corridor the lady teacher smiles at him, but she doesn't say anything either. Only in the first lesson does the other teacher start to make jokes.

"Ah, here he is at last, Robinson Crusoe! When will you run away from home again? Did your father tan your hide?"

Kaytek stands at his desk; he isn't even free to respond when his friends laugh at the teacher's words.

Grown-ups often tease children as if on purpose. It's unpleasant when someone you don't like much anyway starts joking and mocking you.

"Come on, Robinson, up to the blackboard. Let's see what you learned on your desert island."

Kaytek reluctantly steps forward. He decides not to say anything, even though he could. Let the teacher lose her temper, seeing she's in such a jovial mood.

And why has Kaytek come to school at all? He could have sent his lookalike, and played truant himself.

"Come along, write it out," orders the teacher.

Kaytek grudgingly picks up the chalk.

The teacher dictates the problem, and it's actually quite easy, but Kaytek refuses to do it.

"Read it out."

He reads it out badly. Just from spite.

"That's wrong. So you know how to travel, but you can't read out a stupid problem?"

Well, exactly. Because it's stupid and doesn't interest him in the slightest bit.

Kaytek is a wizard, and he's not going to let himself suffer. He's not going to stay at school.

He puts down the chalk, licks his finger, and stares sneeringly at the blackboard; then he thinks in his secret way: By my might and willpower, I command it to be twelve o'clock already.

Even though it was only a quarter past eight.

None of Kaytek's spells had ever caused so much confusion throughout Warsaw.

Every person who glanced at the clock couldn't believe his eyes. In every home, people started complaining that someone had moved the hands on the clock forward, then ran to the neighbor's to check. They were calling each other left and right, trying to find out what on earth had happened and what time it really was.

The clerks rush to their offices with no breakfast, and the salespeople rush to the stores.

The trams are packed full. The conductors can't cope. Anyone who hasn't squeezed on board takes a shared cab. Everyone's late — they thought it was early, but it's already noon.

The students come pouring out of school.

"Those kids are a real curse, they get in the way when a person's in a hurry."

"What a surprise," the children rejoice. "Who thought of such a good idea?"

"The foreign visitors," says Kaytek, cheering up. "Let's go and thank them."

He goes to the gate, summons up his lookalike, and sends him home. The real Kaytek joins the procession of schoolboys, and off they go to town.

Until they have to stop the trams because such a huge crowd has gathered from all the schools.

Afterward the papers wrote that the young students held a tempestuous demonstration outside the visitors' hotel. Other papers said it was impetuous and spontaneous.

Admittedly there was some shouting.

"Long live the visitors! Thank you!"

The foreign visitors came out on the balcony and bowed and said thank you too.

And then each went his own way, back home or for a walk.

Kaytek goes to Teatralny Square. He's accosted by a blind man wearing blue glasses.

"Escort me across the road, young man, because I can hardly see."

Kaytek carefully leads him across. Then the man says, "Here, have some chocolate."

It's the same kind of chocolate as in the little bags under his pillow. And it tastes just the same.

So he eats it. Then he looks around. The town hall clock is striking one, but the shops are only just opening. He remembers Professor Pootle's lecture. Suddenly he thinks: I'll change all the names on the store signs.

This store can be called Dangler's. This one can be Gewgaws and Co., that one's Butterfingers and Sons, that's Mongrel and Hogsnout, that's Kelly Smelly, that's Nopants, and that's Cockadoodledooson.

At once, instead of the familiar, respected names, funny ones appear on all the store signs. But that's not enough for Kaytek. He changes the stores too. There's going to be even more chaos.

On the corner of the square he changes the bank into a fruit store. Instead of money, now there are pears, apples, and plums in the window display. There are nuts, bananas, and grapes on the bank clerks' desks.

Not far from the bank there's a well-known pharmacy.

Let there be birds, monkeys, and goldfish inside it now.

At once you can hear canaries singing on the counters and in the pharmacy jars. Where there used to be cough medicine, now there are tortoises lumbering about, and where the ointment for cuts and bruises used to be, there are humming birds.

And there's a monkey sitting in a locked cabinet for poisons, making faces.

Opposite the pharmacy there's an old store — it's an ironmonger's. There used to be knives, forks, and tools for carpentry and gardening in the windows, as well as ice boxes, scythes, scales, typewriters and razors. Kaytek changes this place into a candy store. And he puts signs in the windows saying: "Special offer! A free cake for every school student!"

Instantly the rascals start flocking into the store.

"A sponge cake please."

"I want one with cream!"

"I want one with jam!"

The store assistants don't know what to do. They're wondering what's going on, and the owner says: "You'd better sell them the cakes."

"But in the windows it says they're free."

"Too bad, we'll just have to give them away, if that's what it says. There must be some explanation for all this."

Kaytek pulls his hat down over his eyes and turns up his collar for shame,

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KAYTEK THE WIZARD

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

then goes to see what's happening at the other stores.

Outside the bank there's a crowd of people.

"Give us our money! We refuse to be cheated! Stop messing with us!"

The bank manager implores them and tries to explain:

"Please calm down, ladies and gentlemen. We're going to open the fireproof safe and the strong room. The cashier isn't here yet. As you know, the clocks have gone wrong."

"So send for the cashier. How long will we have to stand here?"

"So you don't get bored, in the meantime we're handing out fruit – whatever we have, you're welcome to it. It'll be served on trays in just a moment. I'm sending the messenger to the store across the way for some trays."

"There aren't any trays in there – it's Dangler's candy store now."

"Well, you can see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen. Would you like some plums?"

"We want oranges!"

"Excellent. Get a move on, bank clerks, the customers are waiting."

The clerks are up in arms.

"We're not young ladies whose job is to trade in fruit."

Then the cashier arrives. He opens the safe. But there's nothing in it except figs.

People start screaming and making threats – there's quite a fuss.

It's no better at the jeweler's.

"Excuse me, is the owner here?"

"Yes, I am. Right here."

"Mr. Nopants?"

"What's that? I'll teach you to be funny!"

"I'm not being funny. I'm the agent for a horticultural firm. Please take a look at your own store sign."

The jeweler, a well-educated man, goes outside the store, reads the sign and curses so hideously that I cannot write what he said in a book for young people, or I'll set a bad example.

The sign announced:

Nopants and Co.

Tulip and marzipan store.

Roses big and small.

Teensy tartan pansies.

Ding-dong. Hey-ho.

And just then, in comes the lady baroness.

"What's going on in here? I left my valuable pearls with you. Hand them over at once."

"Your Grace, I have nothing but flowers."

The baroness falls in a faint.

The poor jeweler runs to the pharmacy.

"Mr. Pharmacist, please give me some drops to calm the nerves."

"There aren't any."

"But the baroness has fallen sick."

"I couldn't care less."

"If you're going to refuse to save people, I'm going to fetch the police."

And they start squabbling. Because whenever people are upset, instead of helping each other, they start hurling insults.

So they keep squabbling, while a parrot swings in an empty castor oil jar and shouts: "Stupid, stupid!"

And from a small jar of hair restorer,

a little green frog hops onto the pharmacist's sweaty head.

It looks as if Kaytek has caused enough chaos. But he hasn't. Just then he sees a dog chasing a cat.

Let's have a fight between all the cats and dogs in the city, right here in the square, he thinks.

And that's the final straw.

The cats come racing in from Wierzbowa Street, and the dogs from Senatorska Street. They start biting and scratching. There's a big rough-and-tumble, with lots of barking, squealing, meowing, and yelping.

Some people run for it, others simply stand and stare.

"Fifi, Fido, King, Pluto, heel!"

And Kaytek thinks: Make the dogs blue and the cats red.

And so it is.

The city council officials are standing in the windows watching.

"Get the firefighters to disperse them with water."

The firefighters fit rubber hoses to the hydrants.

By my will and my power I demand that some green monkeys come and restore order, thinks Kaytek.

At once the monkeys appear, as if they've jumped into the very middle of the fight, and break it up.

The cats run off down Bielanska Street and the dogs up Senatorska.

The foreign visitors have arrived in cars to watch through binoculars.

"What a jolly city this is," says a rich man known as the Ship and Railroad King.

And he turns to his secretary and says: "We must have all this described in our newspapers. Rich people who are feeling bored are sure to come here to see all these curious things."

Kaytek puts the stores and the clocks in order and sets off toward the bridge. He heads across Castle Square and down the slope toward the river.

He used to love watching the ships sailing by here, and the sand dredgers on their flat canoes, digging up gravel using buckets attached to long poles.

Today the ships seem small and dirty, and the River Vistula sailors don't look interesting.

I demand, I command: let there be proper sea here and huge liners.

This time Kaytek gets what he deserves.

An invisible hand seizes him by the scruff of the neck, and an invisible foot gives him an almighty kick.

If Kaytek hadn't been blinded by his own power, he'd have had to admit he deserved that punishment.

He wanted there to be sea. He never stopped to think that the sea would flood the city and the countryside, and there would be a bigger disaster than the biggest flood and earthquake ever. He could have plunged half of Poland into the ocean.

But instead of being grateful that his command hasn't been fulfilled and accepting his sentence humbly, Kaytek is offended, and fixes the evil eye on Poniatowski Bridge.

Make the bridge stand upright! he thinks.

As if not Kaytek, but the bridge were to blame.

The spell works. The bridge starts to rise, but luckily very slowly, or everyone on it would drown or be killed. Not a single horse and not a single person would be left alive, because at once they've all fallen over and gone spinning, and the cars have

rolled downward. No one has been killed, but lots of people have been injured and are bleeding.

Enough! thinks Kaytek.

Well, yes, but it's too late.

The ambulances are on their way. And Kaytek is just standing there, in a state of shock.

Enough! I must go home as fast as possible, to avoid causing any new stupidities.

He runs.

He opens the apartment door and steps back in horror: if he goes into the living room, he'll come face to face with his lookalike. Luckily, just now Mom is sitting with her back to the wall, so she hasn't seen him come in.

He slams the door shut.

"Who's that?" wonders Mom.

"I'll just be a moment, Mom," he hears his own voice from the living room.

The lookalike comes into the hall and meekly waits for him.

Vanish, illusion.

It disappears. Kaytek goes into the living room, and Mom asks:

"What did you go outside for?"

"Nothing. There was a boy calling me."

"Why are you so red?"

"It's nothing. I have a headache."

"Go and lie down. Have a cup of tea with lemon."

He lies down. That's for the best.

He does feel tired. Dissatisfied. Sad. And terribly lonely.

And like the most useless creature on earth.

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

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THAT DAY

A young boy, a cheder student, entered the door of a certain house on Nalewki Street. He did not stand out in any way from his peers. He played the same as they did, and only felt revulsion towards games in which muscles were the deciding factor.

Inside the door, a friend from the cheder grabbed his arm.

"Look," he said, showing him a paper. "Read this!"

It was the Little Review project.

I read about the future of a paper for children and youth. The editor had a dream of a club for young journalists, about their own spacious and light space, about a cinema, about working together. He showed the enormous amount of work and interests of our community. The lines of text seemed to tremble under the force of new thoughts, feelings and desires.

The street thudded. On the sidewalk, a preoccupied crowd chased their pennies and cares. In the doorway, the boys leaned down over the paper, experiencing an epiphany. The words ceased to be a combination of letters – they existed as a need and an aspiration. In a dark room, the curtain was lifted and the spotlight shone on the stage of young life.

"We're going to have a paper!"

"We won't be alone anymore!"

"Think about it: there are so many of us in Warsaw, in the entire country, and abroad! Now we'll all

march together, we'll hear the voices of all our peers."

Not many days had gone by since I had gone from the yard to the cheder bench. In the yard, I believed, like the others, that the time when playing was the only thing to do, and joy was the only feeling, would last forever. Suddenly I stood before the melamed. Instead of playing, there was learning – ruthless, demanding, carrying a cat o' nine tails.

I didn't have an ideal yet. I was only beginning to think, wonder, critique. But at the sight of a criminal, the question appeared: why? At the sight of the bagel-seller's arrest, hands clenched into fists. Spilled blood brought distaste and revulsion. It was a time when a child starts to wonder. They wonder why things are this way and not another, that there are beautiful and ugly, wise and stupid, poor and rich people. A period when tears flow at the site of hurt, when one joyfully gives a penny to a beggar, believing that that penny will help eliminate poverty. Finally, it was a period when the soul, only just awakening, is bored and empty because there are no more toys, but there is no ideal yet.

There were many boys like me. We got lost in the crowd of grown-ups. In the evening, let out of the dark cheder, groups of young boys in black capotes walked the streets, lonely among the crowd, and experienced

joy, sadness, desire, thought and wonderment.

Suddenly, we were in a crowd of our peers. There were thousands of children like us, shy and lost, from all cities and towns, from different districts and families.

In this crowd, there was only one grown-up – a guardian and a guide – Doctor Janusz Korczak.

Aneri said, "Our aunts and grandmothers hate the Little Review."

Indeed. They had to hate it. They judge us by appearances, not bothering to look into our souls. As opponents of awareness of life, they are in cahoots: we don't say anything, let the children play. It's easiest to be silent.

When they pick up the Little Review and accidentally open a window to our life, they close it as quickly as possible, terrified.

"So our children think, they have desires and longings? So our children know about this, understand that, and want to understand this other matter? They want to be smarter than we are, the conceited brats!"

Those who have forgotten their childhood and youth, whose souls are faded, who don't know kindness and desires, they won't ever understand us. They'll see demoralization in every letter, and will "read between the lines" of every article to find things that the author never thought about.

Luckily, they are not all like that. Not long ago, I was sitting in the

company of adult, intelligent people. Don't be surprised – sometimes a Little Review contributor can find himself among intelligent people. They were talking about children and the Little Review. I don't repeat all the compliments, I will only quote a certain teacher:

"The Little Review has done a lot of good for children. And for adults, too."

In other words, as I understood it: it has given the grown-ups a way to understand children.

What has the Little Review created?

We were children when Dr. Korczak came to us seven years ago, and gave us two beautiful words: honesty and truth.

That is what intelligent people value us for, and what those who, instead of honesty, prefer indulgence and humility, and instead of truth, fairy tales and "holy lies," hate us for.

Seven years have passed since that day when I read the prospectus with my friend in the doorway. What has the Little Review given me?

It was the first to say that the world does not end at the cheder door.

It showed us that our thoughts, cares, and experiences are neither stupid nor naïve – they are no less important than those of the grown-ups.

It has pushed me to work on myself, to observe and search. Thanks to the Little Review, I am an optimist. Chaim Ewen-Tachanah

ONLY POEMS ARE MISSING

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

I am curious why the Little Review does not publish poems, and I would like to ask the editors to explain.

M. Ener

EXPLANATION:

Yes, sometimes, for variety – like pictures – we publish poems, but harmless ones, that are original, not copied from elsewhere, when the poet, in addition to rhymes, has something to say, but that happens seldom.

The Little Review judges all the letters and articles – or at least tries to – fairly. If we published all of them, under the paper header, we would have to write, "Material should be sent to the printers." The typesetter would put together, let's say 35 letters every week, and the Little Review would have 35 readers. ■

LITTLE REVIEW MAILBOXES

Białystok – Wienia Zabłudowski – 5 Polna Street, apt. 1.

Częstochowa – Lusja Ingeberówna – 29 Piotrowska Street.

Łódź – P. Liberman – 40 11-go Listopada Street, apt. 14.

Otwock – Szlamek Kurcbar – 27 Warszawska Street, apt. 2.

A BUCKET OF COLD WATER

This year, a large group of popular correspondents has emerged.

They know that the readers generally like them. What they do well, what good they have in them, they hear about it often. They hear the voices of the displeased and offended much less frequently.

Let us take last year's survey "About our authors" and the "Anniversary" file, where we have also added critical remarks. The file contains not only delight and praise but also descriptions of how our readers imagine our better-known correspondents and readers' opinions on what annoys them in the correspondents, what they don't like.

Rays of sunshine are not always the source of good things. Sometimes, a bucket of cold water is equally good.

Here's to your health, my dears!

Annd... here we go, alphabetically...

ANERI:

"Aneri's letters are starting to stick in my throat. She admitted herself that in her class, she's an "expert" at making an innocent face so she can say something horribly stupid. She does the same in her articles: it's like she doesn't know any better, she's embarrassed, but really, she goes at it smoothly and shamelessly. Whenever I see her signature, I don't read the article."

"A little shallow, but not a stupid girl; the kind you usually say "oh, she's a smart one!" about. An average kind of an average girl from the cultural circles."

"I imagine her as a stout girl, tall, healthy. She's maybe 16 years old. I think that she's not smart for her age. She does a lot of boasting in her letters."

"She's a nice bird. She jumps from branch to branch, singing quite prettily, but she doesn't really know what about. Because the sun is shining and she doesn't have any cares, and she's managed to pull off a good joke in school."

BASIA:

"I'm not saying I don't like her. Her notebook was gray, but it had its charms. You could see that she was a new contributor, still shy. In article titled "Oksitucze," you can see quite a lot of progress. Only one thing annoys me: she talks and talks, like an old grandma, she wants to describe everything exactly, so there are no doubts. But I want to have doubts!"

"If you see Basia, please tell her that we like her, because she doesn't show off and she feels nature. But she should also know that she has quite a big fault. She's constantly in a hurry, she rushes ahead without finishing what she was doing. She started describing how the peasants celebrated the holiday, but then she saw people playing Old Maid and so we never found out what happened in the square in Grabarka."

CHAIM EWEN TACHANAH:

"Where did you dig up this fossil? I've been reading the Little Review for three years, and there was never any Tachanah. He writes like a grown-up journalist, so what did the editors accept him for? Let him go off to Our Review."

"I noticed a strange thing. The contributors, rather than making the effort to look into current affairs, take old subjects, come up with showy titles, and work the old stuff over. Chaim does this often. Take his 'Four days' or 'Lord Melchett in Nalewki Street'. In the first article, he describes a town

that's been described so many times already, and in the second, paints us a picture from a street. He tries to make it like in a newspaper, so it's a bit lofty, atmospheric and humorous. Although he does it well, it's still altering an old piece of clothing, and not to our measure."

DEWI FROM BRZEŚĆ:

"When I see his name, I always think that he has a lot of spare gloves to throw down in front of his enemies and challenge them to a duel."

DORKA FROM ZAMOŚĆ:

"Why does she always cry? She's constantly getting sentimental over something, she's always sad about something."

EDWIN:

"Really, I congratulate you, editors – this is a kid for every subject. He writes about the fire department, about chess, about trips. He goes to Zakopane, then to a camp somewhere. Edwin here, Edwin there – he can fill a 100-page notebook with anything."

"If this important Edwin thinks that he discovered America, he's very much mistaken. Before our trip, the director had a talk with us and advised the same thing as Edwin. Writing scientifically is not art. Write so that it's interesting."

"As far as Edwin is concerned, I get the impression that he's the son of wealthy parents, an athlete who has a lot of free time, so he can write whole dissertations about various things on many pages and to-be-continueds."

EFRAIM:

"Efraim, Waszyński and Burjan! Efraim and Pogorzelska! Efraim and Bodo! He's sprawled out across twelve chairs, he pats directors on the back, stars smile at him! He's forgotten how he used to watch movies through a keyhole. Why not? Efraim is the press, an opinion-maker!"

"I would like to write a review, but I'm afraid of Efraim."

"I think that Efraim's reviews are boring. I like reading his reviews, because they're lively, engrossing, and I can always learn something new about film. But his reviews are all the same."

"In my opinion, Efraim is 15 years old, tall, healthy and broad-shouldered. He has a wide and high forehead, and his eyes sparkle in a dark frame. His lips are pale, and his neck is long. I think he writes simply, the way he thinks and feels."

EMKOTT:

"Emkott is too humorous to be honest. He makes up 95% of it all."

"I don't like funny, forced articles, where the author jokes for the sake of joking."

"Of this team, I prefer Ludwik because Emkott is conceited."

"Emkott's columns are so polished, so stylized, every word is so well chosen as if he cared only about this 'job', but he doesn't think at all about what he's working for or whether he's right."

FISZEL:

"I used to like Fiszel very much. He gave me an example of how to write interestingly about small things. His 'Nail in a shoe' taught us that all great experiences start with trivial things. I've often asked myself, would I be able to write like that? I came to the conclusion that I wouldn't. Now I like him less, because he writes like the others."

HENRYK:

"Wherever he can, Henryk writes: intellectual. That's his favorite word.

I can only conclude that even though he's smart, he doesn't realize his own faults."

"In his last letter, Henryk writes that last year, he was an intense erotomaniac. Ask yourselves: can a twelve-year-old be an erotomaniac? Clearly, it's one of two things: he's either older, or he's ahead of his age."

"I respect Heniek for his courage and honesty. I can't forgive him one thing, though: that he considered a whole class to be brats. I'm not with him anymore. I don't know, maybe now he's changed not only his pen name but also his beliefs."

K A A A:

"I'm not one of the Little Review's contributors, I seldom read it, but I'll make an observation. In issue 146, why did the editors publish the mysterious Kaaa's article about Kazimierz, when everyday press publishes reports from the city, and of better quality, while historical facts can be found in every history textbook? I think the decision was only motivated by the desire to show that youth can also write seriously, even about such boring subjects as sightseeing. Unfortunately, the editors have overlooked the aims and mission of their paper. Please forgive me and understand, that I am only guided by a worry that the character of this pleasant and original paper, which my daughter will soon start reading, might change and become ordinary."

"Of the whole group, I think Kaaa is the most serious. He always writes long articles, doesn't pick and choose nice words, makes sure to have examples and facts, and can tell a joke when necessary. By why did he choose an African pen name? It makes him sound like some kind of Negro: Kaaa..."

KUBA H.:

"Last year, I wrote that I would like to be a sports reporter and that I could show a certificate. The editors didn't trust me. Oh well, I thought, maybe they'll find someone better. Now you have Kuba! You couldn't have found a worse wimp? What kind of an athlete is he supposed to be? He should come to Ascola, a third grader could take him down for a count of 10,000!"

"When will the Little Review reporters stop having stage fright? They keep doing interviews and then staring reports with how scared they were, how shyly they knocked, how they asked questions with a trembling voice, etc. Lately, Kuba H. has been showing off his modesty. He was sent to a girls' middle school. He was scared, tried to boost his 'courage' but I can see that he acted like a real ladies' man."

MIETEK FROM MURANOWSKA STREET:

No critique. There was one remark, which we published in "Current News" from September 20.

PSEUDOS:

"... And finally, the fourth group: girls from small towns. Leading them is the blue-eyed Pseudos, the Greek goddess of longing and sighs. With flowing hair, they walk down an autumn road, stepping barefoot over yellowed leaves. They wring their hands, tears in their eyes... 'Oh, that night will not come back!' 'What night?' 'The night when I was little and went to see grandma.'"

LEJZOR FROM GĘSIA STREET:

"I suggest a project, to provide the author's age with every signed article. Sometimes I don't know what to think about an author. For example, Lejzor has his way of writing. He keeps to the subject of life, but that life appears different than in other letters – it's like a picture. He likes to dream things up."

LEON G-RG:

"I think Leon is very unhappy. I would be ashamed to write things like that."

"Leon has opened his heart and soul to us – the heart and soul of a depraved person. His words are too honest for me to doubt they're true. But I wonder sometimes: is there perhaps a little bit of fiction in them?"

LUDWIK:

"I imagine Ludwik as a slim boy, who puts his hair up in spikes."

"Everyone is convinced that Ludwik is an eminent realist. I don't agree. He's certainly very sentimental and timid, and he can hide his feelings very well. I wouldn't take the bet on whether he writes poems."

"Ludwik has the best style, but Salek is the smartest."

"Ludwik reminds me of a wolf. He hides for a long time, until everyone forgets him, and then suddenly he

lunges at the herd, grabbing the juiciest sheep. There's a lot of screaming, but he's gone. And then he waits again, and lunges again."

"In the last 'Current news', the editors emphasized that they do not want contributions from showy, loudmouthed youth. These were the words worthy of great educators. Only it happens that we say one thing and do another. Why then do the editors favor various Ludwiks among the contributors? He is a representative of these youths to whom the doors are supposedly closed, because he only cares about putting on a show and provoking loud discussions."

LUSIA FROM CZĘSTOCHOWA:

"I think that Luscia from Częstochowa lives in an intelligentsia community. Her father is probably an engineer, a doctor, or some other liberal profession. She's probably about 13 years old."

"Lusia has a lot in common with Aneri, she has some of Aneri's faults, such as shallowness, although she's nicer, because there is no pretension or artificiality in her."

SZLAMEK FROM OTWOCK:

"The chronicles are winning. Fiszel has been one of the '100-letters' for a long time, and Szlamek, who is very similar, received all of Otwock as a present after the anniversary. I doubt that he'll do something there. Someone older should have been sent to Otwock, for example Leon G-rg, especially since he's unemployed."

STEFAN:

"Stefa from Nalewki Street is most certainly a good student, she's probably not very pretty (she has too much common sense), but she is smart and talented."

RITA:

"I like Rita, because she writes without any embellishments, just takes care of the idea. I would only advise her to change her style, because her ideas are interesting, but her words are wooden, clumsy, very bookish."

WIENIA FROM BIAŁYSTOK:

"So Wienia is no longer an independent editor and publisher of various papers? He has to eat bread from someone else's oven – he has become a reporter. These are the times we are living in. I imagine he prowls Białystok, interviewing everyone he can, starting with the backyard Knight of the Ginger Tail." ■

WHAT DO I LOVE YOU FOR?

Dear Little Review!

I have known you from the first moments of your existence. I haven't skipped one issue. I've experienced all the joys and sorrows of your contributors. I was worried that Monius lost a tooth, that another boy had to walk around in an apron (the shame, like a girl), that a girl's cat had run away. I was happy to read that Alinka has a new, beautiful room, that Chańcia is in school now, that Miss Bubusia is very nice, that Jurka's school has a new, bright and spacious location, and that Tobcia has all A's on her report card.

I've come to love you, my friend, truly and honestly.

I've come to love you for your attitude towards children, for your wise work, for affecting children through children. I've come to love you for your clear and cheerful outlook, although your pages often cry over an orphan boy or girl, and pity the poverty of families and individuals.

You write about sorrows, but you

still smile. Why? Because you are a child who will always smile, even through tears, a child who loves the world, people, and life, and even in suffering, brings aid to others.

I've come to love you, the Little Review, for being natural and full of life; for the fact that your heart beats with the same rhythm as the hearts of a thousand Jewish children who go to school and those who work.

Your growth, the Little Review, is impressive. You are becoming more perfect every day. In every issue, there is something new. I see the effort in the content, form, and the self-improvement work.

It is arduous and difficult work, but happy, because fruitful work fulfills its tasks. You educate people without pompous platitudes, false "pedagogical methods," and boring morals. Simplicity, love, and understanding – that is your method.

I haven't written for so many years. I don't know why. Maybe it's

laziness, maybe shyness, or maybe another reason; what matters is that I haven't written.

Realizing that you haven't been doing something is incredibly difficult, almost impossible, and in any case, useless.

For seven years, questions have been answered and topics have been taken up, many of which were interesting to me. I thought about, sometimes painfully so, many subjects, developed many thoughts in my head, but I didn't write. It wasn't a good thing.

Tough. You can't turn back time and live the bygone days again. And even if you could, I wouldn't want to. What for?

And here are the same thoughts, feelings, dreams, sorrows and joys again. I prefer to move on, move forward. You can fix the past with the future. Maybe I don't fix it? Who knows. I'm not promising anything. I'll start now, and later... I don't know. E.D.

WHO WILL BE THE EDITOR OF THIS PAGE?

(instead of brain teasers)

In front of you are 11 first manuscripts from the latest, that is the 49th, mail delivery. They have been printed without any changes. If there is no title, that means the author has not provided one, so I've given only the numbers they have in our log.

Would you like to take over for me? First of all, read this whole page carefully. Then read it again, marking errors and unnecessary words and sentences with a red pencil – we have left them in on purpose. Check that the title matches the content – if not, pick a better one.

Send the following to the newsroom:
- this page (underlining in the text and notes on the margins);

- a list of articles you would qualify for print, along with a justification. Assess the manuscripts which, due to space constraints, have been printed partially, on a conditional basis: "if the rest of the article is the same, then..."

- a list of articles that should not be printed, along with a critique of them;

- answer: which authors should be invited to the newsroom and for what reason?

You can do this during the week. On Sunday, October 22, I will review the submissions of my successors.

The most talented editor will receive a prize: a coupon for books or school aids worth 20 zlotys.

The Editor

* * *
NO. 4028

Please excuse the horrid handwriting, but my hand is shaking; my malaria fever only broke today and I am very weak.

People who know me are used to constantly hearing stories about my hijinks and more or less nice adventures from me or other people. Indeed, something is always going on with me, because I rarely stay in one place for more than a week or two. But recently, it's been the same thing over and over again – there and back again. Palestine is just that tiny. Trains drag slowly here, as if they had asthma. The locals say that if they went faster, they would accidentally cross the border. That is why I ride only in cars.

But there are friends, who hold it against me that nothing special has happened to me this month. Out of courtesy, I can lie to them so well that they can't stop feeling amazed. And I lie so well, that in the end, I believe it myself.

But over the nearly two years I've been in Palestine and visited Syria and Egypt, I've seen quite a bit. I promise that I will write only the truth. If something is not true, you can take my ear. But I hope that the editor's censure will let through the nice and less nice truths because in the Diaspora, everything that is Palestinian must be shown in rosy colors and with a green frame.

(The first page of Harry the reporter's notebook from Palestine).

* * *

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAYS

I went to the synagogue and prayed for a long time. Then I went home. I ate dinner and went to play with my friends. In the evening, I went to the synagogue again, and prayed for a short

time. After prayer, I went home, ate dinner, and went to bed. That is how I spent the holidays.

Leib from Solec

* * *

MEMORIES OF THE FIRE

When we were at a summer resort in 1931, there was a fire in the second villa. It happened like this: one morning, about six o'clock, we were awoken by the caretaker's terrible screaming and a knocking on our windows. Father jerked awake and asked the caretaker what was happening. She said that the forest in our resort was on fire. After five minutes, everyone in our house was dressed. Father ran outside first to see what had happened. Then he came back a short while later (?) and said that a two-story house in the other villa was burning. When I had heard it all, I went towards the burning house with my brother. There were people sitting in the street with all their belongings, as well as the wounded, who had jumped out of windows or porches. It was heartbreaking to see all these people who had been left without a roof over their heads. Standing there with my brother, I noticed that the fire department had arrived. The first and second story in the house burned, only the ground floor remained. When I had seen it all, I went back home, feeling sad, and sat down to breakfast with tears in my eyes.

Dewi from Three Crosses' Square

* * *

NO. 4026

I went to the garden to fly a kite, and I saw a swallow sitting on the ground. I picked it up and took it home. At home, I took a cage and put the bird in. I put in some grain. It didn't want to eat, only cried pitifully. I took the swallow out and carried it to the gardener. I let it go there, because it would soon be flying south for the Winter.

Z.K. from Browarna Street

* * *

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

Every cultured nation has its own way of counting time, which starts from some important date. Christians, for example, count from the time of Christ's birth, Muslims from the prophet's appearance, and Jews from the creation of the world.

Yesterday the old year's reign ended, and the New Year is only showing itself to us. Today is dedicated to thinking about incidents the old man, the old year has taken with it. If we find mistakes we have made, we try to avoid them in the future. We are a year older. We have gained a year of experience and prudence. The New Year, an empty page of our conscience, opens its doors to us. It will fly by like an arrow again. Let us try to make our work bring a good harvest.

Rudolf from Vilnius

* * *

NO. 4028

I visited your newsroom with friends. Before entering, I thought a lot about the Little Review. It had presented itself to me as it is in reality. When I entered the

Little Review office, I was amazed by the beautiful pictures made by the Little Review contributors. I would also like to do something for the Little Review and join the group of contributors. I decided to write letters, articles, and poems, to also contribute to the development of the Little Review paper. And so now I enclose two poems with the letter, so that they can be published in the Little Review. I hope that the editors will not reject my contribution.

Sincerely,

Franka

* * *

Poem titled
"THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER"
The holidays are over!
The heart's call is heard everywhere,
To learning! Begone, holidays!
When it waits for us.
Textbook, notebook, pencil case, pen,
I keep dreaming about it all.
Oh, how quickly they have passed,
Those happy, blissful days.
Come back soon, fun and games,
I always dream about you all.
I feel all the fears again,
What will my grades be.
Oh, you glorious blue-sky days,
Bring us back those bygone times,
Because I want to see them again:
Fields, grain, meadows and forests!

Franka

* * *

THE EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS

One of the most horrible habits oppressing humanity is drunkenness. It leaves behind countless victims, ruins health, and destroys the morality of individuals, at the same time negatively affecting all of society. This disastrous habit wrecks the human organism, lowers its resistance, and makes it susceptible to various diseases. Drunkenness can take a person full of strength and leave them a complete ruin. The effects of drunkenness focus not only on those who surrender to the habit. They also reach further, they cause harm to the physical and mental development of future generations. In terms of morality, drunkenness lowers a person's dignity, lowering them to animal status. A drunk forgets about moral prohibitions and their actions are the effects of an addled mind.

From the social standpoint, drunkenness is very harmful. The number of drunks in a given society is the expression of the level of culture. The more drunks the lower the level of culture, and vice versa; countries which stand on a high level of civilization have less drunks.

I have to note that I have also noticed drunkenness among children and youth. I therefore advise everyone to try and eradicate this horrid habit, which is destroying youth for thousands of people. Let us all stand under the slogan: "No more drunkenness!"

Józiek from Otwock

* * *

MY SUMMER TRIP

Several weeks ago, I went on a trip to the Otwock area with my friends.

The trip took us almost three days, but we benefited a lot from it.

To familiarize our readers with the location of this area, I will describe out trip in a different style than others.

Seven kilometers from Otwock are the picturesque ruins of the castle in Otwock Wielki. The palace, built on an island on the lake, with a large old park with beautiful trees, is located half a kilometer from the Vistula. There are boats for swimming on the lake. On the other side of the Vistula, where you can get in half an hour by ferry or boat, lies the beautifully situated town of Góra Kalwaria, and beside it, the ruins of Czernsk Castle. In closer vicinity of Otwock, about 2 kilometers away, is Świder, with a beautiful view of a bridge over the river of the same name. Going downstream of the river, half a kilometer away, you can see the picturesque Brzegi, and further in that direction is Bojarów, from where you can see the Vistula flowing less than a kilometer away. That same day, after touring Śródborów and other towns, we headed home, where after supper, tired and breathless, we lay ourselves (?) to sleep.

Józiek from Otwock

* * *

A FALL DAY

I'm writing for the first time and I'm very worried, because I don't know how I'll be accepted. Maybe the Little Review will throw my letter into the garbage because they won't think it's good? I don't know, thought, and so I want to write, I want to join the large youth family.

The clock strikes. What hour? (Do we really say 'what hour'? – Editor's note) I didn't hear. Oh well, I won't think about it. My mind is running off elsewhere (?). My gaze stops on the windows, down which large raindrops are flowing quietly. This fills me with great sadness. Oh, how nasty the rain makes me feel! Leaning out the window and deep in thought, I didn't even notice the tears flowing down my face and mixing with the cloudy raindrops. Now they flow together, leaving a dirty streak on my face. Only now, I can see that I was looking out the window for such a long time, but didn't see anything. I feel the need to look at people, guess at their sorrows and joys. What would it be like, if you could read people's thoughts! I'm sure it would be good. But the next moment, I change my mind. No, it wouldn't be good, people would be unhappy, not free, they would be completely dazed, they wouldn't think at all, knowing that someone knew their thoughts. A shiver shook me, oh, how cold it is! Resigned, I close the window, realizing that it's completely dark, that there's no way to write, and oh, no, I've got a runny nose. Lazily, I undress and lay down to sleep.

Goodnight, Little Review!

Gina

* * *

THEN AND NOW

It's been almost five years since I last wrote and read the Little Review. Why? When I was 10 years old, I thought it was silly and uninteresting, I was bored by all the confessions of seven-year-olds or my peers, and so I completely crossed it off my reading list. Although it was

always in my home, I never looked at it. Suddenly I caught sight of one of the latest issues and... surprise! With great interest, I started reading, and I have to say, I spent a few carefree moments with it! It's completely not the same! I found many interesting articles in it, as well as world news, and so on. Oh, how I regret that I didn't contribute to its development. But if all is not lost, I will start contributing today, and I vow that I will keep working as long as I have time and strength! As proof, I am sending (?) a poem to start.

* * *

ABOUT MY HOMELAND

There... in that quiet, clear distance...
There... when the Jordan whispers quietly,
There... where the Palestine sun burns (?),
There... where you can see Canaan's roads.
There... where the desert sands turn white,
There... where the sun sends off thousands of sparks,
There... where innocent lilies bloom,
There... my homeland, the most beautiful under the sun!!!
The slender cypresses rise toward the heavens (?),
Palms with arms outstretched (?),
As if they wanted to embrace all these groves, wildernesses forests,
To stay together with them for the ages.
The moon looks down curiously,
And there... high... far...
The Lord watches over this land, where dreams are reality,
Where the fable is dressed in the sweet truth!!!

Sylla

* * *

AT THE POLISH CAMP

1.

I spent my summer holidays not very pleasantly (?) this year. Well, not the whole summer, because I was at the Polish camp for only four weeks. I wasn't happy there. I won't describe about the hygiene and about food (Is this how we say it? how should it be said? – Editor's note) but about the attitude of the Polish boys towards us, the "Jews" (do we need the quotation marks?). There were very few of us there. The camp was made up of 120 Polish boys and 10 Jews. On July 19, we left Warsaw. I felt (?) right away that things would not be good with these boys. They looked out the train window the whole time and did not let us look even for a moment. Why? It's very simple. Because we're Jews. Mosiaks. When I asked one of them to let me near the window, he said, "Mosiaks and Iceks aren't allowed to use the window." In the second car, things were very happy. The oldest boys had come together and were singing songs about Jews. At 2:30, we arrived at the station. I saw a Jewish boy standing in a group of the younger boys and crying. I went to him and asked why he was crying. He said that they were bothering him. I calmed him down and went back to my place, sure that we would not be happy here. I first I thought that if we stayed out of their way, they wouldn't do anything bad to us. A couple of steps away from me was a boy who was crying. Why was he crying? The same thing had happened to him as to the first boy.

(The first two pages from Szmulek's notebook.)

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

ROMANTICISM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noemi (Brześć)

SABRA FOR 25 GROSZY

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

Why are Jewish children not sitting in these empty seats?

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

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

Please, Little Review, think about this.

CHAIMEK

MISS MARYLA'S COMPETITION

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

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

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

Miss Maryla tells me about herself animatedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M.

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

ATTENTION CHESS PLAYERS!

Registration for the chess tournament is almost closed.

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

CONTINUED ON P. 2

EDA

THE PROMENADE

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

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

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

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

ANERI

AN ORGANIZED SOCIETY

IN THE HALL

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

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

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

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

a name, so you can hear the capital letter.

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

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

CONTINUED ON P. 2

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

AT THE NEWSLETTER READING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A PARLIAMENT AND A COURT

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE USEFUL ENTERTAINMENT CLUB AND THE SPORTS CLUB

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

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

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

A VOTE

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

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

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

GUARDIANS

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

"Your Abramek took my pencil!"

"Your Abramek is bothering me again!"

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

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

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

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

RESPONSIBILITIES

– ORDER

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

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

REGULATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOURING

THE ORPHANS' HOME

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

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

"Everything here is mechanical," Harry explained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HARRY'S LETTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Warmest regards,
Harry K.

THE COMMON ROOM OF SCHOOL NO. 195

I. OUR COMMON ROOM

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

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

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

Hela

II. THE SCHEDULE

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

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

Fela

III.

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

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

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

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

Esterka

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

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

Felka K.

SHIFTS

In the common room government, children have various shifts.

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

Cesia

Janusz Korczak

KAYTEK THE WIZARD

A LITTLE REVIEW NOVEL. REPRINTING PROHIBITED.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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

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

An idle, helpless, defenseless mind...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why should I?" answers Kaytek.

"Why don't you read a book?"

"Reading ruins your eyesight."

"Why don't you play a game?"

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

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

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

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

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

He tries outside in the street. I want that man's briefcase to fall from under his arm... I want that lady to sneeze... I want that dog to bark at the girl. Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't – that's how it was at the start.

He'll just have to be patient... Finally his moment has come.

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

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

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

"I want a job."

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

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

"Come along then, you scamps."

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

"Wait here, you urchins."

They're called inside by turn for an examination.

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

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

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

"Got it?"

"Yes."

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

"Yes."

"Sign your first name and surname.

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

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

"Silence! A fine one, you are."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you trying to be clever?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kaytek bows.

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

CONTINUED ON P. 4

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

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

Kaytek doesn't move.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All right," agrees Kaytek.

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

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

"Why are you in the reading room?"

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

"Penalty shift, all night on restroom duty."

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

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

"All right," he agrees.

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

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

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

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

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

Today he can hear them quarreling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he's in those glasses now.

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

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

"And you're looking at the sea?"

"Yes, I am, sir."

"And are you having a think?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

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

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

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

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

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

Kaytek goes back to the cabin.

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

"Thanks."

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

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

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

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

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

He smiles, but he can't fool Kaytek.

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

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

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

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

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

Once again, he changed his face and clothing.

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

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

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

Until he's had enough.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He's longing to sleep.

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

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

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

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

Kaytek has been thrown off the seat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Indeed, it's true.

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

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

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

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

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

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SPORTS NEWS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

Individual results: Warsaw champion Finkielsztajn (Maccabi) – Fefer

MAREK FROM KARMELICKA STREET

CHESS GAME FACTORS

(CONCLUSION)

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

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

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

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

Kuba H.

VOLLEYBALL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whether the player notes their moves also plays a more important

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

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

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

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

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

DOMESTIC NEWS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED ON P. 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

We will definitely print:

"Jewish youth in Antwerp;"

"Thoughts about the grey hour;"

"A current article;"

"My first encounter with the sea;"

"To the pool;"

"My first journey on a motorcycle;"

"Our class, our life."

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

CURRENT NEWS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

IF WE HAD MAGICAL POWERS

(In place of a survey – some excerpts from our competition articles)

I am indignant at the boy who told Korczak he did not like his novel, because it was frightening. I read many of Korczak's books and they were all lovely; there was nothing there that would cause me to have nightmares at night. Anyways, what's wrong with a book that touches your feelings? There are also movies that make me cry, for example "The Champ" ... I have a friend who never had a doll in her life. If I were a wizard, I'd order the spirits of the night to put the nicest doll ever in her bed.

Ruth from Kielce
(10 years old)

* * *

In my opinion, Kaytek squandered away his magical powers. He could have done much good, but he was an inexperienced wizard. He could have earned everybody's appreciation, but became an unknown vagabond instead. In his place, I would have acted differently...

HANKA from Pawia Street
(11 years old)

* * *

If I were Kaytek, I would conjure up a car for myself, money for the state and homes for the homeless. I would make goods cheaper, make the landlords charge lower rents, ensure that people didn't have to pay so much in taxes, make the crisis end and make Hitler stop picking on Jews and on Poland.

Adaś from Świętojska Street
(8 years old)

* * *

I am now reading "Kaytek the Wizard." My heart fills with jealousy. If I had his powers, I would do one thing: every person could take advantage of sunlight and fresh air.

Ireczka from Czestochowa
(8 years old)

* * *

I picked up a prayer book. I washed my hands before that. I prayed and said: "God, I wish I could be Kaytek. I ask fervently." I said that twice. Suddenly, it was like an invisible bird flew through my head, and at that moment I turned into Kaytek... then I would wear four pairs of pants and two shirts, and I'd have fun just like Count Potocki! I would love to see you, Little Review readers, as well as Kaytek the wizard. To those who are Kaytek, I wish all that's good and best.

Michał from
Dąbrowa Górnicza
(9 years old)

* * *

I would organize the army in accordance with the medieval model. The knights would be fitted out with steel and iron armor. They would wear invisible caps on top of their helmets.

I would lead those knights in their raids against bands of robbers. If a war was to break out, my knights would wear all-gas-resistant visor mounted masks and protective suits.

Bolek from Mławska Street
(9 years old)

* * *

The first spell: Hitler falls asleep for some time and when he wakes up, he sees that he has lost his power. The second spell: we build many factories, in which all the unemployed find work. The third spell: England loses its mandate. Free and independent Palestine stands open to all Jews. I would settle there myself and organize many "schools of joy" that Karin Michaëlis wrote about.

Ewa from Bydgoszcz
(12 years old)

* * *

I would build! I would build health homes, schools, bridges, railway stations, railway lines, factories... The entire population, everyone, even the children would build to their hearts' desire!

Lolek from Żytunia Street
(12 years old)

* * *

I would order that my mom and dad should have a big shop on the same street we live on.

Stefek from Chłodna Street
(7 years old)

* * *

And for myself, I would first conjure up a nice little room and then a good report card.

Janka from Ciepła Street
(12 years old)

* * *

My first spell would be a trip around the world. Then I would become a dancer and dance for children. My third spell would be to heal all people, so that no one be sick anymore, because I get sick often and I know how bad it feels to have to stay in bed when all the other children are out on walks and learning.

Bronka from Dzielna Street
(10 years old)

* * *

I wish, I demand, I command! I am to be the greatest writer in the world: to write with humor, but in an understandable and beautiful way. If the spell should fail, I will still be a decent man.

Halina from Nowolipki Street
(11 years old)

* * *

I have a nasty aunt. If I were Kaytek, I would cast a spell for her to fall to the floor and knock herself out good.

Szymonek from Prosta Street
(6 years old)

I would buy building plots to put up houses for the people evicted from their homes. For myself, I would conjure up money for a trip around the world; but I would prefer to do all that without magic.

Hanusia from Nowolipie Street
(9 years old)

* * *

First, I would do away with the crisis, so that there would be no more paupers; then I would teach Esperanto to everyone, so that the whole world could reach an understanding. I do not have desires of my own. Do I have the right to think of anything for myself – I, who indulge in luxury – when people are in such a bad situation?

Renia from Włocławek
(11 years old)

* * *

I would invent a powder which you sprinkle through the apartment and no one ever gets sick again.

Danuta (10 years old)

* * *

I must design a device which would drive learning straight into the head. Why should people exhaust themselves with learning for so many years?

Jerzy from Łódź
(12 years old)

* * *

I would draft a just code of law.

Izrael (11 years old)

* * *

Above all, I would fundamentally change the thinking and the souls of all criminals, so that they would become decent people. ... I read that in the many wars there were, many ships carrying great treasures were sunk to the bottom of the sea. I would use magical powers to lift up those ships; next to the treasures, I would also acquire interesting articles dating many centuries back.

Sabina from Sambor
(11 years old)

* * *

I have so many desires that I don't know which to choose: whether those for myself or those for common good. But I thought that what counts now is to win the prize. Hence, I wish, demand and order: to write in such a way as to win it.

Mika from Ogrodowa Street
(8 years old)

* * *

... Biology class started. The teacher opened the register noisily. "I wish a spider would sit on his shiny bald head," I thought. Right away, I see a black spider appear on his bald head. That was the first sensation in the school. Magic, magic! — my head was spinning. That was the initiation into my secret life. In a matter

of days, I played so many tricks that I got tired of them. I started thinking about genuine, useful magic.

Sala from Końskie
(11 years old)

* * *

... As I walked down the street, I noted a poster announcing a skating competition. Fearing accidents that often happen at a skating rink, I sought to protect the participants. This is how I protected them: though the frost was biting hard, I turned ice into water, and the ice skaters into small fish... There was a boy who didn't have a mother. He wanted to see her so, even if it was in a dream. I took pity on him and allowed the mother to spend one whole night by his side. The boy learned many details about his childhood from his mother. It was only at dawn that this ended. My magical powers diminished somewhat, but as I walked down the street, I was able to guess children's thoughts and to fulfill their wishes. One time, I changed all the people's hats into saucepans, and all their money into frogs. After that prank, I sensed that I lost my magical power: I indulged myself too much.

Saluniek from Brukowa Street
(11 years old)

* * *

I want it to be clean everywhere and that the streets be given a thorough sweeping.

Marylka from Czestochowa
(9 years old)

* * *

I would turn Hitler into a Jew, and put a double in his place. Let him feel how good it is to be tormented. Or I would turn him into a tree: to stop him from being harmful. I would admit to my parents that I was a wizard, I would travel the world with them and admire it.

Izak from Łazy
(10 years old)

* * *

I want to understand the lot of all beings. I would use my magical power of the will to bring relief to the lives of plants, animals and birds. I would peer into the ocean depths and measure the space between the planets. I wish that people know all and understand all things!

Sala from Gdańsk
(9 years old)

* * *

If we were to govern, no living creatures would be killed, because that is the biggest of horrors. After all, every creature feels just like a human being. Do we really have to eat meat? Can't we fill ourselves with bread? Can't people make do without furs?

Ninka from Chłodna Street
(6 years old)

The words "United we stand!" will shine in silver letters on the dial of the world. All the cunning people will become foxes that speak in human voices, and they will continue sporting their bushy fox tails for as long as it takes them to promise to be generous.

Frania from Czestochowa
(10 years old)

* * *

I will be an engineer. I will build airplanes, but they will be airplanes that never crash.

Heniek from Radom
(9 years old)

* * *

I would be an airman and strive to advance Polish aviation, until I would put it at the forefront of international aviation. ... Mr. Korczak had in mind the dreams of one boy, and what he wrote is just a nice tale, so all those dreams of mine cannot be fulfilled, except for the first one; the one about aviation may someday come true.

Fryderyk from Ostrów Maz.
(9 years old)

* * *

... The largest of eagles, from the Himalayas, stood before me. I mounted it – well stocked with meat, because the bird is carnivorous – and we flew. First, I visited the fantasy Land of Thousand and One Nights. I had to see for myself whether it is as beautiful as these beautiful stories describe it. Since at that point I was near Palestine, I could not resist the temptation and landed in a square in Tel-Aviv. At a meeting with my peers there, I issued orders that the Arab riots should cease and that Jews be allowed to come there freely.

Herman from Radom
(9 years old)

* * *

... I mount a camel and run as far away as I can. My final orders are these: do away with the barred and bolted buildings in this country; let there be no robbers or thieves; let all the doors stand open, and the keys and padlocks disappear; let the children laugh, and singing and joy accompany the adults in their work!

Abram from Prosta Street
(12 years old)

* * *

We are all selfish. I, for that matter, would like to graduate the Jaffa technical university with highest honors; to set up something like the Rutenber corporation. In addition, I would like to own two villas near Tel-Aviv and Hamei Tveria, where our family lives, so that my parents could spend their later years surrounded by their relatives and friends, free of care for tomorrow.

Salek (12 years old)

CELINA PERLISÓWNA (12 years old) – 1st prize

THE TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

The entire world is considering a difficult issue. The gentlemen of the League of Nations, great in wisdom and stature, scrutinize the following: the entire world has changed beyond all recognition over the past two years.

"Is it for the better?"

I think so, because people are somehow altered: they are happier, more joyous, and smile at each other lovingly.

"What is it? Is it magic or something?"

* * *

Over a thousand children have come together in a huge assembly hall. These are parliamentarians and representatives of different nationalities.

Five days have elapsed and they continue to debate. They seem to be addressing some urgent and pressing issues. The secretary, a small Dutchman, enters reports and minutes into an oversized book. He is perspiring because it's hard work.

Serious men with balding heads and gray hair listen to the young people's deliberations as they will later present them to the general assembly of the League of Nations.

You need to know that all of the young people in the room occupy positions of leadership in the League of Nations.

"Now, that's clear and comprehensible," the gentlemen say. "These matters are so complex yet they manage to deal with them in such a straightforward and sincere manner. Youth and common sense go hand in hand."

Yes, the times when the adults dominated over their juniors are now over.

* * *

Arabs have come to understand that it was not their God, the mighty Allah, but the work of Jewish hands that has given them the new, free land. Their children are growing up under

the tutelage of knowledgeable Jews, who have come to Palestine in the thousands. Jews are now entering their longed-for independent homeland in throngs. Decried no longer, they constitute one great nation!

* * *

In War's bleak chamber, deathly silence prevails. War is expiring.

She lies on a gray bed strewn with bayonets and soaked in human blood. She casts around erratic glances; her mighty daughter, the grand Bomb, sits on the floor, terribly mad at something. Well, that's obvious... not much success lately. She has been sitting around idle, forgotten for a long time now. She feels bad...

War twists and turns on the bayonets agonizingly. Now distant images of the past crowd her head: the World War, heavy guns, rifles, blood of the combatants! – massive, huge volumes of sticky red blood. At this memory,

a pleasant shudder passes through War's body.

Yes, she must pick herself up right now and move into China or Japan – that would be most appropriate – and then into Germany, Austria, Russia... She will order the burning of countries, cities and villages.

Suddenly... No, that's impossible! Several figures rapidly approach War. Among them, she recognizes some of her fiercest enemies: Freedom, Brotherhood and Peace. They draw ever closer with a multitude of their devotees behind them.

War is to stand trial. Peace will want to demonstrate the wrong things in her conduct, because the death penalty has now been abolished. War will not stand being humiliated by Peace.

She sinks into the ground with fury.

* * *

A cheerful, cheering crowd marches down the main streets of New York.

A banner carried at the head of the march displays a powerful message: "No more lynching of Blacks!"

See the wonders happening in the world!

A young Negro surpasses all in his intelligence and takes the highest office in America.

* * *

I am sitting on the couch, with a newspaper in front of me. I'm turning its pages for the tenth time. There are so many wrong things happening in the world. I would like to change them for the better. I wouldn't be able to achieve anything now, chiefly because I'm still too young.

Oh, how I would like to become an active member of society. Maybe with time, as I grow up, my dreams will come true. Let us not lose hope. We will surely reach what we've set out to reach. After all, we, the youth, are the future of the nation! ■

MIRA BEJTNERÓWNA (11 years old) – 2nd prize

THE WAND OF THE GOLDEN-HAIRED LADY

It's summer. I'm in the woods, with my friends. The sun has turned westward. Dusk is falling. The last rays of the setting sun pierce through the forest thicket. Mesmerized by the wonderful red shield hanging low over a hillock on the horizon line, I forget it is time to go home, and I miss my departing friends.

I am startled at seeing myself all alone in the forest, pack my stuff and go.

As I hurry homeward, I see a lady; I stop to look. She is a beautiful, well-dressed. Her slender figure, with tall forehead and pensive large blue eyes, is covered with a mantle of golden hair. In her flowing long white dress, with a garland on her forehead and her beautiful cheerful face, she looks so charming that she would attract the attention of not only a human being but even of the smallest insect.

She approaches me slowly and says: "Where do you hurry to, girl?"

"Home, my beautiful lady. I am running late," I answer uneasily.

"Don't be afraid, my child," she says, stroking my head. "I am a fairy and I love children. I'm looking for a child with good heart and good thoughts, and here you are. Your eyes tell me of your goodness and willingness to help others. Please, take this wand; it has magical powers. No sooner than you rise it up and pronounce the spell 'I wish and command that my dreams be fulfilled' three times, all will be done according to your wishes."

With these words she disappears. Stunned and dazed, I return home. On the way, I encounter a dog with a broken leg. The poor doggy lifts its paw up and whines. I approach it and think:

"Let me test the magical powers."

I lift my wand and repeat the spell three times. The dog gets up, licks my hand and runs off.

I go further. I nearly trample something under foot. A chick with a broken wing lies before me and chirps. I come closer, lift the wand and pronounce the spell three times, and the bird flaps its wings and rises into the air.

"The words of the fairy have come true," I tell myself. "I'll be like Kaytek the wizard."

But Kaytek the wizard was turned into a dog and experienced the dog's

misery. No, I don't want to suffer poverty and hunger. I don't want to be a wretched animal. And what if I make magic that can bring benefit and welfare to the Jewish people? I will probably not be punished for it.

I entertained different ideas until I finally decided. Enough of this life in the Diaspora. It's time to move to and settle in Eretz, the land of our forefathers. As Moses once led the Jews out of Egypt, so will I lead the Jews out of the Diaspora.

I gather courage and strength. I walk out into the street, pick up my wand and say:

"I demand and command that all the Jews from around the world stand before me."

And this actually happens. At once, millions of heads press toward me.

"Has the Messiah come for us?" is the question that reaches my ears.

"I am not the Messiah, just an ordinary girl. A fairy vested me with a magic wand, and now I can do whatever I desire. Trust me, and I will lead you out of the Diaspora to your free homeland.

The next day, they all come with their wives and children: the poor, the rich, the orphans and the cripples. With the help of the wand, I provide everyone with the required sums of money, passports and other documents, and we set off for the train station.

Another moment of the great magic takes place: the rail tracks multiply and 30,000 beautifully fitted trains approach us at speed. An unspoken volume of whistles, screams and other noise arise. We are on the move. We leave the train station and pass by villages and towns. Telegraph poles move along with us, and forests spin around us. The locomotives spew millions of sparks, which sparkle in the moonlight.

It is a quiet summer night. Lights are lit up in trains. It is nice and warm. I am the only one not able to get to sleep. What will I do if I should lose the magical powers on the way? After a while, I calm down thinking that God will not abandon me or deprive me of the magical powers. With these thoughts, I fall asleep.

"Trieste," the ticket inspector calls out. "All get off!"

I wake up and get off with everyone else. We get checked and searched. Everything is all right.

An hour later, we see masts of a ship. Sailors drop anchors and moor the ships. Beautiful three-mast ships sway gently on the flat expanse of the translucent sea. We enter the ships in orderly lines; the anchors are weighed; sirens roar; and we set off. The pure sea air refreshes us.

I sit in a cabin, steeped in thoughts; these flash through my head like lightning; some are troubling and anxious, others soothing, some are sad, other distant, others still are as if unknown and joyous again.

"And if they don't admit us to the country, our lives will be shattered," is what I hear from a conversation held in the corridor. I shake off the thought. A shiver passes through my body. I look up at the wand.

"Take courage and be patient," I say. "Trust me, and we'll get into the country successfully."

It's quiet now. Night has fallen. Lights have been lit. The hours flow by fast. It's time for the night's rest. I am being rocked, like a baby in a cradle. I fall asleep.

And I dream I've lost my magic wand. What an awful dream! The other passengers notice my anxiety. I feel the need to tell them everything. There is a revolt, in response. They decide to remove me from the face of the world, to throw me into the depths of the sea. At that point, the good fairy appears and says:

"Guard the wand, girl, I have come to your rescue as your life just hung by a hair. You have this wand and watch over it."

I wake up and quickly peek under my pillow. The wand is there. I calm down, get dressed and go aboard. I feel a waft of refreshingly warm air.

I stand there for a long time watching the sea rollers, their backs glistening in the sun. Suddenly, a giant shark comes up to the surface. It opens its mouth as if to swallow me, together with the whole ship. I shudder and then lift up my wand; what wonders! The enormous shark's mouth releases thousands upon thousands of gray sparrows. I open the

cabin door and let the tiny creatures in. It's tight, sparrow upon sparrow. What is the wand for? Let the cabin turn into a large, spacious room. My desire is fulfilled. Now, the sparrows settle in comfortably. Okay then, the noble fairy does not want the innocent birds to suffer hunger in winter. She sent them here that they be under my care.

And so day after day passes. All there is to see is the sky and the large expanse of water. At the end, we are into the final day of the journey. We moor at the shore.

"Haifa," we finally hear.

I go forward with the wand in hand. I open the cabin door and the gray sparrows spill out and take off in different directions.

We leave the ships in a calm and quiet way. It is so crowded. I make another demand: let all the lands that once formed Palestine reunite. I demand that the country be powerful, strong and prosperous.

The borders of Palestine expand. New buildings go up: schools, hospitals and offices.

And yet another magic spell: Let there be a home for the orphaned and the elderly in this colony. And it happens. A large tall house surrounded by a beautiful garden appears. It cuts through the entire colony. It houses the old people on its one side and the orphans on the other. Old men in white

smocks rest on sun loungers. They read newspapers and converse. They look back at their misery and wanderings, and now they enjoy pleasures and comforts. Further down children warble as warm sunshine welcomes them. They play, jump and enjoy themselves.

There is a school nearby and a hospital further down. It houses an outpatient clinic, isolation rooms, an operating room and a general room. Behind the colony stands a huge forest and there is a sports field. Everything is designed in the modernist style.

I command:

"I command a temple to appear."

And the temple appears – so beautiful that I cannot describe its appearance. It is all covered with gold, its walls inlaid with precious stones. My wish has been fulfilled.

And now comes a spell that's both grand and powerful:

"I command and demand: let prosperity and harmony abound among all the world's nations."

I cast another spell:

"Let representatives of all the nations gather."

And they come together.

"Promise that there will never be hatred among you, that one will never rise up against another, that there will be no bloodshed ever more, and that there will always be understanding and love."

"We do solemnly swear!!!" ■

GUSTAW WÓJCIKIEWICZ (12 years old) – 3rd prize

PEOPLE CAN MANAGE BY THEMSELVES

I am Kaytek. I sit and watch the masses of the unemployed. Now I know: I will give people happiness.

I.

Everyone gets a small garden, a cottage and equal pay.

I walk down the street and look around. The workers get their wages paid. One comes up and gets 50 zloty; another one approaches and gets the same, but rebels, because he thinks he is more important.

Evening comes. They come together

in cellars and plan a rebellion.

This apparently is not the way to happiness. I call off that wish.

II.

What prevented the fulfillment of my plan was that there was no equality. So, let there be equality; and let the worker stand next to the engineer.

I walk down the street and look around. A strong man takes a package away from a weaker one. There comes a third man and demands that he give it back.

LEJZOR CZARNOBRODA (14 years old) – 1st prize in the competition on a freely chosen topic

OVER AN OPEN DRAWER

I'm sitting over an open book, reading. It's quiet, sad and grim all around. Everyone has gone. I lift up my eyes and stare out the window. There is a huge red wall before me. How many times have I seen it? Now it seems different: taller and more gloomy. I take my eyes off the red wall. The shapes of everything in the apartment are altered.

My gaze rests on an ugly shabby old closet. It stands in the corner of the room forgotten by everyone. Its door is broken, its cornice missing. Nobody has opened the closet for several years now. So many memories bind me to this drawer in it!

I get up from my chair, kneel and open the drawer. It is cluttered with junk. I'm looking for something, but what is it? I do not know. It's quiet and gray around. All that can be heard is the turning of pages. My thoughts wander into some far-off places. An old yellowed postcard falls out of a book. I look at it. A smile lights up my face. Yes, that's what I was looking for. The postcard depicts a quiet, cheerful night in the country. On its back side, pale and faded calligraphic script reads: "A souvenir for Lejzor Cz. on the day before he leaves for Paris, H-awi, your teacher."

Everything seemed to have come alive. The world was resplendent with the golden rays of sun. The wall was not so terrible, gloomy or silent any more. My thoughts fly back into the past.

The figure of my teacher H-awi stands before my eyes. Her face expresses such kindness! So much wisdom lies hidden in her eyes, so many secrets in them. Those eyes are still looking and smiling at me... Yes, she was the first to show me the light. At that time, I tried to find my bearings in all that was not my home. In the darkness that surrounded me, I saw sunshine from afar.

I'm in the fourth grade and writing a dictation. Ms. H-awi's voice resounds and we write. Suddenly, my neighbor snatches my blotting paper.

"Won't you give me my blotch back?"

"I won't give it back."
"We'll see about that."

I get up and say:
"Miss, he took my blotch."

The teacher smiles and replies gently:

"We rather say 'blotting paper' than 'blotch.' Remember that."

Oh, so you're supposed to say "blotting paper" instead of "blotch." It wasn't easy for me to get used to "blotting paper," I continued to say

"blotch," which the teacher continued to correct: "blotting, blotting paper."

"Miss, it 'stands' in my book that..."
"Say 'it is written' rather than 'it stands.'"

It took time before I got used to saying "it is written" instead of "it stands" and "blotting paper" instead of "blotch."

It's Friday. The class is quiet to hear a voice of kindness. Our teacher is reading is a story from the "Heart" novel. Nobody says a word. Everyone's eyes are fixated on the teacher. She reads to us the story entitled "From the Apennines to the Andes." It seems to me I see Marco in his wanderings, and the teacher's words flow, flow and bind us, the children of the streets, with her, one so wise, good and always well dressed.

It's a warm summer day. We assemble in the big hall. We are about to spend our last moments together in our old four-grade school. It is only now that we can feel what friendship is all about.

"I bid you goodbye. I will never see you again, never... Most of you will leave the school walls to begin your working lives..."

The teacher's voice grows soft and cracks. We seem to hear our hearts pulsating as they pound:

"Never again..."
Her voice cracks:

"Goodbye!"

She hands postcards to everyone. Nobody can utter a word, not even a "thank you."

I meet an old friend.

"Look, do you have any news about Ms. H-awi?"

"She's in Paris. She's been faring miserably there."

"Is that so?" I stare into the distance.

"Do you remember our school life?"

"Sure," I respond. "Goodbye."

What's happening to me today?

I can't even talk to him.

I see a huge, huge city. It's Paris, with its huge houses, monuments and places of worship. Crowd rushes down its streets. A tall woman with a sad face presses her way through the crowd. Nobody pays any attention to her. The crowd rushes, snatches her up in its current; my teacher disappears in a human throng, as if in a snowstorm.

I prop up my head and stare at the old, worn-out school certificates. I inspect them: nothing interesting, just plain paper. And yet, they bring to mind so many dear faces, and so many fond memories.

Mr. P, my Hebrew teacher, smiles back at me from within that crowd.

My memory runs through the years past. I try to recall everything with some precision.

The room is dark. Dark fog covers the facing wall. That wall turns slowly into a black background, which puts into focus the white figures of those I am thinking about.

Our teacher, Mr. P fell seriously ill. Sadness descended on the class. Disturbing thoughts creep into my head. I decide to visit him in his apartment. It's Saturday. Bundled in my overcoat, I go out into the street. I walk and walk. Mr. P lives somewhere at the very end of Marszałkowska Street. It feels like Marszałkowska goes on and on, endlessly.

I walk this street for the first time. Red-letter advertisements, beautiful signboards, bustle, noise – all this stuns me. I am now nearing the house Mr. P lives in. I count the steps... How does he live? I am embarrassed.

Now I see the door. To my surprise, it is an ordinary wooden door. I am surprised. I look at the door handle and the name plaque affixed to the door. Everything is so simple and ordinary... I put my hand to the handle, but draw back. I am fearful. Maybe I should go back. Suddenly, I notice my torn garment and my muddy shoes. He will laugh at me.

I muster up my courage. But, what will I tell him? For starters, as I enter, I will say: "Good afternoon. Does Mr. P live here?" I repeat this to myself; I knock; the door opens.

I forget what to say.

"Who are you looking for, young man?"

"I'm here... for Mr. P."

I now stand in front of a small door; I open it. It's a small, nice looking room. In one corner it has a white bed, and the teacher lies there. His face is pale, eyes half closed. I am surprised. I thought teachers were wealthy people, meanwhile...

Teacher turns his face to me, looks at me and smiles.

"It's you. Was it hard to find your way?"

After a while, we speak freely. That's weird... A grown-up, a teacher, talks to a small boy wearing patched-up clothes and muddy shoes. It's weird... And if you knew the way he talks! He treats me like a friend. I ask myself: why were you afraid, you dummy?

He shows me a Purim sketch he just wrote. Hours pass. I need to leave. The teacher says:

I begin to hand out alms to poor workers. The next day, the more well-to-do come expecting alms too.

I wouldn't give them any.

Someone throws another bomb.

I turn everything back.

VI.

In this sixth section, I provide my answer to the question of "what I would do if I were Kaytek" as the other sections served as examples.

Here's the answer:

"Men who have been perfecting their lives over centuries will continue perfecting them on their own, and will be pleased about it. I could not do anything by myself, because my every act would have been wrong.

Away, o ye magical powers of mine." ■

"I will never forget this."

I look at him. What do these words mean? Everything is so weird, so very strange to me.

* * *

I see him.

He is walking on the other side of the street. He is walking tall. It did not change at all.

Should I approach him or not?

He stops. It seems to me he is looking at me, smiling.

I pick up the pace; I don't want to talk to him. I turn around; I look; he's disappeared. I want to run after him, to apologize, to talk to him like we did then... It's too late. I can still hear the ring of his words, so loving and sincere:

"I will never forget this."

* * *

Oh, my old friends, I'm just sitting over an open drawer and thinking of you.

The room is gray, but I see your faces. How many times have I seen you?

I didn't talk to you, because I couldn't. I always turned away from you and walked to the other side.

You probably think it is was pride, conceit...

No, believe me it was not.

* * *

We form a tiny community that hardly consists of a dozen or so members.

What is it that unites us?

The school, the street, the backyard...

We are easy to recognize: torn clothes, torn shoes, dirty faces and hands. These are our distinguishing features.

It's summertime. We don't leave for the countryside. We roam the street the whole day through, a band of hoodlums.

We play "tipcat," and you can only imagine the enthusiasm with which we

play! Our red faces flow with sweat, our eyes glitter. Every other moment one of us cries out:

"How much do you bet?"

"50."

"I want 70."

"Go measure."

Every other moment a passerby will complain:

"These rascals scream at the top of their voices. Outta here, go home!"

"Did you hear this great lord? Who would have thought, he had never played 'tipcat'? Hahaha, a great lord!"

Our jackets have no buttons; that's because buttons are useful in a game.

That's our life, the life of the street kids.

We are free. We do not envy anyone.

* * *

As I now remember our games, I get the urge to take a bat and to play 'tipcat' with you. We loved freedom and abandon. We still want to be as free and easy today... but does freedom exist?

No. Man is a slave.

* * *

All I can hear are the strikes of a hammer my father is working with. My mother is washing the linens.

I forgot to light the kerosene lamp.

I hear my mother's voice:

"Are you sleeping in a chair? It's six o'clock. You have school today."

I put on my overcoat and go out.

* * *

I return home. In an indifferent tone of voice, my sister tells me that she has just burned up all the junk she found strewn across the floor, because I littered the room with it.

I do not respond. I just look.

Fire glows merrily; sparks fly and envelop the papers. The paper reddens, then it blackens, shrivels up and disappears altogether.

Only ashes remain. ■

SALOMON BORENSZTEJN (13 years old)
– 2nd prize in the competition on a freely chosen topic

DADDY

This was back in 1932. We were living in the summer resort of Kryńszczak, a village 7 km away from Łuków, my hometown. Daddy would come to us from Łuków every evening bringing essential groceries, because Kryńszczak – putting aside its advantages, such as the huge forested areas and the unconstrained freedom of movement – had no shop. Almost every day, I would also go out to meet him, greedy for news from Łuków and another library book he usually brought me.

I would lead his bike while daddy wandered off the lane (it wound through a forest) and picked wild strawberries, a "gift" for mommy.

I am reminded of one incident, when I argued with mom and resolved to go back to Łuków. It was a Sunday, and dad had stayed over with us.

Seeing I was earnest and about to get on the bicycle, he ordered me to sit on the top tube, took the seat himself and we drove to the forest down the lane. On the way, he explained that I was an grown up man and I should be prepared to yield to my mother's wishes, perhaps even if I was in the right (it was I who was in the wrong more often). Slowly, all my anger dissipated, so that on the

way back, I decided to apologize to my mom. And that's what happened, and until the very end summer, harmony reigned between me and my mommy.

We also spent this year's summer holiday in Kryńszczak. My confirmation was to be held on 28th of June. We invited our friends, sent a horse-drawn wagon after them to Łuków, and busied ourselves with making of the afternoon tea. At two o'clock the friends arrived, and we enjoyed playing volleyball before the tea. Pretty much exhausted, we sat to the afternoon tea. In a free moment of time, I went up to my daddy who took the opportunity of telling me a few things, of which I remember one adage by Orzeszkowa: "Life is not made up of smiles alone."

I was to find out about that soon enough!

In the first days of November, I got the measles. I stayed in bed for 3 weeks. I expected to be up on Friday, November 30th. Everything looked so nice and rosy, when suddenly...

There came the memorable day of November 29th, a dreadful and sad day for me, a day that will remain etched in my memory forever.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

"Look at him!" cries the assailant.
"This man is older and weaker," explains the passerby.

"There are no elders anymore!"

I watch this and think that the world can't do without those "elders."

"Let it all be like it used to be," I say.

III.

Nothing more can be done for the adults. They never have enough of anything. Maybe I should do something for the children. I make their requests and wishes come true.

I regret the decision at once. I see teachers with broken arms and sick with cholera.

Children choke on chocolate, crowd movie theaters and are torn apart by wild animals in Africa,

a place where they all wanted to hunt lions.

I retract my words quickly.

IV.

Nothing can be done for the children. They have these weird expectations. Maybe I should do something for the animals. People will no longer kill them or hold them in captivity.

A horse, which likes its owner, has to go to the woods to be eaten by a wolf. Animals now eat one another while people are becoming weak, because they don't eat any meat.

I retract my words.

V.

Discouraged with the world, I built myself a palace.

Workers throw a bomb at it.

DADDY

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

I remember that I got up in the morning. After breakfast, I started writing a summary in German and watched mommy iron linens in the same room.

A moment later daddy came from the mill and asked mom to bandage his finger, which he had just cut at the mill. The wound was on a bend of the middle finger. Present at the dressing of the wound, Mrs. Z. said to mom:

"You know, this will not heal so fast, because it's on a joint."

Little did our poor mother know the wound wouldn't heal at all.

Meanwhile, when bored with watching the ironing, I turned around and tried to sleep. I felt drowsy soon...

* * *

"Oh, the fate that befell me!"

I hear my mom's voice in my sleep. At first, I think mommy is playfully welcoming my small sister, who just came back from school with a good grade, but no! The voice is mixed with weeping.

I hear something heavy being carried through the adjacent room and that it immediately fills up with people who are sobbing, shouting and whispering between themselves. I begin to cry out (I was in bed, as you remember) and call for someone to come and tell me what had happened.

Suddenly, the door opens and our lady neighbor walks in, leading in my sister. They are both weeping. Unable to stand the fear and curiosity any longer, I cry out:

"Miss, what's happened?"

"Calm down. Do not scream, because your daddy will be upset. Your daddy got scratched a little in the mill. Your mommy is just coming in. Your daddy will be all right. You will see..."

Mommy rushes in, all tearful, in spasms. She is tearing her hair out and staring at something unawares.

"Mom, what's happened to daddy? Don't cry so!"

"Daddy... his leg! Oh! Oh!" And mom runs out abruptly.

"Ms. Cesia, please, calm mom down. Oh, mom has a weak heart! Can you please go to mommy? Did daddy get his legs cut off at the mill?"

"By no means. Don't be afraid!"

Suddenly, some man enters.

"You be quiet, children! Your daddy will be all right! We've sent for the doctor. He will come soon. Oy, you see? He's already coming! Oy, here comes the second one. You calm down!"

"Sir, what's my daddy's condition?"

"They won't let me in there! There are doctors there. They may take your daddy to the hospital momentarily. Don't be afraid! They don't have dressings here; that's why they're taking him."

Then mommy walks in for the second time, by now composed, at a great effort of the will.

"Be calm. Dad is being taken to the hospital."

At half past three our aunt and uncle come from Międzyrzec. They had been summoned by phone.

Aunt sits down with us and tries to calm us down.

At six o'clock, I hear the kitchen filling up with people. At the same time, a man walks into the room to close the door.

"Sir, why are you closing that door? What's going on in the hospital? Is daddy better now?"

"Be quiet, they may bring your daddy in shortly."

"Why would they bring him back from the hospital?"

"Why should he stay there? It's better that he stay at home."

"But is daddy alive? Do tell me the truth! Oh!"

"Sure, he's alive, he's alive. Do not be afraid. You'll see..."

My friend comes in.

"Pejsach, is my daddy alive? Tell the truth, is he alive?"

"He's alive, he's alive. What sort of a question is that? He's alive and he'll stay alive!"

"Really, really?"

"Children, you should go to bed now. It's eleven. Salek! Turn around and sleep!"

"Ma'am, is that mommy crying? What's happened? Please, call mommy."

"Your mommy is in the hospital, with your daddy. It's not mommy crying."

"That's not true, that's mom's voice! I heard well."

"Your mommy was here, but she took her overcoat and drove away. She's gone now."

The next morning comes.

Our uncle walks in.

"Look, I know you are devout. Did you know that it is customary for the Jews to say 'Thank you, Lord God' even in the greatest adversity, God forbid. Don't worry, your papa is alive. You are his eldest, you would have known if it were otherwise. Your papa's alive, but he is very sick."

I turn around and say:

"I thank Lord God for it."

With these words there came peace, strength to persevere and faith in what destiny might bring, because it had to be that way.

My sister's question brings me back to the sad present realities:

"Uncle, who is more sick: me or daddy?"

"It's your dad, because he is older."

Now, our mom walks in.

My sister:

"Mommy, I heard the maid say to the one who brings milk that daddy died."

"Not true. Anyway... What use would you have of your daddy without legs or arms?"

"Dad is dead," breaks our grave silence.

An hour passes.

"When did daddy die?"

"Last night."

"Where is he?"

"He's here. The burial will take place directly. Do you want to get dressed and see your daddy?"

The somber words of a prayer reverberate through our house:

"Yisgadal ve'yiskadash shmey rabo... (Magnified and sanctified be His great name...)" ■

YOUTH MONTH

On June 16th, the long-announced Youth Month, organized by Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael ("KKL"), began.

The objective of this month is to deepen the national education, based on KKL as the principle of self-liberation. For this purpose, all cities and the towns will host ceremonial events and Palestinian evenings organized by the Zionist youth and KKL. In addition, they will conduct a broad based information and awareness raising campaign among young people through special lectures and fundraising events held in all types of organizations. This month, the youth should double the number of the blue collection boxes in flats, stores, workshops, etc.

The second task of the young will be to popularize the voluntary self-taxation method referred to as Trumat Hametar.

WEASELS

In the Little Review of the 9th of this month, we printed a small article entitled "The Overworked One." The article was submitted by Kunio Kuniacki, who copied it from the "Forge of Youth" magazine (issue No. 6 of April 15th, 1933).

With the assistance of graphologists and investigators, we were able to identify the plagiarizer: J. Ceytlin, aka Kunio Kuniacki, aka Count Zychy (he prudently kept changing his pennames).

Called in by the editors, Count Zychy refused to plead guilty arguing that it was the editorial staff who should have checked whether the article was original; anyways (he further said), the article had been written by his friend who had... left for France in the meantime. However, to the question of whether the penname "Kunio Kuniacki" was his or his friend's, he replied that it was his. Then, he was shown a signature and asked who signed themselves under the article, whether that was him or a friend. He admitted that it was him, but continued

The way this works is that everyone can have their subscription with the KKL Commission at their age-dependent contribution (10 groszy, 15, 20, etc.). This method enables everyone to support KKL.

This month they will also vigorously continue a drive for the benefit of Hanoar Hatzioni, a Zionist youth settlement in Petah Tikva.

The Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael Central Office under the executive management of Bloch, Cederbaum and others, and those who came from Eretz for this event, namely Tanchum Berman and poet Natan Bystrycki, expect that this time the youth will fulfill their elementary duties in an outstanding and understanding manner. ■

to insist that it was the editors who where entirely at fault here.

We apologize to the editors of "Forge of Youth" (it so happened that we had not read the issue of April 15th of last year) which fact we disclose to our readers. This is because the plagiarist: 1) turned out to be a high school senior; and 2) demonstrated no remorse or willingness to apologize for the editors of the two periodicals.

We take this opportunity to mention the fact that another weasel sneaked into the February 2nd issue: Szoszanka from Czestochowa. She submitted a letter entitled "Time is flying by fast" for the "Reader updates" column maintained by our youngest correspondents. The text was copied from Falski's readings for second graders. But that was a relatively small weasel, who did not copy everything word for word, she edited the text a little, so we have just deleted her from the list of correspondents and refrain from disclosing her name. ■

HARRY IN PALESTINE

I currently hold a job at the Association of Polish Jews. The work is quite easy. I sit around and bite on pencils and pens, out of boredom, chatting with the visitors and writing when they are not there.

It is Jews from Germany who turn to the association for help the most. Though they have their own association, they prefer to come to us, because here they are better served here. Someone with patience would write an entire volume about what the Germans did to them. There are many good-natured people among them, but there are also those who walk with their noses in the air, they express themselves with contempt for the so-called 'Ostjuden' and they await for Hitler to croak so they can return to 'Vaterland.'

* * *

If I were a professional journalist, I would report to the world the news that all the dailies and nightly newspapers would print in bold letters.

"Hitler murdered!"

(from our correspondent)

A deceitful shot cut short the life of the psychotic dictator! No details available yet."

I would provide the details in the next issue:

"A dog named Hitler, living for a long time in a cheder of a Hashomer Hatzair

kibbutz, tore the robes of all the passing Arabs and Yemenite Jews. Sometimes, when his sense of smell failed him, he would also bite his own. Finally, Hitler made himself such a nuisance that one guard put a bullet in his skull, and the Yemenite Jews living in the neighborhood breathed free and said 'Baruch Hashem.'

Hitler was buried under a sprawling cactus, while jackals, which could smell the carcass, howled until daybreak."

* * *

As no one has come to the office today, I will tell you a tale of one old Negro's misery.

When I was working on the construction site of the Rockefeller Museum, I took note of an enormous, perhaps two-meter tall Senegalese Negro, known to all as Chamdi.

During lunch breaks, he would sit somewhere aside and after eating his pita bread, grew pensive. His eyes were bloodshot, but that was a characteristic of his race, and there was so much kindness in them and so much pain that, in spite of myself, I felt sympathy for him. We spoke a lot although Chamdi talked reluctantly.

I will tell you what I heard from the poor Chamdi, a man with a face as black as if he had polished it with shoe polish.

His father was the headman of a Negro tribe. Chamdi lived happily, and when he was 20, he bought himself a nice black woman, with his own money. After a year, he had pretty boy. Shortly after that, a great misfortune befell him: his wife was bitten by the tsetse flies. She fell into a heavy sleep that lasted six months. Chamdi said that after those six months his wife's heart had stopped. He buried her as his traditions required and went on a journey all the way to the island of Zanzibar, from where he and Ali (that was his son's name) travelled on foot to Mecca and Medina, and prayed long before the Prophet's tomb. Strengthened and blessed having touched the sacred stones of the Mosque of Masjid al-Aram, he went to Port Said. Driven by various motives, he finally found his way to Palestine.

He learned how to lay down stones in construction and made good money. His little Ali read at the Chaldi's while Chamdi did his masonry work and sung under his breath, a custom he acquired for Arabs. He assimilated the Arab urban life. He lived in Jerusalem. He no longer fell on his face in the street when a muezzin called the faithful to prayer from the minaret turret. Chamdi

was now ashamed of kneel humbly before the eyes of many and to confess his faith openly:

"La ilahah illa'llah... Muhammadur-asulu-llah (There is no God but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger)!"

He neglected the morning prayers and did not respond to the "adhan" (the call to prayer) with the words: "prayer is better than sleep." He sunk to such an extent in his debasement that on Thursdays, together a crowd of amused infidels, he would enter the white house with an illuminated advertisement to watch there the people on the wall, as they fight, run around, make love, and even talk.

Meanwhile, the little Ali studied diligently, while Chamdi hoarded irish, coin after coin, sought to increase his pile of liras or Palestinian pounds, all in order to buy a beautiful wife for Ali, when the boy turned 12.

But Muhammad saw everything, weighed everything and punished Chamdi with the heaviest of punishments.

Chamdi lived in the exotic old Jerusalem while he sent his son to the European district, where he was taught how to be wise with the wisdom of others, not of their own kind, where they don't spank you and where you sit in nice rooms and learn to speak "inglese."

What connects Jerusalem's old and its European district are the gates of the ancient wall built by King David. The busiest of those is the Jaffa Gate, which remembers some of the greatest storms of history, and which had hosted in its vestibule some of the world's most distinguished celebrities.

Every day, except for Fridays (the holy day of Islam), Ali would emerge out of the rusty, almost subterranean world through that gate as he entered the wide streets with beautiful shop fronts.

One day a loaded wagon came up from one side and car from the other. Ali did not manage to step aside. The wagon pressed him into the gate wall. Before poor Ali uttered a word, his chest was crushed. Blood rushed out of Ali's lips, ears and nose, the same blood as white children have, and Ali died.

Curses flowed and fists went to work, but the crowd of Arabs beating the wagon driver could not bring Ali back to life.

Chamdi returned home from work and did not find Ali. Plagued by premonitions, he ran out to the city. He searched, asked around, until he found his son's dead body in the hospital morgue.

Chamdi wept bitterly. You should see a Negro crying, it is heartbreaking.

READER UPDATES

THE DREAD OF THE CLASS

Tuesdays and Fridays are the worst days of the week for us, because that's when the hygienist visits. The first period passes quietly. But over the break, someone will inadvertently ask the question:

"Will she walk into our classroom or won't she?"

During the second period, the teacher sends one of the girls to find out if the hygienist is coming. After a few minutes, the hygienist appears together with the girl and calls us out in the alphabetical order. All this causes commotion in the classroom. Some console themselves:

"I'm not scared at all, I washed yesterday."

But the fact is we are all equally afraid of the hygienist.

Fredzia from Szcześliwa Street OUR SICK TEACHER

Our teacher hasn't been to school for a number of days now. Four of us girls decided to visit her. Two were too shy to enter, the other two went in. The two girls who remained in front of the gate were right, because there is no need for the entire band to go in.

From the girls who went in, we learned that the teacher has the quinsy and would not be back at school for another week.

We are now bored without our teacher, because we have only two initial periods and then go home. Every day we've had a different teacher come to us. There are many good ones among them, but we prefer our teacher, 'cause she is the best.

Hanka from Ogródowa Street I UNDERSTOOD

MY ERROR

As I walked into the school, I took note of my classmates' overjoyed faces. I asked why they were so happy and learned that we were going to have a nature lesson. I was thrilled too.

Suddenly, the bell rung. The boys ran into the classroom and took their seats. The teacher came in and asked that we be quiet, but that caused an even greater commotion among the boys. That is when the teacher called

I expect you remember Sonny Boy's father in "The Singing Fool." That one was a false black man, but he still made everybody cry; now imagine a real Senegalese "maramba."

Chamdi swallowed the pill prepared for him by Muhammad.

"InShaAllah," he told himself. "That's God's will. He must have punished me for not praying."

You probably think that upon his son's death, Chamdi went back to falling on his face whenever the muezzin called on the faithful to prostrate themselves facing Mecca and pray, which he did in his prolonged voice, not unlike that of a bleating goat. No! Chamdi no longer believes in God. When he says "im Allah" (with God), he thinks "min Allah" (against God).

The bell for work rang. A young Arab named Mahmed appeared and threw my tool sack on his back, as custom requires: the tools of a white worker should be carried by a black or an Arab. I tried to carry my own tools, but the Arabs ridiculed me, and so I chastised them and allowed the Arabs who believed that's how things should be done to carry my bag.

(TBC)

upon me to write down the names of the boys who would be disruptive. I put down the names of my friends. The teacher ordered those boys to go home and to stay home until the end of the week.

The class threatened revenge, but I did not fear their revenge. Out on the street, one of my classmates came up to me and hit me right in the kisser, and I kicked him back. He then ran back to the school and brought charges against me to the student disciplinary panel. There was a hearing the following day and I won the case.

But now, I have to admit to the Little Review that I did not really behave in the spirit of camaraderie.

Stasiek

POINT ME TO THE ADDRESS

I turn to my fellow students among the readers of the Little Review with a request that they point me to a place where I can rent a movie projector.

On March 3rd, my brother and I will celebrate our birthday. We want to organize a movie theater for our guests.

I ask that you print my letter.

Milusia from Nowolipki Street THE TWINS' BIRTHDAY

My brother and sister just turned two years old.

On the birthday, our mom cleaned up the room, put a white tablecloth on the table, took bowls and dishes out of the sideboard, and placed candy and fruit on them.

The sight made us salivate. Guests started arriving at 6 p.m. These were mostly mothers with children. The guests were served tea and cake, and apples afterwards. But that was not the main feast yet, because they waited for dad and the other men. Dad brought a surprise gift of wine and vodka. That's when the feasting began in earnest.

Mom put the twins up on a high chair while we sat on regular chairs. We started eating. In a matter of minutes, all that remained of the candy were wrappers, and all that remained of the apples were the seeds and peels.

One man played this odd instrument and everybody sang, even the twins. It got very hot, so the kids went into the bedroom and told one another tales and fables.

At the very end, the guests gave the twins gifts. There were many toys and a huge amount of chocolate. Our dad sang a farewell song and the guests went home.

Ida from Białystok TWO SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCES

In February, we gave a concert in our apartment: at 12 noon for children and at 7 p.m. for adults.

The children liked most a sketch entitled "A provincial stutterer" and Marysia's dance performance. Bella and I directed while Szlamek and Jakób were the decorators. Ms. Jadzia's group took an active part too.

The performance before the adult audience was also very successful. The best numbers included Bella's singing recital and the monologues delivered by our friend popularly called "the next Dymyza."

The guests left very satisfied and we were very happy too, because we collected 30 zloty for one poor family. Our box office cashier Misza did not let anyone in without a ticket.

Jerzy from Grzybowska Street

HOSPITAL AT HOME

I came back from school one day and saw my dad in bed. The doctor came and said that dad had the flu.

The next day, my younger sister got sick. The doctor came over again and said that my sister was sick with the same thing as dad.

A couple of days later my mom fell ill and I stayed home. The house became a real hospital. I was very sad all week long. Everybody recovered slowly and I am happy again today.

Lilka from Brukowa Street IN A STONEMASON'S WORKSHOP

Me and my friend went to a stonemason's workshop. All they make there are monuments. I saw two completed monuments. One represented a human figure and the other a dove bringing a letter to a dead person. The third monument there was still in the making.

First they took a slab and drew on it how the monument would look like. Then they chipped away at it with an iron tool.

This was a Jewish monument. Jerzyk from Nowolipki Street AN INCIDENT AT THE ZOO

Our permanent residence is in the countryside. In the course of my winter vacation, I joined my mother in a trip to the city of Łódź. There I visited movie theaters and a synagogue, but what has stuck in my mind the most is an incident I witnessed in the zoological garden.

My mom took me there so I could see some wild animals that I had so far only known from pictures.

There were also two boys in that zoo. The older one climbed on the barrier facing a lion's cage and started to irritate the animal with a piece of straw. The younger boy followed the older one's example and put his back against the second lion's cage.

At that moment, the lion dug its claws into his arm. The keepers managed to pull the boy free. An ambulance took him away to the hospital, where he struggled between life and death for three days.

Felek from Wysoka Street CORRECTION

I believe Kuba from Zamenhofa Street should not have written lies to the Little Review, because he is its reader.

His article "You give 10-groszy washes" was good, but not everything in it was true. First of all, the show happened on Twarda rather than Zamenhofa Street. Second, it cost 20 rather than 10 groszy. Third, Mr. Gałazka puts his medium to sleep in the standing position rather than suspended in the air.

Józio from Dzielna Street "ASHES"

I put down Stefan Żeromski's "Ashes." I rest idly, with my hands under my head. A beautiful and terrible picture emerges from the haze before my eyes: it is the story of Rafał and Helena. The thought that Helena died such a horrible death terrifies me.

I keep finding things to do for myself, but "Ashes" do not disappear; specific scenes keep coming back to me; I have a feeling that they will always be there, always weigh me down, will not let themselves be chased away. I fear death, even though it is the most important truth, even though it forms part of the beauty of the natural world.

I pick up an issue of our paper from the table. I read the "Off the Rails" story, and find ashes in it too.

Marja from Sienna Street

A SKI TRIP

Although the morning was clear and bright, a mild frost persisted. I woke up earlier than usual. On the preceding evening, I had had difficulties getting to sleep as well. I could not get the carefully thought out plan of our trip out of my mind.

Once I managed to eat my breakfast and get fully dressed, I picked up my skis and ran to the small hill where we usually trained. Almost all the trip participants were already there. The trip was all they talked about, naturally; Christiania turns, Telemark turns, skating, snow plow turns, going downhill in the crouch and half-crouch positions, etc. were the terms they kept on repeating excitedly.

Finally, our instructor Mr. Cholewa, who was also our trip manager and organizer, arrived. It's finally happening! Some final preparations and we get ourselves into the skiing formation. There were 10 of us. We proudly pass through roads and streets approaching the goal of our expedition, the top of Grzebień Mountain, on its ski jump side.

We leave behind us the villas and the streets. We move up regular paths and some ski lanes climbing ever higher. Finally, we get to the hardest part, the "approach." But that turns out to be nothing compared to our subsequent difficulties.

The narrow road winds through a forest and over ravines. The lightly frozen over snow causes the skis to slide backwards, which is why in many places we are forced to just walk up sideways. No wonder that many of the trip participants capitulate along the way. Fortunately, I wasn't one of those losers. Without boasting too much, I will say that our instructor regarded me his best student. Finally, after a tiring hour-long approach, we reached our destination.

What a beautiful view it was: above us was the multi-level ski jumping hill (tall scaffolding with a small balcony at the top and a long skiing slope on the side); below to the right, hidden in fog was Rabka Zdrój and its environs,

Nowy Targ, Chabówka, Zaryte, etc.; to the left, we could see a couple of bare peaks of the Tatra Mountains (covered with snow); altogether an indescribable vista.

After 15 minutes devoted to rest and sustenance, we began our downward ride in a festive mood. Arranged in a new formation (keeping sufficient distance from each other), we set out on a mad 3-kilometer downhill ride, following a shorter route now, with shortcuts, naturally. At first, things weren't all that unusual or difficult, though we were gaining speed fast. After the initial 3 minutes though, we encountered a major obstacle. We got on a narrow path that initially lead through sparse woodland and then between two streams. The path was no more than 1-meter wide, but it was so slippery that the speed we gained was next to unbearable.

Skiing in a low crouch position, I registered – along with the whistle of the wind – the screams of falling skiers. Even so, most of the skiers managed take the lighter turns without falling down. Suddenly, we encountered something that was both unexpected and dangerous: at one point the path swerved at a nearly right angle.

Being the best skier, I was at the tail end of the formation. I heard the instructor shout a short warning, "Look out, sharp turn," that was immediately followed by screams of the unfortunates bathing in a not-yet-frozen-over water ditch. At the same time, I also heard the following words: "Jasio, are you in this ditch too?"

There was no time to waste. Intuitively, I took a sharp Telemark turn followed by a Christiania brake, by then all covered with snow shavings of my making. I helped dredge out "the drowned" from the ditch. One lady was so bruised she did not come to the training session on the following day. Upon returning to the awaiting counselors, even the "damaged" ones put on a brave face...

JANEK from Śniadeckich Street

JOKES

MILITARY KNOWLEDGE

One beautiful July morning, a squadron of lancers on military maneuvers rides through the fields.

"Well, Corporal Podkowa," the lieutenant asks, trying to test the other's orientation skills, "what direction are we now riding towards?"

"Due south, Lieutenant!"

"Perfect, and how did you come to recognize that?"

"Based on the fact that we are getting warmer, Lieutenant."

FAMILIAL FEELING

"Mommy, I really would like to have a little brother."

"Why is that?"

"Because I am completely bored with having only the cat to pick on."

PRECISION

"So, where do we meet?"

"Wherever you want."

"And at what time?"

"Whenever it's most convenient for you."

"Fine then; you just make sure you come on time!"

THE PASSING GLORY

"Sir, are you sure," asks a greenhorn gardener, "that real tall trees will grow out of these seeds?"

"Absolutely, ma'am, with proper care; no doubt about it," responds the shopkeeper.

"In that case, I will take the hammock as well."

INDEPENDENCE

"How do you actually make your living?"

"I live by the pen."

"You write?"

"Of course... letters to my father asking for money."

ETHNOGRAPHY

"It says here on this poster that the circus has Indians, like the Red Skins. Do you see that one in front of the box office? He's all white, right?"

"No, mind you, just take a close look, he is what you call a 'mestizo,' a half-breed. Can't you see how red his nose is?"

DOMESTIC NEWS

BĘDZIN – We have formed a new Zionist organization called “Akiba.” It has been in existence for over 3 months and has 80 members. – On February 6th at 8 p.m., Mr. Natan Bystrycki gave a talk on the topic of “We and our children.” The lecture made a deep impression on the listeners; many continued discussing it afterwards. A banquet was organized in honor of Mr. Bystrycki. The seventh and the eighth-graders of our school were invited to it. It was an extremely nice and cheerful event. – We now have three ice skating rinks. – Recently, instead of the extras, our city’s movie theaters have started showing old Polish pictures, which they, however, do not show in full, and that has provoked general outrage. – **Ańdzia** – To Sewek: Nusia will invite you to the Będzin correspondents’ meeting. There you can talk about the matter you have raised. Please, write out your address clearly, because we have difficulty guessing.

BIAŁYSTOK – A speed skating competition was held at the Hebrew Middle School. Our classmate Gotlib took first place; Szpilman, a fourth-grader who is a Little Review contributor, took second place. – In a backwards speed skating competition, the winners included Gotlib in the first position once more and Brestowicki in the second position. – A “5 o’clock dance” was held in the Druskin Middle School. Our friend G. gave a talk on “The Importance of the School Defense Training.” He spoke briefly. Generally speaking, he is a nice guy; when speaking, he draws air with his mouth, making a distinctive sound. He paraded with a black eye, which he earned on the Pietruszki ski jump. I realize that after reading this, he will give me a thrashing, but let him consider the fact that I am only performing my press officer’s duty here. Afterwards, our friend T. delivered a speech on “The camp in Zakopane.” She talked for quite some time and received her portion of the applause. Then, the ushers, who had so far stood idle, took out the benches, the orchestra was brought in and the dancing began. Everybody had great fun. Generally speaking, the Druskin Middle School is very popular here; the fun events organized by that school have a well-established good opinion among the local teens, and so this event was relatively well attended. All the proceeds went towards equipment purchases. – **Wienia**

CZĘSTOCHOWA – The recent correspondents’ meeting – these are mostly girl correspondents, with only two boys in attendance – elected the editorial board of the Częstochowa Little Review. The editorial board is composed of: Ewa B., Ewa H. and Genia S. It seems that we will have sufficient material for the next issue, its quality yet to be determined. – **Lusia** – The Toruń based Polish Red Cross Fraternity sent us genuine Toruń gingerbread cookies in a gesture of developing friendship. We were very pleased with this. On that occasion, we arranged an afternoon tea on February 10th. This lasted from 4 to 8 p.m. We had a great time. We are grateful to

the Toruń Polish Red Cross and our teachers for their kindness. – **Ewa H.**

The performance given at the Beis Yaakov school has been the talk of the town, so I went. The even ended at 1 o’clock at night, and I returned home unable to gather my thoughts; my head full of pictures, especially those of the life of Cantonese, and the teacher’s speech still in my memory, because it was so alien to my feelings. I believe that we should not underrate cultures of other nations, and that we should not accept something as beautiful simply because it was old. History is not asleep. He should hold on to our traditions, but cooperate with others in one field of cultural exchange, and strive forward. – **Fenia**

GRODNO – In response to a letter sent by Szura from Vilnius, Basia explains that corresponding with young people in other countries is possible and often gives very good results. As an example, the state girl’s middle school in Grodno has been in correspondence with young people in Czechoslovakia. The Friends of Czechoslovakia Society active in that school is the most numerous one in Poland and has often taken up issues of mutual interest to the youth of both the countries, and it continually receives expressions of kind understanding from both Poland and Czechoslovakia. Letters can be sent via the School Correspondence Commission, the Staszic Palace, Warsaw.

KALISZ – Our school was also visited by Natan Bystrycki and I welcomed him! Thank goodness I managed not to stutter, and my friends looked at me with envy when the poet shook my hand. Then, he told us a story about a boy named Dan. – **Salek**

ŁÓDŹ – Everywhere he went, Natan Bystrycki made the most favorable impression, possibly even better than Presidents Sokolow and Bialik did. He sang along with us and gave talks (in our school, at the Philharmonic Hall and at the Hashomer Hacair). We had a fun time sharing stories. – The Łódź cinemas have been showing a number of good movies recently: following “The World is Beautiful” with Chevalier, the Grand cinema now offers “The Grand Duchess Alexandra” with Maria Jeritza; Muza proposes “My Weakness” with Lilian Harvey; Capitol presents “His Majesty;” Casino presents “Parade of the Reservists” with Walter Dymnsza and Sielański, and announces “Romance in Budapest;” Teatr Miejski presents “The Sailor,” for the youth, as well as “Ivar Kreuger.” Discount tickets can be purchased at KulturLiga, 68 Zachodnia Street. – **Paweł** – I made a mistake when describing Natan Bystrycki as a poet. He is someone much greater than that: a man of selfless commitment. He is pale, he speaks with a smile, he sings, he teaches how to dance the horah. He has a pretty curly bob with bangs and his voice is getting increasingly hoarse. Doesn’t a man working incessantly endanger his health? Maybe it is time to think about yourself too, Mr. Bystrycki? – **Halina** – On February 7th we held the tuberculosis prevention day in our Kacnelson Middle School. Interesting talks were given. – **On**

Saturday, February 10th, the Józef Piłsudski Middle School opened its doors to an event for the members of Military Defense of all the city schools. – On February 11th, we greeted the school’s founder, the eminent Hebrew poet Isaac Kacnelson, who returned from Palestine last week. After a speech of Mr. Jakubowski, the poet shared his Palestinian impressions with us. – At the most recent meeting of the class Student Council Boards active in our middle school, it became clear that the 1st and the 8th grade have the worst organizations. – **Zygmunt** – This week we began our outings to Piła. Piła is an estate near Sulejowo, on the Czarna River, which our school leases and has established a colony there. The estate has a pond with boats (currently a skating rink) and a tennis court. Nearby, there is a building where girl students sleep while staying in the colony. Next to it there is a garden and an orchard. That is the paradise which the fifth grade with two teachers have just gone to visit. Next week, the sixth grade will be going there. – Last Thursday (which is a day reserved for school excursions), we visited an exhibition of Polish and Soviet woodcuts at the Institute of Art Propaganda. In the USSR section, we looked at book illustrations to the works of Gogol (“The Government Inspector”), Tolstoy (“Anna Karenina”) and Chekhov. In addition to that, there were various landscapes and interesting postage stamp prints. In the Ukrainian section, we found images of the Russian Revolution of 1905. The most beautiful woodcuts in the Polish section included: “The Łazienki Palace,” “An Arab,” “A Port,” “Wet Monday,” “Raftsmen” and several landscapes. – **Hala and Ziuta**

PABIANICE To the students of the 5th and the 6th grade of the Darchei Noam school, we provide not so much a description of the city, but rather of the life of the Pabianice youth, those enrolled in schools and working in factories.

VILNIUS There are about 80,000 children and young people living in Vilnius. Thus, we have three state middle schools for the boys, two state middle schools for the girls, several private secondary schools, convent-run schools, business trade schools, various seminaries and about 100 elementary public schools. As you know, the schools are different and the languages of instruction in them are also different: they include Polish, Hebrew, Yiddish, and even Russian, as for example in the Pushkin Middle School. Among the school associations, those developing most dynamically are: tourist clubs, the Front Guard organization, scouting organizations and fencing clubs. – **Postcard No. 144**

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 P.M. AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17. THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM WELCOMES VISITORS EVERY SUNDAY BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 5 P.M. – NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, WE INVITE THE FOLLOWING: EWA NUTKIEWICZ, CELA KAJZEROWICZ AND M. ZAJDENWORM.

FILM SHOW

On March 4th at 12 noon, in the Atlantic movie theater, the editorial staff of the “Forge of Youth” School Youth Magazine, together with the “Start” Artistic Film Fans’ Association have organized a screening of a documentary entitled “The Possibilities of Film,” which illustrates the new developments in the directing, acting, photography, etc., of the talking pictures.

The program will include selections from full-length features, complete short films, grotesque genre films, etc.

Tickets at 50 groszy (reduced price for the youth) and 1 złoty can be purchased in the editorial office of “Forge of Youth,” 32 Krakowskie Przedmieście Street, daily between 4 and 7 p.m.

INTERSCHOOL GAMES

The ping-pong match between the sixth grades of the Engineer Finkiel and the “Spójnia” middle schools ended with the victory of the Engineer Finkiel school, with the overall score of 6:4. Detailed results follow:

Erlich (Finkiel) – Skoryński (“Spójnia”): 21:18, 19:21.

Kilberg (F) – Kowarski (Sp.): 19:21, 21:19.

Kleinrerem (F) – Lewin (Sp.): 21:16, 21:19.

Gerechter (F) – Wolf (Sp.): 23:25, 21:11.

Bleifeder (F) – Kołobielski (Sp.): 22:24, 21:11.

It should be noted that this is a second leg match. In the previous meeting, the sixth grade of the “Spójnia” school won 8:2.

Kuba H.

P.S. – I learned that the “Spójnia” school’s sports club is now organizing a sports tournament for Jewish middle school students at the Physical Education Center. One of the girls’ schools could organize a similar event for girls’ middle schools.

18TH MAIL DELIVERY (February 2-9)

A lot of mail, but gray mail.

There are many articles that deserve to be printed, but none deserves the name of “the best article.” As you know, the weekly mail delivery leads to a small contest. Every week we have a handful of champions, several dozen honorable mentions as well as those who are not mentioned, because that time they wrote badly. The editors notify the “winners” that their articles will certainly be printed, because of

the content or the subject matter of their writing, and this will be regardless of the possible outcomes of any future competitions. There are no such “winners” in the 18th reporting week. There are some honorable mentions though. The Little Review may publish their letters or articles, provided the editors do not receive better pieces on the same subject. Last week, this category of correspondents included:

Heniek and Sonia from Będzin, Heniek from Białystok, Ewa, Fela (a letter and a drawing), Genia, Mala, Szlamek from Częstochowa, Mietek and Dawid from Lublin, Halina and Regina from Łódź, Tala from Otwock, Roman from Sierpc, Mirjam from Więcbork, Jurek from Zamość. Moreover, from Warsaw: Awigdor, Tadeusz B-ski, Celina G., Eljasz S., Jechosua Bejtarczyk, Jur from Mokotowska Street, Fiszel, Mieczysław from Miedziana Street, Rafek from Kupiecka Street, Rena, Rita, Salek from Świętojerska Street, Szmulek from Freta Street, Sztubaczki, Wita.

The article by T.Z. will not be printed simply because it was signed with initials only.

Those writing for the Little Review for the first time included:

Berezowska Basia, Blum Fredzia, Bocian M., Borensztejn T., Frajdenrajch Abram, Garber H., Herr A., Jofe Róża, Kadłubowska Fryda, Koliksztejn A., Majersdorf Eljasz, Neugoldberg Bela, Pinchonson Jerzyk, Rozenberg Moniek, Rubinsztejn Rafek, Rybier Józef, Salbe Jehuda, Śniadowski Z., Sztrajt Jerzy, Ukiert R., Wiórowna Bela, Wirgin Irka.

We received 74 letters from Warsaw, 72 from provinces and 5 from abroad, a total of 151.

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct answers to brain teasers were sent in by:

Bala and Bea, Bronka and Gutka from Nowolipki Street, Henia Cukiert, Jakób Fajn, Hanka Fejginówna, E. Gutmer, Jur from Mokotowska Street, Józef from Kępną Street, Zygmunt Knoblich, Genia Korenówna, Szlamek Landsztajn, Ludwik Lipszyc, Renia Majner, Moniek Openheim, Bolesław Rozenfeld, T. Rozenwein.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

APRIL INKBLOTS AND TONSILLITIS

I lie in bed, angry and frustrated. I have tonsillitis. So, spring, then? Because I'm always sick in the spring.

I furiously look out onto the street, where couples in love parade and vendors praise their products, where the sun is shining beautifully, where my friends ride their bicycles, where I am not allowed to go.

Well, tough. Despite the beautiful weather, I must lie in bed, take my temperature and be bored out of my mind. I waited for spring for so long, and then suddenly, tonsillitis. I comfort myself with the thought that I will be better soon. My faithful bicycle waits for me, the iron steed ready for my commands, as well as tennis and many

other pleasant sports.

The reign of spring has begun. The flowers in the yard garden are sprouting. The world is being covered in greenery. The sun shines warmer and warmer. The air is cleaner, of course not counting the dust from the pillows, comforters, and carpets being beaten. It doesn't count; what's important is that it's spring.

Above us on the second floor, a lady stubbornly plinks out a melody on the piano in her spring joy, while my head hurts more and more. But that's all trivial; what's important is that it's spring.

My ping-pong game is resting. Its

owner is sick. Anyway, sick or healthy, I wouldn't play anyway. The spring brings trips to Młociny and Bielany. That's why I need to get rid of this stupid tonsillitis as soon as possible. I need to be optimistic. Tonsillitis, which doesn't let me leave the bed, that's nothing. The spring will outlast it.

The birds chirp cheerfully. The flowers uncertainly open their petals; everything renews and passes – illness, too. The world is reborn.

Every year, spring comes, wreathed in fragrant flowers, with a bunch of multicolored pansies and violets, carrying other flowers in her basket. She scatters them across fields and meadows. I must greet her. I'm getting up.

Stasiek P.

P.S. I apologize for the inkblot on the first page, but when I was putting the letter into the envelope, it wasn't there. My hands were shaking. It's spring, sir – these are spring inkblots. ■

IT'S SPRING AFTER ALL

Not everything we think about and feel can be repeated and described, because not everything is fit for repeating. There are beautiful and lofty thoughts, there are dirty and low thoughts, there is a fight between the bad and the good thoughts, and such thoughts that no one understands because they are the product of individual imaginations and minds.

Sometimes the mind tries to figure out such things as what language do the deaf and dumb think in? And this idea takes up our attention for a long time, absorbs us, and doesn't let go. It's not a smart idea, but it demands thinking about. There are many such thoughts. They scatter the mind and don't let us think about more serious things.

As far as I am concerned, I can never focus my interests on one thing. Lately, I have been thinking that I will not get a promotion, that I am taking a kayak trip to Gdynia in the summer, that the students did a really awful thing with Dean Handelsman, and now I'm thinking that it's spring, that I would really like to go and do some cartwheels on the grass, that I didn't learn the poem for Latin class today – and how am I supposed to choose what interests me the most?

Fundamentally, it is the fault of spring, which completely muddles the mind. I do not know whether it's the same for everyone, but it affects me significantly.

Spring! I love it for being spring, for bringing beauty, for being young and beautiful itself...

I can smell its fragrance even when there is still snow in the yard and it gets tracked into the front hall.

Even then, they laugh at me when I say it "smells like spring."

Later, the snows melt, the sun starts to shine warmly, and the Saxon Garden

turns to mud... The earth smells like spring then.

You feel then like your soul has been changed, like something is melting, something crowing, and it's so strange, so happy, and so pleasant.

You'd want to sit with Wierzyński's springtime poems on the balcony and not hear the servants tenderizing the meat for steaks, or the son of the watchman playing soldiers, but sink into the poetry and the spring, look at the open swath of sky and dream about nothing and everything...

And then, suddenly, the chestnut trees in the parks will turn green, nannies with pink babies in strollers will come out, the alleys and open cafés will fill with people, and the flowers will come out... A multicolored crowd of dirty and shabby children will take to the streets to make mud pies in the gutter and roll around in the dust on the street! They will leave their rooms, stuffy in the summer and cold in the winter, where they were crowded into for eight months...

I went to the cemetery. Spring was there, too. Shameless in its joy, it illuminates the immortelles on the stone graves; it is even more beautiful there than on the streets.

I went out to the street, where a funeral procession was going by. I only thought: the lady in black must be very hot.

Despite everything, it is spring after all!

It is! And no one can deny its reign. It is... And it influences our thoughts, it demands that we think about it and leaves a mark on our actions.

That is why I love the spring – because it forces you to think chaotically and because it lets me understand the whole world in one moment's thoughts.

Aneri

WHAT A LADY YOU ARE!

Someone quite rightly observed that spring smells like skipping class. And really, how we you sit in school and listen to boring teachers when outside, the sun gives us encouraging, knowing winks.

We agreed to go to the woods with some boys the next day. In the morning, we met the three joyfully smiling boys and we set out in a great mood, with our bags under our arms. The boys whistled, showing off, and one of them sang at the top of his lungs: "Cutting class is a schoolboy's thing, cutting class is a student's life..."

After half an hour's walk, we arrived in the woods. We made ourselves comfortable on the grass and took out our breakfasts, which our naïve mummies had packed for us. After the sumptuous breakfast, we started to play.

The hours passed quickly and unfortunately, we had to go back home. We walked happily, the girls talking, the boys loudly singing "The professor's asking if I know how to count," etc.

The next day in school, we were

horrified to notice that the principal was eyeing us suspiciously. Our hearts clenched in painful precognition.

Indeed, right after the first class, she strode into the classroom majestically. Judging by her expression and her gaze, enough to curdle the blood, we could sense by oncoming storm.

The principal cleared her throat and began.

"Who was absent yesterday?"

Our legs went weak, and a cold sweat broke out on our foreheads. We stood.

The principal looked us up and down with an authoritative look.

"You were seen yesterday," she began, enunciating every word carefully, "during school hours, in the company of boys."

She put special emphasis on the last word. We were frozen with fear, and the principal finished with a flourish.

"You will take your bags and go home, and don't come back in the morning without your mothers."

Raising one eyebrow triumphantly, she left the classroom.

We packed our things and left humbly. Our comrades in misery stood waiting for us at the school gate, but looking quite pleased, as if they were celebrating their birthdays.

They came closer. "You got kicked out of school? Us, too. It's pretty cool, actually, because we were supposed to have a Latin test."

We looked at each other and burst out laughing. It was beautiful outside. One of the boys lifted his head and started singing in a heroic tenor.

"Spring, oh spring, what a lady you are!"

We woke up. The images disappeared. We were sitting in a horribly boring math class. Golden rays of sunlight shine into the classroom. Some girls napped comfortably, others gazed out the window with longing, others still read the paper. The teacher rocked automatically in her chair. At the blackboard, one girl yawned, solving algebra problems.

Outside, spring ruled omnipotently.

Stella and Ziuta from Kielce

A WARM, GOLDEN BEAM

The day steals a of an hour of darkness from the night every day. The sun rips the clouds to shreds. The stove has bravely staved off all attacks from the cold and now stands in the sun, no longer needed, meritorious, like a hero wreathed in glory.

It's the most beautiful time of the year. We have to enjoy it – welcome each new day with joy. But people don't know how to enjoy what they have, and truly spoil their lives.

"Will spring solve all our school and outside-of-school grievances?"

"Is the spring an escape from the bailiff and the auction?"

"Will the spring give me a job?"

"Will the Earth stop spinning, like a dog after its own tail?"

No, most certainly not. The Earth will continue to spin, despite prophecies about the coming end of the world.

Even in the spring, things can happen to spoil the mood. Sure. The threat of war won't disappear in the spring, the sun won't shrink the number of the unemployed, the smell of flowers won't stun the teacher and they'll still give an F to those who are supposed to get it. Will spring bring nations close? Will

the Germans understand the horrible foolishness of their Nordic theory? Will everyone be granted the right to live and to learn?

Certainly not. But in the spring, I want to believe it all. The heart beats stronger, more surely, and the eyes are brighter. We have more strength to fight for our desired goal. Our chests fill with clear air and desires.

Why does this happen? Oh, just a small thing: the sun falls on the floor in a warm, golden beam.

Somewhere down below, the city hums and hustles and bustles.

Spring is here.

OLEK R.

SOON

The spring is coming, lightly, sprightly.

I cross the street several times, first to one side, then to the other because I see a light spot here, and there...

My soul has grown sunny, and filled with song. I want to run and shout with joy, that spring is outside.

Think about it:

- soon, everything will be green;
- soon, we will be able to walk with a backpack down a path in the field, and after taking off our shoes and stockings, cross the stream;
- soon, we will be able to lie in the shade of the trees and read a book;
- soon, we will wake at dawn, sneak out the window to the garden, we will watch the sunrise, listen to the morning song of birds, and embrace the

dew-covered trees.

"You haven't been in such a good mood in a long time," my mother says with a smile.

I throw my arms around her neck, kiss her wrinkled forehead and her eyes, once so beautiful, but faded today.

"It's springtime, mom! Spring!" And then I run downstairs.

Where am I going and why? I run straight ahead, without a purpose or need, I run through the noise and crowd of the honest city street, shamelessly happy. I wave my arms and greet people with a smile, as if they were my good friends.

"That girl's gone crazy!"

It's not me, darlings, it's the spring!

PSD

THE EDITOR HAS DISAPPEARED

We, veterans and anniversary celebrants of the Little Review are now like rare comments. We appear, we shine, and then we disappear. People stop taking an interest in us, because we start to repeat ourselves.

And if from time to time, they print our article, no one knows how much we had to listen to the editor, lecturing us with disgusting morals and disgraceful allusions, about "if you will, this horse, instead of being a shining example for the younger ones, is stumbling around more and more," and that Dziunia, Abramek, and other wunderkind are better writers than we are. From us, you see, they demand deep thought, a sophisticated style, and lively content – because we are veterans.

With every such article, we play the funeral march, thinking that it's our last appearance on the pages of the Little Review. We are being replaced by new forces. And we, the old ones (we don't have gray hair yet, but we do have to shave every three months), we have to make room and look for other markets.

In Warsaw, and even in Poland, there is no other tribune for children and youth like the Little Review. There are some weekly supplements, true, but in reality, they're just caricatures of papers for youth.

We went to one such paper. We had read earlier that the editor saw visitors

on Saturdays between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.

We walked full of good thoughts, hope, and plans for the coming future. Fiszel imagined the editor as a figure that was, according to his dictionary, archaic (a word that neither Fiszel nor I understand to this day). Leon, on the other hand, thought that the editor of a similar paper should have English-style sideburns, a fancy neckerchief knot, and a cigarette case, full of original "Egyptians."

Hanging on the main door was a metal sign: "Entrance to the newsroom from the back, through the kitchen, watchman has the key."

When we entered the kitchen in a kind of guard house, we were hit by a smell that resembled a gas attack drill on Warsaw. Leading from the kitchen to the newsroom proper was a dark, windowless corridor that resembled mouse holes in medieval castles. After a few minutes of knocking, we heard the squealing of a key and a sonorous voice called "entrer" (the word was pronounced the way it's written).

"Do we have the pleasure of speaking to the youth editor?"

"You do not have the pleasure."

"But sir, if it isn't one o'clock yet, why is the editor not here?" Fiszel asked shyly.

"Because he isn't here, and that's that."

"When will he be here?"

"On Tuesday," the phlegmatic, gravely sonorous baritone grumbled.

We barely got out of the mouse hole and took big breaths of fresh air.

On Tuesday, we went back again to the newsroom-cum-guardhouse. You never knew, they might let us in.

This time, we were welcomed by a pleasant young man who began talking with us.

"With whom do I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Leon G-R-G and Fiszel K."

"Very nice to meet you," he answered in a hoarse voice.

"And with whom are we speaking?" We pressed, intrigued.

He mumbled his name carelessly, as is the habit of famous people. We were guessing it was him!

"We finally caught you. So much running back and forth and wasting time, while time is money, as the proverb says."

"Who do you think I am, gentlemen?" The young man asked.

"What do you mean, who? You're the youth editor!"

"Not at all, I'm only the janitor here," the presumed editor answered with sadness and grief in his voice.

Leon's glasses slid down a few centimeters, while Fiszel's right eyebrow rose and his jaw grated, like after a hot potato.

"Well, is the editor around at all?" We asked, stammering.

"The editor has left the city."

Leon swore, "may the earth rest lightly on him and may my grandfather take him with him."

A week went by. We stood at the door again, listening. The room was filled with the rhythmic clacking of a Remington typewriter. We knocked. An anemic typist with long fingers and hooked fingernails tipped with black opened the door.

"I'm the editor's personal secretary," she announced without being asked, in a thin, squeaky voice that resembled the voice of the Baba Yaga from Janusz Korczak's play "Children of the Playground."

"Very nice to meet you," we answered, straining for a smile, which in Leon's case looked like a Frankenstein mask, and in Fiszel's, looked like that of cow-eyed wonder. "But we would like to see the editor himself."

The secretary's expression dropped and she came down a peg.

"And what business brings you here, gentlemen?" She asked with a note of sadness in her voice.

"It's a personal matter, miss, and you should not be concerned with it," said Leon. "The editor of every paper sometimes sees such individuals as us, and on matters that a decent girl should not know about."

The secretary scoffed, looked us over from head to top, and taking a few steps back, tried to get rid of us.

"The editor does not take care of

personal matters in the newsroom."

"In that case, it is a formal matter that only the editor can see to."

"If you would be so kind to head to the other room."

We kindly headed to the room with a sign that said "Editor-in-chief – do not enter without knocking." We knocked and at the answer "indeed," we reverently opened the door.

Sitting at the enormous desk and drinking tea was the young man we knew very well.

"What is the meaning of this?" Fiszel asked threateningly. "Is there any sense?"

"There is no essence," the youth answered glumly. "That is why I'm drinking it straight with sugar."

"This isn't about the tea, but the editor. Where is the editor?"

"He isn't seeing visitors today."

"Speak like a normal human, man, or..." Leon glanced eloquently at the marble blotter. "I'll ask again: where is the editor?"

"The editor has disappeared. You gentlemen understand: spring..."

* * *

We went back to our own newsroom. In case our own editor disappears, too, we remind you that we see visitors in the Little Review hall on Sundays, between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. We also note that Leon is a specialist in off the rails things and unemployment. Fiszel, on the other hand, can handle matters of nails in shoes and spackling women's faces.

FISZEL AND LEON

RITA

KRAŚNIAK

I immediately warn you, residents of other cities, that I will not talk about the monuments of Warsaw because they are more or less familiar to you. But is metropolitan life noteworthy only in restaurant districts?

I will tell you about the Krasieński Garden, commonly known as Kraśniak; about this garden that doesn't seem to stand out, but which has so much real life in it.

Lovely Kraśniak! It is true that you are not one of the things that we Varsovians are proud of. But I like you despite your ordinary outward appearance. Among your ornaments are the banal pond with white swans, and the flower bed located right next to the Krasieński Palace. For children, the biggest attraction is the hill and the so-called children's garden, where there is an ice rink in the winter.

Why am I writing about Kraśniak? First of all, because we, the Warsaw correspondents, unlike the inhabitants of the province, do not talk much about our city. I would like to share the collection of observations and impressions from the year where I visited Kraśniak every day.

The first pedestrians I looked at more closely, and among whom I counted myself, were school youth. Kraśniak connects the districts where there are the most Jewish middle schools. Nalewki-Świętojerska and Nalewki-Krasieński Square (there are no other exits). Students know each other as "passers-by." Everyone knows more or less which school everyone else goes to. Every morning, I passed familiar faces.

In the morning, the student does not make a pleasant impression. Many

look angry and tired. You can see by a person's nose if the poor thing did their homework for the day. In general, the individual's reluctance to the institution of the school can be more or less deduced.

For months, two boys passed my every day. They went up to the vending machine and looked at themselves in the mirror for a pretty long time. It made me angry. Girls are one thing, but I can't stand boys who preen in front of a mirror.

I wasn't surprised that at the exit, I heard loud name-calling behind me. I'd gotten used to it. An older brother was calling the younger one names for constantly making him late. This happened every day, and always at the exit gate.

This reminded me that it really was late, so I walked faster. In my hurry, I bumped into two girls, maybe ten years old, dressed the same and looking very similar. Twins, I think. They probably love each other very much.

I'm at Kraśniak, waiting for Bronka. We always meet here. Several nannies walk by with babies in strollers. The most current subject of conversation are "their honorable employers."

"My missus, she's a very smart and intelligent woman," says one, much older than the others.

"Why is that?"

"She dresses nicely, she has a fur, and above all, money. And money only comes to a smart, capable person," she says with conviction.

The gossip and talking about their employers start. One, very young, claims that the young master wanted to marry her, but she didn't want to. The others look at her doubtfully.

The conversation is interrupted from time to time by the crying of a child, demanding his rights.

Whenever I think of Kraśniak, I always think first and foremost about the children who came here

to play. I often watched their dames. The only calm children were those accompanied by grown-ups. They usually sit on the benches near the flower bed. They play musical chairs or ball games. Occasionally, they look at the swans on the pond. Most of the children are small, unkempt boys from the Jewish working class, and pale cheder students. It is true that the Saxon Garden is much nicer, but the children there are wealthier, so the poorer ones prefer to leave and not feel the difference between them. Kraśniak also has an advantage, in their opinion, that they can speak Yiddish and do whatever they like.

The favorite place to play is the hill. It has a great charm for children, if only because other gardens don't have it. You run up the hill, even very low, and then you run down. I myself once loved it, too. Kraśniak was the first playground I was allowed to go to by myself. You can also find children in the small garden. They run wild and often fight. The strangest ones are the cheder students. Any small thing can make them happy. They sit all day in stuffy rooms. They play for a short time. Then, just one more look at the garden, and they're running off to the cheder.

It was late fall. This was the time I first got to know Kraśniak better. I came with Bronka. Coming back from school, we said goodbye at the entrance from the Nalewki Street side. Usually, we ended up chatting in the garden for an hour or so. Kraśniak was growing empty. It was getting cold. The wind stripped more and more trees bare every day. People trampled over the yellowed leaves and nobody cared that they were alive, like us.

My friends wanted it to be winter. Yes, an ice rink and holidays. School youth, going through the park in the mornings, kept a lookout for the preparations for the ice rink. After all, the Maccabi Society organized

THE LITTLE REVIEW FROM FEBRUARY 2ND

"The best title! 33 lowercase letters and two capital! Altogether, 18 zloty and 50 groszy!"

"You see, he wasn't fooling."

"You earned it."

"I earned it," I repeat proudly.

* * *

"First of all, not 'Oasis' but 'Tabarih.' Not Mirjam Tobjasz but Sara Rajgrodzka."

"Ha, ha, ha! 'The swollen crowd carried her out!' She soars through the heavens! I saw with my own eyes how careful she was when walking, she counted every step! What a fake."

"Gothelf was the most important one, she didn't mention him."

"What did you get it for, anyway?"

"For the most appropriate title for my article."

"That's worth it."

"Yeah, right. Throwing so much money away for them!"

their own rink in Kraśniak every year. Work moved forward, and the students counted the days on their fingers. They grew impatient. Finally, the opening ceremony came. The girls talked about the first time on the ice. In class, the girls who could boast of figure skating became popular.

After the hustle and bustle of Nalewki Street, Kraśniak made a nice impression. In my opinion, it was never as pretty as in the winter. Everything was white. Music and laughter of young people rang throughout the garden. Children were riding sleds in places less frequented, making a sledding run. A boy and a girl walked by me, their skates clinking together. The skaters were observed

"You couldn't come up with a longer title?"

"Mine wouldn't have cost less than fifty."

* * *

The post office. 18 zloty and 50 groszy. 10 groszy gets spent. On the way – a few kind words. It's supposed to be a hard punishment for him!

Yes, mommy, the golden age of fruitful impositions of silly things is gone now!

The black number in the calendar, framed by a bracket. A memorable day.

Joy does not sleep, but it remains hidden.

Thoughts to not sleep, but they remain inside. They want to call out, shout to the entire world: be glad with me! My first earnings!

My thoughts are calm.

My fist earnings did not take away my hard-earned honor. Mother has not stopped complaining, demanding obedience and mercilessly hounding me to do my math homework. Father is maliciously philosophizing in his own way.

End of the week. Silence.

HALINA (Łódź)

by a group of spectators behind the fence. With a demonstration, or a Maccabi hockey tournament, the group grew significantly. There were adults, youth, and children. In a word, all those who were temporarily or permanently deprived of this sport and entertainment. Everyone watched the young people skating, and made comments. This one barely keeps his balance on the ice. That one is doing a really nice pistol squat. Some fat man stubbornly maintains that he would be able to dance on skates if he went on the ice. There are jokes and jeers. Two boys argue over who has an easier time staying on the ice, a tall or a short person.

(T.B.C.)

AT THE RESTAURANT

So I lost my job... The thing I was most afraid of has come to pass. I came back home depressed. What would I do next? I thought about my violin. Maybe they could be useful? But right now is the "dead season," because everyone is at the resorts. In the summer, if you don't have a job, you go to the beach.

So I spent whole days sitting on the "wild beach," which isn't as wild as they say. But it was worse and worse at home. How to save myself? What to do?

One Saturday, I had a visit from a friend who was in basically the same situation as me.

"Just like you, I don't have a penny to my name," he said. "If I want to smoke a cigarette, I have to argue with my mother so that she'll give me a few groszy. What do I need all that for? Let's take our violins and we'll go to a restaurant where there is no music."

At 2 p.m., we went. We came to a restaurant on Okopowa Street, where we saw guests sitting and drinking. One shouted right away.

"Oh, look, musicians! Here is 1 zloty, play a nice polka, but I want it to lift me up to the ceiling!"

We took out our violins and started playing "The Old Town Polka." And the guest was indeed lifted up. He grabbed the waitress and started dancing with her. When we finished, he turned to us.

"Well, musicians, come on, have a drink with us."

We went, drank, ate well, and they played a foxtrot. We made a few zloty.

There is a saying musicians have, "you only need to have a good start." At 11 p.m., we split our earnings – each one got 4 zloty and 75 groszy.

Since then, we started going to the restaurants more often. The best earnings were between the 1st and 15th of each month, and on Saturdays and Sundays, when the workers got paid.

There are different guests in restaurants. Some tell you to play and play, and then they'll take out 20 or 50 groszy. The best guests are the drunk ones. They'll pay for every piece you play. I've even had one give me 20 zloty. One time, two guests took out whole handfuls of money and said, "here you go, musicians, 20 groszy, and play the funeral march."

I said, "Sir, we can't play for 20 groszy!"

So they gave us more.

One day, we came to a restaurant where our friends played. We looked for them, but they weren't there and nobody was playing. We asked the owner, and she said that they were so and so, and that she fired them. (Later, I found out that they found a better eatery.)

So we told the owner that we could play instead.

"All right, you can play, on the following conditions: I want four people to play – first and second violin, a jazzband, and a mandolin. I can give you two zloty and supper."

"Instead of a mandolin, we'll have a cello."

She agreed.

We looked for a jazzband player half the day. Nobody wanted to come for 50 groszy and a supper. Finally, we found one old player, who agreed after a lot of convincing.

In the evening, we arrived in a full line-up. My friend and I played the violin, my grandfather had the cello, and the jazzband played full steam.

Because it was a Monday, we had meager earnings. After a few days, the owner started to complain, that we couldn't have to old men playing – meaning my grandfather and the jazzband player – and that we should look for a mandolin instead of the cello.

We found a Polish boy who played the mandolin a bit. We played with him on Saturday and Sunday. Those two days, there were a lot of guests. On Saturday, we made 12 zloty each, and on Sunday, 7 each.

But our mandolinist, seeing that we needed him, said, "If we don't play with my whole band that I'm used to, I don't want to play with you."

The next day, without asking us, he brought his band – three guys. One played the banjo, the second the guitar, and the third sang and played the zither. So there were seven of us. We didn't want to play in those conditions. We told the owner, and she said, "If you don't want to, they'll play by themselves!"

The next day, we didn't show up. On Sunday, we came to visit, and there was no one playing. In the meantime, we had found a "young jazzband player" and a mandolin. We'd been playing

with them for a few weeks, making so-so money.

We had all types of guests. From one guy, we made 15 zloty. Another time, these three guests came up and told us to play "The Internationale." We told them that we weren't allowed to play it, and they started to throw bottles at us. Since the violinist stands at the front, I was hit with one of these bottles.

They came to us a few times and invited us to play in their homes (at weddings, concerts, games). When we accepted those, the restaurant owner was angry. After a few weeks, she raised our "salary," adding another zloty.

One Saturday, we had to play a Jewish wedding. We made a lot of money at the wedding. But the restaurant owner really cared about Saturdays because that is when payday is. When there is music, people will eat and drink more, and then she makes more money as well.

And so, when we came back from the wedding, there were already other musicians playing at the restaurant. We know them, they're backyard players.

But we didn't really care about the restaurant because the carnival had started. I played at various balls, evenings and weddings during the carnival. Grandfather and I have enough until summer, and in the summer, birds and musicians live on the sun and gifts of nature.

Sincerely,

Ignacy – formerly Icek

CINEMA OR BOOK?

Many people argue over which is better: the cinema, or the book?

Those who can imagine everything probably prefer the book, and to those who can't imagine, I say: go to the cinema.

I love the cinema more than the book. I experience everything with the main character of the movie. I forget about my worries and eagerly wait to see how the picture will end: happily, or sadly.

Thanks to the movies, we can see and explore many countries, animals, and plants. I believe that we have much more use for the movies than books. And you, readers, what do you think?

Bolek from Smocza Street

JOKES

THE DIFFERENCE

"Listen, I keep seeing you wearing just one glove. Did you lose one?"

"No, I found this one."

ART HYPNOSIS

"You know, child, maybe it's pretty, but I don't like your modern music."

"But auntie, that's just the vacuum cleaner!"

A SUBJECTIVE JUDGMENT

A boy is traveling to the country to visit his grandmother, whom he hasn't seen in a year.

"I wonder if I'll recognize grandma this time. She must have grown a lot since I saw her."

SIOMA FROM OTWOCK

FROM UKRAINE TO POLAND BY CART

I was born in 1919 in Kharkiv, but I didn't live there long because my parents moved us to a small town in Ukraine.

Those were the times of the birth of Soviet power. Nearly every month, the town was overtaken by some army – General Denikin's, Wrangel's, or one of the many green atamans, or partisans. The Bolsheviks fled, and then, a while later, having gathered their forces, came back to chase the others away. Of course, the local population got the worst of it because all new authorities started their rule with an execution of suspect people and demanding a tribute from the whole town.

I don't remember myself, but I know it so well from the stories my parents were told me, that I sometimes think that I saw those times, events, people and the dark forest.

My parents had had enough of red, white, green and black anarchists. They decided to go to Poland.

Father knew the station chief, who "sold" him a freight wagon for a sum. It was quite a fair deal because the railroad was owned by all the authorities and citizens, and they all demanded to ride for free, while the station chief had to feed himself, two children, the driver, a blind squirrel and the former cashier.

Our wagon was attached to a military train. We rode for 36 hours, accompanied by wild singing and the soldiers' rough jokes.

When we were getting off the train at the station, someone tried to rob us, but father managed to grab the thief in time.

We couldn't move on without a cart. My parents decided to go to a miller they knew, who lived near the station. Mother took me in her arms and along with a friend, went to the miller's, while father and uncle stayed at the station with our things. First father kept watch, then uncle. Uncle, tired of keeping watch, went to a stream flowing nearby, took off his clothes and went into the water.

Along came a Soviet soldier and demanded to see his documents. Uncle didn't have any papers on him. Thinking that the miller was known in the area, he suggested that the soldier go with him to the mill.

No acquaintances helped. The soldier stubbornly demanded the documents. Our mother got up her courage and showed him our false passports. The soldier noticed that they were false and wanted to take everyone to the Cheka station to be identified there. After much pleading and haggling, he let us go, but he took all of my parents' money.

Meanwhile, father was watching our luggage at the station and didn't know anything. The miller sent a cart for father and our things. Everything was covered with hay and father and the cart driver sat on the hay and drove.

The next day, the miller gave us two carts and a guide. He led us on horseback, and after a warm goodbye, he turned back. The cart driver, a brave Russian peasant, was a smuggler. He was an honest and pleasant man. He talked about his adventures the whole way. My parents believed in his dexterity and cleverness.

At first, we rode over the steppe. The heat was terrible, but in the evening, it cooled down. The landscape was slowly changing, too. At midnight, we drove into a thick forest. Everyone rested under a tree until the morning, and at dawn, we set out again on the road.

It took three days for us to reach the end of the forest. We drove onto a road leading to a town. At the crossroads, there was a cross. At this cross, father and uncle stayed with all our things, while the driver, mother, the friend of the family and I went on to check if there was a patrol nearby. If we were caught, he could say that we were carrying hay from the miller's meadows.

But we didn't meet anyone. In the open field, just outside of town, stood a lonely, abandoned church. The cart driver ordered us to hide in the hay because the church was used as a hiding place by robbers who attacked refugees from Russia, robbed them, and killed those who resisted. Seeing a peasant with hay, they let the cart pass.

Everyone in town was asleep. We looked for accommodation, but no one wanted to let us into their home. Finally, one villager found the courage and, after crossing himself several times, opened the door of his cottage to us. His fears were justified because there were hordes of bandits roaming Russia at the time, and nobody was certain of their life or their property.

After saying his prayers, he asked what brought us to his hut in such

turbulent times and at such a late hour. He believed mother's answer, gave us food and a place to sleep.

Meanwhile, my father had reached the town. He inquired about us, but no one could tell him that they had seen us. He found us only when he accidentally entered the cottage where we slept.

We stayed with our friendly host for two days, then paid for the stay, and set out on our journey again.

There was only a small distance separating us from the border, but it was the most difficult to pass because it was guarded by patrols and military units.

We drove into a dense forest again – so dense that we could only move during the day. At night, the horses were unharnessed and we waited for dawn in a clearing. The nights in the forest were horrible. Huge trees stood around us like giants and monsters. In the gloom, we could hear murmurs, like someone sneaking around. A bat flew by, and everyone jumped to their feet. An owl hooted in the distance, and everyone thought it was a scout giving the signal that he had found us.

We couldn't start a fire or speak loudly because the forest had good acoustics and every sound was carried far by the echoes.

On the fifth day, we stood at the river. It wasn't deep but it was wide. The horses didn't want to go into the water, but they were forced to. They obeyed, but they were still afraid. In a deep place, the cart rolled and all the things sank. The horse was saved.

We moved on with one cart and two

horses. We moved forward slowly, cautiously, and despite this, the cart still tipped a few times. The men worked on fixing it, while the women sat with me, keeping a lookout for the enemy.

We were at the border. Only a few kilometers away was Poland – a country where bread was sold openly without food stamps, where there was only one authority. Our guide knew the border well. He knew where it was well guarded, and where it wasn't. First, he went ahead along to check. The dark, starless night made his task easier. On a night like that, it's difficult to spot a man who can sneak without a sound and has the eyes of a lynx.

He chose the appropriate location and came back for us. Quietly, like snakes, we moved through that piece of land called the border. My parents' dreams had come true: we were on the Polish side.

We went to Grodno. Here, we said goodbye to our faithful guide who, with a load of stockings and fabrics from Łódź on his back, went back to Russia to continue practicing his difficult and dangerous craft.

My mother fainted with fatigue at the Grodno station. We didn't rest until Warsaw, after we completed all civic formalities.

And thus, we reached the happy end of our journey, which lasted three weeks.

A few years later, my parents found out from a friend's letter that our guide had been shot by a border patrol.

Honor to his memory! ■

SIGHTSEEING

A few days ago, our class went to the Zoological Museum.

In the first hall, we saw the skeleton of an elephant and a giraffe in all their glory, and two enormous bison from the Białowieża Forest. There are only a few of them left in the Forest, although before the war, there were 750. They stay in a fenced-in preserve under care, to make sure that they don't entirely die out.

In the same hall, there are two wild pigs on rockers, with their young. In the back are horned animals: a deer, a fawn, a moose.

Moving on. We didn't look thoroughly at the next floors. Glancing

around, I saw various fish, frogs, lizards, and other horrid creatures. I was certain catching them had not been pleasant.

The Museum is famous for the rich collection of birds (about 2,000 exhibits), that we saw in special halls.

In a nearby room are the insect collections, from the smallest to the largest. Out of rodents, I saw a gopher, a red squirrel, a marmot, a beaver, and various species of mice.

I consider this trip to be the most interesting of all, and I advise everyone to visit the Museum, especially since admission is free.

Maja

HOW LIGHTBULBS ARE REPAIRED

The factory was small and had several departments. Regeneration, that is repair, of burned-out lightbulbs is done as follows.

A hole is drilled in a burned-out lightbulb, and the bulb is cleaned. After cleaning, the bulb moves to the next

department. The wires that provide the light are installed. Then the hole is narrowed and a thin glass tube is inserted. This tube is used to pump out air, and then the tip of the tube is melted. This is why regenerated lightbulbs have points.

Felek from Krochmalna Street

THE PAPER MILL

At first, I stand there in shock. The enormous hall is full of vats, machines, and enormous furnaces. The roaring, whistling noise is enough to deafen you. Wherever I look, I see something huge.

The guide shouts, waves his hands, pointing to the vat, but I can't hear him, I don't understand. But my eyes are working overtime.

I see rags in the vats, soaked in water and boiling. Farther on, I see a yellow mass – soft wood after being boiled. The mass will eventually transform into cardboard.

In the next hall, I see fresh paper, evenly rolling out in white sheets from under the machine. Some of the paper

is dyed various colors. Next, it's cut into small pieces, which are sent to chocolate and candy factories.

The same factory also makes boxes and reels. In a large machine, there is something like a trough. A worker puts a box that's not glued together yet into the trough. It falls into a small dungeon-like space, is put together and glued in a few seconds, and then it falls into the trough, rides its entire length, and then exits at the other end, where a second worker immediately places it on a pile of clean, ready boxes.

We leave the factory excited. I feel like I've left a busy beehive and entered a silent emptiness.

Tusia from Będzin

THE AIRBORNE AND ANTIGAS DEFENSE LEAGUE CAMP

"Tickets, please," calls out the ticket inspector.

I don't have 25 groszy. I wait until it gets dark and then, hop, over the fence I go, and I'm in. There is a plane in the corner. I move closer.

"Don't touch, please!"

"Don't worry, sir. I'm not going to break anything. Besides, what could I break in this old piece of junk?"

"Hey, kid, don't be smart, or I'll throw you out."

"Yeah, yeah, big man," I mutter under my breath and move on.

I go into a tent. On a long table, there are glazed cabinets. In the first one is a human face made out of wax. Underneath is a sign that reads, "this is what a human face looks like after chlorine poisoning." It's not a very pleasant sight. In the second, third, fourth... oh, horrible... real human arms and legs. To make things worse, the arms and legs are covered with disgusting wounds; in one place, the wound goes down to the bone. Brrr. Underneath a sign: "wounds resulting from mustard gas."

Next are two emergency apparatuses. In the corners, there are mannequins in anti-mustard gas masks and clothing, holding equipment used to put out the

gas-liquid. On the right side are masks of various shapes and sizes.

In the second tent, there were much more interesting things. I was really interested in the bombs and aerial missiles. I was really intrigued by the shape of one bomb, several meters long – it had a wide front and a narrow back. Next to those were models of planes, both flying and not. I wasn't very interested in the flying ones, but when I saw the others, I froze in delight. I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life.

I spent nearly half an hour looking at the models that held a sign: "please do not touch", and thinking "they're too good for the likes of you."

Finally, I left the tent. Nearby was a hut filled with teargas. That's where I headed. There was a smell coming from it, something like horseradish, or vinegar. One man went up to it, opened the doors, took a whiff, and started crying.

"Get this man his mommy! So old, and he's crying. Such an embarrassment, for pity's sake!"

"Go away or I'll kick you."

At the end, they showed a propaganda film, not half bad, but I didn't wait until the end because it was late and I was hungry.

Jerzy from Bagno Street

HOW A LIGHTBULB IS MADE

To see it, I left the house sick, with a swollen face, wrapped up – in other words, divine.

A large hall, lots of machines, humming motors. To the right, to the left, straight ahead – machines everywhere.

The guide explained.

Before the manufacture of the lightbulb itself starts, a number of components have to be made out of glass and metal, the stem (the glass mount), a wide tube, bent in a fire into the shape of a disk – which is called a pinch, the bulb, a narrow tube, a filament, and two electrodes. A filament is a thin tungsten wire, much thinner than a human hair (diameter of 6 microns). Currently, lighting technology is oriented to developing the best possible filament, since tungsten is very difficult to draw out, and creating such a thin wire requires an enormous amount of work.

An electrode is a copper wire, tipped with nickel in gas lightbulbs, which at one point has a narrowing made of tombac (an alloy). The chemical composition of this alloy is the secret of every factory. This narrowing touches the glass and has the same thermal expansion coefficient as the glass.

With a mechanical movement, the worker sitting at the machine inserts the stem, then the pinch, electrodes and sleeve into the pincers of a machine that automatically moves forward. The pincers pass through some flames that gradually heat up the pinch until the machine finally

clamps the now elastic glass. The stem resulting from this, cooled in a special furnace, goes to the next machine, which presses a small button into the bottom of the stem.

Then another machine leads the wire to a small anvil, above which the stem is placed. Above it is a metal cross, and lower down, a bit to the side – flames. At some point, the cross comes down and presses the cut wires into the molten button. The worker bends the wires into hooks using a small machine, and the filament is attached to them by hand.

This stem with the filament, placed into a cleaned and stamped bulb, is then soldered at the top. The bulb is thus closed, and the only connection with the inside is through the tube sticking out. Through this sleeve, using increasingly better pumps, the air is sucked out and a vacuum created inside.

Now we come to the firing: at a certain voltage, certain chemicals burn in the lightbulb, which were previously sprayed on the filament. They attract the rest of the molecules found in the lightbulb and deposit them on the inner surface of the bulb. It has been calculated that 15-40 layers of molecules are found on the walls of the bulb.

And finally, the last stage in this hall – filling the bulb with gas, non-flammable of course, which means nitrogen or argon, never oxygen.

In the next hall, the substance that is applied to the bases is prepared, the bases are attached, their durability is tested, their ends are soldered to the contact and to the cap (the contact is the black circle the bottom of the

base, the cap is the light-colored metal part).

Now the lightbulb, washed and dried, can go to the packing room, and from there, out into the world. But a good factory wants to check the efficiency of its work. And so, a light-meter measures the beam of light in lumens and the power consumption in volts. A light-metered lightbulb burns at a ratio of 1:55, which means that one hour of burning at this voltage equals 55 hours of normal burning. Next to every burned-out test lightbulb is an exact label: the photometric data, the machine it was made on, when the test began, so that it can be determined exactly how long the light bulb burned and an average can be calculated. Normally, a lightbulb should burn for 1000 hours, i.e. 3.5 months without break. After death, the so-called burning out, the lightbulbs are usually dark. This is because tungsten evaporates and settles on the walls of the bulb.

The guide also showed us an aerial lightbulb. It is a large glass tube, topped with a mirrored sphere. The filament hangs on a strong tube. This kind of lightbulb gives 6500 lumens with 1000 volts!

In the basement, there is a hall of machines with several compressors (for compressing air), vacuums, and pumps, powered by municipal electricity; an explosive materials deposit, which much be kept cool; an array of batteries that produce direct current at a maximum voltage of 312 volts for photometric tests; switches for the electricity and power (lights and motors). With these switches, the whole factory can be shut down in an instant.

Wita

R.E.O.

There is a Rural Employment Office, or R.E.O., on Grzybowska Street. I entered the waiting room with a friend. She had to take care of something in the emigration department.

I stayed in the waiting room. I looked at the posters that covered nearly every wall. The posters contained explanations of the cases when the unemployed were entitled to benefits.

Sitting on the benches that were the only furniture in the waiting room were shabbily dressed people with sad faces. I listened to their conversations. It turned out that they were emigrants. They were going to France, hoping to find work there.

In the middle of the room, two

charming children played, a boy and a girl.

I started talking to their mothers. It was the first time they had been in the capital city. They were going to France to join their husbands. They said that they would rather stay here, that they loved the countryside and their work. They didn't want to go to sunny France, to the vineyards, they preferred rye in their own fields. The faces of these village women were gray, wrinkled, their bodies hunched over, even though they were only in their twenties.

A worker sitting beside them asked me if I was going with them. I told him no, and asked if he was going to France permanently. He didn't know yet. If he could find work there, he would bring his wife to join him. It was hard to leave her, but as he said,

he wasn't the only one. He pointed to the other men sitting beside him.

The boy and girl came back to their mothers. The girl started crying.

"I want to go home, home!"

The longing for home and the countryside was in her, too. The boy stared at her, wide-eyes, and suddenly said, lisp, "I want a car. I'm going to see daddy. Daddy's gonna give me a car."

After a moment, the children were running around and laughing, having forgotten about their desires – the girl about wanting to go home, the boy about the car.

My friend had taken care of her business. We were leaving and I glanced at the people one last time. Would I ever see them again? Would they come back to their homeland?

Lili from Otwock

THE SHOEMAKER'S WORKSHOP

We walk down Krochmalna Street, one of the poorest streets in Warsaw, to go see the workshop of shoemaker Josie Kogut.

We enter a small, half-dark room, which is used both as a workshop and the residence of a numerous family.

The workshop is set up at the window, with the gray-haired Mr. Kogut sitting on a low stool.

"What do you need repaired, young misses?"

We hand over a school bag to be sewn up. Mr. Kogut asks us to have a seat, and sits at the rattling machine himself.

Initially, we sit quietly and watch

him work. But we need to start a conversation – that is why we came here. We start with the most important subject right now – the crisis.

Indeed, Mr. Kogut gets into the conversation. He recalled the old, happy days and compared them with the present day. Until recently, he made 10 to 14 zloty daily and he only made new shoes, but now he makes 3 to 5 zloty a day. In addition to the crisis, he was also affected by the development of the machines, which are taking earnings away from small craftsmen.

We then asked about his profession. Mr. Kogut said that shoemaking is an especially handcrafted job: nearly

everything has to be made by hand, with only a few tools. The most important is the last, a wooden form of a foot; the stirrup – a leather strap with the ends sewn together, used to hold a shoe on the knee while working; a short knife for cutting leather, with a diagonal tip, an awl, and thread.

He told us how he makes slippers. He takes the appropriate last, and nails the first sole to the bottom. Then he covers the top of the last with the shoe upper, already cut out earlier, pulls it tight so it fits the last well, and then nails it down on the bottom. Then, using an awl and thread, he sews the upper to the first sole. Next comes

AT THE INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

I climb the clean stairs to the first floor. I walk through a long open gallery and find myself at the school for the blind.

I walk into a classroom. Near the wall is a large closet. A map of the other hemisphere hangs on the wall, but it is no ordinary map. Both Americas, all the mountains, rivers, and cities on it are convex.

Two girls and three boys sit at a long table. The strange seriousness carved into their faces makes it difficult to judge their age. I estimate it to be between 12 and 16 years. The teacher stops the lecture and provides explanations.

The blind write, read, and "see" in their own way. They see with their very sensitive and trained fingertips, which they run over books, notebooks, papers, and maps.

Except that the print and writing is different than that of sighted people. The writing is convex and does not consist of a normal alphabet, but one specially composed for the blind. It is six-dot writing, because each letter fits in a rectangle made up of 1 to 6 dots. The layout of the dots decides on the meaning of the letter.

It might seem that reading such writing using one's hands is extremely difficult, that it would be syllabication rather than reading. But it turns out that the blind read fluently, just like we do. One of the girls opens a book and starts reading. She picked a description of nature. I hear words about the blue sky, the green forest, the warm red of raspberries, and the delicate pale green of apples.

I watch the faces of the other students during the reading. They seem terribly old, sad, and unhappy to me. The even, calm voice of the reader rings out in complete silence. And suddenly, I see a bright, happy smile on the lips of one of the boys. It forces me to revise my assessment of the appearance of their faces. Looking a little differently, deeper than before, I don't see sadness and despair, but rather a focus, deep thought, and listening to the voice of their own hearts. I don't know why, but I become aware that they see colors, that for them, the forest is just as green, the sky blue, the day bright, and the night dark.

I can't resist my curiosity and after the reading is over, I ask one of the girls.

"What do you think the forest is like?"

She speaks slowly and carefully. "The forest is green and quiet, and very good. It is so beautiful there, and there is almost music playing in it..."

a layer of thick, hard leather on top of the first sole. On top of this, he sews on the second sole. Finally, he makes a hard counter for the heel, which he attaches to the sole, and a heel made of several layers of hard leather, which is nailed to the shoe. He trims the edges of the sole and the heel with his knife, smooths them with a file, and puts shoe-black on the upper and the sides.

Finishing his story, old Mr. Kogut sighed heavily.

"Yes, it wouldn't be too bad, if not for the cursed machines that have started to take even the last piece of bread from us poor shoemakers. ■

The lesson is over. The girls and boys run to the neighboring large room, which soon fills with blind children. They all act as if they could see. They chase each other, fight, horse around, just like normal boys their age who do the same during all the breaks.

I take advantage of this freedom and start a conversation.

"Do you feel happy?" I ask one of the boys.

"Yes. I only feel bad when someone pities me, and people do that often. I have good hearing, so I often hear them whispering with great pity, 'Careful, he's handicapped, he's blind.' But I really don't need pity, it even hurts me. I much prefer encouragement to keep going, a simple 'that's nothing bad,' rather than tender words of compassion."

I also found out that the blind organize sightseeing trips.

Leaving, I met a girl in the cloakroom. Her large, incredibly beautiful eyes looked at me without moving, without life.

And once again, I am filled with pity. On the street, I shake it off quickly. If they don't want it, we shouldn't pity them.

Life is difficult for everyone. Opposing winds often buffet us on the turbulent road of life. We fight against the oppositions and in this fierce fight for existence, we don't have a lot of time to look inside ourselves, where true beauty hides.

But they have that time. And even though they have less than we do in other things, they have an advantage over us – a beauty and richness of the soul.

Sara from Bonifraterska Street

ROCK BREAKERS

The workers were working in the large square beyond the railway tracks. The place was beautiful, and the work hard. The square was surrounded by hills covered with flowers and greenery. Behind them, on one side you could see the forest, on the other, the platform.

The workers paid no attention to the beautiful view. Their eyes were on the gray boulder fragments. While they worked, they sat in a row on the ground. Their legs were wrapped with rags to protect them from being cut by the sharp rocks. Holding the boulders with their feet, they hit them with their picks, and they did it so skillfully that all the rocks they split were nearly the same size.

When they had broken up many of the rocks, they were stacked in a form. The stacks were then measured. They were paid by the meter, so they tried to have as many meters as possible. They only stopped working to eat something or wipe the sweat from their foreheads.

They went home at 9 in the evening. They looked as dirty as the gray stacks of stone – the fruit of their hard work.

Irka Gr.

The 15th of April is the deadline for submitting works to the DRAWING CONTEST LITERARY CONTEST (Novellas, poems, humoresques, a novel or a play for the school theater) PRIZES: five prizes of 20 zloty, five of 10 zloty, and one of 100 zloty

AT THE SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD YOUTH

A small, gray building in the suburbs. It gives the impression of being an ordinary ruin, and it is one in fact, which is noticeable right at the entrance. A small square yard, surrounded by a wooden fence; an old, one-story building, a musty smell in the narrow stairwell.

This is a place where all the "outcasts" of children's society are sent. Here, refuge is available to those, about whom schools have issue the worst opinions: the worst, steals, lies, demoralizes others. Here, they are supposed to grow into decent people.

I enter the front hall. Above the door, there is a large, decorative inscription: "It is good that you are here." This is probably the only place where a young criminal is welcome.

Across from the door is a recreation hall, where boys are currently playing. Next to it is a dining hall, and on the other side workshops, where the older boys learn trades. Upstairs are bedrooms, classrooms, and a common room. The walls of the common room are decorated with the pupils' drawings. There are about 130 boys in the school, of whom 30 live in the dormitories. The curriculum is the same as at a public school. Outside of the program, the older boys learn trades. They come here, sent by public schools, by juvenile courts, or of their own will.

The students usually come from the oldest low social layers. These are children who took to the streets due to hunger, poverty, or poor moral conditions in the home, children who have been harmed morally and physically from their youngest years. They find themselves in the sphere of offences and crimes, from their earliest years, their eyes have been opened to all of the meanness and poverty of the life that brutally tramples then into the ground. It is no surprise then that they give in, that even the best of them start to hate everyone and everything, that they become criminals. For some, their vices are like a collective revenge, a hatred of everything: for their alcoholic father, for their mother, beaten and tormented, for hunger, for poverty, for humiliations. These children, when they come to the school, have experienced a multitude of painful experiences and suffering. They are mistrustful, withdrawn, and suspicious.

It is difficult to break through the wall of reluctance that has come into existence between the child and the outside world. They must be approached carefully, to avoid opening fresh wounds; skillfully, to awaken honesty.

The director of the school is one of the few people who can do this. She combines a large heart and a love for her work with an enlightened mind, which knows how to speak to these young outcasts.

At the school, they are not treated as criminals, but as equals, and their crimes as a sickness of the soul, for which they seek a cure along with their teachers. The results that come from this method are incredible. After a certain time spent at the school, the wall of reluctance disappears and relations between students and teachers

begin to be based on mutual trust and honesty. This does not mean that the student improves the moment they step through the door of the school. No, but they begin to work on eliminating their existing faults and habits, which with the aid of a teacher, they usually manage to do. The truth of this is proven by the fact that after finishing the school, only a small percentage of students return to their previous lives.

I browse the so-called book of honesty. The boys gave this book to the director on her name day. It contains letters to her, in which they describe their experiences. I have to say that I got choked up while reading these confessions.

"I often went stealing with him," a boy writes. "Usually at night. He stood under the window, and I kept a lookout..."

The letter is quite long, the tone of complete honesty maintained throughout. It contains a list of all sorts of thefts in which the mysterious "he" is a participant. When giving the letter to the director, the boy explained.

"That's my father, ma'am, but I wrote 'he' so that the boys, when they read it, wouldn't know that someone has a father like that."

"I am most afraid when they yell. I'd rather they beat me than yelled," another writes. "When someone insults me, I could kill them, or run away – that's how scared I get. Once, I stole father's cigarettes. Father saw, and I was terribly scared, but mother begged him and nothing happened to me. Later, to make up for the fear, I convinced the boys to break our windows."

Does such a nervous child not need medical care, rather than the court and juvenile detention?

Another writes: "I would very much like to improve. And I know that stealing is bad, but sometimes, something tempts me and I take something. I don't like to lie, either, but when I'm mad at someone, I lie. Out of spite, on purpose. When you said that I'm not that bad at all, I decided to improve. And I thought that if I'm not bad, then I can improve, but now after what happened, you probably don't trust me anymore. So I'm asking: am I really not bad? Because sometimes it seems that I'm so bad that nothing can help me, but if you say that I'm not, maybe I can still improve."

This was one of the "worst ones," whose removal was unconditionally demanded by the teachers' council.

How great is the tragedy of this boy, who wants to be different, but there is something inside him that doesn't let him? How enormous a motivation is someone's belief in him and a good opinion? I don't know whether all those who place these "criminals" in prisons and juvenile detention take all these factors into consideration.

The relationship of these boys towards their parents is strange. They shake in anger when someone says something bad. It is very painful for them that their parents often don't feel anything for them.

One time, there was an incident in the dorms. One of the boys went home for a name day celebration. After coming back, he told his friends about

the fabulous presents he received and the good time he had. The director noticed, however, that the boy was unnaturally cheerful. In the evening, when everyone was asleep, she approached him. She saw that he was choking down his tears. He told her then what he saw at home, how he had been thrown out on the street, and he said something completely different "so that the boys wouldn't know."

When I read these letters and listened to their stories, I had the impression that these boys, practically torn away from prison bars, are better than their moral peers. They have ideals, they can dream about a new, better world, strive to eliminate evil, think about the happiness of humanity, which few among the normal youth are capable of. Therefore, they are more subtle, react more lively, and think more intently.

The atmosphere in the school is very cordial, homey. It's clear the boys love their teachers and their school. This is their home, after all. Here, for the first time, they were recognized as people, for the first time, they had the conditions for normal development. They experience the brightest moments of their lives here. There is an enormous simplicity in the teachers' attitude towards the boys, no trace of superiority, and at the same time, it is characterized by warmth. The students and the teachers form one big family, which can be seen, for example, in the fact that the whole school celebrates the name day of each pupil.

All of this despite the fact that the teachers work much more than the teachers in normal schools, and in far worse conditions. Their work does not end with the bell, it lasts all day and night.

Additionally, the hygiene conditions in the school on Budowlana Street are very poor. They lack the necessary toilets, have little space, and all of this makes their work much harder. Despite this, the teachers work with devotion, joyfully, so that the joy radiates into the surroundings. The boys who ended up at the school are very lucky.

But we should not forget that this is only about 7% of the overall number of candidates. The others are either half-starving on the streets of Warsaw, or, having been caught stealing, are placed in prisons and juvenile detention. One of the school's pupils, despite the best efforts of the teachers, ended up in the reformatory in Studzieniec. He writes that he is doing well there, but his letters are censored.

At the end, I take a look at the workshops. One of the oldest pupils proudly shows off the closet he made by himself.

I leave with a feeling of deep satisfaction. I start to look at the world more brightly. There are no truly bad people, if those who are generally considered to be the worst have so many good elements in their souls. You just have to know how to awaken those elements. And for that, we need more schools like this one, more teachers like these. Perhaps then prisons and juvenile detention centers will vanish from the face of the Earth.

Marysia

READER UPDATES

MAZEL TOV

I went in a car to the rabbi's. The guests had already been gathered.

As soon as Salek came in, he put a veil on Regina's head. I was holding a candle, and many other people also held candles.

Regina and Salek stud with the rabbi under the chuppah. They drank wine from one glass, then they threw the glass on the floor and stomped on it with their feet.

Salek put a wedding band on Regina's finger. Everyone congratulated the bride.

"Mazel tov, congratulations!"

MIECIO from Miła Street

* * *

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY

All year, I lived in Śródborów, and I was happiest when spring came.

One time, a few of my friends and I went past Śródborów. We walked maybe four hours. When we were coming back, I saw a hut with a straw roof. I was very glad to see it and I told the girls this was a country hut, for sure.

Then one of the girls said that she had a few groszy with her, so we could go inside and buy some milk from the housewife, because we were very thirsty.

We all agreed and went inside. We asked for a quart of milk. The lady didn't want to sell it to us, but she gave it to us for free. She pushed a bench up to the table and set out potatoes and cabbage.

When we had eaten everything, we thanked her for the modest offering and made our way back.

JANKA from Chłodna Street

* * *

A HAPPIER LIFE WILL COME

I was lying in bed and was very weak. I dreamed of an orange and licked my dry lips.

In the evening, mommy came back home after working all day. I couldn't stand it anymore, and I asked for an orange. Mommy didn't have money, but she borrowed it from a neighbor and brought me two large, juicy oranges – one of them was raspberry-colored inside. I started to eat them greedily, but I was embarrassed in front of mommy, who stood in the corner and watched the mess. Another time, she would probably have told me to eat one today and leave the second for tomorrow. But this time, mommy was merciful and didn't say anything.

When the "If I was Kaytek" contest was announced, almost everyone expected too much. If I was Kaytek, I would give out oranges to sick children.

But I am happy anyway, because spring has come, and I am so happy I want to fly in the air. Then summer will come, and fruit. Mommy also buys fruit then because even the poor can afford them.

And if the soles of my shoes aren't quite good in the summer, that's all right, too, because it's warm and happy.

MIETEK from Nowolipie Street

* * *

THE WORST CLASS

Our class doesn't have a good student council. The president tattles on the children and hits them. The boys are the worst bullies.

We want to have a peer club, but how can we, when the girls tell on people.

I'm ashamed to write what my class is like. In our school, we say a prayer before classes, but the boys don't show up for it at all.

Everyone complains about our class. The janitor complains that we take too long to get dressed after classes, the teachers call us unbearable. In general, our class is the worst in the whole school.

FELICJA from Wołyńska Street

* * *

RELIGION CLASS

Before every religion class, there is a lot of noise in our classroom. Everyone tries to learn their homework and copies out the summary.

Only when the teacher comes in after the bell, the class quiets down. There is only the whisper of one girl who complains to her friend about why they teach religion, who needs to know the prophets' speeches, and why do they assign so many summaries. The other answers that all Jews should learn the history of their nation. The teacher, having overheard the whispering, throws them both out of the classroom.

Then he calls on a student and tells him to summarize the last lesson. The student doesn't know, and gets an F. Another one is called, and he knows a bit, so he gets a C and he's very happy.

Then the teacher calls on a girl, who knows her lesson and gets an A. Then he tells us the new lesson and has us summarize it from the book. The bell interrupts the lesson and the teacher leaves.

HANKA from Ogrodowa Street

WHAT I OWE TO BOOKS

When I was very little, I liked to listen to fairytales. Mom had to tell the same thing, dozens of times. Finally, she started reading me books.

When I grew up, I started reading myself, and I asked mommy to sign me up at the library.

I like to read books because I can learn from them about the lives of people who were born before me and those who live in other countries. I find out about the lives of different animals and birds.

Sometimes when a book is sad, I feel like crying, and when it's happy, then I laugh because I feel like everything described in the book is happening to me. Reading books, I can write better and I learn new expressions.

I also like books because thanks to them, I spent my time pleasantly instead of being bored because there's nothing to do.

Of the books I have read so far, I most liked Korczak's 'Fame.' I want to be famous, too."

JURAS

* * *

AT THE MOVIES

The teacher said that those who wanted to go to the cinema should bring 25 groszy. We went to the Modern Cinema. It was a Palestinian picture. First, they showed President Sokolow, and then the city of Tel-Aviv. And it went like this:

Some Jews bought land from an Arab. In this land, there was a plant, called a sabra. People worked hard to clear the land of the sabras.

The Jews decided to dig a well to have their own water and not have to pay the Arabs. One of their workers was a deaf-mute. When there was a bell, everyone went to dinner, but he didn't hear the bell, so he kept working. He dug and dug until water came out. Then he started dancing for joy. In the meantime, a lot of dirt fell down from above, filling the well and burying the deaf-mute.

The workers came back and saw the filled-in well. They started to dig and got the deaf-mute man out. He was put to bed, but he was better the next day.

There was one bad Arab, who closed the well and told the Arabs to kill Jews. They killed one, and then someone said that the bad Arab had locked the well with a key.

Then the Arabs stopped beating the Jews, and the Jews told them that they would give them water for free.

CHACIUŚ from Białystok

THE STORY OF ONE CUT

I have noticed quite often that films are prohibited at the beginning and then suddenly they are "permitted" for youth. It would seem that this might be a question of determined pleas to the cinema management, or good relations.

No, usually in cases like this, the censors cut out a piece of the film that according to them, demoralize youth. Usually, they cut out love scenes, too many kisses, etc. An example of this is "The Pagan." The censors declared that the necklines of Ramon Novarro's costumes were too low. "Ten Percent for Me" lost a scene with a model in a fashion salon because she was walking around in skimpy lingerie. Hell! That's a completely natural scene. Everyone knows that a model in a fashion salon walks around in lingerie. But of course, the extremely distasteful and unintelligent scene with the toilet was left in, to the delight of the marginal audiences.

Recently, I encountered another case where after a week of being shown, the movie was allowed for us. I'm talking about the film "Hell Below" (Europa Cinema).

I went to see the movie when it was still prohibited for us, and I was

outraged. Love full of devotion. Nothing tawdry. But still – prohibited! Generally, I liked the movie because of the good technique and acting of Walter Huston.

One scene was noteworthy and provoked a discussion. At one moment, a subordinate hits his superior in the face.

"That wasn't right," I could hear voices in the cinema during the break.

"Even if the superior hurt his subordinate very much, he should keep quiet and follow the order, and then he can complain to the appropriate authorities."

The scene does actually ruin the impression of the film.

When I found out that the movie was now allowed for us, I went to see it again, to see the difference. And what do I see? The scene was cut out, as demoralizing.

God! Do you really want to suppress every spark of criticism in us, gentlemen? I will prove to you that however many youth went to see the movie before the "permission," they all criticize this moment. And you're worried that the youth will imitate Robert Montgomery.

Efr.

TOM SAWYER ON THE SCHOOL STAGE

This school year, work on the school stage proceeded with exceptional enthusiasm. A careful critic and lover of the youth theater (I think that there will eventually be a specialist in this area, too) could write a nice and intriguing discussion about the directions of individual school theaters, outline their history, consider the pros and cons, and finally assemble a summary of the students' theatrical work this year.

The future school theater historian will undoubtedly devote a chapter to the as yet few drama sections that have broken with following the same templates, searched for an appropriate repertoire, and through a proper analysis of the play at a meeting of the section, through a skillful portrayal of each character, thought-out down to the smallest detail, began a period of reformation.

I'm making the task of the unknown

colleague easier, and out of a chronicler's duty, draw his attention to the work of the drama club at the Teachers' Union Middle School. The female students at the school recently staged "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." The play, directed by Mr. Centnerszwer, professor of Polish studies, was so excellent that if old man Twain were sitting in the audience, he would have certainly admitted to being the author. In places, "Tom" was better, or at least more faithful to the original, than the movie. The acting of the entire cast completely deserved the applause that shook the gym.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" at the Teachers' Union Middle School once again confirms the correctness of the claim that pioneers should organize an inter-school theater in Warsaw.

Gr.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO BRAIN TEASERS WERE SENT BY:

Basia Albekówna, Alina from Włocławek, Estusia and Iziek Aschenfarb, Baby, Bala and Bea, Beniek from Nowolipki Street, the Bielickie sisters, Różia Drózdziarz, Edgar, Jakób Fajn, Hanka Fejginówna, Beniek Fiszer, Abram Freidenreich, Zaza G., Tadzik Ginzburg, Elżunia Goldmanówna, Adaś Gotlieb, Iser from Dzielnia Street, Bluma Justmanówna, Jerzy Kerner, Halina

Kirszblum, Lusja Kirszrotówna, Nusia Kuczyńska, Esterka Lengerówna, Pola Litmanowicz, Sz. Łaznowski, Dorka Majerowicz, Mosze from Nalewki Street, Basia Muszyńska, Kuba Nuskier, Ina Ostryńska, B. Rapaport, Tadeusz Rosenwein, Lola Szejngros, Tóbcia and Tadzio Szryber, Zachary Śniadowski, Józio Wolteger, Bela Zaks, Icek Zylberberg ■

DZIECIAKOWO

The editors have received an invitation to tour "Dzieciakowo" in Józefów. This is a kind of summer camp or a boarding house for children. The opening of "Dzieciakowo" will take place on May 1st. The camp is planned for sixty children. The building is winter-suitable, built of brick, in the winter, it will host school housing.

The owners of "Dzieciakowo" founded it for philanthropic reasons – they want as many poor students from public schools as possible to be able to take advantage of the paradise for children.

A detailed report and description will be published in the next issue. ■

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 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET. FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 8TH, WE INVITE THE FOLLOWING: M. NATANBLUTÓWNA, SARA ROZENFELDÓWNA, IZIO CUKIER AND M. RABINOWICZ.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

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,

CONTINUED ON P. 2

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 Lusia. You might guess that more than one of us was wiping their tears in secret at the thought of Miss Lusia 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 Lusia.

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 Lusia 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 of 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 Szlamek, “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.

* * * 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."

Miecio: "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."

Miecio: "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."

Miecio: "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."

Miecio: "It seems to me that climate means some kind of air, and a health resort has to do with health."

(collected by reporter Szlamek)

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 Świszcz. 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.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

WŁADYSŁAW BERG (7th grade of middle school)

JUVENILE COURT FILES

LAYOUT OF THE ISSUE:

Pages 1 and 2 – for youth
 Page 3 – “From the pen of
 a 13-year-old” – for readers aged
 10–14
 Page 4 – for everyone
 Pages 5 and 6 – for children

A systematically arranged collection of pages. Old ones, from a few or a dozen years ago, faded and reddened; recent ones, with slightly yellowed edges; and – finally – new ones, searing the eye with the snowy whiteness of freshly filled paper.

The small, clear feminine handwriting makes up short, concise notes from juvenile court – the fruit of long, arduous labor, a rich gallery of characters. It is an invaluable chronicle of details and facts, excised from life with a sharp scalpel of an insightful psychologist – a museum of children's “sins.” It is a contribution interesting both to a psychologist and a scholar of social conditions. It is a contribution that gives an answer, based on years of observation, to dozens of questions that pop up. Why do they steal? What forces them to step onto the slippery path to misdemeanor? Can their actions be described as “misdemeanors”? What? How? Why? A series of awkward question marks, coming together in a broken line of a statistics graph, full of unexplored mysteries.

* * *

The characteristic feature of most incidents – they usually do not steal for themselves. They steal for love. For love of their near and dear ones, who are in the throes of poverty.

A small, frail, thirteen-year-old girl with a nearly transparent face the color of molten wax appears before the court. Blue faded pupils, buried somewhere in the sunken eye sockets, stare dully, or rather, they have a dead look of resignation, forged with the hard, merciless hammer of pain and suffering.

The file records her name – Jadzia – and a last name, a cluster of worthless letters, stuck like an official government stamp to an independent, thinking human being. Jadzia... The name says nothing. Perhaps the court papers, which accuse her of stealing fifty zloty, will say more.

The interview takes place in Jadzia's home.

We are in the interior of a broken addition, clumsily clinging to a sprawling ruin in Podwale. A dark room, filled with small people. Sitting near a broken, smeared window, sits a small creature with an enormous head, an unnaturally distended belly and bulging, cloudy eyes. A typical alcoholic's child. The mother, a no longer young woman with eroded – probably by tears – cheeks. She has a bony, dry, tubercular chest and overworked, rough hands of a washerwoman. She speaks in a broken voice.

She had two children with her first husband; Jadzia is her first daughter.

After his death, she married a second time – a widowed blacksmith, also with two children. She had two girls and a boy with him; the boy is the child sitting under the window. Her husband works in a factory, earns quite a lot, but he drinks. He constantly drinks away his whole salary. He gives his wife nothing, or a measly few groszy. At night, when he comes back drunk from the bar, he drags his wife out of bed and tortures her with refined sadism, threatening to kill the children.

Deep in the most painful corners of Jadzia's heart, her mother's suffering hits the hardest. The frail, tyrannized human life seethes in its helpless weakness. And on the long, silent nights, interrupted only by her mother's trembling moans, Jadzia thinks. How to help her mother? Mother! Who does not know what a mother is?

The washerwoman sighs. Dry, tubercular cough chokes her. She slowly starts talking about the theft. One day, Jadzia and a friend went to the cigarette kiosk owned by her friend's sister. An elegant gentleman approached, asked for a pack of cigarettes and laid down a fifty zloty note. The friend's sister put the money in her pocket and handed the man his change. Jadzia stared at the paper note with lust. “Oh,” she thought, “mother would have lunch for a week and could buy herself whatever she wanted.”

The internal struggle lasted a fraction of a second. Jadzia stole the money. When she brought it to her mother, she said she found it on the street.

“It was after the first, my husband had been at the bar the night before; there wasn't a grosz at home, so I simply took the money.” Her moaning tone changes to muffled sobbing. “When I asked what she wanted me to do with the money, she asked me to eat properly and buy a shawl, because it's cold outside now. And for herself,” the woman bursts out into uncontrolled weeping, “she didn't even take a grosz for herself. Not one grosz.”

* * *

But sometimes they steal for themselves.

When the first freezing winds arrive, when the slanted rays of the sun cease to give the body their life-giving warmth, when the first snow chases away the last memories of the past summer, hunger becomes more and more intrusive and insistent. The juvenile court deals with a variety of uniform, identical, practically cut from a stencil cases, on a daily basis.

The urchins want to live. To live, you have to eat. It is an inexorable law of life. And the food is so close: you just have to reach out and take the

tasty, tempting pretzel from a street vendor's basket. More and more often, the greedy hand reaches out, grabs the desired prize and the young, now turned “criminal” entrusts his salvation to the speed of his not quite completely frostbitten legs. Sometimes, however, he fails, and the “criminal” is stopped, unnecessarily for everyone.

And then there is another “template” case for the juvenile court.

* * *

A sharp difference from these everyday cases is a completely different matter, which cannot be called a trivial one. It is quite a sensational thing, of course not the kind of sensation worthy of pulp crime novels, nor the sensation of degenerate brains, hungry for deranged thrills.

It is the case of Franek (let's call him Franek), a fourteen-year-old psychopath.

This is a strange word, and the effect it has is also strange. Unbidden, the excited imagination brings up images of grasping madman's hands and faces distorted with a paroxysm of fury.

Nothing like it!

Franek is a nice, blond young man, with clear dark-hazel eyes. He is accused of stealing two hundred zloty. He answers clearly, calmly, intelligently. So what makes him a psychopath?

Franek's psychosis is a rare, but severe case of an instinctive escape from reality, that dirty-gray reality, stained with the wretchedness of everyday life. A self-preservation instinct of the imagination and fantasy against the binding shackles of a ragged life. A psychopath like him is the grim, baseborn child of today's abnormal social system.

Immediately after the birth of his son, Franek's father was called to the front. Perhaps blind fate sentenced him to wandering, perhaps it felled his body on one of the fields where in the wild, mutual slaughter, many people lay, covered by various uniforms, people in whose veins flowed the same red, unnecessarily spilled blood.

We do not know. The fact is that he did not return. Blind fate often becomes mute and deaf to the sobs of a broken woman's figure with a crying bundle at her breast.

Franek's mother took up many occupations.

From being a seamstress and washerwoman, she descended lower and lower on the slippery slope of her damaged life, until she became a fence, making money by storing thieves' stolen goods.

And Franek grew.

The little tyke quickly learned to walk and talk. He also quickly learned

something a hundred times more important – he learned to listen.

He listened greedily, whether it was to long babbles of his mother, or the strange, incomprehensible, mysterious filthy anecdotes of the thieves, told in a slang of low-lives and scumbags, or the words of the teacher at the public school he started attending when he was eight.

Franek listened.

Not only did he listen – he started to read.

The tomes of Hugo's “Les Misérables,” stolen by burglars from who knows where did not find a buyer in their underworld. So they lay there, gleaming with their gold letters on dark blue bindings, forgotten in a corner of the thieves' den.

Franek found the books. He started reading them. And suddenly he experienced an epiphany. He was dazzled by their fabulous, but so realistic world. He fell in love with Cosette, cried with Fantine, tracked criminals with Javert, marveled at Marius, rough-housed with Gavroche, but above all, he loved Jean Valjean. He started to take on his character, live his life, think and feel like his favorite character did.

Franek stopped suddenly in front of the travel agency window display. Two hundred zloty! Two hundred zloty in his pocket. The money was burning a hole in his pocket. He had never held, or even seen such a sum in his life. But today, after a year's apprenticeship with the tailor, his boss evidently trusted him, and gave him the money to pay various obligations. Franek felt rich with other people's money.

March was coming. There was still sticky snow falling, and turning into dirty puddles as soon as it touched the ground. Franek trod through the mud with difficulty. And suddenly he stopped. The giant advertising poster of the travel agency laughed at him from behind the window pane. The black letters of the title clearly stood out from the sun-drenched mountain and forests. Franek read, “Midi de France”... Strange, exciting words: “Midi” and “France.” Franek had never heard these words.

The multicolored poster burned his eyes. The sun shone with a palette of colors, it lured him from the poster. Yes, clearly it was smiling at him, saying, “Come on, don't go home again! You hate being a tailor so much!”

Short and sharp, the thought came like a dazzling lightning strike: Jean Valjean would not listen. Franek stops, but...

“A ticket to Gdynia, please.”

“Why exactly Gdynia?”

Franek doesn't know.

“Which train?”

“The next one.”

“At the moment, we are sold out,” the official informs him politely. “But you can still get them at the station.”

Franek breathes a sigh of relief. He will not spend his boss' money. Jean Valjean has kept him from stealing.

But here is the train station. And again, as if driven by a magnetic force, Franek goes in and asks for a ticket.

After a moment, a ticket to Gdynia is in his pocket.

The piercing whistle of the locomotive, the long howl of a ship's siren. The grating noise of the harbor crane. “They're loading coal,” thinks Franek, pulling up his torn pants.

He is hungry. The money disappeared somewhere. With the last few groszy, he bought a stamp for a letter to his mother.

“Mom, I'm in Gdynia,” the crooked letters express the storm raging inside the boy. “I have no money left. Please send me some so I can come back.”

The court has acquitted Franek of guilt and punishment. He was considered a psychopath and assigned to a court officer. Franek goes to see her for lessons every day. He learns. The unknown, colorful world pulls at him. Knowledge. Franek listens carefully. Natural science, geography, history.

In the small pharmacy where he works as a delivery boy, Franek dreams in the evenings.

Jungles, pampas, prairies, herds of wild horses, mysterious dark forests, slender and tall eucalyptus trees, the roaring sapphire sea, all flooded with the golden smile of the sun from the advertising poster.

“Oh, spit on everything!” Franek thinks about just throwing it all away and running.

And Franek spat on everything.

With twenty zloty stolen from his boss, the pharmacist, he set out into the world on the railway.

The money quickly ran out. He started walking.

His bare feet – his shoes had long since worn down – kicked up clouds of dust from the country roads. When he was hungry, he stole or begged. At first it was hard, then he got used to it. And he kept walking.

It was a beautiful spring May.

Franek walked and all nature smiled at him.

She smiled at him with the hint of wind-blown meadows and the silvery murmur of young ear of grain. She smiled with the black patches of tall pine forests and the babble of a flowing stream. She smiled with the clatter of the old stork and the lark song,

CONTINUED ON P. 2

RYSZARD (6th grade of middle school)

THE DEATH OF MANIEK KRUSZYNA

A second after the red button was pressed, the bell rang from the other side of the gate, its hammer weakening momentarily, then only trembling slightly and finally giving in and falling silent. Only its echo rang in the doorway.

The moon fluttered the eyelash of the nearly transparent veil of a cloud. The sound of footsteps of the watchman could be heard, first quiet then growing louder as his slippers struck the concrete floor, and finally the screech of a key being turned. In the distance behind the black fence, on the black shore of the river whitened by the light of the moon, someone plucked the strings to weep an unknown melody about longing.

The sounds reached and filled the sleepy back yard, bounced off the latrine in the corner and dripped down the basement window to Maniek. It was beautiful, and Maniek wasn't sure why it felt so close, so clear.

The room breathed the silence of the night. From the depths came the snoring of Maniek's father, the light, stutter breath of his mother and her two children: Zdzich and Niusia.

Maniek breathed more and more loudly, choked on the air he swallowed with a light whistle in his throat more and more often. He sat up on the bed, fixed his wrinkled pillow and sheets, turning them over, and lay down, pressing his sheets to the cool white fabric.

Maniek spat: he tensed the muscles of his jaw, letting the spit that came from his lungs into the depression of his tongue, and along with the rest of the air in his chest, pushed it all out through the window, towards the deathly pale moon. The spit fell onto the moon-silvered cobblestones, red with Maniek's blood.

Tired, he fell back on his pillow, and choking with the effort, gulped greedily for air, which scratched his lungs and made him choke again, until he began coughing, horribly, without end.

He tried to control the coughing; covered his mouth with his hands, curled in on himself, but it didn't help – the walls of the tiny room reverberated with the sudden noise and reached the ears of the sleepers. Maniek's mother rolled over and, exhausted from work, fell into deeper sleep again.

His mother was a seemingly funny woman: small, petite, eternally worried, like every mother. Lately, she had been getting up at half past five. First her head emerged from under the comforter, then hands and feet, suddenly wanting to hide them all under the covers again, but the covers had already moved away. And so mother got up, bare feet slapping on the white floor. Along with Mrs. Popławska from the third floor, her opposite – the enormous, wide-hipped tram driver's widow – she went to work at the laundry on Wielka Street. Mrs. Popławska has large, huge hands and is strong; mother has weak hands, and sometimes, after coming back from work in the late evening, she quietly complains to the wardrobe (Maniek has heard her more than once), "Oh, how my hands hurt. My God! My hands..." and then at the table, if someone hears her, she makes naïve excuses:

"It's arthritis, not because of work. The weather is probably going to change tomorrow. Whenever that happens, all my bones hurt. I'm getting old..."

The stars burn like the lamp in the quiet room. Maniek woke up from his deep wonderings. He thought: mother said "getting old." I'm young... young... I'm seventeen years old and I want to live, love, breathe with ease like I used to, work, smell my own sweat, be a cart driver, pat Maciek on the back, and I won't – here, he feels a dull pounding in his head and a scratching in his throat – and I won't... I won't even see the twilight, maybe not even dawn, I won't see mother again. Mother! Mother, help! God, I don't want to die, no, no... Why am I so hot?

He calmed down. The lamp over the latrine flickered. Maniek fell into a half-numb state. He was delirious, surrounded by memories.

Here is Maniek Kruszyna, knocking on his neighbors' windows: Helka, come for a walk! And here they are, walking. The Vistula flows beside her – Helka, his girlfriend. They walk, keep walking, holding hands, and before they take a few steps beyond the bridge, the red cloud of the evening will disappear and a star will shine in the sky. When the sky turned dark blue, they sat down. Below in front of them, the river flowed like a slithering serpent. It flowed and trembled, like a girl stretching after being woken up. It was night, and the moon was just like it was now: pale, eternally silver, with a stupid smile on its face.

And since then, Maniek had always knocked on the neighbors' windows and whispered, "Helka, come for a walk!"

And they would go walk along the Vistula. Until his father forbade it. He was a huge, enormous man, strong like Lampucer himself – that strongman from the Vistula shore, who, when he hit someone in the face, there was no one who could withstand such a blow. Father had a mustache and two arms hanging at his sides, veiny from work. Once those hands pushed a "bateau" away from the shore and brought up wet white sand from the river bottom, sand that was money; now they have to hang uselessly. There is no work. And father doesn't know what to do with his hands sometimes, he wants to hit something or shake out fur coats, and sometimes he would run up to the first person he saw, throw his arms around them and embrace, love...

Maniek's thought come back to Helka again, and then Maciek comes to mind. Maniek sees him, stretching his head upwards, stretching his body, he pulled the green cart, loaded up "top heavy" with sand. Maniek helped him pull: he pushed the green box from the back, calling out warmly, "hyah, hyaaah" – or ran his hand over his side.

Once Maniek got really angry at him, and for the first time, dragged him into a quiet side street and whipped his head, legs, belly, didn't matter where. And he didn't beat him only for he torn reins, but because he would have to say goodbye to him now, say goodbye forever because he's the one coughing up blood now, blood, do you hear, Maciek?

That was his farewell with Maciek. Later, he often visited the stable, wrapped in his father's old fur coat, and he cried and cried, and Maciek neighed.

"Now, after I die, Zdzicho will ride him," Maniek thought.

Zdzicho is like father, with a thick neck and long arms. Those long arms will support the family later.

And suddenly Maniek's heart swells. He would like to embrace Zdzicho and kiss him, whisper in his ear how to deal with Maciek. But it's nighttime – Zdzicho is far away, and Maniek doesn't have the strength to get up. He cries, sobbing quietly and biting his white pillow with his white teeth.

The room breathes the silence of the night. The gate squeals as it's opened again, it becomes day for a moment, and Maniek can see the beautiful, slender legs of the lady from the first floor. Legs in silk stockings. Silk stockings? Joanna the hunchback had silk stockings, with arrows, he remembers. The Kielbasiński family also got into it over a silk stocking. A stocking that stupid Janek Cygan stole from Mrs. Kielbasińska's window. First he and Mr. Kielbasiński fought over it, then old Mrs. Kielbasińska with Mrs. Cygan, until finally old Kielbasiński swore revenge. Stupid Cygan stole one stocking, and what could he even do with it?

Old Kielbasiński kept his word. On Saturday, after payday, he went to Kopcio for a bottle and when he was drunk, he went to beat up old Cygan. Maniek met him in the doorway and chatted him up.

"Hey, Mr. Kielbasiński, where are you off to in such a hurry?"

Kielbasiński swayed on his feet. "Come on, boy, we'll go beat Cygan up. He's a thief, damn him."

"Let it go, it was the young one, Janek, and he's still just a kid."

Kielbasiński only muttered under his nose. Maniek kept explaining, and Kielbasiński got mad. He growled something and pushed Maniek aside as he walked past him. Maniek fell. That was enough to put him in bed, since he was barely able to walk.

And here he is now, lying in bed and staring at the moon's smile. Maybe he would live longer, if not for the stocking?

Maniek tries not to think. He lies comfortably on his back and stares into the sky, the boundless sea of dark blue.

The buildings are shrouded in darkness, pressed up against one another, sleeping. Maniek tries to fall asleep, but he's afraid – will it be forever?

Water drips monotonously from a faucet. Maniek feels it's getting harder to even gasp for air. There is a horrible noise in his head, and his heart beats slower and slower. He closes his eyes. Along with the disappearing moon, he falls asleep.

It's quiet, horribly quiet, and the lamp above the latrine winks sleepily. Dawn.

* * *

Several days later, a black notice was posted on the white wall of our building; he "died," he was "seventeen years old," and his name was Maniek Kruszyna. Parents? His mother, a petite, weak woman, has grown even smaller, wasting away in despair. And he, the father – enormous, powerful – has bent under the weight of the pain. People stood in front of the notice and wondered that Maniek was so young but died anyway.

In the evening, everyone followed the hearse: Bambura, Cygan, the Kielbasińskis – everyone. The church bells sang mournfully. Everyone cried. Only Zdzicho spat into his hand and thought: time to get to work. ■

LUSIA FROM CZĘSTOCHOWA

(7th grade)

THE LETTER

THAT DID NOT COME

I wait every day for a letter,

A letter in a blue envelope

That does not come.

The mailman with the leather bag

Has a bad heart –

He slowly walks up the stairs.

From under his yellow mustache,

His heavy breath, like the whistling of a steam engine,

Fills the anxious hall.

His bowed back. His heavy bag.

Maybe he holds a letter for me?

No. Another day passed uselessly.

I can't fit the key into the lock

(On the first floor, the mailman pants,

His half-opened mouth gasping for breath).

Finally, I open the metal door

(It squeaks unpleasantly in the silence)

And the mailbox is empty again.

PILOTS

The roar of the engine, the moaning voice of the propeller –

The slender hull pierces the clouds like a needle.

The belts do not crush your body,

The speed is intoxicating. The bird flies like an arrow.

A young year in a pilot's helmet

Over the steering wheel in sunny light.

Air acrobatics, a sudden turn.

Half-circles, a corkscrew, upside down.

It floats – and again, a wonderful climb.

Oh, winners of world records,

Heroic sky acrobats.

In the hour of fires and murders,

Will you drop bombs on your brothers?

Demolish the towns of quiet residents,

And at night, illuminated by hostile lights,

When you fall in savage breakneck dances with the enemy,

How then will you stand before God?

WHY ARE DEPARTURES SO SAD?

In fashionable tangos and foxtrots,

The words "farewell" and "love" are entwined.

Maybe "farewell" means something else?

When the African sky is as pale

As in Conrad's saddest novels,

The white god, in the rhythm of black feet,

Moves at the head of the caravan,

Maybe thinking about the last farewell,

Somewhere in a distant and small town?

And when, on the white-hot rocks

The golden lion sees a dead body,

Scenting the unknown smell of the stranger –

Maybe in some small distant town

A mother will be writing a letter – to a dead man?

JUVENILE COURT FILES

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

soaring over broad fields. And above all, the playful golden sun smiled at Franek, a hundred times more beautiful than the stylized southern sun of the advertising brochures.

Franek's soul splashed in the boundless space, breathing life-giving juices in with a full chest.

For the first time in his life, Franek felt happy

* * *

Do not judge!

The task of the juvenile court is

not to judge or punish, but to help

What should this help be like?

The court officer who is entrusted with a child visits them from time

to time, bringing them some small things as gifts.

"Thinking morally and healthily, giving alms is debasing the one who receives it; and the opposite, to give him some work is at the same time helping him and honoring him" (E. Sue).

Philanthropy – a word that, these days, has lost its importance, it is a difficult and dangerous legacy. The right to work – that is the only valuable achievement of sociology. Work – that is the only way to help and the only goal of well-understood help.

The juvenile court must be reformed on this principle, if we do not want it to become an unnecessary or even harmful institution in society. ■

FROM THE PEN OF A 13-YEAR-OLD

THOUGHTS

It's late. I'm lying in bed, but I can't sleep. I don't have any really serious worries – my thoughts just won't let me sleep.

What am I, really? Such a silly question that others wouldn't even consider, and which until recently, didn't come to my mind. After all, I know that I'm not a bench, or a cat, but a human. And yet... That's not what I mean.

What is the soul? Is it the purest thoughts that ennoble humans, or is it dreams? I asked some older people about it. They said:

"The soul is the noblest part of a person."

That's not enough for me. I close my eyes. I think about it, hard, I tried to explain it to myself. It's all for nothing.

I'm very tired.

Everything is mixed up in my head, coming together in fantastic images.

I see the Nile, and a temple rising above its waters. Priestesses in white robes perform a rhythmic dance in front of a holy fire. A monotonous, sentimental melody plays.

Whenever I think about something, whenever I want to explore some mystery, I see Egypt, majestic and mysterious. The irresistible charm of the land draws me to it. I love the pyramids and sphinxes. The Nile, flooding wide, and the priestesses, keeping the fire.

Bim... bam... The old clock strikes midnight. It has measured another chunk of time.

What is time? Did it start one day, will it end someday?

Do people feel anything after death? What is death? What is the universe?

These questions didn't just come to me today, or yesterday. They have been nagging me since I started wondering and understanding what I didn't understand before.

Thoughts, or rather images, become more and more misty. The waters of the Nile lazily flow over my head, the longing memory grows quieter... The enormous statue grows. Is it the Sphinx or Truth? Or maybe Truth is the Sphinx?

Ina from Solna Street

A FROSTED WINDOW

It gives me a lot of pleasure looking at windows in the winter. I might seem to be silly, it's just an ordinary frosted window. But how much pleasure it gives me, when on long winter evenings and mornings, I imagine the silhouettes as people in a hurry. Where are they going? Most likely to the nearest forest. They are trees, after all. A little farther, that silvery shape, that's Lake Narach.

On the neighboring quarter of the window, I see another shape. On it, a speedy boat. That stripe past the boat are the fading streaks of water, and on the side, you can see the oars. Who's steering, who's sitting in the boat – I don't know that yet.

Past that are tall mountains and low hills – all white. I think those are the Tatras in the winter. I can see many children, skiing downhill. And here

is another plain, with a small white point in the shape of a sail. Perhaps it is a ship on the Atlantic? Perhaps right now, there is a ship like that, sailing... It's probably sailing to New York! And then there are enormous buildings visible here, all of them so tall, to the very end of my window.

The pictures on the window change almost every day, depending on the weather. I will never get tired of looking at the frosted window, on which the artistic frost paints what I dream of.

Luba from Vilnius

AT THE ICE RINK

My friends – Bela, Lola, and Mirka – came to visit me:

"We're going to the ice rink. Will you come with us?"

"Of course, are you going right now?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To the harbor."

"No thanks, I'm not going to the harbor," Lola said. "At the harbor, the 'Scots' harass people shamelessly."

"You're a shameless liar!" Mirka got offended. "There's no harassing at all. At the harbor you can skate for free, that's why I'm going there." "You're not going because you can skate for free, but because there are 'Scots' there. You want them to harass you."

Seeing an argument brewing, Bela suggested a vote. Went to the rink in Traugutt Park because that's what the majority decided.

At the ticket office, Lola whispered to me:

"If Mirka puts on her own skates and actually skates by herself, it'll be a miracle."

Indeed, Lola was right. I looked around and saw Mirka sitting on a bench, and a student kneeling in front of her, putting on her skates.

Mirka with her beau were the first out of the changing room. Walking behind them, we could hear them talking.

"How long have you been skating?"

"Two years. And you?"

"This is my third year. Who are the three who came with you?"

"Acquaintances."

"Or perhaps friends?"

"No," Mirka lied.

"She's ashamed of us," said Bela. "Just you wait, you'll ask me to teach you the pistol squat. Like hell I'll teach you!"

Lola got angry with Bela. It wasn't worth it getting angry with Mirka, she was born that way. It was better to just follow them.

And we did.

"Which one do you like best?"

"The brunette in the dark blue pants. She skates really well. Who is she?"

"Bela R. She's the Pińsk champion in figure skating."

"He's going to want to meet Bela," I thought, "and the rest of us, too. Let's get out of here while we can."

We all grabbed hands and run away. In that moment, we heard someone calling us. While turning back we saw Dorka. We all grabbed hands and formed a "snake," running a few people over. We were reprimanded

by the controller and, embarrassed, sat on a bench.

Two students of a public middle school came up to us and asked Bela to show them how she skates. Naturally, Bela tried to decline, saying that there was nothing to look at, but in the end, she had to give in.

She built up speed, did some pistol squats, one-leg turns, switches, brackets, marking flourishes on the smooth sheet of ice.

"That's enough, Bela, everyone's looking at you!" Dorka shouted.

Bela looked around and froze: all eyes were on her.

That's not all. Mirka's friend ran up to Bela, calling out, "Bravo! Bravo!"

Mirka stared at her partner with despair, as well as at her friend, whom she truly hated at that moment.

Bela, not wanting to hurt Mirka, turned around and skated away. The student followed her.

"Changing room, now!" Bela ordered. "Time to go home."

Mania from Pińsk

A WALK

My soul is heavy. I go outside.

On the main street, a car rushes by. A carriage driver holds back his spooked horse. A policeman writes out a ticket for lack of a driver's license. Curious onlookers gather.

The advertisements stop me in front of the State Lottery outlet.

"The luckiest outlet!" "Winning 10,000 zloty ticket sold here!" "Buy a ticket – win a fortune!"

A beggar goes into the kiosk. He will not buy a ticket. His ticket is always the losing one. If they give him a few groszy, that will be his win.

Next to the bookstore, a boy with a bookbag and bulging eyes stands looking at the marvelous books. Who can buy such wonders now?

I keep going, thinking that the street is a true Tower of Babel. Contrasts everywhere. A peasant's cart next to a motorcycle, a peasant in a torn coat and a whip under his arm passes a woman in a fur coat and drives his herd of rams to the butcher's.

A crowd of onlookers stands in front of an advertisement. Tomorrow, a large confectioner's store will open. People are happy: at the start, every new store lowers its prices and brings in the best products. Only the owner of a nearby wooden kiosk with halvah, seeds, and soda water walks away from the advertisement with a sour expression. After the opening of a store like this, his kiosk will go belly up.

It's after noon. Tired workers are hurrying home. A halutz group comes back from work, singing Palestinian songs, several policemen lead a dozen communists to jail. Both groups gross each other's path. They look at each other proudly.

A small boy from the cheder stares at the delicacies in the window of the deli shop. From time to time he turns away and looks around in fear for anyone who could tell on him to his parents that he likes treif foods more than kosher ones.

I walk around and observe. Every time, I find something new in the city I know so well.

The street is beautiful. Beautiful in its ugliness, like life.

Moniek from Kowel

STUDENT MANIAS

There is no one who has never suffered from any mania, such as collecting stamps, pictures from Anglas chocolate boxes, etc. Our class has gone through writing in albums, collecting photographs, and believing in superstitions and fortunes.

If one of us were to pick up an album of one of the girls from our class, they would see poems, written in all directions, something like "May your life be very sweet, may you never sadness meet."

If someone was very enamored of botany, they would write, "Roses are red, violets are blue, the center of my world begins and ends with you," and sign as "Sour Tomato" or some other marinade.

A proponent of self-sufficiency would write, "Have heart and look in the mirror."

A practical person wrote it all on one page, adding a spell from themselves: "To find true love, I conjure thee, I conjure thee, I am the flower, you are the bee, As I desire, so shall it be."

I won't even mention things like "Sleep, age of youth, age of innocence," since everyone knows them.

I consider this mania to be quite pleasant, since the writing was usually done during boring classes.

When this one passed, another mania came along. Most of the class decided that they should: first, see 99 white horses (at the movies, parades didn't count), second, three chimneysweeps with brushes, and the first boy whose hand you shook after that would be your future husband.

In classes, when the windows were open, mysterious numbers would be called out from various seats: 12, 96, 32, 40 and 4.

The second thing our class believed was the law of nine stars.

Recipe: count nine stars each day for nine days, and the one you dream of at night will fall in love with you.

We believed that when your left eye itches, you'll be laughing, and when it's the right, you'll cry. We believed in the hunchback, too – when you saw

one, you had to hit your right knee four times. Of course, we believed in black cats. It even went so far as one girl, who was half an hour late for school, explaining that when she saw a black cat, she had to go back home and take a different way to school.

Finally, there were two crafty girls, who started telling the future for "a mere 5 groszy" cash "for meal supplements." How accurate they were, I won't go into, but their "meal supplements" at the school buffet were really something, and the whole class had to watch as they stuffed themselves with chocolates and wafers, paid for by their classmates' desire to know their dark future.

That is how the last mania ended. What will fate bring us this time?

Biba from Radom

THE STREET OF POVERTY

This street has no name. It could be Karolkowa, or Gliniana, or Łucka, or Burakowska. It may be a lively street, or a deserted one. The only thing that's certain is that it's a street of poverty.

It doesn't have a specific character, but you can recognize it by its inhabitants.

They are as numbed to life as if by vodka, or a poison one is forced to drink.

On that street, no one will hear the sound of the latest news because the residents do not read the papers. There is no one there who is pulled into the swamp of politics because there are too many swamps of their own.

But on the bed of humility, callousness, grief, and dejection, hatred blooms. The goal of these people is not living, but staying alive.

"As long as we stay alive."

The inhabitant of such a street, as a primitive person, must fight, finding food by strength and wits.

That is why people from that street have thin, sunken faces, that is why they walk hunched over, as if under the heavy weight of life. That is why their children have no childhoods.

What do these people want?

They only want a right to live.

Officially, they have it, but in reality...

Ludwik Dal

ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

Every day, I walk the same path,

At the same time of day.

Every day, I feel the same kind of freak

As yesterday morning.

I don't walk, but run as fast as I can,

Running breakneck through narrow streets,

Through disgusting alleys of a stinking park,

Through nasty alleys and filthy sidings,

I have to go through Simons' Passage,

Where the Mirilasowa School is.

A group of girls looks out the window,

And suddenly I hear it: someone's voice calling me!

I'm mad (and embarrassed)

At these awful girls' tricks.

I press my lips together, and flooded with anger,

Curse myself for being shy.

Once I make it past the hell of comments and faces,

And cool off from the heat of the moment,

I move away from the awful girls,

Walking the path of what you are also: a school prisoner.

A TRANSMISSION FROM THE FLU VS. ORANGE MATCH

Hello, hello! This is Otwock and all stations of the Little Review.

In a moment, the sensational match between the teams of Flu and Orange will begin. 25,000 residents of Otwock have signed up for the competition, led by orange sellers and doctors, who accuse the oranges of spreading the flu.

Making up the Flu team is a representation of students from all schools, as well as a number of teachers with the Chairman of the School Board himself.

The Orange team includes all of Otwock along with students of 5th grade from middle school no. 174. All competitors are dressed in orange shirts, with armbands and a supply of skins in their hands.

Among the guests, we see the troupe of the *Wesoły Wieczór* theater from the Poznań National Exhibition. The troupe, having taken up residence in the receiving salons of the Łopato confectioners, appeared with an inaugural performance called "Something for everyone." The troupe consists of some genius dwarves starting with the Czarski family. Among the other guests is Konrad Veidt, who rented a spacious room at the Oaza Cinema, incognito, as the Russian "Rasputin."

Attention! The referees are signaling. Right now, the center, that is the Zionist Hashomer Hatzair organization, starts a strong collection offensive, which is led by the delegate of Warsaw command. There are shouts:

"Down with oranges! Better put the money in a Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael can!"

The Hashomer Hatzair players score a goal, collecting 180 zloty in copper coins for the KKL, taken away from the orange sellers.

Hello! The tension is incredible. The spectators are on their feet. There is a dangerous situation at the Flu goal, in the vicinity of Meran, which has gone belly up. Only the Polish language professor in the blue socks remains on the hill. All players have run to the competing hill by the railroad embankment; the entire game is moving over there.

Just a moment... I have no words to adequately condemn this. A fight! A Flu player has stabbed an Orange player. The police are intervening.

The incident has been suppressed. The game is proceeding in the normal tempo. Neither of the teams is showing advantage. But... but... the entire crowd has suddenly run to the gate of middle school no. 174, where a dance organized by Brotherly Help is taking place, with an orchestra playing. Oranges are disappearing from the buffet and landing on the stage like flowers, as proof of the gratitude to the artists of the measure of Mr. Blaufuks, appearing in the double role of Tońcio and Szczepcio, and Hanka Drewitówna as Ordonówna.

Orange wins. Under the pressure of the students' verve and determination,

the Flu team leaves the field. We can hear the local doctors grinding their teeth.

The players are dancing the oberek. But uh oh, one feels bad, and another... The Flu attacks! Many of the players from the school representation are lying in bed.

If Orange doesn't score within 24 hours, they will lose the match.

Orange sends the last players from the Nordija sports club to the battlefield. The club immediately sets up a boxing division under the supervision of the coach of the Warsaw Maccabi. The pale faces of the flu sufferers are disappearing. Many players abandon the Flu team to take their first boxing steps, straight out of bed, even if their opponent happens to be their own sister. Enthusiasm fills the youth. Fists wrapped in towels start drumming. Their appetites grow, consumption of oranges increases.

In a moment, the referee will announce the defeat of the Flu. But... a terrible scare! The lead Orange player falls as if cut down. The spectators jump to their feet at the news that our new mayor, O. Salomonowicz and his family have been hit hard by the flu. Seven days of oranges.

Seven days of flu.

End result: a tie, 7:7.

Szlamek from Otwock (5th grade)

CURRENT NEWS

— C.A.J.P. in Paris announces a contest for school youth aged 14 to 18.

1st topic: "What thoughts come to mind on the subject of countries suffering due to excess of exchangeable products, which they cannot sell?"

Please provide a practical solution to this issue.

2nd topic: "How to establish and maintain a friendship with youth from one of the federated nations."

The deadline for sending in works is March 25th. A short biography should also be added to the work.

— The teacher's division of the Maritime and Colonial League, in order to commemorate the 15th anniversary of regaining access to the sea, has organized, in one of the rooms of the National Museum (on Al. 3-go Maja), a maritime exhibition, which includes, among others, the works of students of primary and secondary schools (drawings and boat, sailing ship and ship models). The exhibition will be open until the 28th of this month.

— On the 23rd of this month, the first proms will take place: the Z. Kalecka Middle School with the Kryński Middle School, the Teacher's Union Association Middle School with the "Spójnia" Middle School.

— The Physical Education Teacher's Union is organizing an intra-mural skiing competition for students of secondary and vocational schools,

as well as teachers' schools, from February 22nd to March 9th.

— An exhibition of paintings by J. Adler, an artist refugee from Germany, is currently being held on the premises of the United Committee to Fight the Persecution of Jews in Germany (8 Króla Alberta Street). The exhibition is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission is free.

— The "Masada" Youth Zionist Organization is organizing a raffle lottery, proceeds from which will be donated to the Ch. N. Bialik library. Each ticket costs 25 groszy. The draw will take place tomorrow, February 23rd, at 8:30 a.m., at the Menora (9 Żabia Street).

— On Saturday, February 23rd, at 3:30 p.m., the Polski and Letni theaters will stage discounted shows for young people. Polski will present "Forefathers' Eve," while Letni will present the comedy "Wicek and Wacek."

— On Sunday, February 24th, at 12 p.m., the Baj Puppet Theater will present a comedy for children at the Conservatory: "About the Poor Lobster and the Weirdo Trout."

— The administration of the Summer Camp Society of public schools for Jewish children will present a play for children, "Staś the Pilot," tomorrow, February 23rd, at 12:30 p.m. at the Young Viewer's Theater (18 Karowa Street). ■

MUSIC SHOWS FOR YOUTH

The concert, announced for 4 o'clock, aroused so much interest among young people that over a quarter of an hour before the beginning of the program, the hall was overflowing. The moments of waiting are filled with conversation. The fragments of sentences that reach us prove that in general, the initiative of Professors M. Centnerszwer and L. Weiner, undertaken to carry out the School Board recommended plan for musicalization of secondary schools, was accepted by youth with great affection and understanding.

The bell rings. The first rows are crowded. Excitement. Then silence. Mr. Maksymilian Centnerszwer with his Spanish beard appears on the stage, and responds to the loud applause from the audience with an embarrassed bow. A stack of cards makes its way from his pocket into his hand.

"Haydn's piano trio," he says, and starts to discuss the piece.

After a successful mission, he retreats into the back with the accompaniment of spirited applause. The next batch of applause goes to the

surprised janitor, who unexpectedly appears on stage. Perhaps we didn't miss. After all, he deserves some recognition as well. Finally, the trio appears. Welcome, welcome!

Mr. Fiszhaut seriously takes his seat at the piano, Mr. Ginzburg picks up the violin, and Mr. Weiner runs the bow across the cello.

In absolute silence, the rhythmic sounds of the "Andante" ring out, followed by "Poco adagio" hurrying in at an even pace, and finally "Rondo all'ongarese."

A short pause, after which the melodic and fiery "Aria" by Bach, Mozart's "Minuet," and François Francœur's "Sicilienne et Rigaudon" tug at the heartstrings.

After the songs performed by Mr. Elman, whose pure, strong bass evokes genuine admiration, our hands thunder long and vigorously.

The program includes Schubert's "My Home" and "The Sea," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" and "Lotus Flower." Once again, we listen with delight to Mr. Elman.

A true hurricane of applause meets the choir of the Jewish Musical Society, which, under the baton of our beloved Professor L. Weiner and with the accompaniment of his wife, achieves a true success. Artistry and hard work are obvious in the performance. Carried away by the mood, we clapped without pause. Encore, encore!

Mr. Weiner lets himself be convinced and the choir sings a song titled "Sailing." This is a fragment from "The Crimean Sonnets" by Mickiewicz, set to music by Moniuszko.

Again, people shout, encore, encore! This time, however, without effect.

"We can't. We have to vacate the room. The next concert is in the planning stages."

"Program! What will be the program!"

At the last minute, I found out that the concert will take place at the Conservatory on Sunday, February 24th, at 4 p.m. Tickets, as always are available in school offices, or at the ticket office of the Conservatory before the show.

Lilka H.

19TH MAIL DELIVERY

The best works of this past week (up to February 15th): "Juvenile court files" and "The death of Maniek Kruszyna."

Manuscripts suitable for printing: Biba's correspondence from Radom, Kuba H.'s "Lottery outlet," Bela from Vilnius' "Norway," Lenka from Częstochowa's "Boys on the question of women's equal rights, Szlamek's "Skating competition in Otwock," Rita's "The girl;" letters – Dianka from Sapieżyńska Street, Sonia from Muranowska Street, Fela from Będzin, Es-Zet from Będzin, Bela from Solna Street, Różia from Pawia Street, Renia from Włocławek. Meir's and Samuel's articles about Maimonides will be reviewed on March 6th.

ANSWERS:

Alina – The work is worth describing. Your friend can receive tips at the newsroom (Sunday, 4 p.m.).

Cesia – Thank you for the honest and substantive critique.

Losia from Tel-Aviv – Please send us more correspondence from Palestine.

Dawid Litman (14 y.o. – Koło nad Wartą),

May (14 y.o. – Warsaw).

I. O. (14 y.o. – Warsaw),

Fela Wajcemberzanka (15 y.o. – Będzin),

Enge (15 y.o. – Warsaw),

A. R. (16 y.o. – Częstochowa).

There was a strong advantage of the "middle" group (12–13 y.o.). For the first time, the girls won all the awards.

In the next issue, the Little Review will begin to print the winning and honorably mentioned works. ■

CONTEST RESULTS

92 works were sent in for the contest, including 41 on the subject "A day of my own accord," 42 stories about life, and 9 humorous pieces on the subject "Period."

"A DAY OF MY OWN ACCORD"

First prize – 25 zloty – was awarded for the work titled "Where Thebes

stood." Author: Ina Ostryńska, 13 y.o., Warsaw.

Second prize of 15 zloty is awarded to Cilla Mandelbaumówna (12 y.o., Warsaw) for the work titled "At the shomer camp."

STORIES "ABOUT LIFE"

1st prize – 25 zloty – S. D. from Łódź (15 y.o.) for "Biography."

2nd prize – 15 zloty – Dorka from Zamość (16 y.o.) for the story "Tojbe Ruchcia."

HUMOROUS PIECE

There were no winners.

Authors whose works earned an honorable mention:

Mira Bajtnerówna (12 y.o. – Zawiercie),

Alfred Goldstein (12 y.o. – Paris),

Marek Nojar (12 y.o. – Warsaw).

Gustaw Redelman (12 y.o. – Warsaw),

Salek Rabinowicz (13 y.o. – Warsaw),

Gustaw Wójcikiewicz (13 y.o. – Warsaw).

I. F. (13 y.o. – Warsaw).

Jakób from Vilnius – The poems are not very good. In regards to becoming a contributor, you can get in touch with the lead correspondent for Vilnius: Bela Kinkulkinówna, Wielka Pohulanka 17, apt. 6, Sunday, 3-4 p.m.).

Stanisław W. – This was why we requested you come to the newsroom. You would have received an answer if you had shown up on Sunday, February 10th.

DEADLINES FOR SENDING IN MATERIALS:

urgent mentions for the next issue – Sunday, February 24th, for the Purim issue – Friday, March 1st;

"Maimonides" – Tuesday, March 5th; for the spring issues – Monday, March 15th at the latest;

for the summer issues – before April 1st.

ADDITIONALLY, THE FOLLOWING WROTE TO THE LITTLE REVIEW FOR THE FIRST TIME:

Alpert B. – Eisenberg N. – Fajerman Saluś. – Frajdenrajch Fajwel. – Gertzówna Basia. – Goldberg Symek. – Graff Reginka. – Jabłonowicz Szmul. – Kupfer Renia. – Lichtszajn Niusia. – Lubelski Josek. – Muentz Kalman. – Obligenharc L. – Pinesówna Alinka. – Stendówna Genia. – Wołkowicz Basia.

We received 62 letters from Warsaw, 41 from the province, 2 from abroad, total – 105.

ADAM M. MAZUREK PEOPLE ARE GROWING UP...

A LITTLE REVIEW NOVEL
REPRINTING PROHIBITED

PART ONE: HOME

How much joy the violin brought!

Yes, a shiny violin! So light, so loved! It turned out that Marek has an ear for music. The music teacher, Mr. B, is very pleased with him. He says that Marek will very quickly surpass Paweł in playing. Yes, the guy has talent, and mom always thought that Marek was a clumsy oaf and that he would never amount to anything.

Zdzicho was the funniest. He was given a small violin, shiny and fragrant, and couldn't understand in the first few days, that it was really, really real. He thought it was just a toy, a little red violin made out of plywood, that only made pitiful squealing sounds. He had one like it twice before. Their lives ended quickly because Zdzicho was always curious what was inside and how they made sounds.

There was only a small problem with Marysia. A girl, she should play the piano. No, there's no law that says this, but it's just the way it is. And where to get a piano? It's quite an expense, after all! Marysia is smart enough to realize that there would be no playing the piano and that it was better to just let the matter go, when her mother sat her on the ottoman and explained in a friendly talk about their financial situation – her father's money problems. Yes, there are more expenses now and daddy is having a very hard time handling them all with his salary.

Marysia understands this. She isn't Marek, after all. No, she doesn't want to make her parents' life more difficult. She'll make do without music, although... she would really, really like it. And since it's important to daddy that she also play the violin, she does it gladly. Daddy says that when you play with four people, that's called a quartet. Such quartets often play at concerts. Soon enough, they'll have their own quartet, made up of Marysia, Paweł, Marek and Zdzicho, and they'll play successful concerts in backyards.

So, there's croaking noise in the house, enough to make "the ears bleed," as mommy complains. It's no surprise – four players, each of whom tries to play the loudest. Because the louder, the better!

True – Paweł and Zdzicho's enthusiasm faded a lot after a few weeks' playing. After all, who has that much patience? They thought they would play a bit and then they would be able to play "numbers." And instead, it's practice and practice and no end in sight. Who knows if they'll know how in a year? Such naïveté! They thought it was like a harmonica – just lift it up to your mouth and play.

One time, Paweł didn't prepare his exercise. Mr. B told mommy about this, mommy told daddy, and daddy called a family meeting.

There was no reason to talk a lot, to get emotional, make a scene or try and encourage playing. The matter is simple. Nobody is forcing the violin on anyone. If someone doesn't want to play, they should say so openly and stop playing. Learning in school is mandatory but music is not.

And instead of talking about music, daddy gave a talk about the unemployed. There are so many of them now. It is more and more difficult to find work. More and more difficult to make a living on the skills of reading and writing, because today, nearly everyone can do that. Which means you have to know more. There is a lot of competition between those who want to work. Because if I want to hire someone, I'd rather hire someone who knows more than others for the same amount of money. For example, they know foreign languages because that can come in handy. A person who knows more than others also has a better time making a living. They've finished school and can't find a job in an office, but they know how to play the violin; and so they can get a job as a musician or give music lessons. Everything is useful in life. Yes, you have to know everything you can, even though you might not use that knowledge. Just in case.

Marysia and Paweł understood daddy very well. And Paweł decided that he would not only work diligently on the music himself, but also make sure Zdzicho did the same.

* * *

Some of Paweł's friends are inviting themselves to the workshop. They would also like to work.

But how to decide who's allowed and who's not? This one is good, and so is that one. If you invite one and not the others, they'll get offended. Better not to invite anyone at all.

These friends started telling stories about Paweł's "miracles," about the new order, the student council. They tell stories and they envy him. Their mothers listen and more and more often advise their sons to be friends with Paweł, to go to him because he is a good and decent boy.

Ha ha ha! A "good" and "decent" boy. Since when? Until recently, he was a reprobate, the worst bully under the sun, the kind that nothing good can grow out of. How many people cried because of him, had black eyes or broken noses? It even got so bad that if someone's son got into trouble at school, the mother would blame Paweł immediately. She would assure the homeroom teacher that her son wasn't like that, that he was a good and exemplary boy, who fell under the bad influence of Paweł and was spoiled.

Yes, until recently, he heard the song constantly. And now, suddenly, a decent boy, one of the most decent.

Paweł thinks about this and feels proud that they talk about him this way. He has shown all those mothers who think they know better that they were very wrong. They missed the target entirely.

And Paweł thinks about the fact that he has actually improved. He doesn't fight in school, he doesn't break windows. As if with a wave of a magic wand, he's changed completely. Paweł and not-Paweł. Another boy.

When did that happen?

This puzzles him. He wonders: when did he stop fighting? He puzzles over this, but nothing comes of it. Because

how can he remember when he stopped beating people up? If he didn't beat anyone, that means nothing was happening.

And if nothing was happening, of course he couldn't possibly remember it.

Despite this, his "decentness" won't let him be. He thinks about his behavior during breaks at school. He's starting to understand. Really, it's so simple, and he didn't think of it right away. In the past, he ran around like crazy on breaks, throwing himself this way and that, and he had a lot of opportunities to hit, run over, or bump people. And now? Right after the bell, he's surrounded by his classmates, whom he tells about what he is currently working on in the workshop and how he's doing it. He also talks about his plans and future inventions. His classmates listen with envy burning in their eyes, and Paweł gets excited by his own stories and – let's be honest – the tall tales about inventions. Later the boys ask him questions. This one and that babbles on about his own invention attempts, although he doesn't have a workshop. And then, the conversation slowly moves on to cars and planes. What if they could build a plane?

The boys' eyes light up. They dream out loud and the high-pitched whine of the bell irritates them increasingly often, interrupting their talk at the best and most interesting moment.

Only now does Paweł see that his father was right about reading. Recently, he read about a man who built his own boat and crossed the ocean in it. Not many people saw the book. Brash Paweł is proud that his friends listen to him so eagerly and pepper him with questions. One makes a joke, another says something smart. Inventions and travels give the boys no rest.

Paweł has recently noticed that his friends have started treating him, how to put it – with respect. Paweł, he's not just anyone! Paweł is the owner of a workshop! Paweł is a future inventor! Everyone wants to be his friend and, as they say, sucks up to him.

Yes, he understands why he became a "decent" boy. He simply doesn't have time to get into trouble. He has been absorbed by various interests. In the past, he had a lot of free time and nearly zero interests, so he was up to no good and always getting into trouble.

Paweł has grown more serious in his own eyes. In his speech, he tries to imitate his father. He speaks slowly and smiles, tries to make jokes at the same time. If anyone else behaved like this, the boys would mock him for playing the fool. But Paweł? The owner of a workshop who reads interesting books, receives a weekly salary, and is the strongest in his class? Well, if such a bold one were to be found...

And Paweł really likes the role of the decent boy!

* * *

Various boys' mothers are inviting Paweł to come over, to visit Janek, or Olek. And to be friends with them. The mommies would really like that.

Paweł excuses himself with a lack of time. And on top of that, all the talk from the painted ladies irritates him.

He can't stand it. Always those silly and irritating questions: how is he, what's going on, and how is he doing in school? He never knows how to answer. And besides, they never speak to him directly, honestly, the way adults talk to each other. No, they pretend to be very smart and very understanding of his age. And the smiles on their faces are fake. The conversations feel like he's three or four years old.

Paweł hates being treated this way. All boys do. It's especially offensive to him that some mothers try to force their sons on him as friends. What does "she" have to say about this? He'll be friends with whoever he likes. Every mommy thinks that her son is perfect and unique. Yes, perhaps in her eyes. But for Paweł, a boy like that was and will be a numbskull, good for nothing. What would it be like if he tried to force one mom on another as a friend? They'd get mad at him.

But some mommies hear so much from their sons about Paweł, about his workshop, about the fact that he can drink water without control, and other marvelous things he does, that they do not give up. They can get what they want and force Paweł to be friends with their sons. They wouldn't be able to forgive themselves if their son was not friends with the valued boy that Paweł unquestionably is. What's the telephone for? They call his mother. They apologize for being so presumptuous, since they do not know her personally, but... And they talk a lot about what they have heard, about the extraordinary son she has, congratulate her on Paweł, etc. Their boys, coming back from Saturday parties, tell them so many beautiful things that they are simply amazed!

Paweł gets angry when his mom repeats these conversations to Mrs. Antoniowa, who listens with her mouth wide open. And what irritates him the most is that his mom buys it all, that she's happy and flushed. Tomorrow, there will probably be a delicious cake for afternoon tea. But these ladies purposefully fib to mother.

On top of that, mother peppers him with questions: why isn't he friends with the son of Mrs. M? Does he even know who she is? Or the son of Mrs. Z? He's being silly, and that's that! He should invite them to his workshop. Mother would like that.

Mother says one thing, Paweł another. He's not doing it out of spite. He won't invite them because Mrs. M's son is a complete dolt and very difficult to get along with (he's a selfish pouter). Who doesn't know that? No, Paweł won't invite him!

Mommy is not happy. She practically promised Mrs. M. So, she invites Mrs. M's son herself.

And that... that was too much for Paweł's patience.

Today, a new bulletin board was hung in the dining room, made by the boys in the workshop. There are no announcements on it yet, but there will be! Paweł has hung out a note. He asks the family to convene an urgent meeting on a very important matter.

What's happened?

Marek and Zdzicho and Marysia, mother and father, all pester Paweł for answers. But he just clenches his teeth and says nothing. Not before the meeting. That's what it's for. They'll find out then.

* * *

That day, reading was put aside.

Daddy is also curious. For the first time, he convenes a meeting at the request of a younger member of the family council.

The chairman rings the bell and cedes the floor to Paweł. Please, we're listening! Paweł turns pale! His heart is pounding so hard it's practically in his throat, making it impossible to talk. He gets tongue tied and can't say what he wants to. The words flow from his throat of their own will, and not really the ones he had planned to say.

Daddy sees his nervousness. So far, he's been talking nonsense. But that's nothing. He'll get control in a moment. Doesn't the same thing happen to adults, before they get practice in public speaking?

Paweł got himself under control now. Everyone is listening carefully. He's making very serious accusations against mother. And of course, everyone will admit he's right. Mother has no right to impose friends on him. It's quite ridiculous, coming from her. Oh, Zosia, Zosieńka – daddy reproaches mommy in his heart.

And Paweł has started talking for good now. Grown-ups don't understand us. Our matters are silly things to them. At every step, they reproach me for being a child. And a child is practically like a pet dog. People pet it and joke with it, and they talk to me jokingly in many homes, like I was a savage of some sort or a dwarf. It makes me very angry when they talk to me jokingly, like I wouldn't be able to understand them.

Paweł finished and sat, very pale. Silence fell, until father broke it.

"I'm very glad that you spoke so honestly today, Paweł. Believe me, I understand you very well, and I am grateful for revealing your troubles to us. You are right about many things, but not all of them. Sometimes, you speak out of oversensitivity and you unjustly judge adults. The reason we have a family council is that we do not consider you or others to be 'pet dogs,' as you so unfortunately phrased it. No, I consider you to be a person, a small person. Children are small people who have weaker fists and shorter legs, but understand their matters well, just as adults understand theirs. And only because I considered you to be small people, I wasn't worried about speaking with you openly and honestly, although your mother warned me that you would become shameless and difficult to handle because of it. No, I wasn't worried about that because I believed that we could come to an understanding. Because you can always talk with reasonable people. And you can reach an understanding with small people more often than with adults. Truly."

There was a pause. Daddy's voice trembled suspiciously. He cleared his throat loudly.

"It isn't true, young people, as before – our life is not that bad. Today, things at home are better than a few months ago. A year from now, it will be even better. It's a matter of making it through the next few years in harmony. Because later, you will grow from small people into adults, and your mother and I will be old. And we will be glad to see that our small people have grown into decent members of society, who in the future, when they are parents, will be able to deal with and live with their small people a hundred times better. Because we started and we didn't know how it should be done yet.

Paweł is right. You wanted to hurt him, Zosieńka. We have no right to impose anyone's company on anyone else. Everyone chooses their friends according to their own preferences."

And then there was a very solemn moment, when mother admitted to her blunder and apologized to Paweł.

(TBC)

HANELE AND HERSZELE

I have been living on the same street for six years. That is a very long time for me – more than half my life. I have observed the life in our back yard very well.

The back yard wakes up at dawn. People get up; some go to work, others stay home.

I stand at the window. Through the frost-covered glass, I can barely see the plume of smoke rising from the chimney of the bakery. The plume slowly drifts into thin, gray swirls that soon cover the entire sky.

It is eight o'clock. The first arrival to the back yard is a thin bagel vendor, dressed poorly, but neatly in a slightly too-long coat – whitened with flour at the sleeve – and black shoes on his feet. He puts the large basket of slightly burned bagels and shouts at the top of his lungs: "Kokhedike bagel! Kokhedike bagel!"

After the bagel vendor, a thin Jew of advanced age arrives and shouts: "Umbrellas! Umbrellaas! Umbreeellaas! Umbrellas bought, sold, repaired!"

And then I know that the raven-haired Hanele waits for Herszele, who will come out to play with her soon.

Herszele arrives shortly, holding a pail in his hand – Hanele has a small metal shovel and wooden molds.

"Come on, we'll make mud pies, the dirt is good over there," Herszele says, pointing to black, muddy dirt in the corner of the yard.

Hanele collects the toys and together with Herszele, they head to the indicated place. They dig together enthusiastically. Herszele spits into the pail, "so that the dirt will be soft." They work perhaps for ten minutes. They have managed to make six mud pies in two rows. They are very satisfied. Herszele smiles at Hanele, who continues to dig in the dirt. From the opposite side of the yard, a shabbily-dressed boy runs out. He watches for a moment, and then stomps on the mud pies with laughter. Herszele starts crying. Hanele runs complaining to her mother, who shakes her fist at the bully. He, pleased with himself, runs out of the yard to brag to his friends.

The children go back to their game, but now, when they see someone nearby, they guard the pies with their bodies.

A young, beautiful woman has sat in front of the window on the first floor. A beautifully dressed, tall Gypsy woman with coffee-colored skin comes into the yard and raises her melodious voice:

"Fortune-telling, card reading," as if she wanted to mock the young woman singing "O'key, o'key!" in the window.

She hasn't left the yard yet when a ragged boy with a packet of newspapers under his arm passes her. And as every day, his voice echoes in the yard: "Fraynd, tseeeen groshen!"

But at that moment, a policeman stopped him and took his packet of newspapers, telling him "confiscation." With the packet of confiscated papers and the constable accompanying him, he headed for the newsroom.

Meanwhile, without a break until dinner, and from dinner until evening, Herszele and Hanele play together, relentlessly making mud pies. At 9 in the evening, the backyard falls to sleep.

In the spring, the children in the back yard abandon the pleasant game of making mud pies and spend entire days playing tag. And their mothers, as mothers do, always have to stand in their way. Sometimes they not only won't let the children play, but will give them a solid beating. Because today, while Chaimek was playing tag, he ran around and spilled Rajzla's pot of milk, so his mother is on him, yelling at him so much.

But neither beating, nor complaints or curses from the mothers can cool the enthusiasm for playing. And every morning, when the children gather in the yard, Chaimek steps out of the group and starts to count:

"Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, catch a tiger by the toe. If he hollers, let him go, eeny, meeny, miny, moe. My mother told me/says to pick the very best one, and that is Y-O-U."

And the "U" always seems to fall on Hanele. And then I see her, hidden in the corner of the yard, her face covered with her hands: she's "it" in the game. And I keep hearing Hanele's voice, asking "ready?" and the children's answers of "not yet... not yet... not yet... ready!"

Hanele is a dutiful "it." Not once does she sneak a peek at the children while they hide. And it just so happens that fat Szlamek is always "it" after her – the children say that he has "three strikes."

When the white snowflakes swirl in the air and the ground is covered with a thick layer of them, some children, Herszele among them, pull out their sleds from their hiding places. And then you can see Hanele, pulling the yellow sled that Herszele is sitting on. He drives Hanele on with a harness with bells on it, shouting "faster, faster, yes!" with a satisfied smile on his face.

Hanele dreams... She dreams of having a sled like Herszele does. She would sit on it like a queen, and someone would pull her along, and she would urge them on and call out, "faster, faster, yes!"

Nobody pays attention to them. The young woman still sits at the window, humming popular songs, seeming to look out onto the yard, but she doesn't see the small pair. Hanele pulls the sled and dreams... One moment, it seems that she has a real sled of her own, sits on it comfortably, someone pulls it along, sliding through the snowy space, and she drives them on and calls, "faster, faster, yes!"

And it sees that the sky, and the snow-whitened asphalt, and the toothy grin of the tenement, the whole world seems to call out an accompaniment for the young pair – Hanele and Herszele – in the snowy yard:

"Faster, faster, yes..."

Marek N. (12 years old)

READER UPDATES

TO THE PHILATELISTS

This is a request to the readers who collect postage stamps for an answer to this question:

I have an album that my brother-in-law Salek bought for me. I have stamps from twenty countries. I only don't know how they should be put into the album, what glue I should use, and whether I should put glue on the whole stamp or only on the edge?

Miecio from Miła Street

ANIMAL FEEDING SOCIETY

We have founded an Animal Feeding Society. Along with me, there were six children in it.

The society's work required us to collect leftovers from dinner and take them out to the dogs and the sparrows. The dogs grew to like us a lot, and we liked Lalka the dog the most.

Iwka from Sienna Street

AN EXAM

On Saturday, I had an exam with Mr. Lefeld, a music professor. I was very curious to see how my exam would go and whether I would play well.

My teacher came to pick me up. I took the 0 tram to Okólnik to the Conservatory. I had to wait, because the professor was busy; there was a boy playing. I sat there on pins and needles.

Finally, I sat at the piano and played. I was very scared that I wouldn't do well. I breathed a sigh of relief when the professor praised me.

I came back home happy. I have to say that Mr. Lefeld is a very good and nice man.

Hala from Lubeckiego Street

HE WAS MY ENEMY

When I had a fight with my friend, he started calling me "crutchy," because I walk with a crutch. It wasn't pleasant, but I didn't say anything because I thought he would get tired of it soon and stop.

Nothing helped, though because he kept calling me names. I was upset, and I decided to talk with him about it. I met him on the street, so I went up to him.

"Say, friend, you are still young and something could happen to you that's far worse than what happened to me, so please stop calling me names."

And he said: "but I want to do it."

I knew nothing would help, so I stopped paying attention to it.

Until one day, on the way back from school, I heard that he had broken a leg. Although he was my enemy, I was very worried and I decided to visit him.

As soon as I came into his home, he looked me in the eye.

"You were right. I made a huge mistake."

Since then, we have lived in great harmony.

Mosze from Nowolipki Street

A SICK FINGER

During the break, I was sitting on a bench in the hallway. Then a 2nd

grade student jumped on the bench and crushed my finger. I soaked it in cold water and it hurt a little less. The bell rang. I had Hebrew class.

When I was coming into the classroom, my finger started hurting again. I asked the teacher to let me go put iodine on it. The teacher got mad and shouted:

"It seems like I didn't tell you all to get inside!"

So I stayed, although the other boys said that they wouldn't have listened.

After classes, my finger kept hurting more and more, and now I have pus in it and I have to go to a surgeon so he can take my nail off.

Józef from Nowolipie Street

HE KEPT FIDDLING WITH IT

I went to visit my uncle on Saturday. My cousin Lutek has a bicycle and he drove me around the rooms on it.

When everyone was sitting at the table and talking, I went up to the bike quietly and started fiddling with it. I kept fiddling with it for so long that I broke it.

I was very worried. My uncle cheered me up.

"Don't worry, if you hadn't broken it now, Lutek certainly would have."

Toluś from Muranowska Street

WILD AND TAMED

Daddy brought a big bag from the city. At first, we didn't pay attention to it, but after a few seconds, we heard cooing and claws scratching at paper from inside.

Curious, I put my hand into the bag and to my great surprise, pulled out a beautiful pair of white doves.

We made a temporary cage for them. Then we fed them peas, water, and wheat. They didn't want to eat and we had to put peas into their beaks. Later they became a bit more tame and ate willingly.

Once daddy tied back their wings and let them free. They walked around the roof calmly and didn't think about escaping at all. Then daddy untied their wings. The doves spent whole days out of the house and only came back to the cage in the evenings. They were so tame that they could fly wherever they wanted.

Until one day, the male ran away. The female missed him a lot and flew away, too. We were sad. Daddy brought us another pair, but they were so wild and badly behaved, that daddy let them go himself.

Elżunia from Sienna Street

MANEUVERS

I heard a rumble. Curious, I ran to the window. Soldiers were marching in the square in front of our building. Cannons rumbled and cavalry cantered.

I ran outside. I met a friend there. He said they were maneuvers. The soldiers were divided into the white army and the red – the enemy.

In the meantime, the army kept going. A car with pennants drove by. And then the shooting started. After that, it was quiet until the next day.

The next day, the army was marching again. The red army was retreating. Soon after came the front scouts of the white army. The scouts tracked the red army and reported back to their soldiers. The white army started the attack. Soldiers ran with rifles.

The army gathered in Kościuszki Square. From there, smaller units were sent out to attack. The cannons roared (only pretend) every few moments. Then the army moved on and the rest of the day was quiet.

The next day the rumble came again. The red army was coming back. It turned out that the red army won, even though they had retreated from Łomża. Two regiments of the victorious army passed through Łomża.

Bunio from Łomża

BRAIN TEASERS

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO BRAIN TEASERS WERE SENT BY: Elżunia B., Lulek Berkowicz, Jakób Bichman, Edzia from Słonim, Kuba Grünbaum, Hela Grynberg, Krysia Grynglas, Marek Krewer, Motek Lederman, Hadasa Lewinsztein, A. Majblat, Samek Majeran, Emanuel Mazelman, Moniek Najman, Kielcia Ogórek, Chylek Ostry, Oleś Perle, Dusia Pir, W. Rajchman.

JOKES

DISHONORABLE

Count X has an American duel: he has drawn a black marble, and so he has to kill himself. The letters have been written, the last will and testament composed. His friends, his seconds, give him a revolved and lock him in a room. After a moment, there is a gunshot, and everyone rushes into the room. The count sits in his chair with a smoking revolved in his hand, and smiles at the people coming in.

"What's happened?" His friends ask him in surprise.

"Nothing... I missed."

"But no nobody will shake your hand!"

"And if I was dead, who would?"

THE BEAUTY OF DEAD THINGS

Little Jaś saw his grandmother's dentures in a glass with water.

"Grandma," he called out. "Grandma! Something's laughing at me from inside the glass."

MECHANICS

"How is that watch you got as a present working?"

"Incredible. It covers an hour in 45 minutes."

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM MAY BE CONTACTED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17. VISITORS ARE WELCOME ON SUNDAYS FROM 4 TO 5 P.M. – NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

SUPER LA KAPOJ DE BLINDIGITAJ POLITIKULOJ, SUPER FORMIKEJO DE BRUTALECO TRANS LA LIMOJ DIVIDANTAJ NIN, ETENDIGHU JUNAJ MANOJ KAJ DE LANDO AL LANDO, KVAZAU DE JUNA ARBARO, IRU LA FLUSTRO DE SALUTE KAJ BONDEZIRO, LA EHHO DE RECIPROKA KOMPRENO DE KOMUNA SORTO KAJ IDEALO.

The 18th of May

FOR THE DAY OF GOODWILL

The story is very simple.

On May 18th, 1899, the first international peace conference was organized in the Hague for the representatives of 26 countries of the world. They deliberated on the ways to avoid wars, but their efforts failed and first the Russo-Japanese war broke out, followed by conflict in the Balkans and, finally – the World War.

After the latter – the most destructive war in the history of mankind – everyone focused their efforts aimed at maintaining peace, which at that point became a necessity. The League of Nations was formed, along with numerous associations and international organizations. The general will to avoid any and all conflicts was reflected in the sheer number of agreements, and memorandums signed by all the countries, regarding political and trade matters, as well as defensive alliances.

Naturally, both the organization of the League of Nations and the efforts to unite all the nations were not perfect. It was hard to uproot something that accompanied humanity since the dawn of communities. There are many disputes which may spark an armed conflict. Another war still remains a dangerous and terrible possibility; however, never before did the world want peace so much and never before did everyone work in order to maintain it like this time.

The young generation decided not to be a passive witness to adults' actions and efforts. On May 18th, 1929, on the 30th anniversary of the Hague

Conference, English youth were the first to broadcast a greeting to the youth of the world via radio. Since then, the day, known as the Day of Goodwill, proclaimed by the International Upbringing League in San Francisco, became a celebration which brings together youth of all nationalities.

Two years ago, when we released the first issue dedicated to the Day of Goodwill in Polish and Esperanto, we feel lonely in this campaign – there was only our voice, the press was silent and the teachers were indifferent. Before we released the second issue, we already knew that many Polish institutions were already doing the same thing, and we received many letters from all over the world – responses to our first issue.

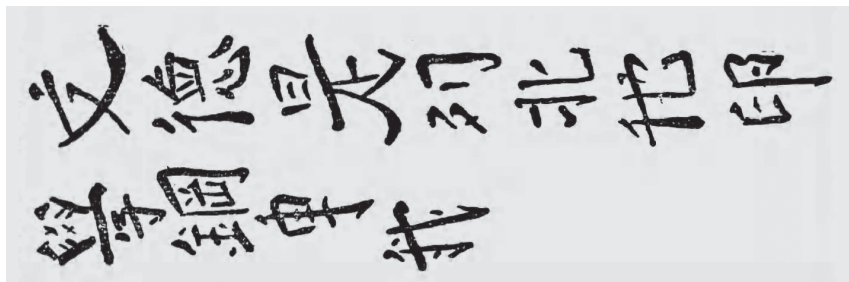
Today, reading all the letters from youth coming from almost every country in the world, submitted to the Little Review we can see that everyone is thinking the same and joining the global effort.

With greater faith and – in a way – justification, we may repeat the slogan from the first issue commemorating the Day of Goodwill – the translation of the opening sentence of today's issue:

"Let the hands of young people extend over the heads of blinded politicians, over the anthill of brutality and through all the borders dividing us in a friendly embrace, and let the sound of greetings and good will, the echo of understanding, shared fate and effort spread to all the countries." ■

A LETTER FROM CHINA

Peace is a big word



May 18th, known as the Day of Goodwill is a symbol of peace, peace between all the races, all the religions and all the nations – all over the world.

Peace is a big word, and a grand idea, voiced since the dawn of time, even to this day. Nevertheless, the world was never so far away from peace as it is today. We can see it in Europe, but it can be seen even more here, in the East, where the word "peace" has been forgotten for many years, and where one war breaks out after another, with seas of blood spilled

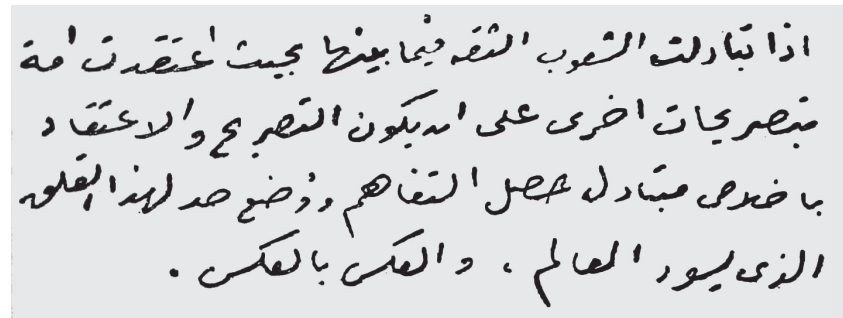
in fratricidal conflicts. Therefore, it is no surprise that youth of the Far East raised in such conditions take up arms to carry on with the traditions of their fathers as soon as they grow up.

I deeply regret the fact that the idea of the Day of Goodwill, known in Europe, does not reach the Chinese masses. I am, however, certain that it is going to change one day. Only love can rule the world, everything else will disappear over time.

Anatol Oglezniew from Harbin (Manchuria)

A LETTER FROM AN ARAB

If there was trust



Following the political events in the recent months we can notice that today the world is dissatisfied and moves toward war. The divisions are emerging between both great powers, as well as the nations subject to the rule of their "protectors" The reasons for such a situation can be found in mutual distrust.

*How much happier would our lives be if there was mutual trust, and a nation would believe in the other nation's words.**

All the time we have congresses, conferences, and assemblies in order to maintain peace. At the same time, when the representatives of these countries spout pompous slogans,

their nations get up in arms. The cause of all of that are first and foremost the great powers, who believe only in one kind of justice – the law of the strongest.

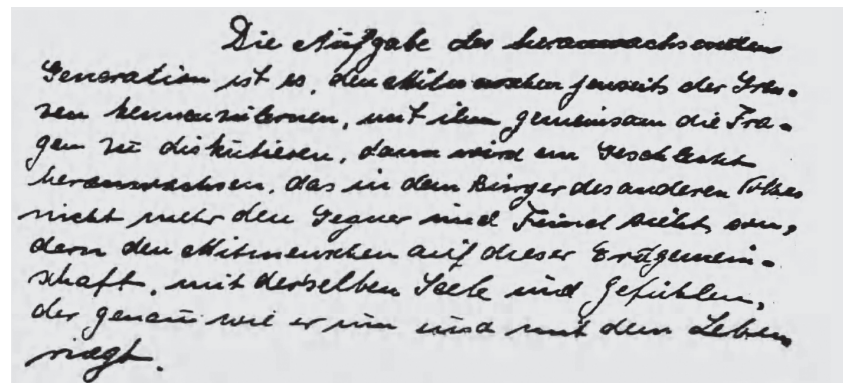
The English policy can serve as a perfect example for this. In need, they were able to promise a lot, but after that, their words turned out to be worth as much as the paper they were printed on. Thus, it is no wonder that no one believes them anymore, as trust is a result of fulfilled promises.

Rifat Andet from Nablus (Palestine)

* The sentences printed in italics are translations of the fragments of the submitted manuscripts, printed next to each letter.

A LETTER FROM A GERMAN

The mission of our generation



1914. The year the world went up in flames. The horror of war spread throughout the continent. Man fought man, nation fought nation, and the demon of destruction celebrated its triumph.

1918. All the soldiers with broken minds and bodies return home. No one really won, and the world was in despair. "No more war" was the guid-

ing principle of that day.

1935. Only twenty years have passed, and the world is once again up in arms. Nations spread the words of peace through the mouths of their ministers, but at the same time war factories are working day and night.

Where did that madness come from? Have we already forgotten 1914?

Where is the homo sapiens species? These are all questions which come to the mind of every thinking human in the world. We already know that just a bit of goodwill is enough to live in peace and friendship. How beautiful it would be if the nations could talk to each other in the words of a normal citizen and work together on their development and culture.

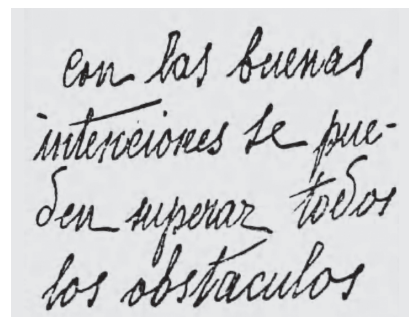
The mission for the growing generation is to get to know the people from the other side of the border and discuss any controversial issues, and only then the people who grow up won't see enemies in the citizens of other countries, but people who think, feel and struggles to survive just as they do.

Only then the humanity can finally move on towards the proper way – the way of friendship and brotherhood.

Alfred Dominitz from Breslau (Germany)

A LETTER FROM A SPANISH GIRL

Hand in hand, people of good will



I have to admit that I liked this idea very much.

Since the time of the republic, even we girls can speak up regarding public matters, hence why I will gladly say what my thoughts about the Day of Goodwill are.

We, youth, are the future, which is why we should all get together in order to fight the new Dark Ages threatening our existence.

As of now, we have the power of the words and the might of good intentions on our side, we just have to remember that *good intentions can overcome all obstacles.*

So let us go together, hand in hand, people of good will!

Conchita Romanes y Pequenos from Barcelona (Spain)

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

I've heard about the Day of Goodwill for the first day in my life today.

A LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN

Association for the care of humans

انه مركز عصبة الأمم في مصر يقضي تماما على
مطامع دول أوروبا في بشره ويطحن نار بغيره
والمخافة التي تلتدرب في صدر نلس الدول
المتنصرة

Peace in our world is unimaginable without an organized world family in place, strong and always ready to get a nation willing to trample others in line. Only this may ensure the existence of weaker nations, who would then be able to live on their territory and enjoy the gifts of God.

In order to ensure peace in the world, the League of Nations was established – as we all know – in Switzerland. It is a beautiful and great institution; however, in current times it is not able to serve the duties it was entrusted. Let us now see how we can deal with that issue.

First and foremost, all the nations should have their representatives.

What kind of a family does not allow many of their sons to sit at the table? As a result, not everyone is able to voice their issues, and despite the fact that they suffer, the world does not know – or does not want to know – about it.

Moreover, the League of Nations should have a strong international army, made up of the representatives of all nations. It is hard to imagine a legislative body without any executive strength. Let's consider courts for example: they would be meaningless if it wasn't for the police carrying out their judgments. Thus, creating the international army is simply necessary.

Finally, it is obvious that the League of Nations needs to be moved to a dif-

ferent headquarters, after all, the world is more than just Europe! We need to choose a country between the East and the West. Egypt – the cradle of our civilization, with advanced culture formed centuries ago – is undeniably one such country.

If the League of Nations was based in Egypt, it would stifle the ambitions of the European powers in the East and extinguish the flame of exploitation in the hearts of the colonists.

Should the invasions of the powers on lesser countries and taking them over under the guise of civilization be tolerated in this world?

This is how I imagine the repair plan for an institution, the guiding principle of which should be "Good will."

After all, there are "Associations for the Care of Animals" in the world, why wouldn't the League of Nations be the "Association for the Care of Humans"?

Taking care of each other and supporting one another is a fundamental law of nature. Otherwise we are going to see the times – as Anatol France said – where everything will disappear from the face of Earth and there will be only God.

Mohamed Allam from Cairo (Egypt)

HUNGARIAN

The only mean

Ma is gyermekkorunkból kezdve tud-
munka kell, hogy egy ma's faj vagy
nemzethez tartozó ember nem ellen-
nem alacsonyabbrendű nálunk, hanem velünk
egyenrangú lény.

The Hungarian poet Vörösmarty said: "Only those, whose strength of spirit did not perish, will never perish."

This is why we – the youngest generation – should take care of it and fight for global peace with it on our side.

The goal we want to achieve will be difficult, but we should not falter, keeping in mind that we are in the right.

I feel too insignificant and weak to solve the problem that the top minds of the world are griping about; however, I think that the only way is to raise our youth in a good way.

Starting from the earliest days we should know that a person of another race or religion is not our enemy or a lesser human being, but someone equal to us.

As soon as we have this idea in our blood, the hatred will be gone and we will make a happy global family.

Vilmos Arvai from Békéscsaba (Hungary)

GREEK

Words, not bayonets

Μόρον η' ερηνην και η' ανηρασια
η' προσπον' η' αυταγα' ζουν υομον
αυθ' ην' και αποτροφην του πολμου.

Demosthenes, the great philosopher once said, "If you want peace, prepare for war." However, times have changed and that principle is no longer valid. "If you want peace, pre-

pare for peace" should be the guiding principle for the 20th century, as only true peace and mutual collaboration can save us from the tragedy of war.

War! How much cruelty is hidden beyond this notion... After all, is war anything else than justified murder?

A question emerges: are we able to prevent it? Naturally. We can do this only if the youth from around the world – the youth of today, who are going to rule their countries in the future – will join their forces and strive for this beautiful idea, the happiness for the human race. Even if there are any tensions between our nations, they will be best solved with words rather than bayonets.

Christos Deligeorgis from Giannina (Greece)

ALBANIAN

It is easier – youth is everywhere

Le t'a qivim masken e madheshtis,
l'atpe ideve te medha shkatronjese qe
peshajne boten me kombesi, me fe' e ne
raca dhe te mbjellim paqen e velle-
zerin e vertete me mes t'one.—

It was with great happiness that I saw your Day of Goodwill initiative and so I'm not delaying my answer.

Nowadays, we can easily observe

how some people try to make their life easier in a strange way – by taking whatever they need from others. The others, despite having an abundance

of everything are not satisfied with it, wanting to get more and more. These phenomena are relatively benign, as the smartest person wins.

It is, however, much worse when hatred between the nations sparks due to the reasons mentioned above. In this case, the effects can be much more dangerous. Blinded by hatred, people turn against each other and shoot. This time, the victory is taken by the strongest, who also loses at the same time, for every victory is paid for with the blood of thousands, especially young people, who was the future of the nation and could do much good for the society.

The peace is made and both sides are mourning, the only difference is that one side feels despair and happi-

BELGIAN

We are what will be

Il importe de créer, parmi les jeunes,
des courants favorables aux idées de
rassemblement et de paix; d'établir
des contacts dans une sphère où les
rivalités ne sont plus à craindre: celle
de la pensée.

On this Day of Goodwill, I am not going to throw my hands up in despair seeing the current state of affairs, instead I am going to go directly to the corrective measures.

It is imperative that we put all our efforts, even the least significant ones, into establishing spiritual bonds between youth of all nationalities.

"La jeunesse prophétise, étant ce qui sera" (Youth are the prophets, being what will be) said Paul Valéry.

By trying to grasp the meaning of this concise statement, we will immediately notice that it contains a significant truth – the trends and efforts of youth precede the form that the society will have tomorrow.

People who brought about the French Revolution used to read Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau in their youth, and accepted their theories with much enthusiasm.

In order to create a government and ensure its survival one has to win over youth and get their support. The importance of that fact was un-

derstood by almost all nations, and currently youth is raised that way. Thus, if we consider that it is proper to familiarize youth with their social and national roles, why shouldn't the upbringing process cover even broader horizons? Particularly today, when international cooperation is a necessity in order to avoid one of the terrible calamities, which we already had seen in history.

It is necessary to create incentives for youth in order to promote friendship and peace, as well as establish ties where there is no fear of competition – in the intellectual fields.

Getting to know each other promotes sympathy, while not knowing each other causes indifference or worse – enables hatred. Thus, there is hope that if we get to know each other, the black clouds on the firmament of the European politics will disappear in the future. All we need now is "Good will."

Dieudonne D'Aoust from Brussels (Belgium)

ICELANDER

Our folk proverb

"EF GÓÐVERK ÞÚ
VINNUR, ÞÁ GER
ÞAÐ AF DYGÐ, HRE-
INT "GRATIS," OG HEIM-
TAÐI E ÞÖKKIÐ A
T RYGGÐ!"

On the Day of Goodwill, I would like to remind everyone about our folk proverb, coined by Thorsteinsson:

If you want to do a good deed, do it today! Do it for free, do not think about payment.

This thought can be expanded further: be guided by good will, and the results will show up soon enough.

Fjola Marine (Iceland)

FROM A LETTER OF A ROMANIAN

Toate barierele puse
in drumul spiritului
fratern pe care le-a
dona scã in te noi
rameni (ne aia fami-
lie unu aia) ar putea
fi dãruitate pe o
singura pãmã:
"Good Will"

All the obstacles on the way of brotherly union, which should exist among the great human family could be destroyed using just but one weapon: Good Will.

Livio Landes from Bucharest (Romania)

FROM A LETTER OF A LATVIAN

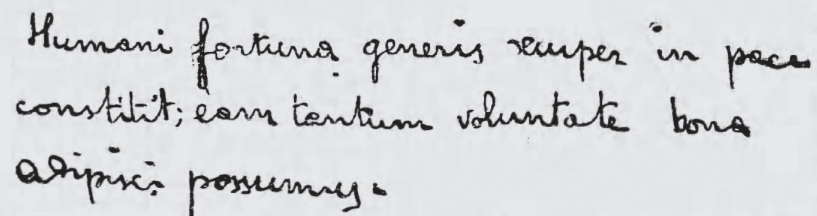
Sabã giba ir
kãda tãpasãba
kura god vie-
glagapã veida
espãju i pildã
savã dãvã
mãrni un to
sasniegti.

Good will is the way which allows us to easily solve our problems and achieve the goals we set to ourselves this way.

Alexander Krüger from Riga (Latvia)

Stavro Gjolma from Argicastro (Albania)

THE VOICE OF A PRIEST



"Love thy neighbor as thyself" said the Lord.

Meanwhile, some terrible things are going on:

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

Satan, whose name is "Anti-Semitism" broke out from the shackles of civilization and runs rampant around the world. The Ark of Europe is on

a rocky road and in grave danger. The only thing that may save it is the love of our neighbors.

The happiness of the human kind was always connected with peace, and the only way to achieve peace is good will.

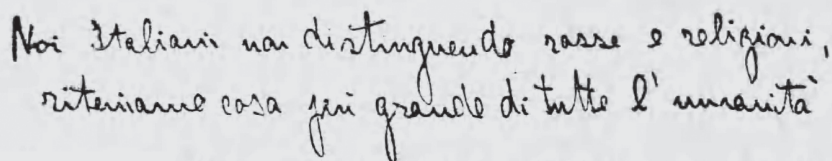
However, our captains do not see this safe haven and guide the ships straight onto rocks.

How is it going to end?

Father Guido Fasso Kasalecchio, Ph.D. (Italy)

ITALIAN

We believe in humanity



I admit that I used to laugh, hearing about religious or racial persecution. I considered it impossible, more of a delusion or a children's story. These days, when I hear about it more and more, I slowly started to believe.

I was overwhelmed with sadness and painful thoughts about the fact that there are still people in the world who treat others badly only because they belong to a different race or profess a different religion.

This persecution is in fact the result of a wave of nationalism, which was brought about by the war. We,

Italian youth, understand war very well – we don't condone war in any way, but if the need arises, we can be fierce. However, truth be told, we believe that one day we will have the time of peace, not as a result of war, but by uniting people thanks to the same ideals.

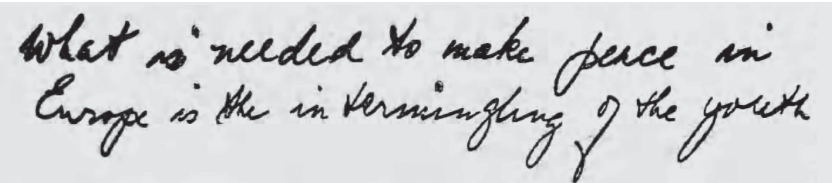
We Italians do not discriminate because of religion or race because we consider humanity to be much more important than that.

This is not a rhetoric of the old times, but a realistic approach.

Carlo Doglio from Bologna (Italy)

AMERICAN

We need intermingling of the youth



Recently, the European politics was very interesting: the Germans started to go up in arms after breaching the Treaty of Versailles, conferences were called and protests were organized. There was just only thing which I found surprising – why the protests were all about breaching the treaty? Couldn't you protest in the name of humanitarianism?

Meanwhile, the situation in the world is still tense.

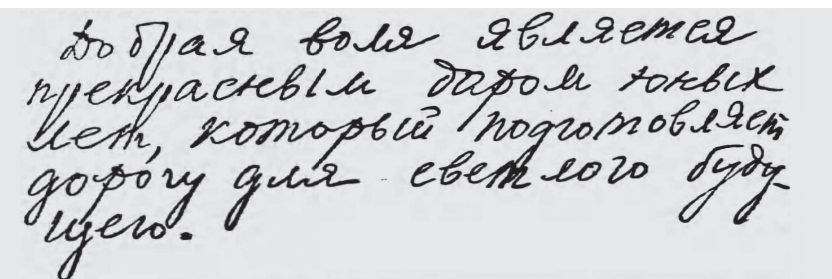
What is needed to make peace in Europe is the intermingling of the youth.

All the differences between different races and nationalities are

created artificially in order to stir up animosities. How beautiful it would be if 10000 German youth went to France and Italy, with the same number of French and Italian youth going to Germany. The results would be clear. They would see the country of their "enemy" with all its customs and traditions, thus discovering love and sympathy. Therefore, every initiative at achieving peace would succeed and we would finally have world peace. This is something that should be remembered by those who pull the strings of our fates.

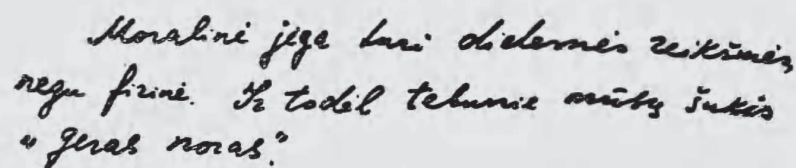
M. Damejek, New York (USA)

FROM A LETTER FROM A RUSSIAN



LITHUANIAN

Our weapon



More than 16 years have passed since the European powers signed the Treaty of Versailles. This was the final conclusion of the World War that, despite all the evil it caused in the world, taught us one thing. Both the winning and the defeated nations understood that war is not a solution to political and economic tensions. Indeed, in the post-war period, the situation in Europe got even more complicated with all the upheavals, regime changes, general dissatisfaction, and the crisis.

Some people think that war had some upsides, as it returned freedom to the countries which were suffering under the foot of their oppressors.

Right. Except we should also think about the price of it all, about the

many sons who died in their battles for freedom.

Here's where we can see the tragedy. We had to use war – the most horrible solution of them all – to achieve a just victory. Why weren't we able to discuss all the matters in a calm manner, trying to avoid this abhorrent way? How beneficial would that be to all of humanity. We wouldn't see so many wives becoming widows, and so many children becoming orphans.

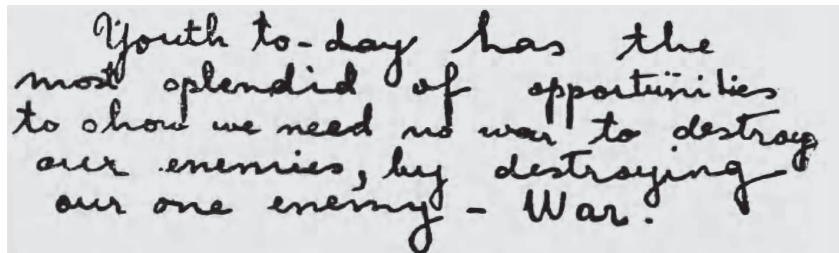
Enough of griping about the past, we are facing the future.

Let us try and make it bright and happy. Remember that *moral fortitude means more than physical strength. Let good will be our weapon of choice.*

Boris Rabinas from Kovno (Lithuania)

ENGLISH

Our one enemy: war



There are no borders for love, friendship and understanding. Our "good will" reaches, or at least should reach over the existing political frontiers.

The power of friendship and love destroys all obstacles in the way of progress towards better understanding of humanity.

The only way to live in harmony with other people is about promoting the idea

of good as much as we can, and about living by the principle of loving our neighbors as ourselves. People who live by this rule don't know the word "enemy."

Youth today has the most splendid of opportunities to show we need no war to destroy our enemies by destroying our one enemy – war.

Ralph A. Masson from Portsmouth (England)

THE YOUNG PRESS SERIES

"BENJAMIN"

Benjamin is the largest weekly paper for French youth, publishing a multitude of various articles and illustrations on eight sizable pages.

The first page is dedicated to miscellaneous topics. For example, the first page of an issue I have in front of me there is a funny story about Easter eggs, an interview with the head of an archaeological expedition to Easter Island, a report from a futurist exhibition, a report on construction of the longest tunnel in France and a humorous letter to the readers from the province (a regular column).

The second page contains continuations of some articles from the first page, club announcements and a youth column – all of which are regular.

In every issue, the third page is mostly dedicated to travels, just like the fourth and the fifth are devoted to humor only. The announcements published by theatres, cinemas and magazines can be found on the sixth page. The seventh page contains write-ups about the latest scientific developments (another regular column), while the eighth page contains an astronomy

column, abstracts of classic theatrical plays, "Bonjour" – the only entertainment column with texts written by youth, a poetry corner, brain teasers, and classifieds.

Every issue is rich in illustrations and funny comic strips. It is also worth noting that Benjamin was the first to publish the news of the new invention – stereoscopic film – as well as many other innovations, thanks to their editor, Mr. Jaboune, as well as their robust reporting organization.

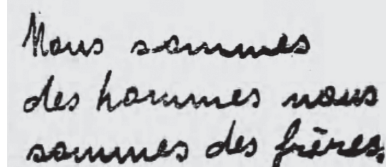
Now I would like to discuss the story and the current state of the paper.

Benjamin was established in 1929 and currently reaches 200,000 readers every week. Among the most noteworthy aspects of the paper is the large number of contests – there's one announced in every issue. Additionally, there is a "Bank for Good Students" – every first student receives compensation. Additionally, the editors also release notebooks which entitle the readers to discounts in a variety of stores – some companies even produce some special goods marked with Benjamin's logo, an elephant inside a heart.

Benjamin also created a special section for their subscribers in Racing Club de France.

However, a far more important role is played by Benjamin's clubs. These clubs, numbering anywhere from a few

TUNISIAN



Every human being has moments in their life when they experience some strange thoughts and feelings. Suddenly, they realize the facts they heard many times, but never fully realized their meaning or significance. They start thinking about human suffering, pain caused to others and many, many more issues.

And then, when one time I realized the weird ways nations use to solve their disputes, I was surprised and frightened at the same time. Just think about it: both sides mobilize their youth and create armies, which then promptly shoot at each other, and whoever kills more people is in the right.

For God's sake! Where is the civilization and culture that makes us so proud that we boast at every opportunity?

It is high time to get rid of this horrible nightmare of war that constantly hangs over our heads.

We are all human beings, we are brothers!

Are we actually unable to solve our disputes in a peaceful way? As youth, it is our mission to finally bring about a change in the existing relations and show everyone that 'homo homini lupus non est.'

Georges Uzan from Tunis (Africa)

THE UPCOMING ISSUE

WILL CONTAIN

A COLUMN

COMMEMORATING

MARSHAL

JÓZEF

PIŁSUDSKI

to a few dozens of readers, bring them together. Several of these clubs also exist in Poland.

The "Young Press" column is also an interesting one, dedicated to presenting other youth papers. It even had descriptions of school papers, handwritten on the pages torn from a notebook and published every month in just two copies.

When Miss Artowska, the representative of Polish school press arrived and presented how the school press works in Poland, the meeting of school paper editors was called and they decided to organize a campaign to change the way French school press works to be more similar to Polish school papers. Further developments regarding the campaign will be presented by Benjamin in detailed reports.

Soon after, an article about the Little Review was submitted, with information that the readers may contact me for further information about the paper.

It seems that the Little Review has garnered a lot of attention in France because right now I'm in despair – what to do if just a hundredth part of all readers writes? Can I respond to 2000 letters?

I shiver at the very thought and I dread looking at the ever-growing pile of letters.

Reporter Fred Goldstein (12 years old)

Paris (3me arrondissement)

3 rue des Quatre Fils

WHY I AM NOT AN ANTI-SEMITE

I used to be an anti-Semite last school year. I hated Jews with all of my soul. I was a fervent supporter of the most radical ways to get rid of them, for example by beating them. What was the reason for me to think like that?

I have never found a proper answer to this question. I heard something about "purifying the Slavic race" and the Jews taking the best jobs, but these convictions were not based upon my reasoning but taken without any criticism from my envi-

ronment. No wonder I couldn't justify them.

I have only now started wondering about the arguments put forth by the anti-Semites and responding to them.

Almost every single anti-Semite, perhaps even unknowingly, denies Jews basic human rights. According to them, every Jew should pay all taxes without any qualms (which is what happens here in almost every case), serve in the military, and should the need ever arise, defend

their new home country to the last breath. At the same time, a Jew cannot enjoy equal rights as a citizen, as they should give up their jobs for Poles – Christians (an example of which would be the outcry against the snow plowing resolution, which allowed the unemployed work on cleaning up snow regardless of their faith), and be humble in the face of insults hurled at them by various Polish pseudo-patriots.

We can often hear an argument that Jews are mostly rich people, capitalists or even millionaires, that they have almost all of the capital in their hands, they manipulate it and exploit the Polish masses.

Anyone who spouts that should go to Smocza or Gęsia Streets and look for the wealth there. The same people who accuse Jews of gathering capital will often move on to think that 90% of Jewish society believes in communism.

Meanwhile, the matter is very simple and clear, only some people wanted to exploit it to push their agenda and accuse Jews of being capitalists or communists and muddy the waters.

In today's regimes, there are higher and lower strata everywhere. There are the wealthy and the poor, the unhappy, the leftists... The same phenomenon can be observed in the Jewish community. I don't see any fault in them, Jewish capitalists "exploit" Polish workers as well as their compatriots, and this is something entirely different.

Someone else will say "but this is Poland, Polish bread should go to Poles." We live in the age of an economic crisis and huge unemployment. There are 4 million Jews in our

country, out of which 3 million and several hundred thousand are employed. If we decided to exile them from Poland, or only sack them from their jobs, we could probably give jobs to every unemployed person.

Perhaps. But is this really a solution to the problem of unemployment and the economic crisis? I think it's rather a short-sighted lie and we are trying to convince ourselves and others that it might be true. Let's just take the population growth into consideration, and we will realize that this opinion won't stand up to any criticism.

I would also like to discuss another issue regarding the ethics of Jews. "No one will deceive you like a Jew," people often say. I'm going to be a pessimist here and say that given the current decline of morality, the majority of people would deceive others if given a chance to do so.

We do not like Jews, we would like to get rid of them, they also dream about creating their own nation in Palestine. Thus, we should help them organize, even more! We should help the Zionists when they are too weak. Instead, on the one hand we cry, "Get out of Poland!" and on the other hand we are opposed to Zionism in general. Where's logic in that?

I asked many anti-Semites a simple question:

"What a Jew is supposed to do in Poland to make you happy?" The answers were rarely objective or logical. Let's think for a moment.

Assuming they decide to get baptized and change their names, they are still not protected from the cases where they will be confronted by people saying that, essentially, they are still the same Jew, only much worse

– trying to pass for a Pole in order to better exploit Poles and do them wrong.

Otherwise, if they openly admit their Jewishness, they are insulted at every single step. So what, are they supposed to become Zionists to get beaten or murdered?

What are they supposed to do?

I am not an anti-Semite, because I consider Jews to be equal to every Pole, Frenchman or Turk, and as human beings they should enjoy the universal human right to live. I also consider anti-Semitism (in this case the Polish one) a result of wrongly understood nationalism and short-sighted and unfounded economic slogans.

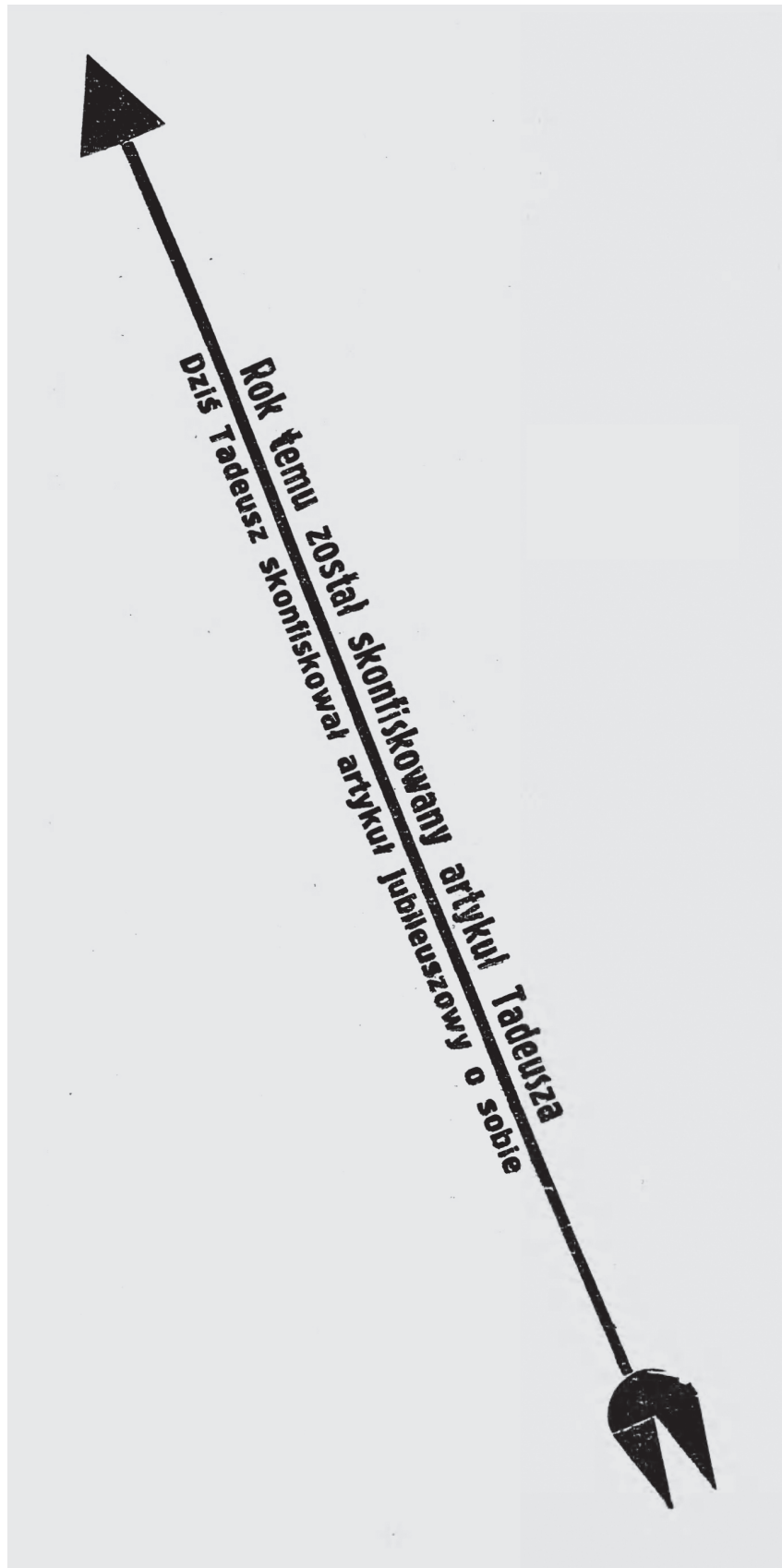
Like every human being, Jews also have feelings, so they can love Poland as a country where they were born and raised, where they worked and which became their homeland. The fact that such things happened, can be verified by studying our history. Who did not hear about Colonel Berek Joselewicz, about Jews fighting in the Legions who perished fighting for their new homeland. We don't even have to look that far back into history. I know many Jewish teenagers and I know for a fact that many of them love Poland with deep and honest feeling.

Some readers may now ask: am I a philo-Semite?

No. I don't feel any special sympathy towards Jews, and when it comes to masses, I prefer Poles. I cannot really justify that in any way, it's a matter of feeling. I only try not to divide people into Poles, Jews, and Ukrainians – instead I just refer to the inhabitants of Earth as Humanity.

Z. WILL

TADEUSZ B-SKI'S ONE HUNDREDTH LETTER



A YEAR AGO AN ARTICLE WRITTEN BY TADEUSZ WAS CONFISCATED.
TODAY TADEUSZ CONFISCATED AN ANNIVERSARY ARTICLE ABOUT HIMSELF

You forbade us from writing about you. You could do this. You did not give us your photograph.

Too bad. "I did not do anything special," you said. "I kept writing because I felt like writing, and I chose the Little Review because of the connection I feel with Jewish youth."

Fine. But it is our duty to write that we are celebrating the approval of the

hundredth article written by Tadeusz B-ski. And we consider it appropriate

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

– to express our appreciation, respect, and good wishes. We are happy to do so, especially since it is the first time we see a Polish author among the ranks of our most seasoned writers. ■

MIRA

UPWARDS

It was summer...

The sky, the sun, water, and happiness!

The summer camp, despite all the stringent rules and strict organization, seemed to be a dream after spending the whole year spent working hard and strolling on Warsaw's cobblestones. Our tight-knit bunch numbered around ten girls.

We were painfully aware of the fact that for many of us, the summer was like a life inside a crystal ball, as we referred to it. The ball was going to break, shatter into a million pieces... All we would have left was a sad life filled with school and our parents struggling to make a living. Unknowingly, we grew on each other and connected, and soon we formed a tight-knit group.

We talked in the forest, in our beds, at the table – literally everywhere. We questioned almost every known idea on the glade under the sun, and we created new ones – full of truth and love. In a solemn and quiet pine forest, we built the United States of the World, based upon love.

The sunny glade, the solemn pine forest and a good dinner are all very conducive to creating new amazing ideas and saving humanity with just

a flick of a hand when the hot blood is pumping through one's veins.

Living in the strange world of ideals, we rarely were down to earth. With the whole world in our dreams we almost didn't realize that just behind our forest and our camp, there was a camp for Polish boys.

One day, when we went to the forest singing, out of a sudden a torrent of stones and insults fallen straight on our heads. Suddenly brought down from the world of dreams to this place of sorrow, we started fighting back with all we had...

The brawls repeated, and as it always happens, the dreams and beautiful words did not stand the test of brutal reality.

The end of summer was nigh and the rainbow bubble was just about to burst. We knew that the sunny and bright days were never going to return. We all wanted to absorb the final moments, as the memories had to last us for a long time.

On the last day, we ran to the forest at dawn. Our artist took her violin. "Idyllic," some of you might say, and I am going to admit that it was laughably sentimental, but back in the day it wasn't just a pose or a childish

game. Everything we did was honest.

We went into the woods, but it was still dark and silent in there. We didn't like it that way. We wanted more light, sun, and space! We went to the glade and saw something we knew from more or less posh poems. We saw the rising sun and dewdrops on the grass, and we could feel the cold breeze from the forest on our faces.

Suddenly, one of us said that everything that was written about sunrise in all the books and poems is a lie. She would describe it differently, but it is impossible, since she would need new words that don't exist. Every single one of us felt it perfectly, but we all didn't have any words. Language became flawed.

Out of nowhere, Irka started playing. Any artist would probably listen to her song with a smile, but we could understand it. On that very moment, "those" boys came. They appeared – as always – out of nowhere.

They were leaving on the same day and went for their last walk. They rushed onto the glade, making a lot of noise, but they stopped upon seeing a group of pensive Jewish girls...

CONTINUED ON P. 6

LEJZOR FROM GĘSIA STREET FAITH

"I was made for love
– not for hatred,"
"Jan Krzysztof," volume VII

In the corner of our backyard, there was a hand-cart used by the local porter. We would often sit on the cart on quiet summer evenings. Sometimes we didn't talk at all, we could sit for a long time, watching the starry sky and not a single word was spoken.

Maeterlinck was right in "The Treasure of the Humble," saying that "silence is the true reflection of happiness." One beautiful summer evening we sat on the cart – as always – after playing all day long and dreamt.

I was only ten. We felt that we were connected, bound by love. Every single one of us craved friendship and love they couldn't find at home.

Suddenly, young Icek, son of the shoemaker burst out:

"How beautiful it would be if all people in the world loved each other!" All eyes turned on him in an instant. "How great it would be if there was friendship among the people" he continued. "There would be no wars, every nation would have their own land. No one would hurt each other anymore. I really want peace in the world."

Icek was a sickly boy. Despite being eleven, he only looked like at most seven years old. Only his eyes were

lively. He had a pair of black, dreamy eyes. He would often walk with his head in the clouds, daydreaming all day long.

His words left quite an impression on us all. "Love," "Friendship," "Peace" – all of these words felt strangely magnetic. Would it be possible?

"Why do people hate each other, even though they could love each other instead?"

I kept thinking about this question all the time. In my imagination, I saw my parents making amends with the family who hosted us.

One day I asked my father to tell me about what war looked like. He told me about long and exhausting marches, about dirt and mud in the trenches, decomposing dead bodies hanging on barbed wire... Terrible!

"Why did you fight? And why did the others fight with you?" Father just turned his head and a faint smile appeared on his sad face. "Because they told us to." This seemed to be the most terrible thing of them all. Humans killing other human beings – just because they are told to do so! I couldn't understand it.

"There are some evil people in the world" I thought. I remembered the man living on the 3rd floor who abused his wife in a terrible way. I could not get those thoughts out of my head.

* * *

I was walking through Nowolipki Street. I saw a crowd of people near a fence, and all eyes were turned towards one place. I knew something must have happened there.

I forced myself among the crowd. There was a corpse lying on the ground, covered with some material. His disembodied head was lying next to it, and the paint-like blood was soaking into the ground.

I didn't know what was going on with me. I broke out of the crowd and ran home. When I got there, I threw myself on the bed and cried. I still saw the ground sprinkled with human blood, and I kicked my legs in despair. Someone approached me and asked:

"Why are you crying?" I didn't want to answer. Then, my mother came and implored: "What's going on with you?" and I answered.

Everyone burst out laughing, and I got even angrier than before. Then, someone yelled:

"You stupid boy! Why are you crying? He was a gentile!"

"Does that mean he wasn't a human being?!" I screamed and ran out. I went to the Krasiński Garden. I sat on an empty bench in the remote corner of the park. My throat was coarse and I felt hatred towards all the people.

"People are evil," I said to myself. "I hate them."

It was autumn. I could hear the sound of wind among the tree crowns, and the leaves were red – just like

blood of the man covered with a piece of cloth.

* * *

I was older, about twelve. One summer night I went with Jakób on a walk on our favorite route towards Żoliborz. We sat on the grass. "Jakób," I asked him. "Do you believe in world peace, in friendship between all the nations and no wars?"

My friend, who was four years older than me looked at me puzzled and responded with a strong "No."

"How can you not believe in that?"

"I simply don't. People are evil. Look around you. There's no love around, just hatred, instead of freedom you have the worst suffering and slavery, instead of prosperity – poverty and hunger. Everyone exploits each other, and then they all fight. People die slowly, they work themselves to death. And the beautiful life described by well-fed poets? It's all in their imagination! The society is nothing but a bunch of maggots biting each other to death!"

For the first time in my life I heard words spoken with so much power. I didn't believe him. Life is beautiful. The world is beautiful. The sky is beautiful!

"Jakób... But love must prevail, it has to... Love will spread around the world, among all the human beings... only then we will become truly Human..."

He responded with the loud and forced laughter of a man who didn't want

to laugh, but had to – so that the youngster I was could understand that he didn't want to speak with me anymore.

I couldn't sleep that night, trying to convince myself that Jakób was wrong. Without that faith, humanity simply couldn't exist. Even though, I still saw Jakób in front of my eyes as if he was standing right next to me, and I still could hear the sarcastic laughter of the suffering loner in my ears. I felt pity for him, but I also knew that the seed of disbelief was planted in my heart.

* * *

"Humanity is Good" by Leonard Frank cemented my beliefs. Reading this book, I could feel immense faith in the resurrection of Humanity. I realized there are some wise and good people who think like I do, and we can already hear their voice: "Do you hear us, brothers?"

* * *

The music teacher sat behind his piano, opened the cover, and gave us a sign to start singing. It all happened before the celebration of

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

One day, rummaging through the things in my drawer I saw an Esperanto textbook. There, I found the following passage:

"No human effort will be able to stifle the growing awareness of the fact that Earth is the homeland of all human beings." ■

AGNES (Tel-Aviv)

URCHINS FROM HAYARDEN

I sometimes think that the insult "You urchin!" often hurled at unruly and dirty children in Poland is absolutely pointless in Tel-Aviv.

There are no urchins in Tel-Aviv, or perhaps I should clarify myself – every kid is an urchin here.

The streets of Tel-Aviv are wide and only rarely covered with asphalt – new houses are built all the time, and the Magistrate cannot keep up with the speed of development – is a true and unquestioned kingdom of children. From dawn till dusk, every street is filled with noise – voices, laughter and screams of joy, they fill the sidewalks, streets, and fences of new homes... In a word, they are everywhere.

It seems that there is one place with more children than anywhere else, where the fun is better and children are merrier than ever – Hayarden Street, which despite being located in the city center is quiet and calm, with the sea bordering it from one side and the cinema and venue district on the other.

I've been observing the group from "my" street for half a year already, and slowly they stopped being only a nameless screaming bunch for me. There are around thirty of them, and I already know almost all of them by their names and I know various things about them.

They are all mostly "German" kids. There are two townhouses on Hayarden Street, connected by a long and beautiful garden between them. The houses were nicknamed the "German Corridor" by popular decision, and I lived there for four months. During that time, I counted and found five occurrences of "Hans" in all variants (Hans, Hansl, Hanny, etc.) three Hildas, two Kurts, as well as many other Bertolds, Luks, Puks, Mouses

and Lillas, Köthe, Sigi and so on.

Initially, all the games and discussions were in German, and filled with memories of "the old days," and so, for quite a long time we had the parades of "assault units" – long rows of children with armbands, with arrows painted diligently in white paint over the black satin background, marching like an army, waving their long sticks around.

The German drill could be heard from afar. Their commander – a girl with long legs, wearing blue shorts – yelled her commands, shouted at her soldiers, and demanded them to report, while trying to make her voice sound as deep as she could.

Their "Muttis" and "Pappichens" tried to call them home – but it was all in vain. They stood at attention, saluted and marched, always starting with their left leg: "Eins, zwei, links, rechts!"

Then, for a brief moment they went crazy for gymnastics, so they jumped over the fences or over each other countless times, climbed even the smoothest of poles and did even the most neck-breaking exercises.

At the same time, the intermingling slowly started to become apparent – Hans and Kurt were slowly joined by "sabras," or children born in Palestine. Dudi, Arje, Jakow, Pnina and many others.

Listening to how they were communicating was an interesting thing, as the German kids spoke only German, while the others spoke only Hebrew. And somehow, they found a way to communicate. There was a lot of laughing, screaming, eloquent gestures – but they were able to find a way.

One day I noticed something insignificant, but important at the same time. My "army" was marching to

a Hebrew song, and Berta – the girl with the long legs – acted as the conductor: "Achat, shtayim, smol, yamin! (One, two, three four!)"

One of the smallest German kids with red hair – Puki – and the black-haired Dudi were suddenly connected by sudden friendship, and they decided they will play "Binyan" (Construction), and the other kids followed. They all brought some boards, nails, lime, stones, and various construction materials just lying on the streets – and the work started.

They mimicked even the smallest details of adult work. First, they built a wooden skeleton out of boards, then they poured something like concrete, installed windows and doors... They spent hours knelt down, creating a stone floor in that old box, stomping them down with their tiny fists, washing it with old toothbrushes... After building it, they stood up with painful backs and with proud smiles on their faces.

The older boys went crazy and started installing phones and telegraphs. Cables were pulled between roofs and buildings, and the air was filled with the sound of hammers and little feet going up and down the stairs, dozens of times every day. I suspect that nothing really worked, but they were working for a month or so.

Then we had the first refreshing rain, and the whole bunch – every Hans and Ammons started dancing wildly around the trees with bare feet, screaming, "Geshem! Geshem! Geshem tov! (Good rain)."

No, not all of them. On the balcony on the second floor, one of the Hildas – a beautiful small blonde girl – stood silently. She didn't sing and play with others. Her father, Mr. "Geheimrat" from Berlin did not want this young tree to put any roots down in this new sandy homeland.

His heart and soul was still with his thankless Heimat, and the poor councilor simply could not and would not assimilate. Puffed-up and bitter, he walked around with hands behind his back, slowly using up his savings and telling anyone willing to listen that he wasn't going to stay. England or Italy, he's going to go somewhere one day. Meanwhile, little Hilda was forbidden from learning "this crazy language" and playing with "those wild children."

Mr. "Geheimrat" would sit for hours on the balcony and teach his daughter English. Around them, all the children would scream, "ima, aba," whereas Hilda obediently repeated: "goodbye father, goodbye mother."

The rain season – a blessing for the country, but a nuisance for the townsfolk – allowed children to invent new ways of having fun.

The street turned into a bog. The adults kept muttering and screaming obscenities, since instead of simply crossing the street they had to walk twice as far just to get where they needed to go, but for the children, it was heaven on Earth. They could build bridges, construct small boats, throw stones into water... And indulge in jumping into the mud with freshly washed socks like a piglet.

One day, one of the children came wearing long boots with shiny long uppers reaching up to his knees. On the next day, all the children from the neighborhood wore identical boots and played in the mud in the street.

Even Srulek from the colonial store, who delivered baskets with goods to the homes, bought the shiny boots from his salary. On that day, he didn't deliver any baskets, instead he walked slowly and carefully, looking at his new boots all the time, taking a handkerchief from his pocket and wiping the dust... He

was probably the only one of them who actually avoided the mud.

The rain season came to an end, and the mud on the streets dried out, but their imagination simply couldn't be stopped.

Purim – every child wearing fantastic costumes, shooting their cap guns, and lighting up sparklers. The Maccabi Games came – suddenly the streets were full of straw hats with blue and white ribbons, as well as green and grey clothes of the Hamaccabi – Hat-zair. Soon after there was the Hapoel meeting, with blue worker shirts and red handkerchiefs.

Everything flows through the streets and is reflected in the children like in water. But apart from all the special occasions, the game of "jule" became all the rage among children. I didn't manage to learn all its rules, but it's similar to golf, croquet, and the game of kukso. Children throw round marbles and do some complex calculations all day long.

On one of those days I stumbled upon a nice surprise. Walking down the street I almost accidentally stepped on... Little Hilda, our Alice from Wonderland, the perfect girl muttering "goodbye father" was lying down across the sidewalk on her stomach in a white dress with frills, counting the distance between marbles on her fingers "Achat, shtayim..."

Suddenly, someone stumbled on her and she yelled with her energetic voice: "Chamor, al tafriya! (Stop disturbing me, you ass!)"

I laughed out loud. I don't know what happened, and whether Mr. Geheimrat finally came to terms with his exile, but the fact was his precious Hilda had already become a part of the street. Suddenly she will become like the other sabras – maybe rude and coarse, but brave, persistent, and down-to-earth.

Hayarden Street got another new "urchin." ■

THE FOURTH HAPOEL CONVENTION

The sun is boiling hot and defiantly shines into our eyes. It's a true spring day. The streets are full of blue workers' shirts, red banners and posters.

Youth are marching on the streets in groups of four, holding their hands and singing. They are the representatives of all regions, kibbutzim, kvutzot and colonies. The elderly vehemently criticize shorts worn by the girls, while the city youth watches those healthy and strong boys and girls with jealousy, feeling proud and full of hope.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the official opening of the assembly will take place in the amphitheater in the exhibition square. We left the house at seven o'clock and went to the bus stop. The long queue, winding through four streets made me nervous.

Some young girls were waiting behind me, singing the horah enthusiastically, killing the time. Of course, I joined them and I barely noticed the moment when I was supposed to get on the bus. We set off, bidding farewell to the queue with loud screaming.

The bus drove softly on the asphalt road towards the exhibition.

"Stop, dear friend!" we screamed

to the driver and got off the bus in happy moods.

The gate leading to the exhibition was decorated with four black banners and beautiful posters announcing the Bialik Days, which are taking place here today. For a short moment we watched in awe, as they evoked the feelings of seriousness and solemnity, but soon after, our attention was captured by the long queue to the ticket office. Naturally, we didn't get a seat, standing room only.

Despite the fact that we were near the sea and the cold climate, I didn't feel any cold. We were pressed together so hard that a piece of paper I dropped on the floor couldn't even get there. The commands were given through the microphone. Everyone carrying their banners went to the stage. Next to young and lively faces I saw some old and tired ones.

First and foremost, important people welcomed the assembly. The audience loved the speech of Mr. Shertok the most, as it was clear, short and to the point. The absence of Mayor Dizenhoff, whose health did not allow him to welcome the participants in person left quite an impression. Benjamini spoke on his behalf.

The orchestra started playing the

Techezakna, everyone got up from their seats and all the banners were lowered, which was quite majestic. The anthem reminded me of the past years, my school, Lag BaOmer and my friend in Vilnius; however, I didn't have time to think about that, because soon after the acrobatics and shows followed, starting with eurythmics and gymnastics, through jumping over obstacles and acrobatics. The last show had only one girl, but she did a great job.

During the intermissions, the choir presented new songs, and the two orchestras (from Tel-Aviv and Haifa) also gave their concerts. Among others, they presented some Jewish songs, which was met with enthusiasm of the audience. Everyone was happy and I felt great, especially when I remembered that I won't have to wake up early for work the next day.

I didn't stay until the end of the assembly. My legs gave up, and my neck was so strained that I could barely turn my head any more. Anyway, I was also afraid that I wouldn't catch any bus later on, so I left "earlier" (earlier... It's a bit relative, as I returned home at 2 o'clock at night).

I was very, very happy, being able to take part of this collective demonstration of young, brave work.

Losia W. (Tel-Aviv)

POISON OR ANTIDOTE?

A quiet laboratory. A professor dressed in white is hunched over a single test tube, one out of many waiting in the cabinet. Cholera, plague, tuberculosis, leprosy... He surveys it, and his assistant notes everything down next to the microscope. They communicate and help each other quietly.

From a test tube to the microscope, from the microscope to another test tube. Silence shrouds their work in the white laboratory. What is their discovery going to bring the world? New life or... new death?

* * *

A beaker slowly fills up with a brown gas. The space above the bustling

liquid is slowly getting darker. Short-sighted eyes look at it from behind the glasses.

"Is it going to work? This discovery will bring..."

* * *

A tall pipe with mercury, closed at both ends. Two platinum plates in the mercury. The switch makes a noise and the laboratory is shrouded in darkness. Electricity starts flowing through the mercury, and the pipe glows with some strange red light. The scientist slowly pushes the lever. 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000 volts...

The light gets brighter and brighter, goes from red to orange, yellow, green, blue, violet... Suddenly it goes

out and all that remains is darkness. An agitated mouse in a cage starts scratching the bars. Silence. The lever quickly goes back. 3000, 2500, 2000, 1500, 1000, 500, 0. A sigh of relief, and the lights come back, flooding the room instantaneously.

The mouse in the cage is dead, and the scientist's head is overflowing with thoughts:

"You need 3-5 minutes to kill cancer, a man would die after 10..."

* * *

Medicines and poisons are made exactly the same way, just as scalpels and bayonets are sharpened the same.

J.W. (Katowice)

INTERNATIONAL OLYMPICS

The contemporary Olympic Games are not a new idea – they were already known in the ancient Greece in the 8th century BC. Recently, the tradition was brought back to life.

The contemporary Olympic Games were organized by Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Acting on the principle that sport is one of the best ways to achieve international collaboration, he spent ten years working on establishing the International Olympic Committee, which organized the first Olympic Games in Athens in 1896. The subsequent Games took place ev-

ery four years in Paris, St. Louis, London, Stockholm, Berlin, Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam and Los Angeles. The two upcoming Games will take place in Berlin (1936) and Helsinki (1940).

Poles debuted at the 8th Olympic Games in Paris in 1924. The cycling team and Colonel Królikiewicz won three points for Poland, and the country ended up on the 20th place. In 1928, Konopacka won the Olympic gold medal in discus throw, and the late Skoczylas and Kazimierz Wierzyński won prizes. During the last Games in Los Angeles, the Polish

team brought back two gold, one silver and one bronze medal and ended up on the 13th place among 40 participants.

These Games saw the representatives of the most hostile countries, but the chauvinistic and nationalist instincts disappeared or were stifled. The spirit of noble rivalry dominated over hatred and hostility.

I wish there were more opportunities for the enemies to shake hands and call the other "brother" instead of insulting them.

h.k.

UPWARDS

CONTINUED FROM P. 4

They didn't understand a thing, but they expected something strange and seemed to be embarrassed. That was enough for us.

I don't remember how we started talking. Excited and fervent, it set us off like volcanoes, and we started talking about our repressed dreams that formed over the course of a month.

For an onlooker, this scene would probably be comical. On the one hand – a bunch of embarrassed boys, feeling out of place, on the other – a chattering group of girls.

Then it dawned on the boys. They understood that we wanted peace. Just as they did, as they realized how asinine were our fights throughout the month.

One of them, no older than 12, said in a shy voice:

"It's the last day. Let's play volleyball for the last time."

"Great, let's play!"

We played like never before, and every time we hit a ball we expressed the feelings that were bigger than us. The boys could understand us better through volleyball, rather than through Irka's music. It felt so good, and we went one step closer towards the Good – towards the United States of the World.

BRAIN TEASERS

Remember to always send the teasers with their solutions.

Regina Grynblatówna is asked to submit the solutions for her riddle, geographic question and teaser.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO BRAIN TEASERS WERE SUBMITTED BY:

Jerzy Adamowicz. Lidja Asorodubraj, Tola Becher, S. Brochsztejn, Lucynka Cygielman. Lucynka Felsen, Dawid Frydman, Benjamin Gartenstein, Josef Goldfarb, Mosze Goldfarb, Sylwusia Grynbaum, Mietek Haberman, Adzio Himelfarb, Josef from Kępna Street, Aleksander K. from Otwock, Sońka Krum, Kola Litmanowicz, Kuba Mielnik, Reginka Nisemkiern, Samek Parecki, Jerzy Przedecki, Lola Rajchman, Lili Rotblat, Stasio Rozenfeld, H. Silberhaft, Józef Skórecki, Lola Szejngros, Rysia Szmotkin. Andzia Tenebaum, Lola Toper, Lili Topór, Tadek Wajner, Wicher, Cesia Zygmunt, Felek Zygmunt. ■

The upcoming issue will feature

a regional column for

UPPER SILESIA

and the

DĄBROWA BASIN

JOKES

A FORGETFUL MAN

"Sir! I ordered my coffee 30 minutes ago. Did you forget to serve it? Or maybe I drank it already? Or did I forget to order it at all?"

SUFFERING

"My ears and teeth hurt at the same time. Can you imagine a worse coincidence?"

"Sure. It would be worse if you had rheumatism and Saint Vitus Dance."

POSH

A very elegant lady comes to the information office at the railway station.

"Please tell me where I can get a platform ticket... First class, of course!"

Enkonduka artikolo

"Tago de bona volo."

Leteroj de junuloj:

Hina

Araba

Germana

Egipta

Hispana

Greka

Albana

Islanda

Rumuna

Hungara

Belga

Amerikana

Itala

Tunisa

Latva

Pastro

Litva

Angla

La jubileo de korespondanto Tadeo B-ski, okaze de kvalifikigo por presigoliantan centan manuskription.

ARTIKOLOJ:

"Venemo chu antidoto" (pripensoj de lernanto en laborejo de sciencisto).

"Kial mi ne estas antisemito?" – konfeso de pola junulo

"Benjameno" (La plej populara semajna por junula gazeto en Francujo).

RAKONTOJ:

"Supren" (rememoroj de knabinoj el vivo en somerkolonio)

"Religio" (faktomuntajho de travivaĵoj de knabo, kiuj for mis lian mondkoncepton)

"Stratuloj el Hajarden" (korespondo el Palestino).

Komunikoj pri ekskursoj dum Lagbeomer festo.

Intelektaj distraĵoj.

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 P.M. AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17.

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

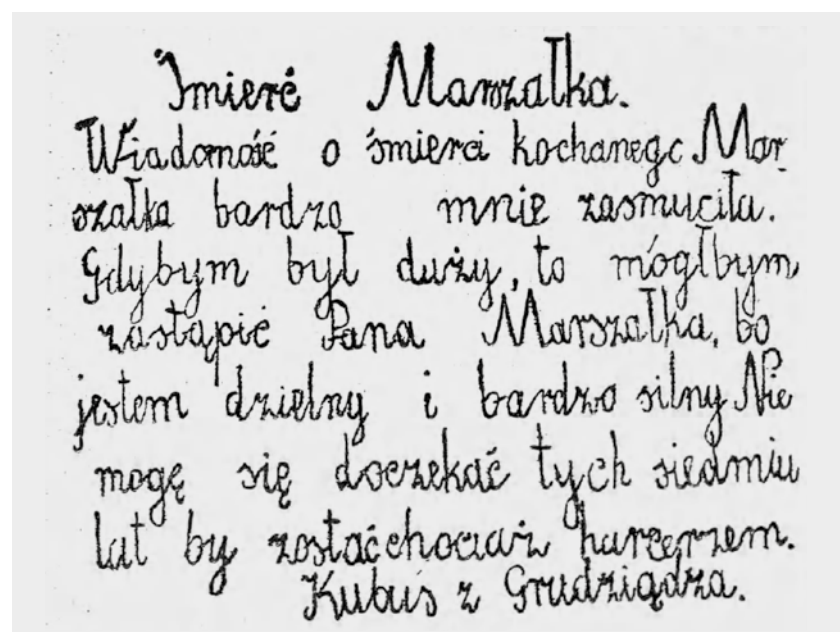
CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

THE FUNERAL BELL ECHOES



MARSHAL'S DEATH

The news of our beloved Marshal's death grieved me very much. If I were big, I could replace the Marshal because I am brave and very strong. I can't wait to finally turn seven, when I can at least become a scout.

Kubus from Grudziądz

HIS HEART RETURNED TO HIS MOTHER

The streets are quiet. All that is heard are moans of children, women and men. The national flags are flying above every gateway: at half-mast and with ribbons of black crepe.

Every passerby shares the depressing news with the others. The Leader of the Nation is dead. This is a date everyone should remember.

The Marshal's body was laid to rest at Wawel Castle, his heart interred next to his mother and his brain left to science. As he cared for all in his life, so he endowed all in his death.

Icek from Świętokrzyska Street

MAY 13TH

It was May 13th, a bright and sunny Monday morning. In my head, I ran through the day's lesson plan and concluded I should choose truancy. I went to breakfast and my father said: "The Marshal is dead."

"No jokes, please," I said.

I left for school. On my way, I noticed the red-and-white flags flying at half-mast, with mourning ribbons. I could not believe it yet. While passing by a newsstand, I saw the *Gazeta Polska* daily; a headline in huge bold print announced the death of Józef Piłsudski. Now I had to believe it.

I was reminded of a program broadcast some time before by the Polish Radio, which included a memorable statement to the effect that death ruled by means of a huge clock, its every stroke (and it measures time continuously) marking the death of another human being. This image spoke to my imagination most powerfully.

The Marshal's time had come!

It was time, humanity's worst enemy, that overpowered him, the

man whom three world powers were unable to defeat.

Immersed in such thoughts, I reached the school.

What struck me immediately was the silence, a curious and mournful silence, which had never before prevailed in our halls of our school. It felt like entering a sanctuary, a place that could be desecrated by the mere touch of a shoe sole on its floor.

On the entry steps, I saw the principal dressed in black; and was strangely overwhelmed by the sight. Then, my eyes fell on the commemorative plaque of the schoolgirls that had fallen in the war. Yes, you fought and nursed the wounded, to ultimately die by a treacherous bayonet or an even more insidious epidemic. Today, we no longer have the one you so trusted. You fought for what we value and love the most, freedom. Now, you have all been cradled by our one mother, the Earth.

When I entered the classroom, all the girls stood together around one table and talked about something in a low voice. They went quiet for a moment at my entrance and then they all at once asked one question: "Have you heard?"

"I heard," I responded.

A prayer was recited quietly, but no one dared to begin the morning calisthenics because that is something that must be done cheerfully, and there was no cheer in us.

After a while, the homeroom teacher walked in with an announcement that all lessons were cancelled for the day. At any other time, that message would have been met with peals of joy (nota bene, accompanied by the tossing of satchels, inkwells, etc.), but this time it made no impression on us.

We gathered in the recreation room, where the flag was brought in, now

covered with a mourning ribbon, and the principal read the message from the President.

I saw the eyes of many students well up with tears.

In silence, we went back to our homes. Occasional sobbing could be heard throughout the school building.

It was a bright sunny Monday, May 13th, but clouds had begun gathering above the horizon.

The city was the same as always, only the crepe-bedecked flags made for its mournful character.

Gina from Radom

AS ABANDONED LITTLE CHILDREN

Could this be true?

He, the one recognized by every child, every Polish citizen, the whole world... the Constant Knight, who had suffered so achieved so much, has died?

I am holding today's copy of *Our Review*, with the well-known portrait and a single sentence on its front page. How is it possible that he is dead? Such people do not die.

Bells were ringing. Their echo carried the unhappy news into the world. The radio went silent. Only from time to time, the speaker delivered short announcements, clearly holding back sobs. Anxious cities, towns and villages listened.

The streets emptied. Covered with black crepe fabric, flags hung from their poles. Black armbands appeared on people's sleeves, and black ribbons on school and beret emblems, and people whispered one to another:

"Did you hear???"

They stood as if orphaned, without looking at one another.

Marshal Józef Piłsudski... is dead...

I guess, no one will mourn him like the young.

He was our Companion from the very first day of school. Even at the entrance to the first grade public school classroom, he greeted us with a friendly smile of his stern face. The teacher told us that this was Józef Piłsudski, the First Marshal of Poland.

The leader's bushy eyebrows, gray mustache and penetrating gaze, together with his plain and undecorated Commander's uniform, had all crept into our memory.

Many of us children also dreamed of courageous acts and often asked how Józef Piłsudski had become the Marshal. Over time, we learned that the Marshal lived at Belvedere Palace, where the former Russian rulers used to reside.

When the school celebrated the Leader's name day, many of us recited poems: about the gray horse, bravery, courage and sacrifice. Under the impression that the Marshal could hear our words in Belvedere Palace, we strove for ever more refined and clear diction.

We liked to frequent the history room, where we could study Marshal's life through many books and illustrations. We were also interested in where he lived.

I learned that he also honored Otwock with his presence. The Marshal spent several months in Mrs. Nestorowicz's guesthouse. Afterwards, he left our town for Vilnius, where he actually named a town Otwock, apparently to commemorate the nice moments spent in our town. The people of Otwock boasted of this event for many years. The plans to place a memorial plaque were unfortunately frustrated when the house in which the Marshal once lived burned down. Ultimately, a monument was erected in City Park and last year, on the Marshal's name day, a local Polish Language College was named after him.

And on the day of national mourning, when Chopin's "Funeral March" was played in front of the monument, we bowed our heads and cried like abandoned little children.

Szlamek from Otwock

MEMORY

Since the day I learned about the death of this greatest hero of Poland, I have been living as in a daze. I cannot think of anything else. I recall the various minor circumstances in which I saw the Marshal, but the image of something that happened seven years ago stands out in my mind in the most powerful way. This image emerged today with strange expressiveness and stands out before my eyes:

The evening was approaching, on a gray rainy day in late autumn. As every other day, my mom and I were taking a walk down the Aleje Ujazdowskie boulevard.

The boulevard was deserted. It was close to dusk, and the street lights were not lit yet. I was sitting quietly next to my mum on a street bench. Silence overwhelmed me; I was sad.

At some point, we could hear the hollow sound of footsteps in the distance. Someone was walking from the direction of Belvedere Palace. I watched the approaching figure. It looked strangely familiar. Some man walked slowly, with his hands behind his back.

Sure, it was him, the Marshal. I was stunned breathless.

Right behind him, like a shadow, walked his aide.

The Marshal was now close by. I watched him captivated: he appeared so suddenly, so unexpectedly.

It was the first time in my life that I saw Józef Piłsudski, but I still recognized him. I recognized the bushy mustache and eyebrows and the characteristic face I had seen in so many photographs.

He walked past us slowly, and when he was a few feet away, I came to and shouted:

"Mom, that was the Marshal."

LAYOUT OF THE ISSUE:

Page 1 – for everyone;

Page 2 – for older youth

(15-17 years);

Pages 3 and 4 – for readers

aged 12 and over;

Pages 5 and 6 – for children.

Józef Piłsudski turned, smiled at me, saluted and said:

"Yes, dear child, it's me."

And he went on while I felt as if I had unexpectedly received a lavish gift.

Basia W.

IN THE CLASSROOM

It's a gray morning, the worst kind of a Monday morning, when getting out of bed is the hardest: the delightful reminiscences of the past Sunday are firmly attached to the warmth of the bed while the voice of duty is weak.

Suddenly, I hear my sister's voice: "Piłsudski is dead."

"What a dumb, idiotic and distasteful joke."

I reach for the paper with indifference. "What?"

He's dead.

I am flooded with hundreds of questions, conclusions, jumbled thoughts, astonishment, disbelief, horror and some feeling I cannot express: an emptiness and a terrible burden all at once.

My pulsating temples keep on hammering out: the one who died... for some was their beloved Commander, their victorious Leader, and for others their wise Commander-in-Chief and their Executive, while for us, the common people, he was human will, sacrifice and work personified.

I saw him with my own eyes only once, and yet a horrible sense of loss raises in me.

"Your obligation..."

Yes, I have a duty to go to school.

With a thoughtless, automated movement, developed over the school years, I near-subconsciously reach for my satchel.

On the street, seemingly nothing has changed. Every other moment, someone with their eyes fixated on a black broadsheet of a newspaper passes me, and every other moment, a black armband flashes by me.

Here and there somebody is wiping off a tear shed in private. I meet a friend, a seldom-met friend, on his way to school in the opposite direction.

A handshake...

"Dead..."

"That's right."

We go our separate ways.

I am afraid, I'm afraid of school. I dread the prospect of this great misfortune being reduced there to some superficial gestures, headshakes, pretenses or moralizing speeches.

The school makes a bizarre impression on me: no usual buzz, silence prevails, and only small groups of students talk softly.

Silence prevails. The Zionist, the leftist, all without exception and

CONTINUED ON P. 3

LEON K-CZ

FOR MOTHER...

"Changed! I think bitterly, yes, I have changed! – What is it you know of me now, Mother? A mere memory, nothing but the memory of a quiet, eager youth of the days that are gone. You must never know, Mother, never know of these last years; never even wonder what they were like" ...

"You, who tremble and are shocked by the impact of a mere word, one word that has been enough to shatter your picture of me."

(from "The Road Back" by Erich Maria Remarque translated from the German by A. W. Wheen, Little, Brown and Company, 1931)

Mom, I remember us riding a bus together and talking about whether it was possible for a son or daughter to express their lives' ordeals, uncertainties and sadness to their parents. I claimed that neither of the two sides understood one another. You said I was wrong. Well, here is a handful of my memories for you...

THE SCHOOL UNIFORM

How often was this scene played out because of that common, symmetrically cut piece of navy blue cloth, finely decorated with blue epaulettes and silver buttons. I just hate school uniforms; in fact, school uniforms are hated universally by all my school friends.

You always claimed that I did not like uniforms because I always wanted to be treated above my age, and that I wanted to please the girls. That's not true. Understand, please: a uniform is a prohibition, and a prohibition is something unbearable and suffocating for me. Why is it that purely by virtue of my sixteen years of age I should be subjected to some special restrictions?

We, the student masses, are not allowed to watch many artistically produced movies; we're supposedly scandalized by them. Well then, our beloved teachers, our parental caretakers, you herds of logically minded pseudo-pedagogues, do come one day to one of our friends' evening gatherings. You will witness our innocence. You will hear stories about the secrets of love – and you will hear them told in our picturesque jargon. The innocent sheep, may they not be offended by a nude chorus girl on a screen at a premiere movie theater.

Oh, cursed morality of the great moralists!

You do know, gentlemen, that the forbidden fruit is the most powerful lure and yet you are always surprised at the sight of a school kid at a prohibited movie.

That's a dumb method, oh pedagogues, and it's symbolized by the uniform: uniform equals provincial. After 7 in the evening in some and after 8 or 9 in other places, students are not allowed to walk in the streets.

That's because, my noble lords, it is a corruption of morality, and dating a girl is an offense against God. And what do you, "pure" moral educators, do? Where do you spend your evenings from time to time? Who gave you the right of supremacy over us?

Why is it that a shopkeeper, a ticket collector or a policeman treat me differently when I am dressed in my uniform and differently when I wear my "civilian" clothes? A student is a member of a separate disadvantaged social caste, outwardly identified by the uniform. And yet, you, Mom, wonder why I dislike the uniform so. Try, for just a moment, to reason and feel like

me and the masses of my friends. You will feel a disgust for the uniform. The uniform does not constrain a serviceman, a policeman, a representative of some organization. Just the opposite, it expands the person's capabilities. The school uniform is repulsive and sometimes simply impossible to wear.

And yet you, Mom, begin talking about it with phrases like: "a boy your age," "you shouldn't be ashamed of the uniform," "a middle school student should," etc. What banality, Mom; you will not convince me with such platitudes because a recalcitrant young boy will not be convinced through boring and false sounding repetition of worn out platitudes.

GOD

I have to – no, worse, I must – perform certain practices, whether I want to or not, whether I can perform them or not; I just have to... because I am a student, otherwise I will never get to my matriculation exams.

I fight, I fight for my rights, for the recognition of my own free will, and in the absence of doing so through ethically acceptable means, I lie to my superiors. Yes, that is bad, but by no means worse than the use of violence.

And you, Mom, insist that people should not lie. If I were to tell the truth, I would've been kicked out of school. Try not to violate the bans, you say. And what if those bans violate my will? You see how hard to resolve all this is? I have to lie and I will continue to lie until such time as the ridiculous and immoral orders disappear.

And God?... Oh, I believe in Him, Mom, very strongly, I believe with all my strength of feeling.

And would you know that there were moments in which God, for me, was becoming either a fiction or the infinite evil, and that's when I regretted that I couldn't get any support from you...

Too bad... That's in the past now...

CONTRIBUTIONS AND FINANCES

You will be surprised by this title, Mom. And yet, so many of our disputes, disagreements and quarrels had this purely financial source.

You must remember that quarrel over the 4 zloty and 50 groszy for the Society for the Advancement of Building Elementary Public Schools. Forgive me my anger, Mom, but the suspicion of taking money for that purpose twice was really hard to bear... particularly that you, Mom, know as well as I do that whenever I take money from you, I specify the purpose for which I take it. And the fact that you do not remember does not entitle you to voicing such suspicions. Is it my fault that there are so many compulsory contributions? Why does everything always start and end with me?

I feel sad, Mom, that as soon as I take money, I am made to feel as if I'm facing a court.

SEXUALITY

At one time, two or maybe three years ago, you warned me against masturbation. We were just then walking down Nowy Świat Street on our way to a shoe repair shop. You really scared me. But that didn't help. And you see, Mom, I have not gone mad.

You frequently continue to treat me like a twelve-year-old stripling. You tell me what I can and cannot do.

Sometimes you hide issues of "Literary News" because there is a lot of brutal eroticism in them.

That's when you forget, Mom, that this type of erotica, only a hundred times dirtier and more despicable pours into my ears and hits my eyes in the street, at school and from newspapers. You don't even know that we often spend our meetings discussing in detail just those "Literary News" articles you hid from me with such care.

You would answer that for a mother, her child will always remain a tot, even when they are 30 or 40 years old. But I demand nothing, I am only making you aware of this, so you can avoid cruel disappointments later on.

You hide from me some excessively naturalistic description of a rape, but you forget that I am not a delightful fair-haired child kicking a ball in the park. Anyway, a large part of my generation – the interwar generation – is physically advanced ahead of their age. You either don't know about this, Mom, or if you do, you do not let anyone in on it. Mom, you think me unfamiliar with life. What an uncalled for leniency. I know it all too well – frequently from its smuttiest side.

Last autumn, on my way home, still charged with some strange power, I thought about you, Mom. And then I burst out laughing, and do you know why? Because I realized you would surely greet me with the words:

"You should not come home so late at night."

It's as if I just played volleyball for too long. And, Mom... I regret I got to know all that too early in life.

Know that we are mature beyond our year, physically and mentally. I will not argue with you about whether that's healthy or harmful. I will just tell you one thing: treating me as a stripling has been the wrong tactic.

LOVE – EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE

It's true, Mom, that I have loved often. You may be cross with me over that. You recall your Uncle Jasza or Wowa, his life nearly wasted on account of girls. You are skeptical about my emotional experiences. You ridicule them by referring to them as my "Katzenjammer und Weltschmerzen" ("bewilderment and melancholy"). Mom, those ordeals of mine are not as small or as trivial as you might think.

I put all of myself into them. But afterwards, you are always surprised and you always laugh it off. Mom, this is very painful. I'll be honest when I tell you that I could use some warmth sometimes. It's just not enough for me to engage in discussions about Orzeszkowa, Prus or Balzac. You see, there are times when all I need is one good word. This word is not uttered. In contrast, I hear that I'm ruining my new clothes, coming home way too late, that I'm arrogant, etc.

You wonder afterwards why I get moody or peevish. A kicked dog will behave no better. You often have no time to hear me out. Maybe you don't want to. Maybe you consider my sufferings a mere trifle, Mom. Please, remember what happened after I broke up with Iza. I don't think I would have borne that as easily had I not spent that hour talking to you. But that happened only once. You had not spoken to me about matters of private life since then.

I know you are preoccupied with your work: job positions, account audits. You have no time for "Weltschmerz." However, I often feel the urge to speak to you frankly, on friendly terms. The opportunity does not present itself. Not so long ago, I was going through

a time when I could not stand staying at home. I was sickened with the atmosphere of constant quarrels, and the constant reminders that had not done my homework and was irresponsible.

At that time again, just one word and a willingness to speak sincerely would have sufficed. But nothing like that happened.

Such an atmosphere and prejudices seemingly fade away, but some mistrust and regret remain, like a thin film of nicotine that goes on to poison the human body.

LEARNING

Mom, you completed your middle school education with a gold medal. You love to learn. That is why you are surprised and mad at the reluctance which I exhibit toward my homework and school. Let me explain this to you:

Right from the first grade, I was served education in doses of coercion. I could not learn when I wanted to, but when the boarding school tutor was willing to: and that was from 5 to 9 p.m., year after year, for five years, through spring, autumn and winter, whether I was actually learning or not, whether I completed my homework or not. Year after year, from 5 to 9 p.m., I was made to sit over an open book.

I was fed up with such learning. I learned how to study superficially, to get by, to be able to pull out Wallace, Leblanc or Laroux from under my history textbook. Year after year, just before the summer recess, I would hear the flaming speech of the principal, praising the objectives, the necessity and the usefulness of learning. The obese Mrs. Bowa – who would berate us at the

slightest provocation and constantly badger us to read books – and her ever prayerful husband – who would throw abuse at the Jews and the Sanation movement at every recess – were for me the epitome of what learning stood for. I abhorred it to the extent that I preferred hours of mindless repetition ("der Herr" – a gentleman, "der Herr" – a gentleman, and again "der Herr" – a gentleman) to doing something useful in earnest. I developed a special kind of hatred for mathematics, to which the boarding school tutor drove me and my friends most.

I perceived school learning purely an abominable violation. I sought to keep away from it as much as I could.

That still remains. I fight it and, you should know this, Mom: I fight it with some success. But, I guess, I will never find pleasure or inner satisfaction in learning.

* * *

I am almost done. Gray cigarette smoke rises over the paper. Yes, Mom, I smoke. I apologize for that as well. After all, I promised you I would quit; I somehow cannot.

I am very sorry. Together with the smoke, my dreams also dissipate in the air.

I am thinking about something good. Something that is long gone, the happy days, the short-lived days of my childhood mingle with my dreams. The radio is playing. There is this weird chaos everywhere: in thoughts and in dreams.

Mom, I would very much want you to understand me. I ask for nothing more, Mom. Just read this article carefully; you will find me in it. ■

AN ANSWER TO THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THE ORGANIZATION

Why did I step out of the "nest"?

"Three years is more than enough. You could get sick of it," some claimed.

"There was no one else left to quarrel with," joked others.

"She's overwrought, bored, lacks companionship, chases after new sensations" – these are the slurs that fall on my head like plaster from a ceiling.

"Or maybe she has changed her mind," another one tries to joke.

No, my dear friends. I continue, albeit slowly, on the way of general Zionism because, in my opinion, that is the most rational one among the maze of paths leading to the gates of Palestine. However, I will try to cite the reasons which led me to revise my views on the issue at hand. Let me start with the bottom line.

Why do people actually become members of an organization? First, for personal gain, second, for pleasure, and third, for idealistic reasons.

I see no personal benefits in the organization. I do not need to go Eretz by way of "hachshara" (preparation) – I have an easier way. I'm sure you're smiling indulgently now, but let me remind you that I'm talking about personal benefits right now, not about ideals. In any case, I do not accept "hachshara" in its present Diaspora form. The various kibbutz ideologies are too contradictory and too far removed from what they really should be. However, I do not wish to pursue this concept any further as it may be too far, away from the main subject.

What are the other benefits then? Are they acquisition of Zionist knowledge and immersion in the spirit of scouting or rather inculcation of factional animosities and party blindness?

These are also superfluous. To a great extent, I gained my organizational knowledge and know-how by myself, with the help of books. Naturally, this organization was my incentive to do so, otherwise I would not have been interested in reading the material.

I am not saying the organization gave me nothing. That would not have been fair. I have gained a wealth of intellectual, spiritual and moral benefits thanks to it, which I will not write extensively about for the reasons mentioned above. Do remember that I do not identify the organizations with the people of the organization.

I came to you from a completely different environment. I was not in touch with people who had been pushed to the very bottom of the social hierarchy. Maybe that's why I didn't like them. In the organization, I became a democrat. I can proudly say that I was able gain the favor of the lowest element in the "nest," but unfortunately, I am still unable to understand our so-called "intelligentsia." It is through your perfidious behavior that you deter the people willing to work. Through your lack of insight, you discourage the most active individuals. Your presumptions only harm the "nest." You are incapable of bringing anything fresh into the tedious lifestyle, you are incapable of engaging people in the work.

If someone wants to get ahead, they do it by himself. Maybe you will say that that's the way it should be, that that's how people learn independence. But then, there are the more and the less intelligent individuals perfectly capable of doing something for the "nest" who just lack the energy to take the first step. (I'm not talking about myself here.) It's

SALEK FROM ŚWIĘTOJERSKA STREET

MOUNTAIN TREKS

II. The camp and its vicinity

After giving it some thought, Prof. Jarząbek, the manager, decided organize a camp in Mszana Dolna, a town of 3,000 inhabitants located in the vicinity of Raba, with the Mszanka River flowing by.

This area is really worth exploring. On one side, it has the wild Gorce Mountains range, with the forest clad Turbacz presiding over it, on the other the Beskid Limanowski-Sądecki range.

To the tourist's eye, the Gorce Mountains present themselves as a sea of meadows, summits, brooks and forests. Their entire mountain ridges have been cleared, and numerous ribs run down their slopes toward the lowlands and rivers. The Gorce Mountains, though little known, stand as one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of Poland. They are essentially a huge plateau, with its unique charm. They abound in meadows and glades, beautiful forests, and offer remarkable and rarely seen panoramas.

From one of Turbacz ridges, you can see the whole of the Tatra Mountains. Until recently, the Gorce Mountains range was covered with a primeval forest, filled with wildlife. Today, big game is a rare occurrence as man continues the mercilessly felling of the forest, so that at times entire slopes are denuded. In spite of all that, the landscape of Gorce Mountains remains spectacular.

The Island Beskids mountain chain can be divided into two parts: the Sądecki and the Limanowski parts. The first one is gentle and curvaceous, and its peaks closely resemble those of the Tatras. Its ridges are interspersed with meadows and forests, the latter greatly thinned. Beskid Sądecki is characterized by great beech and coniferous forests, which are a true ornament of those mountains.

The two great river valleys, of the Poprad and the Dunajec, where numerous mineral springs can be found, are also exceptionally beautiful.

The area nestled between the winding Dunajec and Skawa river valleys is referred to as Beskid Limanowski. The laboriously built Nowy Sącz-Sucha railway line cuts across that mountainous area. The Limanowa Mountains are largely isolated natural mounds, which do not form any chains or wavy crest lines: they are a characteristic group of "isles." As everywhere else throughout the Western Beskids, their forests have heavily depleted, with farmland extending high up the slopes.

Their population is relatively large, distributed through numerous villages and towns in the valleys. Their clay soil, however, gives very poor yields and does not reward the efforts put into it.

Mszana Dolna is well situated for excursions into the surrounding region and the nearby mountains. There is

no lack of objects for sightseeing. The Gorce Mountains stand out, presided over by their royal Turbacz.

Here is how W. Orkan, a student of these mountains, describes Turbacz in his "Roztoki":

"The nest of the wild Gorce Mountains stands elevated between the Nowotarska Valley and the serpentine Raba Valley, right opposite the Tatra Mountains. Solitary they stand above the hills. Higher up still, raises the parent of their dynasty, the gloomy Turbacz. No one knows who christened it that way or where the name comes from. Maybe it is because it wraps its bald head in a turban of fog before the rain, or rather that it seems eternally perturbed. Fate has dealt treacherously with it by endowing it with the pride of the summits and super summits, yet withholding from it the skyscraper stature. Surrounded by a crowd of its twins, it is dwarfed by them and appears a rather ordinary mountain."

The Turbacz is at the same time the highest mountain and the axis of the entire Gorce Mountains range. The range, which it presides over, spirals out from it – as from the axle of a cartwheel. Together with the Turbacz, these dozen or so arms form Gorce Mountains. The Turbacz summit provides a view of a huge patch of land and a dozen or so nearby mountains.

Nowy Targ can be easily seen from the Turbacz. This capital of the Podhale region has 8,000 inhabitants, a middle school, a courthouse, and some educational and humanitarian societies. Nowy Targ owes its rapid development to its magnificent views of the Tatra Mountains, substantial

forests areas, and its bathing sites on a creek and the Czarny Dunajec River. These attraction have also drawn throngs of hikers, who travel there from most distant places.

Another is quite interesting place to visit is Limanowa, a village which takes its name from a nearby mountain. Its most noteworthy landmark is the magnificent church built out of local sandstone in an Old Polish Gothic style. Since 1914, Limanowa has been a historical site, too, as that is where a battle with the Russians was fought, ending with the pogrom of the latter. A nice and tall obelisk was erected to commemorate that victory on Jablonieckie Hill.

Rabka is among the most frequently visited towns and villages of the Beskid region, famous for its strong iodine-bromide brine. Rabka is a very important tourist hub. The railway lines that reach it make it a convenient point of departure for trips to Babia Góra, the Turbacz and Gorce Mountains. The number of the health spa visitors and the tourists alone reaches up to 10,000 per year.

Wielki Luboń, a beautiful mountain of 1,023 m, as well as Tatra Mountains and Pieniny Mountains are all very popular destinations of treks setting out from Mszana Dolna.

(TBC)

D. HARN

FIERA DI MILANO

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT'S FILES

Everywhere in the world, spring is the most beautiful season of the year: the sun warms us, flowers bloom and people become romantic. This is time when Italy is seized by crazy commotion, as every city begins its preparations of own trade fair or "fiera." However, these fairs do not stand for just a handful of huts, where different products are sold. "Fiera" is actually more than a trade fair; it is also an exhibition. In an effort to attract as many visitors as possible, they naturally want to make it both interesting and original. When seeing that on top of all this 50% rail service discounts are offered, it is no wonder that folks just go from city to city to see all these wonders.

Italy's largest "fiera" is organized in Milan. As a highly industrialized city, Milan knows how to organize such events. Suffice it to say that compared to their fair, our Polish General Exhibition seems modest. In short, I spent two and a half days exploring the Milanese "fiera" and was not even able to see all its pavilions. Let us then take a tour around the exhibition. At the outset, I must make the point that we will only stop by the most original or... humorous places. We will get to that too.

A philatelic exhibition is located right at the entrance. It also advertises itself in a very interesting way. Imagine two large panels. On the first panel we can see a crying child, with a caption that says: "Father, buy me some stamps!" On the second panel, we see the same child smile happily while the caption states triumphantly: "Thank you for the present, Daddy!" The exhibition contains a number of postage stamps I had never seen in my life. It presents stamps of all countries and periods. The stamps can naturally be bought, and the place is swarming with small philatelists, who buy different Honduras or New Guinea marks with appropriate decorum.

Next to the stamp exhibition, there is a room dedicated to Esperanto. There is a nice young man on duty there, so I turn to him for information about the Esperanto movement in Italy. He explains that Esperanto is becoming increasingly more popular there and that young people represent 95% of the movement's members. He further politely tells me that Esperanto was developed by Dr. Zamenhof and that if he can raise sufficient funds, he will go to Poland in the summer to see

Białystok (you can imagine the difficulty with which he pronounced the name), where Zamenhof was born. I naturally remained composed throughout and kept to myself that I actually had heard a thing or two about that Dr. Zamenhof.

We now direct our steps to the toy exhibition. It is an enormously large pavilion packed full of the magic devices that filled our childhood years with so much delight.

First and foremost, an exemplary model railway station draws our attention. A train comes in, a red signal lights up, the train stops and continues the journey only once the light turns green. This is done so beautifully that it creates an illusion of reality and I – in spite of myself – wonder why no one demanded a platform ticket from me.

After looking at various games, such as billiards and croquet, we watch a complex building block system used to construct machines and houses, some up to a meter high. Then come the dolls: large ones, small ones, dressed in crinolines and otherwise. Some are poor and some rich, just like people in our world. Now come are vehicles: bicycles, scooters, motorcars.

I see an interesting horse-drawn vehicle, with a pedaling system and the third wheel hidden under the horse. There is also the war department, which sports machine guns and cannons. Right next to them the "Balilla" brand rifle is on offer. A special brochure advertises it as follows: "Our rifle is an authentic copy of the real weapon. It is a toy most suitable for children, as it educates and stimulates development. A rifle is your child's dream, a dream you should make come true."

At the pavilion exit, we stop to look at another interesting and sizable toy. It depicts a clown at the photographer's studio and is moved by a clockwork mechanism. The moment the photographer (a man with a long beard, naturally) leans over the camera, the clown puts on a pig's mask on his face. The photographer is surprised: he stops what he is doing to see what had happened. The clown quickly hides the mask. This gets repeated over and over again.

We are now proceeding to a cradle exhibition. On our way, we encounter a small donkey pulling an intricately painted wagon, a characteristic Sicilian vehicle. The visitors are thus reminded to stop by a nearby canteen for some Sicilian food.

CONTINUED ON P. 6

true that this has changed a little by now. But did that happen thanks to the "hanhaga" (leadership)? I doubt that strongly. As far as I understand, one of the "menahelot" (women leaders) had a hand in this.

As for me, I am discouraged by such treatment of things. Your pettiness and prejudices are also irritating. As an example, you criticize high heels and handbags. I assure you that the "shomer" spirit present in high heels and purses is at least equal to that in your senseless harassment. I normally store my ideals in my heart. My purse is for other, less valuable items.

Believe me, some criticism and self-criticism is not harmful. You might ask though why I am not discussing this topic with you within the organization, why I have been disclosing the painful wound before the eyes of outsiders. On that I need to give an answer based on the previous experience acquired in dealing with you. Unfortunately, I came to the conclusion that this would have fallen on deaf ears. Also, if hung on the bulletin board, this article would have triggered excessively forceful movements of the "censor's" pencil.

As for the last two questions about incultation of chauvinism, I will give you a straight answer: it is disgusting. Who could have persuaded me to this? My offended ambition demands that I ignore such a question. The aforementioned view is a mystery result of a lengthy analysis, if you do not believe me then that's too bad. I find no substantive evidence to back this view.

So then, if it is not for gain, it must be for pleasure, right? This time, forgive me my conceit, I am not that vain. I also hope you will not deem me so stupid as not to be aware of better and more radical sources of fun...

So then, what we have left are the idealistic reasons.

All people, even those with the most altruistic views, retain a certain degree of selfishness. You are not free of it even as you pose as martyrs in the fight for the "sanctified idea." Each one of you works with some self-serving purpose in mind: one for a high office, another to gain respect of others, the third one to gain an easier access to "hachshara," and the fourth one for lack of another occupation.

Let us, however, suppose that I would want to be a hundred-percent idealist and to commit myself wholly to the movement. What would happen then?

Should I – in my helpless despair – clench my teeth and hold back the torrent of words ready to rush out of my lips? Should I disregard your insults and just direct all your strengths towards working with the youngsters? Dedication, and more dedication... And what about it? Should I maybe organize performances, so that I can be accused of trying to boast of my talents; or edit the newsletter, so that I can have the opportunity of churning out poems and caricatures, or maybe I should manage a "kvutza," this to compete with someone who is no doubt more worthy to be offered that position "by fate"? Should I just sit quietly and not say a word at the "menahelim" (leaders') assemblies, like the rest of the newly appointed instructors? You clearly do not like the truth to be told straight.

I leave you with a sense of sadness and disappointment, and my heart fills up with bitterness at the thought of witnessing new symptoms of derailment and more tragic clashes in the onerous process reaching the goal.

I cannot stay because I cannot remain silent. I cannot speak because no one will hear me out.

However, if the above revelations are not enough for you, then take comfort at the end: I have been diagnosed

with a weakened heart and I must not overexert myself.

If that is not enough for you, then instead of harassing me, try to argue with me! Who knows, that may yield some benefit.

I do not think there are any reasons for mutual hatred. I just followed the voice of my conscience. Thus, shalom, my friends and 'lehitraot ba'aretz!' (see you in Israel).

CHAWIWA (Białystok)

THE FUNERAL BELL ECHOES

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

regardless of their political convictions, share their feelings: he is dead.

Many have red eyes, some are still sobbing.

Instead of the morning prayers, a message from the President is read.

Then, the teacher speaks briefly. No words are needed: a minute of silence, mourners' armbands are handed out.

Now begins the messiest of all our lessons: math. Yet, deadly silence prevails. Our old teacher is crying. He stops himself. He speaks with difficulty. He presents his lesson. Someone knocks their pen to the floor. Other people hiss: shh... shh... quiet!

It all seems an uncanny dream. I think I will wake up, I'll recover in a moment. Unfortunately not.

The news travels from mouth to mouth: his final moments, his illness, his death, his funeral. We pay our tribute to his memory.

A terrible weight is hanging over us.

Lucek Ch.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: RESULTS OF OUR LITERARY COMPETITION

DOMESTIC NEWS

BIAŁYSTOK

The moon climbed out from behind the clouds, it took a look at Białystok and staggered at the odor rising from the Białka river. It stopped up its nostrils and is staring at what was new in the city.

Then it saw white tents and a huge poster: "Harvey's Circus. Great program! A benefit performance of the entire ensemble!! Prices start from 25 groszy!!!"

"I've got it," it screamed and tiptoed to "the responsible correspondent." It arrived at Polna Street and beamed through the windows. "The responsible correspondent" woke up, climbed out of bed infuriated and asked, frowning: "What the hell do you want?"

"There is a circus in Białystok," hollers the moon from the street, "and young people are interested in it (the circus, not the moon), they besiege it from all sides, lift up the canvas walls to take a look inside. Thrown out on one side, they crawl up from another, they keep on trying to get in for free, what fun."

"I know about that already, you idiot... and I also know that an Indian couple and a trapper are riding around the city on horseback and distributing promotional materials, and that they are being chased by a crowd of "people" holding up their pants with one hand and wiping their noses with the other... and that Hanka Ordonówna and Igo Sym just performed here and... I basically know everything, and this idiot doesn't let me sleep, brings me antediluvian news and pull me out of bed."

"It's not my fault that you know things already. I had good intentions, and he offends me," the earth's faithful satellite bursts into tears, "and hurts me, the lowlife, at every step. He promised he would hand over Białystok to me back in December, but that remains just a promise to this day. Yet, when he walks in the evenings, he demands I light his way!"

The correspondent took pity. "Don't you cry any more, the 'With Białystok on the moon' was not my fault, our articles weren't very good and the Białystok issue had to be postponed. Patience is the greatest of virtues," he sighed in a pious manner. "But you keep away from my walks. But, coming back to the subject, what 'goodies' do you have for me?"

"I heard of basketball games for the championship of the city's Jewish schools."

"Ah,... yes? The championship was organized by the Hebrew Middle School which was the winner last year. They funded a nice trophy cup, assured they would get it; meanwhile they got beaten by Druskin Middle School. Four teams entered the games: Druskin Middle School took the first place and the trophy, the Hebrew Middle School took the second place, the Jewish Trade School won the third place, and the Jewish Students' Representatives of the Zygmunt August State School took the fourth place. Anything else?"

"A dance was also held at the Social Middle school. It was very successful. It ended after 1 a.m., to the adolescents' great regret, as they would've liked to enjoy themselves till the morning. This was the last solid party in this school year. All we can do now is to wait until the Ignatki dance hall is reopened."

The correspondent yawned. "Maybe you know what weather to expect on Saturday? The point is that the Białystok Little Review Press

Agency is organizing a trip to a forest, and we will be miserable if some rain should stop us."

"Good weather is certain, I will talk to Clime about it. Well, go ahead and sleep now. Cheerio!"

"Cheerio! When you are in Łódź, do not forget to congratulate the Łódź Agency, with Paweł at the helm, on my behalf, for their very successful launch of the Łódź Little Review. Good night!"

Wienio

BRZEŚĆ

Spring brings with it not only pleasures, but also aggravations. I want to write to you about a regulation that came to us with spring, but unfortunately, it is not as nice or pleasant as spring.

One spring day, at the homeroom period, the teacher read the following: "Students are not allowed to walk on 3 Maja Street (the city's main street). Students are required to carry their student IDs with them and to present them at teachers' every request."

A discussion developed during that period:

"And what if I have to buy something," one of us asked.

"Well... then you will go," answered our homeroom teacher.

"I live there."

"And so do I..." "and I..."

The teacher hesitates.

"Well, that's too bad," she finally says.

I admitted - naturally only to myself - that there was some sense in that regulation. That's because if you go out at 7 or 7:30 at night, all you will see will be a mass of adolescents, practically flooding the place.

Two days passed. 3 Maja Street is deserted. The idyllic times have come to an end. There were so many bans before. Now, one more has been added. School-age teenagers have a tough time.

But on the third day, here and there you could already see navy blue berets and caps, and shields. On the fourth day, you could count three or four groups of schoolgirls, and on the fifth day, the now emboldened teenagers walked openly down 3 Maja Street.

Since the forbidden fruit is the sweetest, a walk down a forbidden street is considered the greatest of pleasures.

A few more days passed and an untold throng of adolescents once again bustles along 3 Maja Street. Apparently, there just isn't a force that can coerce students to cease taking those walks.

Such is the history of that prohibition, as indeed of many other ones like it.

Iza

ŁÓDŹ

Being a diligent chronicler, I should highlight the three most significant events of the past week.

After much lengthy and severe suffering, we published the Łódź Little Review, which finally came out after five months of 15 correspondents working on it.

Because the achievement called for a celebration, we decided to have a party. The lucky or unlucky lot was drawn by our poor "musician," a professional poetess, the 14-year-old Hanka. This nice green-eyed girl consented to sacrifice herself and her two rooms. The decision was made: "Kids, we're partying at Haneczka's place."

Four days before the party and three before the publication of the Łódź issue, a bomb exploded: its splinters scattered all around; thankfully, there were no casualties.

"My children," wrote the editor, "you won't get any money for the

party from me, that's because stomach disorders are an unworthy form of celebrating your issue. I would also think such a sum as too modest a prize. That's why I hereby grant you a scholarship. You will be able to attend either a tourist camp in Beskid Mountains or a sailing camp (the choice is yours), all free-of-charge."

That was good and bad. Young people don't care much about the future. The party had to happen. The tongues of the Little Review contributors worked overtime calculating the number of oranges and chocolate candy stuffed with figs and walnuts.

Paweł ran to Hanka, Hanka to Halinka, Halinka to Mietek, Mietek to Zygmunt... Zygmunt also ran, but he took a fall on the way.

"I was weighed down by my thoughts."

"I wonder where you got those from?"

"I have my own head screwed right, don't I?"

"First things first: not a head, but half a head because it would be absurd to claim that a half-wit has a whole head."

Zygmunt went to Hanka and they decided that what Hanka would not manage to provide, I would deliver, and that the party would go ahead.

Saturday finally arrived. The young people came together and stuffed themselves. The raspberry dipped oranges and the stuffed chocolates disappeared. We asked Loluś which part of the issue published the day before he liked best.

"The caricature images of the correspondents."

It turned out that Loluś interpreted the mask graphics as images of the correspondents, and he even marked himself as the third one in the row. As is the custom of every decent home, the meal was followed by a nap. That was triggered by Zygmunt, who insisted on reading his satires to us. Then, we just enjoyed ourselves and nothing would have disturbed the peaceful harmony, were it not the infantile act of one 15-year-old coworker. As he explained later, he had drunk too much lemonade, and that could not be helped.

Another anniversary was that of May 1st. We were in schools on that day, but the march was delayed due to a snowfall. As a result, we were able to see it from the school windows. Let me describe to you a certain incident. The National Democrats ran around the city shouting: "Down with the Jews and their socialist stooges." In response to this wise rallying cry, the Socialists surrounded the NDs and gave them a thrashing with canes. The police, which both the groups hate equally, came running. Just one man remained in the square. He was hit on the head with a rifle and fell. After a while, he got up, flipped his lapel and said, "I'm an agent."

Let me also give short descriptions of our Łódź folk who will go to the Mszana camp, this to avoid any prejudices:

One is phlegmatic and logical, Another is kind and likable, The third one is your correspondent, Any more about him would make you despondent.

Then there is Hala with Wedel chocolates,

And Sara the brunette; If we add Jerzyk to it, as planned, You'll have a picture of our band.

Paweł

RADOM

Let it be known among all towns:

We in Radom, though not geese, have quills too, each a piece.

(paraphrase of a verse by Mikołaj Rej)

Radom celebrated this May Day solemnly. The parading workers sang the "Internationale," peering at the booklets they held in hand. The numerous banners they also held drew much interest. There were many that said: "Bread for the Masses" and "Down with Night Work." Then, the masses of workers gathered in Jagielloński Square, raised their enthusiastic cries of "Long live..." after the respective speeches of their delegates.

From the life of clubs and organizations:

After long and hard... meetings, the first issue of the inter-school "Student Voices" monthly magazine appeared. It enjoyed wide readership, in part because of its low price (not its low quality, God forbid), though one of my friends sighed over it with the words of Tuwim:

"Hoity-toity, gobbledygook.

The mag is good, were it not for..."

The initiated whispers were that the entire issue was published just for our colleague K. Komuła's one poem, a truly beautiful one (naturally, I'm speaking of the poem and not about our colleague, whom I have not met personally).

At one of the news reading sessions of Grosman's "Masada," they read a series of very funny messages that referred to individual members. A public announcement was made that film studios had just announced their plans to engage specific members to such and such films. This was a source of much laughter. Let me cite a few examples: the main treasurer was to star in "The Demon of Gold" while one of the instructors and his club in "Tarzan of the Apes."

From sports:

On May 9th, 10th and 11th, the Middle School Women's Volleyball Championship was held at two fields of the M. Gajl Middle School. The unpleasant surprise was that the Jewish Middle School did not participate. The championship was very well organized. The games were time-driven. The team that won against all the others was the winner. Our middle high school (public) won.

Biba and Gina

ZAMOŚĆ

On May 4th at 7.30 p.m., the solemn evening for the students of public middle schools began at the Nature Park. Count Zamojski's monument was erected at the alpinarium. It was against the background of the subtle murmur of the fountains and the loud beat of his own heart, that our seventh-grade friend representing the middle school named after our city's founder delivered his speech. He spoke with enthusiasm and had fine diction. He linked the monument unveiling ceremony with the May action and then discussed the March Constitution. The speech closed with cheers in honor of the State, the President and the Marshal.

The torches burning in the depths of the garden create a wonderful effect. The solemn atmosphere rose at singing of the national anthem. A choir sang "Welcome, oh 3rd of May." The ceremony lasted until 8.30 p.m.

About the Nature Park: the second bear cub was sold to the military. We expect that there will be new cubs next year again.

Important: I watch the allowed movies for free. I just came back from "The Spring Parade," starring Franciszka Gaal. Her spontaneity is delightful. I am fond of Franciszka because my family say I look a lot like her. The "Ball at the Savoy" is a great comedy; I laughed myself to tears. Not a few

of us were surprised (!) that we were allowed to see that movie because Gitta Alpár sang "Toujour l'amour" and kissed her partner several times.

In the initial days of the holiday season, there was a lot of brisk barter trading; you could get two mazurek Easter cakes in exchange for one box of matzoth.

From the life of the correspondents' circle:

The faction of young correspondents fought a major battle with the adults' group. The subject of the dispute was the pressing issue of the forms of address. The young members of the Zamość Little Review correspondents' group wished to address their elders, including the Chair, directly: by name. In their righteous indignation, the elders attacked the young ones so violently that the latter could not achieve their goal, even though the noise must have reached Istanbul. The Chair announced to those present that the title of a "member" is the mandatory one, and that's that. A penalty of 5 groszy for five-fold use of an address other than a "member" would be charged. This law will have undermined the financial standing of the Chair, who repeated the words "Dycia (instead of 'Treasurer'), calm down" 11 times in a row and will pay 55 groszy (fifty five groszy).

Salomon, the new secretary, is to be commended in the press. He has been performing his duties honorably. His minutes are not only precise, but punchy and humorous; as a result we run a serious risk of the members' stomachs bursting in the course of the readings. I noticed that our club consists of family circles. With the sole exception of Member Dycia, all the rest are sisters or sisters and brothers. Members Nusia and Małgosia Wajntraub, who have been recently inducted into the club membership are sisters.

Miscellaneous:

We are preparing for the traditional annual mutual aid day. The agenda is rich. We expect substantial proceeds.

A track and field competition has just begun. We just had the triathlon for the championship of the inter-school sports clubs.

Dorka

JOKES

A DISASTER

"Why are you so mad?"
"Because I lost my glasses and I can't start looking for them until I find them!"

A PROFESSIONAL

An older man responds to a classified placed by the editors of a magazine who are looking for someone who can handle the Editor's Responses Unit.

"Do you feel you can manage answering impossible questions?"

"Of course. I am a father of eight."

A DRUNKARD'S LOGIC

It is two o'clock at night. Two friends sit in a bar and talk:

"Tell me... what... what time is it?"

"It's not eleven yet."

"How do you know?"

"B... because ... I should have been home by eleven and I... I am still here!"

MOTHER'S DAY

MY MOTHER'S EYES

Who will cheer up my mother's eyes,
These sad black eyes?
A single smile and back to grief.
A silver tear will roll.
I sometimes spy those eyes so sad
And match them with a laugh,
But with my game bekown to her,
She swings to hide her teary eyes.
Pure as pearls flow her tears,
soon enough they'll disappear.
Only Zyguś or Leonek
can bring cheer to her.

Luśka from Krakow

THE DEAREST WORD

What a dear word "Mother" is. I look
at my friend who doesn't have a mom
any more. She is not properly dressed,
no one cares for her, all just rebuke her.
How much effort did it cost my mom
to nurture me? How many tears did
she shed, watching over my bed when
I was sick? I sometimes recall the
song she used to sing to me as she
rocked me in her arms. She kissed
and cuddled me.

My good mommy washes me and
combs my hair, offers me books and
sends me to school so that I grow up
into a good person. That is why I love
my mom, who bestows the same on me.

Pola from Pawia Street

A SURPRISE

Mother's Day is approaching. I have
to think about what to do for my dear
mother. I have no money to buy an
expensive item so this is what I came
up with:

I will get to bed early so that I can
get up the following morning at dawn.
I will get to work quietly, when my
mom is still asleep.

I will clean the rooms and the
kitchen.

When everything is ready, I will walk
out into the street and buy a bunch of
flowers and put them in a vase. I will
put a table covered with a cloth I made
especially for her next to my mom's
bed, and I'll put a lovely vase on it.
When mommy wakes up, she will be
very happy.

Felusja, a second-grader

OUR EVENINGS

Our evenings at home are pleasant.
I naturally do my homework first
and then the fun begins. We all enjoy
ourselves the best we know how. Only
mother proceeds to repair our clothes,
which we continually rip and rend.

By the evening, mom is already
tired. Her head falls to her chest, she
doses off, but then remembers that
we should have clean and complete
clothes for tomorrow, so that none
of us are ashamed at school, so she
opens her sleepy eyes with difficulty.
Then, we usually ask our mom to tell
us a story, and she does. She tells us
how people suffered in the World War,
she tells us about her own childhood
and many other true stories.

The clock strikes nine.

"It's bedtime!" our mother calls.

In bed we remind ourselves what
we'd just heard from our mom, and
we fall asleep, and have a peaceful
and sound sleep.

When we wake up in the morning,
all that mom told us seems a dream
to us and look at our dear mom with
incredulity through our half-closed eyes.

Estusia from Stawki Street

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE WITH MOM

Summer had come. Warsaw became
airless and muggy. People took flight
to the country.

"Where are you going?" a friend
asked me.

I told him I didn't know yet. I really
didn't know. We leave every year and
we were going to leave this year, but
somehow it didn't work out. I am weak,
I really need some country life, and
so my parents decided to go visit my
grandpa.

Grandpa is an older wealthy man
with an unpleasant appearance
and a bad character. He has a wife,
a shrew 35 years younger than him,
and a 10-year-old daughter, whose
character is similar to that of her
parents. I travelled to see these people
reluctantly, aware of their characters.

At the beginning of my stay with my
grandfather, I still felt welcome. After

a few days, they were indifferent to
me, and then they no longer needed
me. At home, even though my parents
tell me how rude and disobedient I am,
I don't hold it against them because
they are teaching me something, and
they love me above all.

It was only here, away from them,
that I felt this lack of love. My grand-
mother even gave me food as if out of
charity. I wanted to let her understand
that that's not the way it is, that
I was not a stranger, I was their flesh
and their blood. There were many
times when I shed tears in hiding,
where no one saw me. Afterwards,
my heart always felt a little lighter.
I felt best when I could go afar, leaving
the house where I experienced so
much distress.

Several times I was nearly ready to
run off back home, but Warsaw was
poison for me. I thought: maybe this
would pass, maybe they will think again:
"after all, he's our grandson." And so
the days passed. I wanted to write home
about how I was at my grandfather's
house, but... I thought it would be better
not to alarm my parents.

I did not want to write the truth. But
the truth was evident. My appearance
testified of it. Upon arrival, I looked
very miserable. I felt my mother's
wise analytical look upon me.

I understood that at that point she
knew everything. Without any explana-
tion or story being told to her, she knew
the ins and outs of the situation. How
nice and good it felt in my mother's
arms, how warm and loving were her
words and her intermittent kisses.

Leon from Twarda Street

SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS

I would like to write a few words
about Mother's Day celebrations at
our school. I collected and saved money
for Mother's Day, but as I didn't have
enough, I turned to my dad. It turned
out that my dad added three times
more than I already had.

One day, the teacher said we were
to meet at the photographer's studio.
I informed them at home that I was

going to school for an assembly. My
professor assigned a Hebrew poem to
me. It took me a long time to learn it.

Last week, we wrote an essay about
Mother's Day, but I wrote a ten-line
poem instead. The best essay was
to be read in public on the day of the
celebration, but the teacher said that
none of the work of our class would
be read out.

Meanwhile, our entire class was
working overtime: dusting the pho-
tograph frames and hangers. On the
next day, we wrapped the photographs
in tissue paper and tied them with
gold-colored ribbons.

On Mother's Day I was handed
a bunch of evening stock. The cer-
emony began: the professor delivered
a speech and some of the boys recited
poetry, including me. Then, one boy
sang a solo, after which the professor
read the essays. Afterwards, more po-
etry was recited. A third-grader read
out a chapter from a book entitled
"My Mother's Town." Some boys
were selected from among the choir
members, including me; those now
sang a song. The professor continued
with the essay reading and then we
were in for a surprise. The teacher
announced that he would now read
the work of a first-grade student and
that the work was a poem. I realized
instantly whose work that would
be. When I heard the words "To my
Mommy," I was very pleased.

Once all the students' work had
been read, we handed our gifts to our
mothers. Mom said she would enlarge
the class photo and have it as a portrait.

Szajuś

AN OUTING

On the occasion of Children's Day our
whole school went on an outing to
Maccabi Square. Plenty of surprises
and fun awaited us.

At half past eight, indifferent to the
changing weather, we lined up and
were about to set off when the rain
started, and held us back. All teachers
and school personnel were present. We
went back to the classroom and waited
out the rain there. After 30 minutes,
the school administrator came in to
tell us that it was now all right to go.

Before we could line up again, it
rained once more. Boisterous, laughing

and joking, we went back to the class-
room, where we danced the horah. At
last, the rain stopped. We went down
the second time and finally left after
another long wait.

Each of us held a cup and a food
packet. We didn't even know why we
made to take the cups. All we knew
was that the teacher told us to do that.

"We are here," one of us called out,
and the others passed that on.

Maccabi Square is a huge sports
field, where matches are always held.

We dispersed like a flock of goats,
released to the wild. Our class took
along a few balls, including two soccer
balls. We divided into several groups.
Some of us played basketball, and some
volleyball and the ambassador game.
The first-graders played snake, wheels
and so on. Other girls just opened their
breakfast packages and ate the food.

Suddenly, one of the girls exclaimed:
"The storks, the storks are flying!"

All the heads turned up, where we
actually saw storks in flight.

Then, we heard a brisk order from
the teacher:

"Stop playing and stand in a line.
Take your cups with you."

We stood waiting; laughing and
singing all along. Finally, our turn
came. We stood and waited for what
they would pour us. Before we knew
it there was milk in our cups and we
each held a cottage cheese cake in
our hands.

Some, who didn't like milk, gave
theirs to a poor woman, who was very
happy that her children would get some
warm milk.

That was the end of the first sur-
prise. We were eagerly waiting for the
second one. Meantime, we played and
sang, in a word, we enjoyed ourselves
to the utmost.

Were made to stand in line once
more. Some said we would be served
lunch while others that it would be
cake, but no one really knew what it
would be. But when the first pair got
theirs, we found out they were giving
out fruit and candy bags.

Then there was a real downpour.
Packages in hand, we got home all
soaked to the bone. Yet, we were all
very satisfied with that first outing
in the school year.

Hela and Mala from Częstochowa

BASIA

DZIECIAKOWO

Tuesday, July 10th, 1934

The day was very hot, but we did
not go to the beach because the sand
was still wet. After breakfast, I played
checkers and got instruction on how
to play chess.

After tea, we took a bike ride: Chil,
Geniek, Tolek and I. The ride was great.
We found a path that took us far into
the forest. The bike went really fast,
but it was getting hotter. I had to take
off my blouse, but did not know what to
do with it, so after a brief consultation
with my companions, I put it on my
head. Now all was fine. Suddenly, my
blouse flew into my face and I could
feel I was falling. A moment later, they
took my veil off. I was lying in a ditch.

After dinner, as usual, the older girls
and boys stayed behind. We played the
secretary. Mr. Nowogrodzki walked
in on us:

"Look, we have to bring in a kayak."

In response, we gave a loud "hur-
ray"! There were earlier develop-
ments attached to that kayak: we
wanted to have one for a long time,

we even planned to build it ourselves,
but didn't have the right materials.
Finally, Chil offered us his own kayak.
It stood on the neighboring property,
not far from the guest house. We went
over to get it. We all took turns in
dragging it until we brought it into
the residence.

The kids will be so happy, when
they see the kayak tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 11th

Today we finally had the long-
awaited trip. It was discussed last week
at the counselors' staff meeting. For
the past two weeks, we have been
gleaming with delight thinking of that
trip. Finally today, we set off.

The weather was beautiful. Some
of the kids were to take a ride while
others were going to walk. I turned
out that we all had a ride. Four horse-
drawn wagons were rented. We were
taken to Morskie Oko (not the one in
Zakopane, but the one beyond
Falenica). In the carts, we sang and
played the baccalauréat game.

Mr. E sat in our cart, up at the
front. Jerzyk kept on groping around
the counselor's pockets until he finally
cried out:

"Auction, we'll auction this!"

He drew our Mr. E's watch, wallet,

cigarette case, buttons, handkerchief,
and many more things. He lifted it all
up and shouted:

"For auction!"

Mr. E grabbed his stuff so comically
that we nearly burst with laughter.

At Morskie Oko, we had our breakfast
right away. We were all hungry. We each
ate eight pieces of bread, 2, 3 or even
4 eggs, cottage and Swiss cheese, and
we drank buttermilk and tea.

After that, the older children and
their counselors took a walk to Zbójcka
Mountain while the small ones stayed
behind. We first of all went up to Morskie
Oko. It was such a small pond with such
fetid water that we backed out from
there immediately. There used to be
a beautiful pond there, but now it is not
just unremarkable, but... yuck!

Zbójcka Mountain was another let-
down, just a low mound with height
of maybe 50 m. Ms. Pola claims that
it's 1000 m. She defends the mountain
because she was the one who proposed
the trip. The story goes that some
robbers once lived on that mountain.
We looked for their traces, any rem-
nants – in vain.

Suddenly Geniek called out:

"Ms. Pola, I got it!"

There, in the wood, among bushes

at the top of the mountain, hidden
from the human eye (but not from
Geniek's; he can spot everything),
there was a chamber pot. It was so
huge that Sewek ruled right away:

"Only a giant robber could sit on this."

Next to it lay a pile of stones. Here
again Geniek exclaimed again:

"Honor and glory to you."

He claims that that was their grave.
Among the bushes we finally found
some wild strawberries and blueber-
ries. Having all picked cupfuls, we
went on to eat them. As we sat on
the grass, Sewek got up and cried:

"Look at this mushroom I am sit-
ting on!"

"How strange," Geniek responded
calmly, "It's grown so fast. You only
just sat down."

Naturally, everybody burst out
laughing.

I asked Chil to take a picture (he
has a great camera). Chil took eight
photos, Dziunia six. I am in almost
all of them: I had three taken up in
a tree. It was very hard to climb up
it, but because the boys said I would
never make it, I resolved to get up
there. When I went down, I had bloody
scrapes all over my legs, but I did climb
up a tree.

At 1 p.m., we went back to the small
children. Everyone screamed: Let's
eat! Well, so we did.

Then, the boys played Indians. Mr.
E insisted it would rain any moment,
and Ms. Pola said it the rain would fall
an hour from then. The kids split into
two camps over this too. I would've
liked it to rain because I like such
adventures. Unfortunately, the Doctor
and Ms. Anka dressed the children
quickly, we got into the carts and
drove off. But clouds followed us,
getting closer and closer. It was only
in Dzieciakowo, when we have already
got disembarked, that the rain fell.
It rains for a long time, almost the
entire day. But the trip worked out
well, everybody was happy.

Thursday, July 12th

Today the children of the fourth
table held a meeting. We talked about
who should go to bed when. So all the
small kids go at eight p.m., the group
of twelve at eight thirty, and the seven
of the oldest ones at nine thirty.

After this meeting, the editorial
board met. The editors include: Ms.
Pola, Władek, Mania and I. So far,
we published our paper's first issue
(I wasn't there yet). We have many

CONTINUED ON P. 6

ALL THE WAY TO MŁOCINY...

The moment I bought the paper, the trip announcement caught my eye. People asking me to take them along also appeared right away. I took this to Chaim.

Chaim was 45 minutes late. Everybody wanted to ask him a question, one trying to shout over another, so the poor Chaim nearly lost it having to decide who to answer first. Finally, I got my ticket and went home. From under the closet, I pulled out a backpack, which was still in usable condition, after couple of months of holiday adventures. But its appearance was appalling! All that recreation wore it out. I gave it a bath and a scrub and patched up its holes.

It took me all day to prepare for the trip, though there wasn't that much to do. I kept counting how much time I had left before it would be 9 p.m., so that I could get to bed and cut short my waiting time. But guests came over, and I had to entertain them until 11, in spite of all efforts not to. It wasn't my fault that I did not heed the insightful tips of the editors. Then, I couldn't get to sleep the entire night; I kept thinking about the trip. At last, I fell asleep, but at 4 a.m. I was awake again, and at 5 a.m. I was ready. Accompanied by my mom's pleas that I not drink water or eat ice cream or lean over railings and so on, I marched out of the house.

I had to knock at the gate, which was still closed because of the early hour. I woke up a discontented caretaker, who muttered something under his breath: it could have been a curse or a prayer. He didn't want to open the gate for me, but finally had to.

The early ominous experience did not unsettle me at all. I continued with my head proudly held high, undaunted. On the way, I met a friend and we reached the rallying point together. The front of the synagogue was teeming with girls and boys in glistening starched white blouses and shirts. We had difficulty finding the other Little Review correspondents.

Of course, Chaim wasn't there yet, though he promised hand on heart that he would get there by 5 a.m. He came at last, dressed in a gladiator-cum-baker's outfit.

All along the way, Chaim – proud that was leading such a regiment – shouted at the top of his voice: “achat, shtayim, shalosh, arba! (one, two, three, four!)” We had as our flag a small red banner (not unlike Chaim's face), with an inscription saying “The Little Review.” On reaching the bridge, we noted

with some dismay that our ship, packed with other youth, had already set off. In their despair, some began lamenting the situation and some began praying. But all these fears burst like soap bubbles because the ship we were to take, together with the Hanoar Hatzioni organization youth, was still moored at the pier.

Our appearance caused a stir among the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, etc. who began pointing their fingers at us, saying, “Oh, the Little Review.”

A small misadventure occurred before we go to the pier, as Chaim lined us up in rows of four. One of the participants felt something flow down her back. With the assistance of her helpful friends, she took down her backpack and found that one bottle stopper had disappeared without a trace, and that the tea poured out. Finally, all was taken care of, we joined the shomrim and waited together. The shomrim began to sing, and we were happy for that because the waiting time ran passed quickly. Our legs hurt us so much that we were glad to finally sit out on the boat deck. We pass the Citadel and its buildings. From a distance, we saw the Beitarkids, whose ship had run aground; We pass them in solemn silence (as well-mannered people should). Finally, we saw the outlines of Młociny from a distance and a few minutes later, we disembarked the ship and inhaled the invigorating clean air of Młociny.

* * *

After we assembled and held our ceremonies, it turned out we were out of water. Our throats were so dry that it felt like we were on a desert. Suddenly, a thought popped into Chaim's head.

“We will send people for water to the first inn they encounter. I'm setting a 50 groszy award from the editor's budget for the purpose. So, who will volunteer, who is going?”

Many stepped forward. Heniek, Jerzy, Minia and I were chosen, but we were soon joined by a group of six more, who – though asked not to – insisted on coming along with us. Heniek was supposed to watch over us, especially that we not get lost or drink up the water, but he forgot the way we were to go, and turned us back to the camp. Once he got detailed directions, we went off. On the way, we encountered hills, and of course trees and bushes, which the second Heniek (not one of the counselors), a guy endowed with a great imagination, later presented as

the Himalayas, trees as impenetrable forests, and us as adventure seekers. We passed through a barbed wire fence. The first ones passed without as much as a scratch, only Minia tore her skirt, which worried our counselor Heniek so much that he broke one bottle. Finally, in spite of Heniek's attempts at preventing anything bad from happening, one girl got a couple of bruises, and she climbed over that fence in such a funny way that Jerzy rolled on the ground laughing like a crazy person.

Finally, we all got through. We continued until we come across an inn, or rather a villa. The owner was standing in front of the gate, so Heniek approached him politely asking him for some water.

The host kindly allowed us to take water and quench our thirst, and the thirst of our correspondents. Just the boys went in, the rest of us waited in front of the villa. Finally, we too were able to drink, to wet our dried up throats. The water had magical powers: right away, our strength increased tremendously. Heniek hastened to the proprietor, who was then sitting on the porch and swallowing the remaining pieces of a meat dish. Heniek thanked him sincerely, to which the man responded by saying that it was all a trifle not worth thanking for and introduced himself as Boleslaw Zdzarski.

The covered the rest of the way back without any further adventures. Suddenly, Heniek remembered that we had 50 groszy, and suggested that since the water cost us nothing, we could treat ourselves to ice cream, and there being 10 of us, each could get a 5 groszy ice cream scoop. To our misfortune and luckily for Chaim, there was no was ice cream around.

We took a shortcut and walked along another organization's camp. We were compassed by boys who begged us for a sip of water. When we refused, they ran after us, even though we said the water was poisoned.

And so, playing the chasing game along the way, we reached the camp breathless and tanned. Here, the thirsty children had a feast. The bottles passed from hand to hand accompanied by cheers and grateful shouts.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Heniek caught one bottle and hid it in his backpack. To our indignation, he responded in a low voice:

“That's for later.”

But I heard nothing of that bottle later.

BEES

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

Chugga, chugga, chugga, chugga, faster and faster. I stand by the window. I am getting close to my destination. I recognize everything, hurray: the brook, hurray, our house! Everything rushes and flies by in front of my eyes. Then I see the newly planted groves, which means we are just coming into the station. The train sounds a terrifying whistle and interrupts my thoughts. Heavy and hissing, it rolls into the station. Yes, it looks the same; nothing has changed.

“Ma'am, maybe I can take you somewhere? Where to?”

“Oh, she's an old friend,” calls one. “Well, are you going with me or what?” Another one calls.

Such were the calls we heard, when we entered the platform with my grandmother. Finally, we chose the cart. The driver loaded up our things and we drove off.

Yes, everything is the same. I recall that along the way there is a terrible ditch, which has caused more than one cart to overturn. We approach the precipice, I embrace my grandma so as to alleviate her fear, even though – by the way – I am terribly frightened myself. We drive around the ditch without an accident. We pass by the woods where I picked blueberries and mushrooms the year before. Further down, there are the blackberry bushes that I stepped into and got badly scratched so many times. Then came the chessboard-like

land arrangement: it is potatoes and rye, rye and potatoes.

We only need to pass around a hill and the house comes into view. We are in front of an inn.

“Good morning, dear ma'am, what's new and how is your health? And the little lady, look how she's grown, ho-ho, a young lady by now! Hey, Wanda, have a look where father is.”

“Here, here, I have already brought in straw. Everything in the best order. And the young lady will have lots of flowers this year.”

Now, the unpacking will start. It is both hard and boring.

That day, I was busy as a bee. I did everything (my mother stayed behind in Warsaw, my brother went on what we call a “flower hunt,” for his herbarium).

The next day was great. I enjoyed myself wonderfully. I awaited the arrival of my mother and anticipated that I would then be as free as bird. Finally, it was Sunday. I picked three peonies in the garden and went to meet my mom. The locomotive rolled into the station and my mom alighted the carriage. She naturally couldn't do without commenting on my appearance. We took the cart and covered the same terrain again. We stopped at the front of the house.

The next day brought something completely different, as if a rebirth. After breakfast, I was free!

Halinka

A CAMP ANNOUNCEMENT

In order to avoid any misunderstandings, I remind all the Little Review Tourist Camp attendees that:

1) – you need to respond to any letter from Camp management immediately because any delay in your response hinders the preparations;

2) – those who failed to mention in their applications whether they were signing up for just one month and which month should do so immediately, otherwise, it may happen in the process of compiling the lists of Camp participants for the respective months, that a correspondent who wants to come – let us say – with the first group, will be assigned to the second group (for July to August);

3) – medical certificates are a requirement; thus, those who have not submitted the doctor's consent forms,

must send them in as soon as possible;

4) – by June 1st, you need to pay the second fee installment in the amount of 10 zloty.

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you that we are able to accept a few more camp participants. The terms remain unchanged: 1) – age of 12 to 17 years; 2) – a medical certificate 3) – payment of the first two installments totaling 20 zloty – the correspondents will be expected to pay the remaining amount of either 45 zloty in case of a one-month stay or of 110 zloty in case of a two-month stay upon their arrival in Mszana Dolna (detailed information was published in the May 10th issue).

All correspondents will be notified in the June 14th issue of the Little Review about the departure dates and any possible rail ticket discounts.

Camp Manager D. Jarzabek
Address: Warsaw, 26A Ogródowa Street, apt. 1

FIERA DI MILANO

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

Now we have reach our destination: the cradle show. This extraordinary exhibition opens up with the cradle of a “royal baby,” the daughter of the heir to the throne of Italy, Princess Maria Pia, which was gifted to her by the people of Naples (I have written about this previously). Next, we see a whole line of modern cradles, some of which look like boxes of chocolates, and finally stop over at a Japanese cradle: a baby covered with mantles is sleeping in a comfortably large bed, in which even an adult could fit easily. The German cradle from 1825

looks small and hard, and the child is attached to it with colored ribbons. The next cradle comes from Hungary and is of microscopic dimensions: it is so tiny, narrow and cramped that I wonder how a baby could fit into it. The ladies of Tours Val de Loire made some practical arrangements as they went to work. They put their babies into boxes, which they covered with fitted lids. This way they could at least be sure the baby would not fall out.

In turn, we look at a collection of cradles used in different parts of Italy: Sardinian children are put into richly decorated cradles, their brothers and sisters from Pistoia sleep in baskets, the small residents of Milan sleep in

coffins of sorts, while Sicilian children rest in red strollers, usually attached to a wall with two ropes. The Venetian cradle is the most beautiful one of them all; it is built in the shape of a nest, with a tree branch above it. On that branch hangs a piece of fine Venetian lace, which covers the entire cradle, protecting the child from insects.

At the end, there is a small African scene. We see a straw hut with a long stick protruding from it; on it hangs an oddly packaged baby. At finally realize why the Negroes are so black: they are exposed to direct sunlight in their childhood.

(TBC)

DZIECIAKOWO

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

articles now. We read through them all and considered which could be printed and which needed editing. Apparently, the first issue took a lot of work; there is quite a lot of work this time as well.

We had another Szymek-related incident today. He is on an weight-loss diet, and he still eats the equivalent of ten people. Szymus is only 12, but he already weighs 50 kg.

“Szymek,” says Ms. Pola, “you ate a loaf of bread again. Your mother will be furious if you gain additional kilograms, won't she?”

“But, ma'am, it's whole-wheat

bread, you can't gain weight from it.”

No wonder he eats so much because he likes to work. Szymek does everything. When the kayak needs to be carried over to the river, it's Szymek who does it. When you need to pack the soil or to fill and carry watering cans, Szymek again will do it for you. He also doesn't rest, but rides his bicycle all the time. But in spite of this, he continues to gain weight.

Today, Szymek ate 15 donuts. The people in the guesthouse were shaken. You should have seen how funny he looked while eating. He was red in the face, he was sweating profusely, but he was eating like crazy!

(TBC)

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

DEPRAVED CHILDREN

I think that every school, or maybe even every class, has encountered such cases: out of the general mass of students, a few individuals stand out that give the tone to the whole class. They usually excel both in studying and in the social life of the class, with others gathering around them like satellites.

I don't really know to what I owed this distinction, but I became one of these class ringleaders immediately after I started to attend school. I also had my "court" of more or less sincere devotees, of course. But all these are things that are known, and in my "court" there would be nothing especially worth noting, if it weren't for one of its members, let's call her Hanka, with whom I entangled myself in a story that could have gravely affected our lives.

She was a completely ordinary girl, two years older than me, of average intelligence and average talents: just a "so-so girl." I didn't like her too much, but I was usually polite to all classmates, especially because this one outmatched all my other devotees in her eagerness. She would stare at me so intensely that at times it would take the form of blind admiration. Soon it became a public secret that Hanka "adored" me. Well, that often happens among girls.

And then one time I made an accidental discovery. Satisfied with the fact that she was able to deliver to me some book that I absolutely wanted to read, I hugged her heartily and kissed her on the lips. We happened to be alone. And then it happened: Hanka turned

all pale, she trembled, she started to laugh and cry at the same time. In short, in my opinion, she was behaving like a complete nutcase.

That is when this story begins.

I would like you all to understand me.

I was not an evil or a depraved girl. I was simply a young, ambitious child, endowed with an exuberant imagination, and I had just received an amazing new toy. I had suddenly learned that a smile, a caress, a kiss can be so precious, that granting or denying these things could give me, without exaggeration, an infinite power over my classmate. I was using this power also due to stupidity, for fantasy and out of curiosity: what more might I achieve?

I tyrannized Hanka. I demanded impossible things. I stayed as cold and indifferent as stone for weeks, only to suddenly restore her to my graces and bestow on her everything that she desired. And this huge, physically precocious girl didn't even try to liberate herself from my power. Depending on my moods, she was either drowning in tears and despair, or she was soaring on cloud nine with happiness.

As for myself, besides being satisfied with the power I had, the rest was rather strongly unpleasant. More than once I had to invoke all of my rich imagination and beautify the situation by playing protagonists from books I had read. So, for instance, I was Petronius and she was Eunice in a beautiful death scene.

Until finally I got bored with all of that. One beautiful day I ended it. I didn't want

to see Hanka anymore, I didn't allow her to come to my house. A tragedy unfolded. Hanka cried non-stop – during classes, during breaks, at home, on the street, all the time. She didn't study anymore. When teachers asked her questions she would get spasms, she would get convulsions: in short, typical hysteria. The whole class understood that this was connected to our broken off "friendship" and resented me. One time, when Hanka was not in school, a special class meeting was called and our homeroom teacher demanded explanations from me. Why was I treating my classmate so badly that she had fallen into despair?

I stood there as if I were being tortured. I was unable to say anything to justify myself, I would have rather bitten my tongue off than tell the truth. I could only say that I didn't like her, but even I felt how insufficient that was and it sounded stupid.

Obviously, I faced accusations and lectures about friendship, but I would rather endure that than continue as I had been.

After one year Hanka stopped coming to our school. She was failing with classes, she was unable to manage. All teachers shared the opinion that she was a "hysteric." She quit school. She attended some foreign languages courses, correspondence writing courses and apparently she was doing well there. She would meet me by chance, I think. I was slowly forgetting about her completely and about everything that we shared.

We had a lot of work at school: studying, friends and the student council filled entirely my life.

And finally, in the sixth grade, an incident took place that shook me, terrified me.

The news spread at school that three girls from the introductory class were expelled for "things like that." Everybody was whispering in the corners and gave each other ever more details. About how these girls were followed, how the janitor caught them, what the teacher had said and what the director had said, etc. Supposedly they were expelled without the right to be accepted in any schools in the entire district.

I listened to all this with a lump in my throat and with a dying heart. I was thinking: "Hanka and I... If they would have found out then!"

Time flew. Years later, in a new city, I came across Hanka again. And it turned out that during our first meeting I was the one to act stupid, not her. I was embarrassed and I avoided any mention of the past. And Hanka... She had greeted me so joyfully, with such a rollicking friendliness that I felt ashamed. She started to cheerfully recall our common school years and at a certain moment she laughed out loud: "God, what an oaf was I then. Why, I would have committed suicide for you." At this my uneasiness vanished and I laughed together with her.

Since then, I see her often, I look at her and I don't recognize her. She is cheerful, uninhibited, courageous, the most normal girl in the world. It is difficult to associate her with the old hysteric Hanka, even in my mind. She treats me in a friendly, though a bit patronizing, manner, as she has been here longer than I have.

ISSUE LAYOUT

Page 1 – for older youth (14–17)
Pages 2, 3, 4 – for youth from the age of 12
Page 5 – for children
Page 6 – for everybody

Well, that is the whole story. And now the fate of those three girls expelled from the introductory grade often comes to my mind.

And I don't know if it is better to pass it over in silence, wait it out, until these children grow out of it themselves, or give the matter publicity and "nip the evil in the bud." I really don't know. In our case everything turned out for the best. But it could have been different. We could have both grown up to be "perverts," or in a better case we were under the threat of having our characters deformed, me even more than her.

Crossing my heart I can declare that everything was and disappeared like a bad dream. Only distaste is left at the memory of it.

I am curious about what happened with these three little girls. Were their lives broken, did they later drag behind them the notoriety of depraved children, wasn't that notoriety the thing that actually deprived them?

It is wrong to cover up such things and it is wrong to publicize them. In each case there exists one proper way to proceed, dependent on the character of the "guilty," on the tact and good sense of the educators. And I am curious how many wise educators there are in schools and how they direct youth during their difficult transition period.

Stefa from Kraków

DISPUTING THE DIASPORA DILEMMA (discussion article)

We constantly hear pompous declarations from our schoolmates about the sacred language of our forefathers, about the eternal affection that Jews supposedly hold for it; about the fact that we need to recognize Hebrew as our mother tongue and use it in everyday life.

Actually, we are not aware of exactly how harmful similar opinions are, the purpose of which is to strengthen Hebrew's supremacy in Jewish cultural life.

First of all, we need to realize one thing: the language of the Jewish masses, in the broadest understanding of this word, is Yiddish. It is the language used by parents when speaking to their children, it is the language in which children communicate and, more importantly, in which they think.

We might formulate an objection here, saying that Jews do not only speak Yiddish, but also, like Sephardic Jews, the Ladino language (Judeo-Spanish). However, it should be noted that the largest Jewish concentrations in Poland, Russia and America, totaling nearly

2/3 of all Jews, speak Yiddish. Even in Palestine itself, the middle-aged and older generations use the Yiddish language. Therefore, I can't understand why Polish Jews should stop using Yiddish to give way to Hebrew. In general, fighting any given language seems strange to me.

One of the leading arguments that is supposed to prove the necessity of resisting Yiddish is the opinion of our "psychologists," who maintain that a certain peculiar Jewish psychology, the Diaspora psychology, is connected with the use of Yiddish and will disappear together with the change of the language.

Absurdity of absurdities!

If there indeed exists a certain Diaspora psychology, which I don't really believe, then it is the product of the economic conditions in which Jews have found themselves during their existence on the lands of exile, their occupation, requiring certain special qualities, which maybe thanks to that, became dominant in the Jewish psyche. But language doesn't form either

character or the human mind; quite the opposite: language itself is a creation of the mind.

Perhaps the Diaspora psychology is how the defenders of Hebrewness understand this tragic inferiority complex, which has come to hand – partially also thanks to them – over the souls of the young Jewish generation. Because they give an example of a Diaspora fear of oneself, contempt for one's surroundings. The contempt with which they surround the Jewish language, which is after all a real component of Jewish culture, and even a part of themselves, is the best proof of that. They are the ones who turn their backs on reality, they escape from it, in order to be as far as possible from themselves.

This does not exhaust the arguments of our, if I may say so, "Hebrew scholars." They also bring up one which is supposed to support all others. They say that they don't care about the state of knowledge of Hebrew in Poland, but only in Palestine. The Hebrew language is to help with the consolidation of

Jews coming from various countries and speaking, in their opinion, various languages. I will not enter here into the basic discussion of matters related with emigration to Palestine. We have to understand that for Jewish children, Hebrew is a foreign language, much as Proto-Slavic is for Polish children, although their ancestors spoke it.

I wouldn't write so much about Hebrew if the matter weren't closely connected with another – that of our approach to the entire set of subjects related to Jewish culture.

Thanks to the campaigning done by "Hebrew scholars," thanks to compulsory assimilation of children brought up in the Yiddish language, a destructive belief is generated among broad classes of school youth, both Polish and Jewish, that actually there is no such thing as a Yiddish language and culture, and even if such a language exists, it remains subordinate to others.

Work aiming to maintain Jewish secular schools, educational work among the Jewish masses, working for the always-threatened Yiddish Scientific Institute in Vilnius, is treated as nothing extraordinary. The existence of Jewish culture is being negated constantly; Jewish historical novels, Jewish poems,

Jewish theater and scientific literature are being ignored.

Maybe it is true that all this doesn't speak to us – youth from secondary schools. Because, as certainly some will say, we were raised in the Polish language and we have spoken it and thought in it since childhood.

But let's ponder the matter not from a narrow, egoistic point of view, but from a broader one. Our approach to this matter contributes in large degree to the preservation of the Diaspora psychology, hated by all. If this continues, the Jewish masses will be completely cut off from their intelligentsia. We – the future Jewish intelligentsia – are breaking off all cultural communication with the Jewish masses. Therefore, it is understandable that with this state of affairs they won't be able to raise their level of culture, being systematically cut off from its sources. We are the ones who are morally responsible for enlightening and bringing knowledge to them, and we can do that only by supporting the Yiddish language and Jewish culture along with it.

From my own experience as a tutor I know that because of the incomprehensible language children can't develop proportionally to their talents.

CONTINUED ON P. 6

THE READERS HAVE A VOICE

COMMENTS ABOUT THE ISSUE FROM OCTOBER 8TH

I will start by discussing "The mail." In this column, the editors demand that the readers not stop at consumption and that they participate in the production, and this is quite right, but in my opinion, the editors want to differentiate too clearly between the permanent contributor and the reader, who is supposed to send their comments only from time to time about articles they have read and in the best-case scenario, comment in the columns that do not require the ability to write, just the ability to think. This would be equal to making the Little Review a literary paper, while its important character is rather in journalism and opinions.

What I am writing here is maybe more of a discussion article than comments, but I am doing this on purpose in order to indicate that I am not doing it as a reader, but as someone who demands to be allowed to become a contributor, not based on my literary talent, but on the importance of issues I tackle. Therefore I propose creating a literary section and maintaining the character of the paper it has had until now, i.e., everybody has the right to voice their opinions in the matters they are interested in.

I would like to say a few words about the short story entitled "Bajard, Bajet, Fanny and I." The story isn't bad, but after having read it we don't know who is a horse and who is human. Is it a horse's diary or a diary of a third-class farm boy? – Dawid wanted to make the same prank to us as Mietek from Muranowska Street with his short story "She is gone."

The press review entitled "Camera lucida" is good, but worse than "Fighting over the muzzle." The author does not disclose his point of view, but would like to show it to us somehow in between the verses. I didn't understand him.

I also don't like the ironizing about anti-Semitism of the National Democratic press. This is copycatting of the section "In the mill of opinions" of Our Review. We may answer to that anti-Semitism is deprived of logic, so it is ridiculous, but I don't think that irony is a good tool in such a serious matter.

In the introduction to the comments about the books on page 2 we read... "these are not book reviews, but comments on the margins of a recently-read book. Personal opinions and reflections which have appeared while reading."

I don't understand the difference. Until now, I thought they were exactly this type of comment. Now I don't know anymore and I would like to find out.

In the same section we can find the opinion saying that teaching Latin in middle schools doesn't make sense. This issue has been discussed some time ago in the Little Review already, but it was quite a long time already and I don't remember what type of arguments were presented. I just would like to say that the author expresses his opinion too firmly – in a peremptory tone. Surely we may find many of dissenting opinions among the readers of the Little Review.

I pass over the column entitled "Junior Tribune" because I am not interested in sports. I just would like to say a few words about the issue tackled by Aleksander G. I pretty much

RESPONSE TO EMKOTT'S ARTICLE

I.

An article by Emkott about the suicide of the late Leon Mioduszeowski was published in one of the latest issues of the Little Review.

In my answer to this article I have to stress that it is irrefragable in its form of writing. But when going into the contents, I would like to remark that the subject is treated too vaguely.

The article doesn't explain nor solve any problems, but only again evokes feelings and impressions that are gone.

While discussing the background of the suicide, Emkott has fallen into various contradictions. Presenting the virtues of the late Mioduszeowski, he then rebuts them with his flaws. He is doing the same thing with Professor Hornowski: at first he suspects, though very discreetly, that the professor could have failed Leon for some of his old actions, finally, however, he denies it

agree with him, but let's think more thoroughly if sports and military really have nothing to do with each other? Weren't the ancient Greeks spreading physical culture among youth in order to have a strong army? And even today during PE class, aren't the instructions taken straight from military drills?

The section for children is quite important, especially the collection of letters about the savings day. Finally an original assignment in brain teasers, too bad it is not the newest thing because *Wiadomości Literackie* (Literary News) has published these types of problems since long ago.

Jerzy N.

categorically ("it would be a grave sin to accuse the professor..." etc.) and he underlines that the professor, like everyone else, was only fulfilling his duty. Hence the article is a bit confusing.

According to the article, Mioduszeowski's death itself brings about a lot of speculations – conclusions. Among others, that there were deeper reasons for the suicide.

But Mioduszeowski's nervous breakdown could not have been only the effect of him failing the exam. First of all, if we were to believe the author – Leon didn't need his matura exam to win his bread because his parents were quite wealthy. Second, he was not propelled by a thirst for knowledge or ambition.

I suspect that Leon Mioduszeowski has taken the significant reasons of his deed with him to the grave.

We, the school youth, however, we can't come to terms with this matter. Because we have no guarantee that similar incidents won't take place in future.

We should remedy this somehow. And the school authorities should find and eliminate reasons for suicides among school youth.

Paljot

II.

... We have to note that Emkott presents Mioduszeowski as an ordinary student without higher aspirations; he even maintains that he couldn't have brought any use to the society in future. In that case, why was he studying until the end of the middle school? Could cotangent functions be useful to him someday in future?

The matter would have been different if Professor Hornowski had failed a student who desired to study, who was a bit weak in mathematics, but good in other subjects; or simply because he got stage fright during the exam.

But the matter was completely different: the student didn't have a passion for learning, he didn't desire to go to university, he didn't study and he wasn't prepared. It is possible that if he had been schooled in a demi-pension system, then maybe he would have got interested in studying, he would study not because of obligation, but out of passion. But even in a demi-pension, when a student is not prepared and doesn't want to be prepared, they can't advance to a higher grade. And the same would have been happening in every education system, even in one set up by Emkott himself.

Newspapers do not despair at all over all of the high school graduates who spent entire nights studying to pass the matura exam which they fervently desire and for which they strive, yet newspapers are showing mercy for an individual who in the end was guilty himself for having failed the exam.

Many students repeat a year and do not make a tragedy out of that. For Emkott, however, Leon is a symbol, a Sisyphean plowman of the field of education because Emkott was looking for a symbol. And if Leon had to repeat the eighth grade, would he still be the symbol of students tormented by a bad education system?

My opinion is that the old educational system is wrong in many aspects; however, it was not at fault in this case. Let's not blame everything on the system and let's not look for "symbols" where they don't exist.

Stasiek P.

ABOUT WORKING YOUTH

Dear Mister Editor!

First of all I would like to thank you for returning my manuscript and for your undoubtedly honest and kind words.

Despite the bitter nonsense with which I have been recently coming to the newsroom, your article in the Little Review of October 18th – and a bit later, a letter to me – have resulted in me feeling a great need to "open" my soul to you, if not widely, familiarly and hospitably, however it should be called – then at least slightly... in only one matter, but very, very close to my heart...

It is about one pressing – at least in my opinion – issue tackled in "The Little Review Report Card."

In the "General washing up," correspondent Mira K. expressed her opinion that the subheading of the paper should be changed from "children's and youth paper" to "children's and school youth paper." Because Mira hasn't encountered any articles by youth not attending schools, she even expresses a certain sorrow because of that.

In that same issue, in the "Conclusions" section, you don't share Mira's opinion and you justify your refusal to change the subheading in the following way:

"If this year we have only printed 3, 4 fragments from their (working youth) life, it serves as a proof of lack of adequate material which we have been asking the working youth for."

First of all, I would like to raise my doubts insofar as working youth – the really working youth – being able to cooperate with such a paper as the Little Review.

Why? Please recall, Mister Editor, the opinion of Dr. Korczak about a certain young man writing in a mature manner (L.R., September 18th) and your own words ("where is this separate world of feelings, uniqueness of approach and the subject of reaching one's sixteenth summer?"), and it will become clear why.

You will answer:

"It was not about working youth at all. You are not saying that a 16-year-old proletarian doesn't have a 'uniqueness of approach,' etc., adequate for his age?"

I am constantly in touch with these youths. I have been working myself for a few years already. I dare say, therefore, that this is exactly the case.

The conditions in which we are stuck, despite all the appeals to society, horrible misery, belching with a thousand ordeals (damn it, you have to find a rag to wrap yourself in when winter comes...)

go to a doctor with a failing stomach... with an eye infection, or some other plague) – such conditions of existence exhaust us so much that we end up being not only mature but also quite gloomy.

In your letter you advise me to set a more modest task for myself... Well, and it is not good enough for printing.

I have just read my manuscript... And I didn't spit on it only because the paper cost me a bit, and the scribbling as well – a few nights of a certain effort.

I have treated myself with a naïve hypocrisy: Man! You also used to be a schoolboy, and the desire to study hasn't gone away yet. Why shouldn't you think like they do?

I succumbed to a momentary naïveté, a dreamy return to these times, and I wrote.

You have to admit that my pen has produced a creation so gloomy, so peculiarly oozing with the flavor of our misery, that it would simply be a sin to feed something like that to the careless, bunch of schoolboys, full of hope, thirsty for life!

I was searching for a path and I am still searching for it – this is my greatest pain and misery...

For working youth, and especially for those thinking youth among them who are the most aware, there are two pathways that exist: to the right or to the left!

The decision is usually quick. The perspective of life becomes defined: to

serve the idea we gave our oaths to in a most fervent way. This is where they find the creative joy and well-being of free people. (This is something I envy them from the bottom of my heart).

The injustice they experience gives them the full right to that, and even more – give them the right to be unable to notice that they are standing on an ideological platform – call it what you will – prepared and conceived by the more or less "titanic brains."

And they are there out of necessity – facing their own poverty, not having time, nor any incentives to think thoroughly about things that were presented to them as simple, understandable and – what is most important – as a real, beautiful and powerful idea for improvement of their existence, for eliminating their calamity.

Will these youth, convinced about the fairness of their own case, be able to write for such an independent paper as the Little Review?

Therefore, a small handful of youth remains, struggling with their independence, and I am unlucky enough to be in that group. I repeat: unlucky, because being a part of it means a chain of unsupportable moral pains and often – a bitter contempt towards myself for my powerlessness and indecisiveness in the face of burning issues.

We are attempting to search for freedom; such freedom that would be worthy of being loved with all our

hearts; such freedom, from behind which nothing and nobody is looking at us with reproach – to ensure that we maintain a clean and pure conscience and not stray even a bit from the holy universal idea of defeating all that is evil and unjust in this world.

What a glaring disharmony between such a "noble" way of thinking and our deplorable reality?

Every time we faced the contempt and mockery of our companions we realize that, our minds become clouded with pessimism and while others persist in their conviction that in serving their cause, they are creating and building something grand – we are incapable of creating things joyfully due to the doubts that are tearing at us...

And you must admit, Mr. Editor, in line with your words about the "uniqueness of approach," that for those people, independent though they may be, cooperation with a paper as healthy and constructive as the Little Review is impossible...

I have expressed my opinion about the cooperation of youth with the Little Review. Maybe my "I dare to say" was too strong. As justification, I can only say that I want to contribute to the change in the conditions of life of working youth with all my heart, so that this change would enable them to think and feel so "uniquely" as 16-year old youth should be thinking and feeling...

Sincerely,

M.H. (Lublin)

JUNIOR TRIBUNE

POLITICS IN SPORT

In such cases, it's best to say let's see what becomes of it in real life and then we will define our position – positive or negative. But the problem is that this issue is interpreted differently, depending on the circumstances.

We, young people, should actually take no interest in such matters, except that they have an impact on things that are relevant to us. If because of political differences, relations are to be broken between states, organizations or sports clubs, then very soon "Akiba" may refuse to play "Hashomer," and "Haganah" may withdraw from a tournament if "Jugend" is among its contestants; and if "Masada" stages an internal tournament only half of its members may compete as this event may be boycotted by members declaring their allegiance to the state or the opposing camp. Eventually, all "athletes" will have a clear conscience "because this is a popular practice."

I understand that nowadays it's ridiculous to advocate a non-political approach and the autonomy of sports

when other states are frequently breaking off sports relations.

It's clear that no state, no city, no organization and no man is able to live with only their own legacy, and just like in other fields, the exchange of values is also essential in sports. If it goes any further, then sport will soon be bereft of its value and will become a measure that reflects the attitude of a state towards another state, of an organization towards another organization.

I'm not fond of such pompous remarks, but I have to draw your attention to the fact that we, young people, will be soon setting future guidelines for physical education and therefore, we must oppose people who are imposing their immoral adult views on us, that we cannot go take the path of least resistance that compromises the very concept of sport.

Despite this, or perhaps because, long gone are the times when sport was practiced for the joy of it just like art was created for its own sake, we have to firmly commit ourselves to have all gangrenous influences removed from sports.

B. N-t.

DOMESTIC NEWS

SPORTS GAMES IN BIAŁYSTOK Sukkot celebrations coincided with the competition for the championship title of Jewish schools in men's and women's basketball which was staged at the "Maccabi" court in Białystok.

The basketball championship title and the cup sponsored by Druskin's Middle School went to the Sigismund Augustus Middle School (Jewish team), while the volleyball championship title and the Jewish Sports Club "Maccabi" Cup went to the Hebrew Middle School. The athletic skill level was satisfying, which cannot be said of the tournament's organization.

Among many contestants, we saw individuals who have the potential to become eminent players if they are trained by good instructors.

Izio T. (Białystok)

RECAP OF THE AUTUMN SEASON IN VILNUS

As the new school term began, we were suddenly taken aback by the massive number of inter-school sports events that clearly demonstrate the advantage of Adam Mickiewicz and State Technical School students.

Save for rowing competitions, all other events were well organized and captured the interest of the student community.

Taking the lead among Jewish school students were athletes from the Educational Society and Epstein Middle Schools. The inter-school tennis tournament saw the victory of the sports club from Epstein Middle School whose contestant secured a victory, beating a student of the Jesuit Middle School in the finals. The Jesuit Middle School has its own tennis court and excels in this discipline. In addition, the Epstein Middle School students were beaten by the Mickiewicz Middle School, Technical School and Sigismund Middle School students in the swimming competition. In the inter-school competition dedicated to Jewish school we saw the victorious Epstein students who are the biggest rivals of the current champions of Vilnius.

Track and field events saw students of the Jewish Technical School leading the way. The Belarussian Middle School

faired well only in the kayaking competition. Meanwhile, the Lithuanian Middle School did not send its representatives to the tournament. We rarely hear of any athletic feats of female students, as girls prefer to watch their male colleagues "fighting." Female contestants made an appearance during the kayaking competition and a track and field event dedicated to Jewish schools. So much about leaders and ladies.

An unusual "decline in the form" was demonstrated by students of the modern Jewish Middle School and the Polish Teachers' College, who were brilliant last season. This year, their athletes are breaking away from their traditional winning streak and are seldom seen on the podium. The same goes for students of the Jewish College who signed up for the event and even turned up for the basketball tournament, but fled the scene when they saw their rivals in the heat of the game. Their opponents walked onto the court – the referee blew the whistle, but students of the College were nowhere to be seen. As it turned out later, they simply forfeited.

Alik M. (Vilnius)

SPORTS NEWS FROM SILESIA

This fall, the new school sport season has kicked off with an international game in Silesia. The State Mathematics and Natural Sciences Middle School in Chorzów has competed in a series of meetings against the Polish Gymnasium from Bytom. The program of the tournament included popular games (volleyball and basketball). Silesian students emerged triumphant from both events and secured high wins.

Preparations for the winter season are well underway among young people. Gymnastics classes are teamed up with skiing practices held twice a week at the local Academy of Physical Education. A number of school competitions and events are scheduled for the future. One of them is the Krynica-Zakopane hike whose contestants will garner the mountaineering badge. Traditionally, the winter break will bring skiing courses and camps in Wisła or Zwardoń.

Jakób P. (Katowice)

SPORTS TOURNAMENT FOR THE DIRECTOR CYGIELSTREJCH CUP

The look and feel of the tournament reminds me of the atmosphere of league matches. Fiercely competing for points, teams resorted to very different strategies and even agreed on the final results of games (in a basketball game, opponents had clearly fixed the outcome of the match, as they were shouting to each other: "It's your turn to take a shot" or "Move aside, so I can show others that I'm playing." This atmosphere has apparently rubbed on the audience as at least half of the spectators should have been asked to leave.

I'm not going to repeat their obscene remarks, but cheering (cheering is usually a sign of approval of a good play) for your favorite team just because its opponent has failed is simply rude. Meanwhile, the public who attend matches should demonstrate at least a semblance of sports culture.

* * *

There were seven teams in the volleyball event and nine signed up for the basketball event. The tournament was held in the round robin format and the main trophy goes to the school that has the highest score in both events. Duration of basketball matches is 2 × 10 minutes without a break.

Volleyball quarterfinals were held in the Maccabi hall, which is totally unsuitable for this purpose. Therefore, "Laor," after losing a game to "Ascola" filed a protest and suggested staging the quarterfinals in the "Jutrznia" hall. When the protest was dismissed, "Laor" withdrew from the competition.

After "Ascola" won a game against "Laor," "Finkel" was almost defeated by "Kryński." With their towering frames, "Finkel's" players were unable to cope inside the tiny and low sports hall that gave handicap to the other team that played consistently, with good technique and in a grand defensive style.

Finally, "Finkel" managed to secure its win after three rounds. Also qualified for the semi-finals was "Spójnia," as it won effortlessly (30 : 19) against "Natanson," as well as "Chinuch."

We now move to the hall at the Physical Education Centre. The weather is fine and the tournament could be easily staged outdoors.

Meanwhile, the basketball tournament

continued according to the plan. "Finkel" won in great style against the Teacher's College, "Ascola" endured a pulsating struggle when challenged by "Kryński" (this team recently demonstrated impressive improvement), while "Chinuch" got a walkover from "Laor," and "Spójnia" barely managed to win (8 : 6) against the Stawki-based School of Handicrafts. Watching the first semi-final game, we were all expecting the epic failure of "Spójnia." Just before the break, "Chinuch" was leading 5 : 0, and finished off with five points, while "Spójnia" claimed a 7 : 5 win.

Unlike "Chinuch," "Spójnia" capitalized solely on its talent, as it entered the tournament totally unprepared.

Emotions were also soaring high in the second semi-finals – "Ascola" was beating "Finkel" 10 : 8 with only 40 seconds left before the end. "Finkel" scored twice in the final seconds of the game to emerge triumphant in the competition. The fate of the game was decided in the last 50 seconds.

Meanwhile, "Ascola" secured the cup as it ranked second in volleyball after it lost the final game to "Chinuch." In the volleyball semi-finals "Ascola" was struggling, but eventually beat "Finkel" after three challenging rounds, while "Chinuch" outperformed "Spójnia."

"Ascola" and "Chinuch" are two young, consistently playing teams. The cornerstone of "Finkel's" team are two excellent players while other members are fairly poor compared to other teams.

The game for the third and the fourth place to be played by "Spójnia" and "Finkel" was postponed until another day, but given such short notice (nearly all its members are eighth-grade students), "Spójnia" decided to forfeit to "Finkel."

"Finkel" easily won the basketball finals and secured a 24 : 7 win. "Finkel's" team hinges on two players, although others are better in basketball than volleyball.

Currently, the line-up of leading teams is as follows: "Finkel" came first in basketball and third in volleyball, scoring 51 points altogether. "Spójnia" scored 29 to come second and fourth in the competition. First place gave "Chinuch" 36 points in volleyball, and "Ascola" scored 21 points that placed

it in second place. We are still waiting for the third-place play-off that will see contestants from two final schools.

To make sure that "Finkel" didn't take the cup – "Chinuch" would have to win the match. And they did, although "Ascola" could easily give them a three-point handicap. Ultimately, the deciding games for the cup will take place between these two schools in both competitions.

I am not defending the "Finkel" team, but where are we headed, given what happened two years ago: "Ascola," organizing the inter-school tournament, after a lost game, changed the rules during the tournament to go through to the finals; and in last year's tournament, "Finkel" actually won the cup, but it was never actually presented to the players. And now everything that's going on this year.

Tournaments are held to identify the hierarchy of teams, present the first prize to the best team and not to see schools forming coalitions or fixing games as a result of their animosities or personal affinities. Regulations clearly state that the "tournament strives to promote sports games." And this is something the organizers should adhere to. Frauds and trickery are not promoting sport – they discourage us from it. Teams that resort to such practices should be immediately disqualified.

* * *

I beg the forgiveness of all students of girls' schools who are taking part in the tournament. I have not mentioned you, but I was so absorbed with the boys' tournament that regrettably, I missed all events for girls.

Eight teams enrolled for the volleyball event, but they were knocked out by two finalists: the Teachers' Union Middle School and the Mirlasowa Middle School. We were expecting a sensation as Mirlasowa won the first round and led in the third by 6 : 0. But eventually, "Union" managed to score two additional points and secured its final win. Both teams have just one star player each, but other contestants are practically on par with them. The "Union's" team demonstrates more consistent skills and I do have to admit that it's in its top form. It's certainly worth to stage a meeting of "Union's" team with another club, such as "Polonia" or the Jewish Academic Sport Association.

J. H.

THE FIRST VOICE OF INFORMED CRITICISM (Inspired by the Little Review Cup Tournament)

On the day on which the recent "Junior Tribune" column was published, which coincided with the kickoff of the tournament staged by "Chinuch" Sports Club, I was discussing the Little Review Cup Tournament with a physical education teacher from a Jewish school.

He made a point that by introducing another sports tournament we are exposing youth from Jewish schools to blatant one-sidedness. Because summer is the traditional time of the inter-school sports tournament which sees contestants from Jewish schools; the "Chinuch" tournament is held twice a year – in winter and spring; and now the Little Review Cup tournament has been added to the calendar.

"As a result," argues the teacher, "my

students are so busy playing basketball and volleyball that they are reluctant to swim; they don't come to track and field practices, and gymnastics is out of question." In other words, my interlocutor argued that the Little Review should withdraw from sports tournaments and begin to promote other disciplines which are less popular in Jewish schools – specifically, track and field.

I accept the point he's made but have to say something in my defense.

This spring, when I was trying to convince the president of the Physical Education Club that it's essential to raise the standards of sports in Jewish schools by organizing special dedicated tournaments, he responded that this will depend on results achieved by Jewish teams

in the inter-school competition. As we know, the all-male Jewish schools were eliminated in the first round. And then the president told me that the Physical Education Club would stage a special competition for Jewish schools. But for male schools only, since school for girls demonstrate relatively high standards and that there is absolutely no need to organize a special tournament for them, just like there is currently no need to organize special competitions for Jewish swimmers who, compared to basketball and volleyball players or track and field athletes, are faring rather well. Naturally, we'll be focusing on track and field, but in due course, meaning in the summer.

In fact, the Little Review is not committed to stage such events, and if it acts as the mastermind of sports tournaments, it's only because someone has to do this job in order to help out institutions and competent individuals.

Kuba H.

THEATER

"THE WONDROUS ALLOY"

OR MR. CHARKIEWICZ, BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF AND A COUPLE OF WORDS ADDRESSED TO MR. CZENGERY

The Vilnius-published Word is not only notorious for its political and economic columns, sometimes written with a knack for current affairs journalism, but also for its lampoons.

We remember the furious and scornful attack launched by the Word on... 13-year old Bela of Vilnius who had her first interview published in the Little Review; we remember the vicious crusade against the Little Review and Jewish writers.

The Word hates many people, cases and issues. It is doing its best to out-shout others with its trashy cackle and lampoons. One of the things it hates is Soviet art. So, when afforded with an opportunity (the production of a Soviet stage play titled "The Wondrous Alloy" at the Pohulanka Theatre), the Word published Mr. Charkiewicz's review.

The voice of Count Fredro had barely faded away at the Pohulanka Theatre when Comrade Kirszon decided to speak up on behalf of the kolkhoz youth (as it was quite aptly printed in the program: "youth" came with a spelling mistake and "kolkhoz" was written with a capital 'K' to bring out the Bolshevik 'couleur locale').

"... so it's war? But against whom? Which country did the belligerent Jew of Bessarabia have in mind? Was it Spain? Or Brazil? Or the Netherlands? Or was it... Oh, the 'rotten bourgeoisie' that filled the theatre on the opening night of a Bolshevik play! And their loud applause! Young people have an inherent charm. Young people look charming on the stage. Youth is actually eye-pleasing. After all, an animal like the pig is ultimately devoid of any charm and grace, but is pinkish and clean; piglets are actually really cute... And Bolshevik youth..." etc.

Mr. Charkiewicz, shame on you... for coughing up poisoned phlegm in a place which is a public space after all. You have the right to have a penchant for - let's say a piglet served in horseradish sauce and you may also dislike Jews,

the "rotten bourgeoisie" and the Soviet theatre. You even have the right to try and convince your readers that your taste is infallible. What you cannot do - and it's regrettable that you need to be reprimanded by an ordinary Jew - is make coarse analogies which might be applauded by "an honorable count" (one of those who take umbrage because of land parceling and democracy), but certainly not Count Aleksander Fredro. Just think and refresh your good manners, Mr. Charkiewicz.

And now a couple of words addressed to Mr. Czengery.

Well, I would like to thank you on my own behalf and, as I conclude, on behalf of the young people of Vilnius for providing us with such an enjoyable and valuable play. I would like to thank you for the effort you've made and your courage. Obviously, we are treating this play as a journey to explore the sensibilities of other young people. The assumption that we would change our attitude to the Soviet Union as we were leaving the theatre, would be far too naïve.

Rudolf from Vilnius

THEATER IN BIAŁYSTOK

The travelling theater of local authorities of the Białystok region under the directorship of J. Grodzicki comes to us three times per month. With regards to that, so far, Białystok has been quite handicapped. We didn't have a permanent theater. From time to time, some ensembles would come and perform almost exclusively for adults. Meanwhile, the travelling theater, out of 9 plays performed has had three for youth - "The king's only son" by Lucjan Rydel, "Open house" by Bałucki and "Stephen Báthory." All three plays were well performed.

W-Z

P.S. Using this opportunity I would like to inform you that on Saturday, November 30th, at 3:30 p.m., there will be a meeting of the Białystok correspondents aged 12 and up who are holders of this year's commemorative postcards.

IT DOESN'T EXIST, BUT WILL IT?

Mr. Silberzweig was right in saying that not enough attention is being paid to school theatres.

Every year one or another middle school organizes a more or less successful performance - and that is all.

More than once, I have read articles and projects about founding an inter-school theatre in the Little Review. Last year, the paper even published an extensive reportage by Salek from Świętojska Street - probably in order to draw attention of the public to this neglected area of cultural work. And nothing happened. I didn't find any response afterwards. Everything stayed the same. We have had a special play related to some celebrations and maybe two or three original performances. In short, everybody is minding their own business.

And yet we do see the efforts of individual persons and drama clubs, which could create a theatre if they would join in together. We see experienced stage directors (Ms. Czerwińska, Mr. Centnerszwer, Ms. Landaówna). Some of the school stages even have their own characteristics.

Let's take for instance the theatre at the Teachers' Union Middle School, managed by Mr. Centnerszwer and the "Muza" theatre at the Janina Świątecka Middle School managed by Ms. Landaówna. The first theatre, as I have noticed, selects a rather "adult" repertoire (for instance, "The Barber of Seville"), and gives only one serious performance interpreted by the female students. On the other hand, "Muza" presents a collage of a number of images or scenes in a certain cycle, for instance "The Kings of the Skies" or "School in different parts of the world."

I don't believe in the inter-school theatre. It wouldn't be convenient for the authorities of various schools, which for advertising purposes to a certain degree want to have a theatre, maybe an inferior one, but their own. I believe in the young public theater, however. Sooner or later, such a theater needs to be created.

Renia

FROM PUBLISHING HOUSES

This section is a third class supplement: a section to the sports section of the Little Review. So far it has been neglected and didn't fulfill its task.

This task is to inform the readers, who are involved in sports, about this so little popular and popularized sports literature.

Our mistake was that we were giving reviews of books not depending on their topicality, but according to their date of being displayed in the bookstores. Hence, it would happen that a book about tennis would appear for instance in winter. While in summer, once it became topical - both the readers and ourselves would forget about it.

We are correcting this mistake now. We are starting the winter season, and together with it first of all skiing, skating and hockey. Two very good books about skiing were recently published.

One of them is "Skiing" by W. Ziętkiewicz. This is a book particularly adequate for autodidacts, because the author presents individual phases of skiing movements in numerous illustrations.

I will be able to describe the second one, also titled "Skiing" by Jabczyńska-Jędrzejowska next time, because I haven't read it yet myself.

For the next issue I will also need to leave a supposedly very good and exhaustive book called "Ice Skating"

by eng. J. Jankowski. In exchange I can now mention an equally good book by E. Nehring entitled "The Rules of Ice Skating". It is adequate especially for beginner skaters. It discusses skating equipment and clothing, learning how to skate in general, speed skating and figure skating; it even adds a PUWF (State Administration for Physical Education) instruction on how to make home-made children ice-skates.

A book by W. Krygier entitled "Ice Hockey" was recently published. This is currently the only work in Poland offering a comprehensible description of this game, hockey technique and tactics.

Among other sports that are played in winter we should list basketball, volleyball and boxing.

Sports games are represented by two books: "Basketball" (by Baran, Sikorski and Wójcicki) and "Volleyball" (by Baran and Kwast). In an exhaustive manner they discuss the characteristic, principles, technique and tactics of these games, teaching methods and practice, they include guidelines and rules.

Boxing is described in a recently published book by Laskowski (entitled "Box"), which in four parts discusses learning boxing, practice, tactics of fighting and PZB (Polish Boxing Association) regulations. ■

TWO-WEEKS SKIING CAMP

for correspondents of The Little Review
in Mszana Dolna (Western Beskids)

The camp will take place during the first two weeks of winter vacation. Submissions are accepted until the 5th of December.

Detailed information can be received

from the Camp's manager, professor Dawid Jarzabek, at 5-6 p.m. at 18 Elekoralna Street, Apt. 17, ph. 5-96-64 - and by mail for the correspondents from the province (add a postage stamp).

JOKE

PREMATURE JOY

A man in the park says to a lady sitting on a bench, pointing at a by standing by her side:

"Lovely boy."

"Isn't he?" asks the joyful mother. "And so deft! He's been playing with his hoop on the grass so nicely!"

"Quite right."

"Well, so now you need to pay a 2 zloty fine. Walking on grass is prohibited and I am the park keeper."

SZLAMEK FROM OTWOCK

A REPORTER'S DIARY

Why did I believe it? Why did I talk?! Now Tosia keeps blabbering and gossiping about me and she accuses me of being a gossip.

I learned that from Heniek. After lunch, I invited Tosia for a walk. She was cross with me, but she came.

We went towards the military sanatorium. On the way, every time I started to talk, she would interrupt me. Once we got out of the forest, a mortuary appeared in front of our eyes.

"Can't you see where you are taking me?" Tosia said.

"Hmm," I mumbled and I suddenly asked her the question that had tormented me the whole way. "Is it true what Heniek says?"

"That what?"

"That you... you know what very well!"

"Go away, silly boy!"

"I will go, farewell!"

"Goodbye."

She looked at me and smiled. She didn't believe me, and I repeated even

more strongly:

"Farewell."

To hell with this schoolboy love! You lose your mind, you neglect your obligations, school, family and in the end, you don't know if you are alive or not. I didn't revise any classes during the entire vacation, I didn't write one single article. And all of it because someone has blue eyes and dimples. Let her have them in peace, and I will manage on my own. Luckily, I am a reporter.

PART III - WORK

The 1934/35 school year has started. In September, I received a long letter from the editor. He wrote that for now, he didn't intend to introduce the new reforms, he desired to continue to follow the guidelines from last year. New reporters will be trained, and the old ones will have to expand their work. First of all, a selection of contributors in provincial clubs will have to be carried out (those who write well, those who

are only able to find raw content, what the thematic interests of individual correspondents are, etc.). Afterwards the editor discussed the matter of the Otwock chronicle, which I was to send every fourth Friday of every month, the matter of the issue and Sunday meetings.

I gave the matter some deep thought. I compared the editor's guidelines with the things I was doing. My thoughts were bleak. Wienio collected material all summer and now Białystok has its regional issue. And what did Szlamek do? Nothing! He was chasing after a blue blouse, although he knew that his heart was weak following an infection.

I took a look at the situation. In 1933, I had 6 contributors who had commemorative postcards. This is quite discouraging. Białystok had 15. But Białystok has 100,000 inhabitants, and Otwock only 18,000.

After one year, I see already 12 permanent contributors. It is not so hopelessly bad after all.

I have divided everyone (in my mind) into three groups: 1 - the best writers, 2 - old weak, 3 - young weak.

Meetings started, organizing of the chronicle, hiring correspondents. At

times, everything would end in one joint partying.

Some were bugging me to give them a topic, others were asking if their text would be printed and when.

"And how would I know? Ask the editor."

Mothers of child prodigies were the worst.

Once, one of them came in and showed me a little poem.

"Well, I don't know... I am not into poems," I said. "Maybe they will publish it."

"What do you mean maybe?! Ask your father!"

"Excuse me, but I am the reporter. My father only takes care of the ill."

"Ask him."

"Ask at once!!"

Father came.

"I don't trust your son," the angry mother of the wunderkind told him. "Just listen what my little daughter writes. She is only in the fifth grade, and she writes... Everybody says: 'She's the next Tuwim!' She always has rhymes. And what rhymes?! Even if she stumbles upon 'moon', she will find a rhyme to fit, just look at it, 'moon' - and here

below - 'commune'! And such rhymes as 'loose - shoes', 'tiny - whiny' come to her so naturally, without thinking. What do you say to that?"

"These are my sons' matters. I don't interfere."

"But you could write your opinion."

Father answered that he wasn't an expert in this, that if it were a prescription then of course, even in Latin, but poetry was completely alien to him. She left the manuscript anyway. After one week, she returned screaming.

"What are you thinking? That you can torture an innocent precious little child? Where is the poem? Give me the paper and show me the poem!"

"Please remember that I promised nothing. I am just a liaison between the newspaper and the correspondents from the town of Otwock. Maybe the editors will publish it later, or maybe they consider the poem to be lousy."

"How rude! You attend middle school and this is how you speak to adults? I consider your answer to be arrogant!"

She left. She met my father on the street and she complained that I received her arrogantly. I was scolded by my father. (TBC)

Janusz Korczak

STAGE MATERIAL FOR CHANUKKAH PERFORMANCES

THE HOUR WILL COME

(Esterka is making an outfit for her doll while sitting at the table. Next to the table Abramek is making a sled).

ESTERKA: (speaking to the doll): You will have four gowns: 2 for the summer and 2 for the winter. One for every day and a second one for Saturdays and holidays. Afterwards, I will make a blanket and a hat for you. Pity I don't have even a piece of silk.

ABRAMEK: (pounding with the hammer): Actually, it is very good that you don't have any silk. And very bad that I don't have six nails or a piece of string.

ESTERKA: For you it is bad that you don't have a piece of string, and for me that I don't have silk.

ABRAMEK: Because you are dumb as a cow, and I am as smart...

ESTERKA: As an ox.

ABRAMEK: Will you stop?

ESTERKA: If I feel like it, I'll stop.

ABRAMEK: If you don't feel like it, you will stop anyways.

ESTERKA: If I don't feel like it, then I won't stop.

ABRAMEK: Ox!

ESTERKA: Cow!

ABRAMEK: (loud) Cow – cow – cow – cow!

ESTERKA: Ox – ox – ox – ox.

ABRAMEK: Will you go away?

ESTERKA: I won't go away. And what will you do to me?

ABRAMEK: I will knock you over.

ESTERKA: Just try.

ABRAMEK: Cheeky cow.

ESTERKA: Cheeky ox... Just wait – mom will be back in a moment.

ABRAMEK: Tattletale.

ESTERKA: Squealer.

ABRAMEK: Ooooooh, these damn girls!

ESTERKA: Ooooooh, these damn boys!

ABRAMEK: (gets up) I am telling you nicely: go away!

ESTERKA: You go away, I was sitting here first.

ABRAMEK: You will fly out of here first!

ESTERKA: I will not!

ABRAMEK: You will. (He pushes her)

ESTERKA: Hey, no hands! Don't push, do you hear me?

ABRAMEK: Get lost, do you hear me? Or maybe you want to fight?

ESTERKA: I don't. Remember when you got a beating?

ABRAMEK: You want to fight?

(He strikes. Esterka catches his hand).

ESTERKA: Will you stop?

ABRAMEK: You gonna pinch me, you earwig? (They fight. Mother enters.)

MOTHER: What is this? What has happened?

ESTERKA: (Tidies her hair) It is all his fault. I was making a dress for my doll.

ABRAMEK: (Straightening his clothes) She started to pinch me first. And she scratched me. You are a cat!

ESTERKA: And you are a dog!

ABRAMEK: And you are a hen!

ESTERKA: And you are a horse!

ABRAMEK: And you are a goat and a goose.

ESTERKA: And you are a parrot.

ABRAMEK: And you are a tigress and a crocodile.

ESTERKA: And you are a hippopotamus.

(They want to fight again. Mother separates them.)

MOTHER: You should be ashamed

of yourselves. On a holiday. Bad kids.

ABRAMEK: It's all her fault!

ESTERKA: It's all his fault! (They are crying loudly, each of them in a different manner).

MATKA: Oh, children, children – life is so hard, so many true sorrows are in it.

ESTERKA: And this is not a true sorrow when I want to make a nice little hat for my doll but I don't have silk, and he is happy because of that?

ABRAMEK: And I don't have a piece of string and nails for my sled, and she is teasing me.

MOTHER: (Looks around). There are many more important things you don't have, my children! But do you have to argue and fight?

ESTERKA: Because you don't understand, mom.

ABRAMEK: You are not a boy after all, mom.

MOTHER: So you believe that children absolutely have to fight and annoy each other? Even when we light the candles for Chanukkah? Go on, apologize to each other. Come on, do me a favor and kiss to make up.

ESTERKA: Like I would kiss him.

ABRAMEK: No way.

MOTHER: I am asking you, please – think how much your father would be worried if he were alive! Not for me, for your father, do it. Before his death his desire was for you to live in peace. Esterka...

ABRAMEK: All right (he extends his hand). Although I was first to start with her, but she pinches.

ESTERKA: (she extends her hand) But what good is that, since you will start again.

ABRAMEK: Well, we will apologize to each other again. That is too bad: squabbles are a way of life. Give me a kiss. (He kisses Esterka loudly, roughly).

ESTERKA: Mom, he licked me.

ABRAMEK: I only kissed you warmly.

ESTERKA: Go away. You are wicked!

MOTHER: That is enough – it is already late – you are both scallywags.

ABRAMEK: Six of one, half a dozen of the other.

MOTHER: We would have been different if I had more time. Orphans.

(She lights the candles. Abramek is singing).

CHANUKKAH CANDLE: Knock, knock, open the door.

MOTHER: Who is this?

CANDLE: Me, the Chanukkah candle.

MOTHER: Good evening, Candle, what are you coming here with?

CANDLE: I have brought silk for Esterka for her doll's hat and a piece of string for Abramek.

ESTERKA: Oh, how beautiful. Thank you, candle!

ABRAMEK: So thin that it will break at once.

CANDLE: I am not an expert in sleds, Abramek, I didn't know what the string should be like.

ABRAMEK: It's all right, I will plait it, I don't need a long one like this.

ESTERKA: Shameless boy, the Candle gives him a piece of string and he says it's too thin.

ABRAMEK: Buttinsky.

ESTERKA: Rude.

ABRAMEK: Stop it or I'll hit you!

ESTERKA: Just try.

ABRAMEK: Here you go!

ESTERKA: In your face!

MOTHER: Fighting again?

CANDLE: Do you fight often?

ABRAMEK: Four times on weekdays, on Saturdays and holidays – ten. When it is cold, even more to warm up. There is a saying: a leopard can't change its spots.

CANDLE: You know what? Each one of you should now get back to your work and I will tell you something interesting!

ABRAMEK: I will roll up my string.

ESTERKA: I will make a little hat.

ABRAMEK: You will make a little hat-hat.

ESTERKA: Starting again?

ABRAMEK. Make it, make a hat-hat for your dolly.

MOTHER: And I will cook potatoes for dinner for you rascals (she peels potatoes).

CANDLE: You argue and you fight?

ABRAMEK. Oh, ho-ho.

CANDLE: I know about it. There are a lot of quarrels in the world. Children quarrel, adults quarrel, girls quarrel with boys and boys quarrel among themselves. Whole nations quarrel!

ABRAMEK: Girls quarrel more.

ESTERKA: And boys beat each other up.

CANDLE: Brothers and sisters quarrel.

ESTERKA. And wives with their husbands.

ABRAMEK: A tailor lives with his wife on our floor. When they start to fight, my belly starts to hurt from laughing.

MOTHER: Shame on you, Abramek.

ESTERKA: And the lady on the second floor constantly makes scenes.

ABRAMEK: And you stand there and you eavesdrop behind the door.

ESTERKA: Because I feel like it.

ABRAMEK: And our janitor with our landlord.

ESTERKA: And the landlord with the tenants.

CANDLE: Yes, poor children, I know – I know about it. There is no peace in the world. And it is sad and bad. But people not only trouble and harm each other, there is also service and mutual help. And care and teaching. Tell me, Abramek, will you not be giving Esterka rides on the sled you are now making? Wouldn't you be playing with Esterka's doll if you weren't afraid that your friends would laugh at you?

ABRAMEK: Maybe I would play out of boredom.

CANDLE: At the beginning out of boredom because you don't know these games, because it doesn't benefit you as a boy to play with a girl, because boys are cross with girls. If you knew, children, how much pain, how much sorrow, how many tears because of people who instead of being together in peace and kindness, in good deeds and good words... (Mother leaves)

ESTERKA: (Gets up, approaches) You know, Chanukkah candle, I have felt this way as well, I thought this way, but later I saw this was not so. There is too much teasing, sneering, ridiculing and gossip in the world.

CANDLE: Way too much. – And it is going to be this way still for a long time. Anger and animosity, fury and slander will reign for a long time. But this will end.

ESTERKA: (Gets up, approaches) You know, Chanukkah candle, I have felt this way as well, I thought this way, but later I saw this was not so. There is too much teasing, sneering, ridiculing and gossip in the world.

CANDLE: Way too much. – And it is going to be this way still for a long time. Anger and animosity, fury and slander will reign for a long time. But this will end.

ABRAMEK: It will never end. Every day we organize fights when going to school. One time they win, another time

**FOR THE
“LONELY GIRL”**

I.

I feel very sorry for “Lonely girl,” who has written such a sad letter. But maybe your parents, Lonely girl, have some problems and this is why they are so strict with you?

I would advise you to do the following thing: try to behave well throughout an entire week and then you will find out if your parents will change their attitude towards you.

Give me an answer if my advice was good.

Zosieńka R.

II.

It must be very unpleasant when you are completely abandoned by everyone.

Or maybe it only seems to you that your parents don't love you? Do you go to school? If so, then try to befriend one of the girls in your class.

Besides that, don't be so secretive. You say that you wrote the letter to the Little Review with difficulty. I understand you perfectly. But maybe, once you start to confide in the Little Review, readers will be answering your letters, you will be carrying out correspondence with them and this way you will create a group of sympathetic people around you.

I am sorry to meddle into your matters, but I am very interested in your fate. Please, write one more time to the Little Review, but not using a pseudonym, write your name, give your address and we will be exchanging letters.

Hope for the best!

Elżunia
from Sienna Street

we beat them. We shall not surrender, right?

CANDLE: I know about that as well. And about this too.

ESTERKA: (hugging the candle) Candle, couldn't you perform some miracle?

ABRAMEK: A miracle! Look at her, so clingy. Get away, your paws are dirty, you will get the Candle's dress dirty.

ESTERKA: Maybe yours are dirty? I washed mine after coming back from school.

ABRAMEK: Get away! (He pulls her).

MOTHER: Abram, Esterka, calm down this minute!

CANDLE: I am leaving.

MOTHER: Already?

CANDLE: I still have a long way ahead of me today. I need to hurry. I will be back again in a year – and please, don't fight, children. You need to start, so that the closest people at home and at school will live in peace... And then one day – the hour will come, when peace will reign all around – all over the world and among all people. So – will you promise?

ESTERKA: I promise.

ABRAMEK: And I don't. You have to let me quarrel at least seven times per week, Candle – just once a day. And once every two weeks I have to be in a fight – at least once. And afterwards all right – I agree – let your hour of peace and friendship come. Like master, like house.

In the next issue, we will publish the second short Chanukkah comedy by JANUSZ KORCZAK.

**OUR
MATTERS**

HARMING THE CHILDREN

They have taken away a big chunk of the park again! We are very worried.

Every year they take a piece and we fear that nothing will be left of the Saxon Garden. We are trying to comfort ourselves, arguing that this is just a small chunk, that there was a street there anyway, just “without the pavement.” But we are still forlorn. We say to the boy who dares to maintain that just one chunk of the park is not such an awful thing that this is not only an awful, but a terrifying thing, because first of all, there will be no fresh air, and second (and this is the worst), children won't be able to play freely, because they will be in danger of being run over.

Seeing that complaints do not help, we have decided to take advantage of the unusual conditions in the Saxon Garden and played by riding the wagons used to carry concrete. But this fun didn't last long because they have taken the wagons away from us once the concrete was laid on the street's surface.

Disputes started; some maintained that there would be a layer of asphalt put on top of the concrete, other said that people will be driving on top of the concrete alone.

The first ones were right. After a few days carts with asphalt arrived pulled by a tractor. They started to put the asphalt down. A very unpleasant odor spread around, but we maintained that it was good for the stomach and the lungs. We stood there, looking at all of it with the others, while some workers were laying the asphalt down and others were pouring sand over it and from time to time they would sprinkle it on the gawkers instead of on the asphalt.

This week the street is almost finished. But still a question arises as to what it is going to be called. Some say Ogrodowa Street, but that is impossible because there is an Ogrodowa already; others say that it will be Aleja Saska and this is more probable.

Either way, Ogrodowa or Saska, there will be a street, not a park. Chauffeurs should be happy because kids were harmed for their benefit.

Mietek S.

A SHIP TO FIGHT FLAWS

Friends!
I am seven years old. I am in the second grade. So far, I have had a lot of flaws. I liked to fight, I was gluttonous and a bit lazy. I have invented a great method to fight these flaws.

I have built a beautiful ship out of a table, chairs, walking sticks and flags. I have become its captain. I set out in my ship for a great journey. My flaws are my enemies.

I have binoculars. I sit in my ship and when I see the enemy I shout, “to arms!”

Today I have defeated laziness. When I sensed that the enemy is approaching, I immediately raised alarm, I grabbed a book and after fifteen minutes of reading – I had won.

My ship will be called “Victory.”

Kubuś
from Grudziądz

BRAIN TEASERS

TOURNAMENT PROBLEM NO. 7

4 points for the correct solution.

"So, gentlemen," said Henryk Ross, the president of a huge bank. "Leave me alone for 15 minutes. Go to the adjacent room, please, have a cigarette, and in the meantime, I will prepare the draft of the contract."

The five gentlemen, Mr. Ross' associates, got up from behind a big oval table. They were all more or less same age, about fifty years old. They had dissatisfied expressions and they looked at each other with aversion, or even hostility. There had been serious clashes between the associates for a long time already because they had completely different ideas about the management of the enterprise, and besides that, they had various grudges of financial nature against each other. Asked by the president, they all left the office, one letting another pass through the door.

The adjacent room was pleasantly dimmed. The associates offered each other cigarettes and talked about neutral things with gushing agitation and concealed dislike.

After half an hour, they started to look at their watches. Once another 15 minutes had passed, one of them knocked at the office door. As he didn't receive an answer, he knocked again, more loudly this time. Finally, a bit upset, he pressed the handle and without entering the office he let out a scream of terror. All the others jumped in behind him. A horrible sight appeared to the eyes of the associates. The corpse of Henryk Ross was sitting in the armchair at the desk in the same exact position in which they left him. He had a long sharp knife stuck in his back.

* * *

The investigator named Parson sighed quietly, whispered, "damn difficult case," and then asked the janitor to let in the first suspect – one of the associates of the murdered Ross. A moment later, Stefan Kroll entered the investigator's office, sat down on the chair which had been pointed out to him, and started to nervously drum his fingers on the desk.

"Please tell me, Mr... Mr. Kroll," the investigator started, "did the victim have enemies?"

"Hmm... as far as I know, he had a very gentle character," Kroll answered softly. "It seems to me he didn't have enemies."

"Well, and among his associates?"

"Indeed, there were clashes of financial nature between us, but I wouldn't say that there were hostile relations."

"Yes... Could you describe Ross's office to me?"

"It was quite a big room. With a table, a desk, several chairs, an armchair and paintings on the walls."

"How many doors and windows were there?"

"I think two windows, and doors... yes, there was only one door, the one leading to the room where we waited to be called by Mr. Ross."

"Was the window closed?"

"I don't remember exactly."

"Why did Mr. Ross ask you to leave?"

"He wanted to write a draft of the new contract."

"What were you doing in the adjacent room?"

"We smoked and talked."

Afterwards, Albert Stock gave his account. He described Ross's office in the following manner:

"It is a big room with two windows and one pair of doors. There is a table, a desk and chairs in there. One window was slightly open."

"Did you look at the knife stuck in the back of the victim?"

"I didn't pull it out of course, but I did notice that it was long and had a curved handle."

"Have you ever seen this knife before?"

"No, never."

"Please tell me, Mr. Stock, if anyone left the room in which you waited to be called by Ross?"

"No, sir. I am completely sure of that."

Afterwards, Józef Halski was interrogated and he said that there was one window in the victim's room, which he thought was closed. There was only one door.

"Did you have friendly relations with the victim?"

"Same as all the associates. I mean, we had strictly official relations between us."

"Which one of you knocked on the door of Ross's office?"

"I don't recall."

"What were you doing in the adjacent room?"

"As far as I remember I was standing near the window and smoking a cigarette."

"Was there one or two doors in Ross's room?" the investigator asked the next suspect, Andrzej Lent.

"One, as far as I could see."

"And windows?"

"It seems to me there were two."

"What were you doing in the room adjacent to the office?"

"We talked. I remember that I closed the door behind me and I lit a cigarette."

"On which floor did the victim live?"

"Third."

"Your name is... Jerzy Mirski?" the investigator asked the next associate he was interrogating. "Maybe you could tell me what was Ross's personality like?"

"He was quite calm, but in general he didn't have friends, because he was very dour and unkind. And he didn't like anyone either..."

"How many windows were there in his room?"

"I think there was one."

"You think or you're sure?"

"As far as I remember... surely, you've examined the scene?"

"This shouldn't be of your concern. And now, did you see the murder weapon?"

"Not closely. It is apparently a long knife with a curved handle."

"Yes... During these forty-five minutes or an hour when you were waiting to be called by Mr. Ross, did any of you leave the room? Think carefully."

"No, for sure no one left."

* * *

After the last suspect has left, investigator Parson swore loudly. At the same moment a young, but a very promising detective named Warner walked into the room. Seeing his friend's face, he asked:

"What's going on, buddy?"

"I have a case here, which I can't solve. Understand this: one of these five people had to kill him, and each one had reasons to do it, and yet they are all telling the truth, at least what they believe to be the truth, so they are all innocent. I am going crazy!"

Warner read the notes from the interrogations of the suspects without uttering one word. Afterwards he looked at his friend with a smile and said:

"Yes. You are right. They are all telling the truth. This is why I know who is the murderer. Read it carefully and you will know as well."

WHO WAS THE MURDERER AND WHAT LED WARNER TO HIS CONCLUSION?

THE DEADLINE FOR SENDING SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS NO. 7, 8 AND 9 IS THURSDAY NEXT WEEK.

FROM THE EDITORS OF BRAIN TEASERS SECTION

1) The division into brain teasers for children and for youth is for orientation purposes only, but in no way it should be an obstacle for solving all problems by everyone, regardless of their age. Therefore, readers who want to get the maximum number of points has to send solutions of all problems.

2) Solutions without exact first and last names, age, and address will not receive points. The obligation to send these details doesn't stop when sending subsequent solutions, even though the details were submitted earlier. You should always write your first and last name next to your pseudonym, and once chosen, a pseudonym has to be used throughout the entire tournament.

The editors will make exceptions and take into considerations the solutions of the first six tournament problems, in which the first name, last name or age of the participants were not supplied if these details are supplied in the next mail delivery, separately or together with the solutions of subsequent problems.

EDITORS' ANSWERS

WE WILL NOT USE THE WORKS SENT BY: S.E.L. (too easy), I. Gefen, Rudolf Berdyczewski (too known), Benjamin Gartenstein (not very inventive).

WE WILL USE the work by Mieczysław Szymonberg.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO TOURNAMENT PROBLEMS NO. 1, 2 AND 3 WERE SENT BY:

Mieczysław Akerajzen, Dawid Brandszter, Paweł Brejdborel (age not stated), Mojżesz Cukierman, Dawid Einhorn (age), Stanisław Eisenbarg, Jakób Fajersztein, Iza Frankensteinówna, Leopold Fruchtman, Michał Gelblum, Jerzy Gothelf, M. Goldin (first name and age), Dycia Goldgraberówna, Bolek Grambart (age), Tosia Helena Janowska, Włodzimierz Garblum, Jakób Kamień, Samuel Kwellner, Leon Majzel, Frydzia Mincerówna, Mietek Najburg, Mietek Oppenheim, Beniek Piernik, Rafael Rubinstein, Benjamin Sapir, Kuba S., Zdzisław Stattler, Nina Szyffe, Lejb Turkowicz, K. Tysobow (name and age), Heniek Urbach, Mirka Wajnberg, Rena Wajnberg, Janusz Weinstok (age), Ludwik Winawer, Janka Winkler, Hanna Zajfówna.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE 1ST TOURNAMENT PROBLEM WERE SENT BY:

Lila Amdurska, Rudolf Berdyczewski (age), Wolf Berensztein, Abram Blaufuks, Fryderyka Boćko, Mieczysław Chelemer, Wiktor Cygielman, Mieczysław Cygielsztrajch, S. Dajksel (first name), Es. E., Felicja Fajersztein, Hanka Fejginówna, Fredka Friede, H. Gąsiorówna (first name and age), L. Gejbard, W. Gejbfarb (first name), Ina Genachówna, Olek Gold, Adolf Goldstein, I. Gordon (first name), Dawid Greber (age), Fajwek Grundland, Krysia Grynglas, Zdzisław Gurko, I.D. Hamel (first name and age), D. Horowicz (name and age), Jadzia Kac,

B.K., Arnold Kleiner (age), Mojżesz Knopf, J. Kohnówna (first name), Marjan Lewenfisz (age), Sara Liberman, Kazimierz Lindenfeld, Ida London, Abram Lubart, Dorca Majerowicz, Stefan Mandl, Chaim Mirowski, Szmulek Mlynek, Moniek from Kowel (last name and age), Geda Mrozowicz, Reginka Nisenkorn, Mina Poznańska, Lew Prowalski, Estera R. (last name and age), Ruth Reichmanówna, Romek Rozen, I. Rozenbaum (first name and age), Bronisława Rozenberg, Ania Rozenrothówna, Fela Rozenweig, Hania Rytter, Bronisław Rzański, Marysia Serebriana, Seweryn Szafran, Lola Szejngros, Rachela Wajnsztein, Abram Waksman, Wanda Wiesenfeld (age), Saba Wiśnia (age), Jakób Zonenszajn, I. Żelazo (first name and age).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE 2ND TOURNAMENT PROBLEM WERE SENT BY:

Lila Amdurska, Fryderyka Boćko, Benjamin Gartenstein, Olek Gold, Dawid Greber (age), Fajwek Grundland, Krysia Hopengarten (age), Izio Kahanowicz, Marjan Lewenfisz (age), Abram Lubart, Irka Poznańska, Lew Prowalski, Heniek Rozenweig, Mirka Rzańska, Wanda Wiesenfeld (age), Saba Wiśnia (age), Ina Zyssermanówna.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE 3RD TOURNAMENT PROBLEM WERE SENT BY:

Hanka Fejginówna, Adolf Goldstein, Zdzisław Górko, Krysia Hopengarten (age), Izio Kahanowicz, Stefan Manel, Irka Poznańska, Heniek Rozenweig, T. Rozenblitówna, Mirka Rzańska.

There were 10 wrong solutions of the first tournament problem sent, 2 – of the second and 2 – of the third.

The list is not complete. It will be completed next week because some of the solutions arrived so late that we didn't have time to check them.

DISPUTING THE DIASPORA DILEMMA

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Certainly every teacher from Jewish elementary schools will confirm my words. And this is probably the most important reason for me due to which we need to give these children a school with Yiddish as the language of instruction.

I am far from underestimating the need, or even the necessity, of command of the Polish language. Quite the opposite, I consider it to be indispensable, but we have to understand that without adequate command of our own language,

without getting a feel for its linguistic subtleties, one can't master a foreign language. The best example of this are the alumni of our elementary schools, who don't actually speak either Polish or Yiddish well.

This is why we should get rid of this strange fear of Yiddish, this is why we should support Jewish culture and language, understanding that in this way we are increasing the level of all Jews, and together with it – the general level. We should also realize that in our efforts we are not alone; that we will get support from every sound-minded and reasonable person.

N. Budwicz

JOKES

POOR MAN

A lady with a tin for collecting money comes up to a rich man, who answers dryly:

"I have nothing."

"Please, then take some," the unruffled woman says. "I am collecting for the poor."

WHO IS STRONGER

"You know, I have a friend who can stop a running horse with his one hand."

"Good heavens! I know someone who can stop a speeding car with his one hand!"

"He must be a great strongman."

"No. He is a simple street policeman."

OFFICE BOY

The boss was in a bad mood that day. So when he entered the office and saw the office boy sitting at the door and reading a newspaper, he flew into a rage:

"What is the salary you get?"

"One hundred złoty per month."

"Here, take these three hundred złoty and get the hell out of here! This is a place for people who work!"

The boy put the money away and quickly left.

After a while the boss says to one of the clerks:

"Some employees we have here! Just a moment ago I fired one of these freeloaders!"

"Which one?"

"The one who was sitting at the door and reading a newspaper!"

"But boss, he wasn't an office boy from our office!"

DIFFICULT ANSWER

"Do you know what the toughest butcher in Warsaw weighs?"

"No! Tell me!"

"Meat."

APPETITE

A man comes to the director of the museum of curiosities to ask for a job.

"Couldn't you engage me as a phenomenon of voracity? I am able to

ABOUT PHILATELISTS

There are people who collect toy soldiers. There are also those who collect stamped postage stamps. Such people are called philatelists.

The most valuable stamp in the whole world is the so called "Blue Mauritius." This stamp cost 15 million złoty! All over the world, there are only five such stamps: one is in the possession of the National Museum in England, another – of a rich French philatelist, who has invested his entire fortune in it, the third stamp is owned by a company of eight American philatelists, the fourth – by the English king, the fifth is damaged and worth less than the others.

The English king is also the king of philatelists because he has the largest amount of the most valuable stamps. He has 5 million stamps, worth 2 million pounds sterling.

Currently there are many philatelists among children and youth. Some of my friends think that one who can call himself a true philatelist is someone who has at least 10,000 stamps. But they are wrong. Everyone who collects stamps is a philatelist.

My friends are convinced that none of the Polish stamps are worth as much as any lousy German or French stamp. They don't know that there are very rare, valuable Polish stamps. For instance, I have one Polish stamp which I would not give away even for two Abyssinian ones.

Collecting stamps is a very difficult thing for us because we have to buy almost all stamps and the sellers often cheat us. Another thing is that these sellers often don't have the expertise in stamps and make mistakes. For instance: I have bought Honduras for 3 groszy and a current Polish stamp also for 3 groszy from a certain seller.

In order to make collecting easier and to help each other, we should organize ourselves and introduce a philately section in the Little Review. Since older readers are silent, then maybe we should tackle this matter and ask everyone to send philately-related letters.

Ignas K., Jerzyk N.

consume 3 dozen eggs, 10 schnitzels and 15 mugs of beer in one sitting."

"All right, but we give two performances every evening. Will you be able to cope with that?"

"Yes."

"On Sundays we give four performances. Do you accept to sign the contract under these conditions?"

The candidate hesitated.

"Yes," he answered after a while.

"But with one reservation. I would have to get some time to go home for dinner."

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

WŁADYSŁAW BERG

NEW ARABESQUES ON AN OLD CANDLESTICK

Two silver lions stick their heads out from among the dense and tangles arabesques. Snake-like tongues of fire spit out of their wide-open mouths. One, two... Nine. The last day. The dreidel spins around, just to fall on the ground clumsily, with a tin letter shining in the light.

"I won!" Rysiek exclaimed.

So many words have been written about Chanukkah and about those who strenuously polish their copper, bronze and silver candlesticks just to make them shine with their full glory on that one evening of the year. About Josiek, who is occupied with playing with his dreidel. About Ruchla, street fruit peddler who always makes latkes for her kids on Chanukkah. Good and delicious latkes.

It also seems that many words were written about Leon, back in the day known as little Leib, returning from a party with his friends to his room on the fifth or seventh floor – but on Nowy Świat Street, ladies and gentlemen! Should we write about that for the tenth or the hundredth time? No. It is better to listen to the silence of December snow, falling down on the streets, to look at the flames of the Chanukkah menorah, red like old Jankiel's fox hat and tattered beard...

* * *

Reb Jankiel sits behind a table. His fox hat and thin white beard that was once red as fire can be seen above a yellowed piece of paper, which is as old as he is. He reckons that the book belonged to his father.

Ah, father!

Reb Jankiel tries to remember his face, his loving and good face. Only two such faces exist in the world, the one of one's mother and father. The most precious of all.

He cannot recall the images from the past. The lines are blurred and distorted, like a face covered with wrinkles – like his mother's, or like his own, now that he's almost eighty years old. Or like Moniek's in ten or so years...

Moniek... Why is he so distant and strange? He would never even recite the Kaddish for his father. But on the other hand, Moniek is a good man; after all, he provides for Jankiel from his modest salary as a locksmith's apprentice. What would Jankiel do without him? Ehh, such is the fate of an old man, difficult and hard.

Reb Jankiel tries to think about Moniek and the way he will recall him in years' time. A fox hat, thinning beard and wrinkles. A web of wrinkles, tangled into elaborate arabesques, like

those on the candlestick. Perhaps he will remember the Chanukkah menorah? Reb Jankiel still remembers how it used to dominate the table. The tablecloth used to be white like a field covered with December snow he saw later on, during the horrible night of the pogrom.

His father was a publican in the Mogilev Governorate. It was fifty, maybe sixty years ago. Rumors were spreading about a pogrom in the area. Black hundredists were roaming around, murdering, beating and robbing Jews. Or so they said...

The inn was already closed. Father, who was wearing a black skullcap, lit the oil in the lamps of the menorah. Young Jankiel, his mother and two sisters – Sara and Rachel, fifteen and eighteen years old – were sitting around the table when the last lamp was being lit. Suddenly, footsteps and some voices could be heard outside.

"Hey, open right now, you kike!"

Reb Jankiel's hands – dried out and wrinkled like an old piece of paper – are shaking. Once again, he is living the terrible night, the night of the pogrom.

* * *

The dreidel spins round and round. Once again it falls to its side, showing a shiny, curly letter.

"I won!" Rysiek exclaims in joy.

* * *

Heniek returns home from his university classes. He's in a hurry because it's the first day of Chanukkah and he still has to buy some candles. Two beautiful new dreidels are resting in his pocket – for Szlamek and Surcia. The garden is covered by white snow, resting on the branches of all the trees and bushes and creaking under the soles of his boots as he runs through. The dreidels rattle in his pocket.

"Why are the streets so dark? It's almost unpleasant to walk after dark. It's just two more blocks, five minutes at the drugstore and I will be back home. Szlamek and Surcia are probably waiting already..."

Szlamek is a fifth-grader in elementary school, where he's the best student. "Of course. He's my brother, after all!" Surcia has yet to go to school next autumn. She was supposed to start going to school this year, but they had no place for her. Next year, however, she will start right from the second grade, he will prepare her for that.

The thoughts are strangely calming... Szlamek, Surcia...

Suddenly, he heard a word, which hurt like an insult. "Hey, Jew!"

For a brief second, he saw all of them. Maybe ten or so boys in student caps, with massive wooden bats in their hands. A punch with brass knuckles knocked him out and he fell to the ground. Their boots broke his ribs and the sharp steel razors skillfully installed on the ends of the bats quickly disfigured soft flesh and a face deemed to be too Jewish.

The tin dreidels fell out of his pocket. Someone's heavy boot pushed them deep into snow.

"He's had enough! Let's go!"

The December snow was falling. Someone was passing by and noticed the lifeless body. The horrifying scream cut the silence of the night like a razor blade.

* * *

"Where is the fervor of Moses, who in a single day destroyed 23,000 idolaters today?" Screams Konrad von Marburg, a monk, preacher and inquisitor to this day.

The fervor had to once again be seen and felt, hundreds of stakes had to be lit and mastery in the art of tortures had to be reached.

"Where is the fervor of Moses...?"

* * *

If I was to write about Chanukkah today, I would not write – as in the past – about Hannah, the mother of seven sons, slain by the ruthless Antiochus.

Instead, I would write about another mother of two sons, an electrical engineer and a graduate of the School of Economics – both with their degrees, looking towards life with hope, but unable to find a job. One had to work for a pittance, fixing broken doorbells for the neighbors and another one polished the cobblestones on the streets of Warsaw, running from place to place looking for work. Both could not find any – but not because there was no work.

Very often, they were "almost hired," but when they had to hand in their resumes, it turned out that they have "impure birth certificates." Because their mother was named Fajga, and Icek was their father. The manager would tell them on the spot "I'm so sorry, but we already hired someone for this position." And the pointless search would start once again. All of that simply because they had no Aryan grandmother...

* * *

The pages of the Book of Maccabees slowly turn with quiet rustling. Outside, there is darkness, snow and wind... ■

CHANUKKAH-GELT FOR THE CHILDREN FROM THE ORPHANS' HOME

Soon, the windows of our homes will shine bright into the dark of the night and we will feel warm and cozy among our loved ones.

Some among us, however, will look towards the darkness of the street at night, and it will seem to be even darker than ever to those passing our windows, to all the children without families.

And their happiness will disappear like the blown-out flame of a candle. "I do not deserve it, I didn't earn it on my own." It was purely an accident that we did not lose our parents, that we are better off than someone else.

On this holiday, when we receive tokens of love and memory, we want to say to our less fortunate peers that even though we don't know them, we care about them and send them gifts, like we do to our loved ones.

Among the orphanages which are the dearest to us is the Orphans' Home on Krochmalna Street. There, the Little Review was brought to life in Dr. Korczak's office, the very first assemblies and press conferences were held there, it gave us our first correspondents, and every Saturday, new ones learned writing there.

The Orphans' Home gave us a lot of interesting material, starting from the reports written by the first literary collective – Harry and Maks, through a multitude of letters and short stories, to the journal titled "About a pine tree in a Jewish cemetery," published in this

year's Yom Kippur issue.

All of them belonged to the Useful Entertainment Club mentioned in the diary. The Club works for the benefit of the entire Home, offering physical and mental activities for all the children throughout the school year and the summer holidays, organizing games, tournaments and contests, theatrical plays, trips and excursions, buying toys, books, musical instruments and athletic equipment.

When we heard the news that the Useful Entertainment Club is in the worst trouble in the 17 years of its existence... Suffice it to say, they did not even have 5 zloty to purchase costumes for the actors participating in the Chanukkah play, so we thought that we – the readers of the Little Review – could repay some of the debt of gratitude to the Orphans' Home by helping its most active organization, which provides entertainment and cultural activities to all the children living there.

Therefore:

We offer our contribution – 50 zloty in total – to the Useful Entertainment Club, and we call upon all Little Review correspondent associations to start collecting funds for the Club as well. We are also calling upon all the readers to support our campaign and send donations for the general Chanukkah fund (The Little Review, Warsaw, No. 7 Nowolipki St., labelled "Chanukkah-Gelt for the children from the Orphans' Home").

The Group of Seven

A MEMORY

Chanukkah came as it does like in every year, bringing many happy memories with it.

I remember those happy and careless Chanukkah evenings, when father lit the candles and everyone in the family gave gifts to each other, when we played with the traditional dreidel or the timeless Old Maid and at the end we would all go to the cinema. The bright Chanukkah menorah, which was placed in the middle of the table symbolized a safe haven. I could listen to the stories of a Chanukkah miracle all day long. I was proud and happy.

Of course, there were some worse days, but when Chanukkah came, the happiness hiding deep in our hearts always erupted and livened up the house – and it was beautiful.

I always loved Chanukkah very much because my parents and other family members gave me gifts, but I did not believe in the miracle. I simply couldn't believe that the oil for one day could be enough for eight days. Sadly, soon I would be punished for my lack of faith.

Several years ago, Chanukkah came – as always – in December. The first three evenings weren't too joyful, but the fourth one was simply awful. A snowstorm started and without a single noise, white snow covered the ground. The wind kept blowing outside.

On that dark and terrible night, mom fell ill. We tiptoed around her, not caring about Chanukkah at all – our thoughts were only with her.

On the morning of the fourth day a doctor came and performed surgery. We were waiting in another room, motionless, whispering prayers for her survival in the dead silence of the house, not knowing about anything that was going on.

In the evening, father called us as always and lit the candles. He was sad, but he pretended to be happy for us. Suddenly, when he was lighting up the menorah, I thought "if all the candles burn for the same amount of time, mom will recover." And so, I started watching the candles slowly burn down.

Everyone left the table, but I stayed there. With shining eyes, I kept watching the colorful candles, praying to God for a miracle and thinking that I would believe in the miracle that happened hundreds of years ago, in the far-away lands of our ancestors...

The candles were burning down evenly, and not one of them burned faster than the others. I held my breath and kept looking at them. In an hour, all of them burned down and the flames disappeared at the same time.

I knew mom would recover and that I just witnessed a double miracle: I regained my mother and my faith.

D.G.

AN ATTACK ON HUMOR

A report from Sosnowiec:

"Recently, an unknown group of bombers, purportedly from under the banner of the Little Review, carried out a vicious attack on humor. The investigation is underway."

INTRODUCTION

If you simply cannot deal with it and want to voice your disapproval, please be soft about it (we are still a bunch of young lads and we can still improve).

Our only excuse is the fact that this chronicle was not written over the course of a single day, but during several meetings, sometimes in awful moods as well (like after reading the article titled "The Theatre of Fleas.")

Therefore, we would like to ask you to forgive us and read the article with faith in a better tomorrow. Man cannot live by bread alone.

Attention! Here we go!

1ST MEETING

For a week or so, every single sparrow on the rooftops of Sosnowiec kept chirping about the meeting of fledgling writers, future pillars of the Little Review, at Ludwik's freshly renovated residence. And indeed, it took place. On October 5th at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the organizer, scared to no end, rushed to the door like a gazelle and let the two future academics inside.

The three writers sat at the table among dead silence. Amidst the difficult efforts to muster up that first smile, they heard a silent scratching from the front door. They waited for long seconds, until they saw three girls, whose height justified the first word in our paper's title.

Soon, the unending streams of words coming from the mouths of our girls also swept the languid geniuses. After long deliberations regarding the future foundations of the great Sosnowiec circle, we came up with the following needs and requirements:

Socialists – need to be vocal about their opinions;

Revisionists – to maintain order;

Clericalists – to win over the favor of the heavens and censorship;

Zionists – to propose other motions;

Local beauties – for the interviews.

The meeting was finished, and we went home in solemn mood.

2ND MEETING

The second day came, and fish were swimming silently in the aquarium kept by the responsible correspondent. Suddenly, the calmness of their existence was disturbed by a sharp noise.

"For heaven's sake! One more meeting and the door will be busted," Ludwik muttered under his nose. The chairs shrank down in anticipation of strong emotions, and the meeting was joined by the literary team of Icek and Chaim. Soon after, the representatives of the intellectual elite from Sosnowiec burst into the room, as they say.

And the meeting was kicked off. Then, it was concluded. Between these two events, the following happened:

The interim correspondent kept running his mouth, presenting the proposed program of operations. The general Hanoar-revisionist-non-partisan-socialist silence was broken by some boring interruptions of the editorial committee, that is, the veterans who participated in the first meeting.

The elections for the secretary of the circle were conducted according to five-point electoral law and ended in an unequivocal victory of Halinka, a well-known and respected social activist.

The member dues were set at 5 groszy, which led to the immediate increase of the indicators observed by the Institute of Price and Market Trend Research, leading them to believe that the crisis would be over soon.

Icek started going off about his well-thought out theory about the attitude towards individuals and the other way around, and he would have probably continued discussing the inner workings of the world for ages, if he had not been interrupted by the ironic looks of Renia, the leader of the rebels. The fire in her eyes must have

been noticed by Zdzisiek, whose thick glasses usually made for an impervious shield, as he was clearly awoken from his daydreaming about the source of all existence. He looked with contempt at the other participants and – alluding to the majority of them – started speaking about the origin of men. His allusions had quite an effect on them, since the descendants of baboons started fighting with the descendants of large-headed capuchins (*Cebus fatuellus*). Upon seeing what was going to happen, the president decided to adjourn the meeting.

The fish in the fish tank could be heard sighing in relief.

3RD MEETING

Icek decided to deliberate about the Italian-Abyssinian front in front of the surprised audience. The room slowly started turning into a battlefield, with a strong stench of gases filling the air. When Icek finally finished his speech, Zdzisiek discreetly opened a window and with relief, he breathed in fresh air, which, sadly, was still filled with fascist fumes. Part of this was not due to the attack of the Italian army but rather due to Artek's sudden admission of support for revisionism, which was met with the complete silence. Because of that, Artek stood up and just said "Bagalili."

In response, the secretary asked for his dismissal. Her motion was carried unanimously with much happiness from every attendee.

The audience was taken aback by the appearance of an outstanding character, the top student of one of the middle schools in the region, who after coming to the meeting smiled with dignified irony and took the seat near the door, which belonged to him due to his position and seniority.

His protector – Tusia – afraid that he might discredit himself, encouraged him with a seducing yet castigating look to take the position of a secretary, combined with an honorary position of a treasurer. With immediate effect, the portfolio of shares for the topic mine was also given to him. The new official kept silent with a grace that amazed the entire auditorium.

However, let us move on to the content of the historic meeting. It was with deep

regret that Chaim read an All Saints' Day speech about Hala, our former secretary, who sadly is no longer with us. We will no longer speak of her here, as one should not talk badly about the dead.

When his mournful speech was getting to the end, Irka, an ethereal blonde girl knocked at the door and using the lock pick of a good motion opened the discussion about the purpose of the meeting, the agenda and our goals.

EDUCATIONAL EPILOGUE

The first meetings described above were the period of the difficulties and obstacles faced by us while creating the structures of our Sosnowiec correspondent club, and here we would like to end our description of our struggles.

Taking into account the educational purpose of this write-up, we would also like to draw attention of the initiators and organizers of literary circles to the various personae and types that they will have to face:

TYPES DANGEROUS

FOR THE ENVIRONMENT

All persons with murderous intent, dangerous to the peace and the room, the furniture and good mood are to be exterminated on sight, without mercy. First and foremost, you have to get rid of all the murderers of domestic and foreign poets – reciters, then fanatics willing to blow up the globe, as long as there is some place for their ideas. Finally, return the local Cleopatra to the street.

MILD TYPES

They don't believe in standing up to the evil, they don't really believe in standing up to anything. Moreover, they do not have any beliefs set in stone. They are perfect material for the members of a club or citizens of a country, as they always pay their dues on time.

PHILOSOPHICAL TYPES

The notion of philosopher means someone who loves learning, but in our circles, it also means someone who bores everyone to death with their headache-inducing tirades. They might do this with their lecture on physics titled "The Bottomless Pit of the Absolute and Its Impact on the Synthesis of Heavy Water

in Puddles," as well as using an untitled paper on sociology – but this time, the entire assembly will keep thinking about it. Some of them will title it "Marx in Paradise," others will claim that its title should be "Unemployment Seen Through Rose-Colored Glasses." Eventually, insulted that no one understood the complex yet subtle symbolism, they will propose calling it "Under a Green Lampshade." They can spend hours deliberating about why the page of the Little Review is divided into 5 columns instead of 6, or why the North Star is an extension of the Earth's axis of rotation instead of the Southern Cross.

ACTIVE TYPES

To act does not mean only doing a lot and running one's mouth as little as possible. Sometimes it might be quite the opposite. It is good when they only keep running their mouth and do nothing. They'll keep yapping and then they will go home. Until the next meeting, they will sit still in their burrows, feeling safe because they know that no one will come to get any articles from them. It is much worse when they do not respect any breaks and keep trying to make their slogans a reality. For example, Tusia constantly requests slavery in Eritrea to be abolished and she wants our group to be a matriarchy. Naftali is much worse in that regard, as he asks for the creation of 30 committees for 15 members, so that everyone may do some social work.

The worst type attending the meetings of a literary group are the writers. They come – pale, absent-minded – they sit somewhere in the corner and wait for an opportunity to present their writing. They would only read and talk about literature all day long. They aren't fit for fun or sports, nor will they ever conform to any agenda.

Throw away all of those pesky types and you will have a proper club or association – with agendas and a book of reports. Everyone will pay their due of 5 groszy and everybody will always arrive on time. You will buy green fabric, a bell and a carafe, and then you will have your peace and silence. Only the fish in the tank will die looking at you.

The Sosnowiec Group

LUSIA from Człuchowa

FOOTSTEPS

Now he had enough time. He could sit, stretched comfortably on a chair next to the constantly leaking faucet, close his eyes and think about anything he wanted to think about. No one could forbid him from doing so. Tenants walked around in the kitchen, Miss Bergman kept coming with her bucket to get some water, but she did not mind Hubert sitting there.

Hubert! His father used to have some lordly fantasies. "A leaseholder from a Galician village, who made a pretty penny on military transports, bought a manor, became more sophisticated, lost his wealth and then made the comfortable decision to die, leaving a widowed wife with a child with aristocratic name," Hubert's embittered thoughts kept revolving around him.

He remembered his father's short and furry coats, as well as his tall horse-riding shoes, he remembered the smell of the great dining room (the smell of liquors and cigars), noisy meetings, the smell of perfumes, the beautiful lady and his mother's tears...

At least his childhood was care-free... Until a certain point, at least

He shuddered – and once again, he was just five years old and was sitting on the steps of the veranda. Next to him was a suitcase, decorated with numerous colorful stickers. Somewhere behind him, he heard two voices: one belonged to a man, who kept screaming at the top of his lungs, and the other, softer one... That one belonged to his mother. The smell of the garden was intense, since the grass was still wet from the rain. Ajax was lying just below his feet on the same stairs, his fur glistening from all the water on it.

His mother stood behind him,

"Darling, you can't just sit here on the stairs," she said and kissed him. Andrzej took the chest, threw it over his left shoulder and went to the gate among the wet peonies. Mother put him back on the step and went after Andrzej, looking back at him when she was at the gate.

He sat on the step and looked after her – until she disappeared. After that, he sat there for a long time, looking at the traces on the muddy path – shallow footprints, slowly filling up with water, leading to the gate. He ran

along the traces, splashing the water around. Suddenly, he stopped, grabbed a blood-red peony flower and tore it to pieces. After that, Miss Melanja came to fetch him.

"But mother returned from staying with her parents when the other lady left... She should not have come back. And father – after they moved to the city – decided to go to the Alps. He just had to have an aristocratic death," Hubert thought with bitter satisfaction.

But his mother stayed with him – oh, how she had changed! Of course she did, working as a tailor is not really beneficial to anyone, especially to someone who was not used to working at all.

Miss Bergman came again, this time with a kettle, and she sprayed water all over Hubert. Fearfully, she apologized and quickly disappeared. He just grunted in return, he was already focused on yet another vision.

He was in 6th grade, she was in 7th. Her name was Pola, but she called herself Lili and told him to call her that, too. And so he did. She had thick black hair and she styled it differently on each day. Her eyes were dark and she had a swarthy complexion, even though he was and very slender. And how she danced... Her body could bend in the

most unimaginable ways... In the winter, she wore a black fur... Hubert once knew what it was called.

She liked him very much, especially his name. She would walk with him and keep saying "Hubert... Hubert..." She also often said that he must have had a Swede in his family because he looked like a "Nordic hero," so she called him a "fair-haired Viking."

"Yes, I used to be pretty back then," Hubert thinks and imagines his scarred face and cleanly shaven hair, comparing it to Hubert from the days of old. "A boy should not think about his beauty," he remembered what Basia said once...

Yes, but Basia was ugly herself and anyway, she was far too smart for a girl.

It happened in the city. She said goodbye, as she always did. Hubert stood behind the curtain in the window and observed. There were clearly visible foot prints in the snow, from afar they seemed to be almost blue.

Then he remembered that once in a time he stood like that, boundlessly sad, looking at the traces of happiness that left – and will never come back. Mother returned, but at that point Hubert was different, and so was she.

The door opened silently and Henio walked into the kitchen. He stopped next to Hubert, put his little hand on Hubert's knee and asked him:

"Could you explain Latin to me? Please! I'm going to have an exam tomorrow!" And Hubert started explaining him the secrets of cum causal clauses and why the conjunctive was used in a sentence about Caesar.

They finished and Heniek left.

Latin... Sure, that was one of his fortes in middle school. How did it end? One could never know. He used to be so calm and confident. After all, he could fail one subject during the final exam. But he failed history. He. Failed history. That's almost comical!

Just a day before, his uncle promised to hire him for an apprenticeship, saying, "Well, if you pass the exam, I'll make you my apprentice." But first he had to pass the exam, which he didn't do. Because he failed history.

He still remembers that June. The white walls of his middle school were blindingly bright and the air moved due to excessive heat. He stood with others at the end of a yellow rectangle – the pitch. Miss Madejska came towards them along the edge of sand. She told him about his defeat. After that, she went back through the pitch – tiny, black and hunched. Everyone kept looking at her, at her too-high heels getting stuck in the sand like giant black worms. Finally, they heard the front door squeaking and she disappeared in the darkness.

THE LAW AND THE CHILDREN

A “juvenile detention center” will replace prison for youth. A perpetrator aged 13-17 who was aware of the gravity of their act at the moment of committing a crime will be now sentenced for a detention center.

Unlike adult criminals, who are usually sentenced for a year, six months or several years in prison, youth courts sentence young criminals to a detention center without specifying the duration of the sentence. It is actually unnecessary, since the penal code states that one stays in a detention center until 21 years of age, or as Janek’s mother wanted it to be, until one is eligible to be drafted for the military.

The courts have rather significant discretion regarding minors. The judge may order the use of so-called educational measures and leave the young criminal under the supervision of their parents or legal guardians. The judge may also suspend the sentence for some amount of time, for example two years. During that time, educational measures are applied. If during that time, the behavior of the minor was on point and the sentence was not activated, it is considered non-existent.

Therefore, the court may give a young criminal many chances to improve their behavior and expunge – at least formally – the traces of their criminal act. It has to be admitted that the courts usually use the discretion. However, even the best will of the judge does nothing when the conditions and circumstances push poor children in the cities towards crime.

The judge summons Józek. An old, hunched worker with a sad look on his face stands before the court.

“He doesn’t live with me,” he tells her.

“So, where is he then?”

“I don’t know. Probably hanging around somewhere. I haven’t seen him

since April, when he stole my coat, my jacket, watch and some money.”

“Why does he keep running away? Is this caused by poor conditions at home?” She already knew Józek from several court cases she had presided over.

His father was silent, instead he only shrugged. The environment inquiry in the documents left little doubts, 9 people from two families living in a single room in the basement. No mother, the father is unemployed. Three younger siblings. That is a clear answer to the question.

Running away is pretty common. They keep running away from stuffy small rooms they are forced to live in, from fights between people living in poverty, from the fists and belts of their constantly angry and gloomy parents, from hunger they have to try and cheat with a bowl of dry potatoes. They know that “it’s bad everywhere, but it’s the worst at home.” Leaving them under the “responsible supervision” of their parents or guardians does not change the situation of a young criminal. Most probably they are still going to run away and live as they used to live.

We need to be honest with ourselves. Most of them don’t have any real supervision or care at all. Sometimes facts brought forth in youth court prove that they don’t even have formal caregivers, required by law.

Franek, 15 years old, wrongfully accused of stealing a bike came to the court with his 20-year-old sister, working as a clerk.

“We don’t have parents” she explained. “I’m the guardian. I’m 20 years old.”

“It is hard to call an underage girl a guardian,” the judge replied. “Who lives with you?”

“No one, we live alone.”

“What does Franek do?”

“He finished elementary school,

currently he is on an apprenticeship in the same office where I am working.”

“When did your parents die?”

“Mom died six years ago, dad followed her two years later.”

“Did they leave you anything?”

“Just furniture.”

A sixteen-year-old girl and eleven-year-old boy were left alone in the world. The sister took care of her brother, provided for him from her measly salary and after he graduated from elementary school, she found him a job. According to the law, however, neither she nor her brother have any legal guardian, because a guardian needs to be an adult. If their parents left any property, it is quite certain that there would be a guardian because someone needs to take care of the estate, it could not simply go to waste. Unlike people, who can and do because rarely anyone cares.

Defendants who are over 17 years old are tried by courts for adults instead of youth courts, and they are punished according to the penal code, which means they might pay a fine, they might be arrested, imprisoned or even executed.

There are many illiterate people in youth courts. Usually the young criminals attended schools, but they stopped going at some point because “they were needed at home” or “their parents were moving” or they simply stopped learning because there was no money for books or even for shoes, just like in the case of a boy who came to the court with bare feet. He was already in the 2nd grade and he could read, but he forgot everything – even letters.

Those who ended up in orphanages are the luckiest ones. As long as life has not yet demoralized them to the very core, one may have hope that they will return to the society instead of their former life of crime.

N.E.

Blinded, Hubert kept looking at her footprints left in the sand. They led from him to the door, behind which his fate has already been decided. His eyes started getting watery – from the sun, obviously – and he kept looking at the thin line of dark yellow holes in the light-yellow surface. “A traveler,” he thought pointlessly, “who was left for death by his friends looks at the footprints of the last one who left with the remaining water.” And now he was there, sentenced to a lonely death of thirst.

He hunched over a tap, ran some cold water and pressed his lips to the icy spout. He drank some and sighed. That’s what it looked like.

Eventually, he was satisfied. What else can one expect from life? We are brought into this world against our will, we die when we do, not when we want it either. Not everyone can tailor and measure the short piece of time they have to be happy with their lives. “I cannot do that,” Hubert thought with despair and smiled bitterly.

People are lonely. They can only delude themselves that benevolent powers will listen to their prayers and that friendly people will give them a hand...

“I’m a madman,” he suddenly said out loud and started laughing. “I haven’t lost anything yet. I’m still young and I can be whomever I want. Maybe I can’t

change the external circumstances, but I can be what I want to be!”

He spat into the sink, which gave him a sense of moral satisfaction, stood up, took off his jacket, grabbed a small basket, poured some water into a bowl and started peeling potatoes, singing something under his nose.

“Why did I always see happiness when it was already gone, never when it first appeared? Now I’m going to finally see happiness... And notice it before it leaves footprints in the sand. I’m not the only one who has no job, no money and no girlfriend. There are also many lonely girls out there. I’m still young, strong and thirsty for victory... Damn!”

Red and young blood started flowing from his finger across the blade and the drops started falling into the peels. Hubert smiled with content. The blood stopped dripping, but there was still a mark on the blade – a trace of a young man’s blood, which announced the happiness he finally decided to strive for.

When he thought about it in the past, he saw the unknown and most beautiful landscapes, afternoon sun, palms, azure sea, sometimes even boundless snowy plains basking in the lights of the auroras, tall mountains or a path leading to nowhere among the forests and fields of wheat... But ultimately, he did not find happiness among the

vast open spaces. He found it in a tiny kitchen, among the most mundane things. Not on a mountain trail, but in a confined space between the stove and the kitchen sink, between the cupboard and a coal box. Not in a cheering crowd, but in solitude, interrupted by people who needed him.

“After all, there is no happiness outside ourselves, somewhere in the world. It’s all inside us. Not somewhere in the future but now, not in a picturesque, postcard-like world, but here and now in everyday life, in common situations. We carry the most beautiful worlds in our souls,” Hubert thought, firing up the stove to cook the potatoes.

Fire consumed the wood like it always did, even in the darkness of pre-historic caves and it burned exactly the same as it does in every place around the world. It was started by one of the inhabitants of this planet, floating in vast and undiscovered space among worlds unknown...

The sacred mystery of the fire connected him with all the people in the world – the living and the dead, whose bones were turned into dust centuries ago and mixed with soil, which is the same everywhere.

He sat by the fire, connected with the universe, and looked at the pot, lovingly embraced by the blood-red fire. ■

A STORY OF A NIBBLED ERASER

Some days ago, when I was going through my things, looking for something I needed, I found a small box with a small and slightly nibbled eraser, a small magnifying glass and a round pencil sharpener. I held the treasures in my hand and looked at them from every side. Suddenly, I felt strange regret and my cheeks were burning. I remembered everything as if it happened yesterday.

I was only six years old. After our father died, we moved to a small, narrow street and had a small, narrow room. My older siblings went to school, mother worked to provide for us all, while me and my younger sister weren’t attending school or working.

I remember a small drugstore. I would often go there to buy soap and naphtha and when mother did laundry, she would send me for chlorine and starch. On the way, I would keep saying to myself “fifty grams of chlorine and 2 groszy change, fifty grams of chlorine...” all the way to the store. After arriving at the store, when I was about to say what I came for, I kept forgetting. Maybe it was because of those beautiful angels which smiled at me, or maybe it was due to the silver and gold stars, shining beautifully... I don’t know. But I always came back home crying or I returned with bleach instead of chlorine.

One day, when I went there to buy naphtha, I saw two large white erasers, very nice ones. I looked at them once, then looked again. “What if I just took them?” I thought to myself. “No, how could you? You can’t! It’s not yours!” But I needed an eraser. When I drew, I made an eraser out of bread and used that. And here... I could have a real one! “Don’t you dare! Don’t do it!”

“Sir, could you hurry up, please?” I asked the clerk.

But of course, more and more people came into the store, and he was serving them first. It was obvious, adults were in hurry, while I could wait. I kept looking at the erasers. Oh, the tall man almost stepped on one of them. Finally, I picked one up. “It’s enough, don’t take another one!” But he could step on the other one, and it would be a pity. I picked them both and looked at them. “I could return them to the clerk” I thought. I could tell him I found them on the floor and he would give them to me because they are almost worthless for him. I quietly asked:

“Sir...?”

“What, what! You already have your naphtha, come on, get out little girl, there’s a lot of people here, you see. Go on!”

And so, I left with the erasers.

I felt that I wasn’t fair, but after all...

I ran home and immediately got to work. I kept drawing with my pencil and erasing it immediately with both erasers.

“Niusia!” I called my sister. “Do you want one?”

And we kept playing in silence all day long.

In the evening, when my mother asked me about the erasers, I told her that I found them on the street.

“But there’s a drugstore nearby, I might go there and ask him if they are not his,” she proposed. I held my little treasures close to my heart so that she wouldn’t take them.

“But it was far away from the store, I’m sure someone just lost them!”

She did not insist. Soon after, I forgot how I got them, I even forgot about them at all. I just tossed them into

a drawer. But that’s not the end. That was just the beginning.

I had a friend, her name was Edzia and we shared the same backyard. I would often go and play with her. She had a nice magnifying glass. When you looked through it, everything became big, huge and enormous, even the smallest of things, which were almost invisible to the naked eye, became visible when looked at through that glass.

“Oh, if only I had such a glass” I thought. “I could look at my room from one end to the other and it would for once be enormous!”

Apart from that, Edzia had a pencil sharpener, not a typical one, but a round one. A beautiful, round pencil sharpener. When Edzia let me sharpen my pencils, colorful wooden shavings would fall out of it, almost like lace.

I liked this pencil sharpener very much and I kept asking Edzia to show me those things. She gave them to me then, and I kept dreaming about getting my hands on such treasures one day, looking at them from every side.

One day, when everyone was busy at Edzia’s home and Edzia was cleaning, I looked under the wardrobe and saw the two beauties I wanted next to each other.

“Oh God!” I thought. “Such beautiful things just lying there, left under the wardrobe? It would be much better for them if they were with me.”

Soon after, without any second thoughts I just grabbed them and put them in my pocket. I went back home, but this time I didn’t show my new treasures to anyone. As soon as I entered the house, I heard my mom talking.

“Did you hear it already? Łaja’s daughter stole bread from the bakery again. Of course, it’s her mother’s fault, she should’ve taught her better after the first time...” Suddenly, the pencil sharpener and the glass felt heavy in my pocket.

That was not the end of it. It’s true, the box that I found holds only those three small treasures, but I remember many other things that I stole.

It all ended with cherries. Normal, typical cherries, some of them rotten. They were all in a basket, and the basket was at a “fruit store.” The boys from our street kept watching the basket. Not that they did not like it, quite to the contrary!

“If only we could grab it...” they kept discussing that idea with each other. One day, Mietek said, “Listen, we’ll be waiting here, just go and grab some. Nothing’s gonna come out of it!”

I did as I was told. Moniek took all the cherries from me and ran away to share with his friends and I was left with nothing... However, after an hour the store owner came to my mother and told her everything.

There was a row. I cried. Mom paid for the cherries. But the worst that came out of this was the words of my mother: “So the erasers and everything else... My child, you need to understand...” Her voice was shaking as he was talking to me. The dusk came and she was still talking. How painful it all was to her!

And that was the end of it.

Now, when I remember my petty thefts I think about the others. Fajga from my backyard steals to this day. Josek does exactly the same. I don’t know, maybe I would do exactly the same. But I have a mother. A wise one, good and understanding. They have no one in the world.

Rysia G.

A LETTER FROM EIN HAROD TO THE CHILDREN FROM THE ORPHANS' HOME

My Dears!

When someone goes to Palestine, some dumb people think that "he's going to ride his bike in a hat all day long like Izaak, swim in the sea two or three times a day and eat oranges and grapes instead of pea soup and potatoes." I don't know what the whole of Palestine looks like because I live in a village of Ein Harod, but we also have a bell that wakes us up in the morning, just like there. In the winter, it is also dark in the morning and many people – like there – find it difficult to get up for work. We also have bells at school, bells calling us for meals and to work, as well as bells ending the work for adults. And the everyday schedule looks like the one in our hard-working village. The adults have some free time in the evenings during the week and one free day, children have it no better than you do.

They have even fewer holidays than you do, so they make up various celebrations and special days, according to our calendar. Only here, on Labor Day or Kitchen Day we hang a special board and get some sweets, and here... Just read about the celebrations we had here this week.

The first celebration was to commemorate the birth of a lamb.

The school and kindergarten have a small barn, and the first sheep they raised gave birth to this lamb. The mother's name is Chumka because she has some brown patches and "brown" in Hebrew is "chum." The little lamb also has some brown patches. Our Chumka doesn't really know that she's named like that because she doesn't like to wash her hands and they are often brown, as if they were slightly tanned.

The celebration brought together 140 children from the school and the kindergarten. They sang every single song about sheep and shepherds. One boy from 5th grade recalled his

memories from Chumka's childhood, when he himself was still young and had just started 1st grade. He was speaking very quickly, but everyone understood. Another boy told us everything about the day he learnt about the birth of the lamb in the morning, who saw it first, what it eats and so on. An older boy from the 7th grade played a sad song on his harmonica, as if he was a shepherd grazing his flock.

As you can see, only boys took part in the celebrations. Maybe it was because it had to be organized quickly, without rehearsals, preparations and without... sulking.

After that, they brought a cup... Not an enormous and amazing one, like the Gordon Bennett Cup, but a smaller one. A little cup of sorts. The prize was awarded to the school in Ein Harod not for athletic exploits, but for honest, patient work in the school garden. I saw the first such award given to children by the National Agriculture Association, which visited school gardens in the whole country. The teacher, who handed the cup gave a short speech, which can be summed up as "work hard and do your best, not just for the award."

On another day, we celebrated Zerubawel. If someone read the Little Review nine years ago, they probably still remember those little poems translated from a children's paper from Ein Harod. The poems were the first pieces written by Zerubawel when he was 10 or 12. Now, his first book of poetry has finally been released and one evening, we sat together reading, singing and reciting his poems, discussing his poetry, even criticizing it a bit, but it was all in good faith, as if he was one of us. This celebration went on until 1 o'clock at night, and three hours later, the poet had to wake up for his kitchen duty to serve us breakfast in a working sweatshirt.

We grownups eat in a large hall for 500 people, and if we squeeze together, we could possibly accommodate even more guests. Schoolchildren, kindergarteners and younger children eat in separate mess halls.

The days are still hot, but the difference between day and night might be as high as 20 degrees and it might get really cold. The flies keep pestering us and one quickly realizes that the old saying does not lie, they may be nothing, but they do create loathsomeness. All the time, we see flocks of birds arriving from your country for winter – to "warmer countries," as you learnt at school.

We had several rains already and there will certainly be more of them. After rain, the streets are so muddy that small children are forbidden to leave their homes, but it is unlike the mud in Warsaw, Goclaw or any other village in Europe.

The village is large, if you try to go from school to the sawmill or the poultry house, from your home to the factory, the barn or the library, you keep getting stuck in the mud like in quicksand. The mud gets stuck to your shoes, layer after layer, you carry more and more until it's difficult to walk. Then, when you finally get home, there's so much mud that you can't even get inside. And you should not even try wearing anything other than heavy boots.

Thus, it's not worth cleaning your boots before the sun appears again. In the rainy season, this is quite a rare occurrence, so you rarely see people clean their boots, like Baja, Chaim and many people of the second category like to do. Too bad that we don't have Edek and his camera, so he could photograph the cleaning process. It is a long and tiresome work. You have to get some shoe polish and a cloth. First you clean the soles and heels with a knife, then you clean them with a wet cloth and a brush. It's a long and arduous process,

so the older and more experienced people give advice to the less experienced ones and boast about their efficient methods. Many people wear boots made of rubber.

The mud is different, but the soil is different as well. I still remember large stones on fallow land six years ago. Now we have an orchard there, with fruit-bearing grapefruit trees.

But before we got any fruit, we had to care for the trees for six years, water them and feed them. Just look at how much we actually had to water them: for the first three months, you have to water them three times a day. Not a single row or a pot, but entire orchards, thousands of orange trees watered three times a day so that they don't wither. Then, for another three months you have to water every tree once a day, then six months of watering them once a week, then it's just once every three weeks, but you have to spend a lot of water on each tree. Currently, we can eat all the "waste" fruit – basically, fruit

with any damage because we cannot ship any blemished or damaged fruit to Europe or anywhere in the world.

At the end of my letter, I would like to thank you for clothes for the doll. It turned out that it's too difficult for the kindergarteners to dress it up, but the children in 2nd and 3rd grades had so much fun, that only after a while they begrudgingly gave it up to our first-graders. They love Mindla's pajamas, all kinds of aprons, caps, dresses and garters the most. Even boys from 2nd and 3rd grade are eager to dress it up and ask you – what clothes are you wearing? The duvet has to remain in storage until they make a bed at the sawmill. They are happy with everything they got and keep looking through it all the time. They only don't really like Binem's hat because it's for "g'veret" (a lady).

Instead of wasting your strength for clapping, better use it for writing to me, if you'd like!

Stefa W.

CORRESPONDENTS' ASSOCIATIONS AND REPORTERS OF THE LITTLE REVIEW IN THE PROVINCE

BIAŁYSTOK: Wienio Zabłudowski, 5 Polna St., Apt. 1

CZĘSTOCHOWA: Bronisław Wien, 28 II Avenue

KATOWICE: Jakób Poliszuk, 17 Jordana St., Apt. 5

KOWEL: Maksymiljan Horowitz, 11 Wojskowa St.

KRAKOW: Lew Landau, 17 Batorego St.

ŁÓDŹ: Regina Kwiatkowska, 51 Główna St., Apt. 4

OTWOCK: Szlamek Kurcbard, 27 Warszawska St., Apt. 2

RADOM: B. Chmielarz, 100 Słowackiego St.

SOSNOWIEC: Ludwik Rajchman, 5 Stara St.

VILNIUS: Bela Kinkulkinówna, 17 Wielka Pohulanka.

ZAMOŚĆ: Dorka Goldgraberówna, 18 Piłsudskiego Ave.

Readers who want to collaborate with the Little Review may contact a local reporter from their cities.

A CHANUKKAH PARTY AT "MACCABI"

On Sunday, December 22nd, a Chanukkah party with small gifts and surprises for children will be held at "Maccabi" (2a Nalewki St.) Admission to the event is free, cloak room is paid.

A NOVEL BY DYCIA FROM ZAMOŚĆ

THE BICYCLE

I'm finally submitting my novel. I wrote it from June until today. I wanted to drop it twice, because I couldn't bring myself to finish it. I took a break from writing instead and then it all went swimmingly.

The worst part of writing is actually copying the finished work. My hands hurt and no one wants to help me. Everyone has something else to do.

I wrote "The Bicycle" in order to try my hand at writing a proper novel. I wanted to finish off Kazio twice, but I would have to put Cesio and Romek in a juvenile detention center and that topic would be more than I could handle. Moreover I have no idea what a juvenile detention center looks like from the inside. I heard it's bad, but that's not enough knowledge to actually write about it.

The novel mostly covers some details from my brother's life (he would kill me if he'd known I wrote a novel about him), as well as many made-up stories and even some moments from my own life.

Currently I want to take a short break and then get back to work. Please, be honest with me – is the novel any good?

It would make me sad to know that all the effort was in vain, but I'd rather hear the truth.

If you find any mistakes or errors, please forgive me – I have been horrible at writing recently.

CHAPTER 1 – SUMMER

Three children – two sisters and their younger brother – were sitting at the table in a small flat on the suburbs of an insignificant city somewhere. They were playing Sixty-Six, a card game they learned just a day before, and had been playing since early in the morning. Their breakfast was still on the table, untouched, and they simply kept staring at their cards.

Through the window, they could see bright red poppy flowers and proud sunflowers, but on that day, they could not care less about all of that. They just sat there, counting their cards, like caricatures of adults.

The room was silent. Suddenly, Kazik spotted Ewa cheating and smacked her in the face.

"You pig! I don't want to play with you anymore!"

"No, you're a pig! Come on, Fela, let's play some stones."

The boy left, offended. He regretted calling his sisters a pig, but her cheating offended him even more. "She's so bad," he thought. "I know, I'm going to go and swim in the river." After a moment, he already had his swimming trunks on and he was running through the neighboring backyard and a meadow to the river. The beach was packed with people – elderly, adults and children.

Some workers egged him on.

"Hey, idiot! Don't go swimming, you will drown!" He decided to ignore them and jumped in for five minutes.

"It's great thing, that river... If only I could swim. Today the boys from the town are going to come and find out that I can't..." After a moment, he came up with another idea. He noticed his cousin and another friend swimming nearby, so he decided to bet who is going to hold his breath for longer underwater.

The idea was accepted and the three boys dove in the water in a second. After a second, Kazik raised his head above water and laughs silently, looking at the two fools. As soon as he noticed his cousin's head moving, he dove again. The boys were amazed, seeing him underwater after they resurfaced. "He's so good," they thought, giving up their three uniform buttons and a piece of wire, which would become a fishing rod.

CHAPTER 2 – FISHING

For a whole week, Kazik was spending time with the son of Chana the gardener, making a fishing rod. First, they went to the forest and brought a bundle of sticks with them. After preparing and washing them, they finally chose one thin one to use.

After that, they started stealing corks and bottles. Despite their best intentions, they couldn't find any that would work and they had to buy a special large one. After working for a week, the fishing rod was finally ready to go. The sisters started to gather worms and catch flies, and finally Kazik went fishing like a hero.

He left home at 6 in the morning and returned at 10 in the evening, but in a far worse shape.

Hairs torn from the top of his head, scratched face, swollen nose... But he had two totally real fish sticking out from his pocket, as big as his pinky finger.

He told everyone that the fishing went swimmingly, but on the way home, a pack of local village boys jumped him and stole his enormous carp, despite his protests.

"But that's nothing, I had my revenge and two of them returned home with a black eye!"

"How could it be?" Ewa asked. "Two boys with just one eye?"

"Oh, you're so stupid... Don't talk if you don't understand what's it all about." And he didn't want to talk anymore.

CHAPTER 3 – JIGSAW

"Mommy, if only I had a jigsaw, I would be nice and I would never be mean to anyone." After some pestering, mom finally agreed and one day her son returned from the town with a jigsaw and some blades. He went to get some plywood right away. He spent one zloty, claiming that he was going to get it back and make a profit as soon as he manages to cut some picture frames.

He started spending days on drawing fanciful patterns and then cutting them out. The sisters looked at his efforts with awestruck interest, but soon after they got bored with looking at him doing nothing, so they left him alone and went to the garden to watch beans grow.

Nothing tastes like young, fresh fava beans, eaten uncooked with potatoes so that mommy doesn't notice, otherwise she would get angry at them and beat them for that.

After several days, Kazik had many frames of various sizes, and they were truly beautiful. Out of sheer happiness he allowed his sisters to clean them up with sandpaper, which they did with diligence.

During the summer holidays, the house slowly filled up with picture frames, some of which are still hanging in the kitchen and the hall – the rest disappeared in mysterious circumstances. (TBC)

DOMESTIC NEWS

POLITICAL UPSET

The cabinet of Prime Minister Felek tendered its resignation. During a general assembly, Felek announced that he had spent several years working for the benefit of the class and now he wants to take a break.

The next day, Romek, the minister of education, asked the new Prime Minister Adek for a permission to organize a class meeting regarding the activities in the recreation room.

"No one's asking you for that! I'll call a meeting when I feel like it," said the new prime minister.

He quickly started ruling with an iron fist. The class was unhappy, but no one dared to speak up against the new tyrant lest our Mussolini cull all dissent by force. He ruled on his own, without asking any of the appointed ministers for approval. He conducted activities in the recreation room without the consent of the minister of education, published a paper without approval from the commissaries, he cleaned the classroom on his own and collected waste without the help of the ministry of interior.

Eventually, the cabinet rebelled and accused the new prime minister of being in a breach of section 13 of the constitution, which says that the leader controls the work of the committees, but does not act on their own.

After a rather violent meeting, the prime minister was forced to make a vow that he was not going to diminish the rights of the cabinet and that he would remain faithful to democracy. The political upset was thus brought to an end.

Arje from Białystok

WET

The wind started bending the trees. Then, lightning struck somewhere and the rain started drumming on the roof. The tunnel was quickly transformed into a river which was impossible to cross. The residents of Otwock closed their windows and looked outside as if they were in a besieged fortress.

After that storm, only the pine trees did not change along with the rest of the world. Acacia leaves littered the puddles and withered twigs pointed towards the sky like bayonets. Soon, the first snow of this year started falling. For an hour, it painted the roofs and streets white, and then we once again saw rain crying from the sky, along with children, who missed the snow already. And then we had a storm of exams. Bad grades were raining down... A week of crying and natural disasters.

In order to cheer everybody up, "Piccolo" organized a "Funny Otwock" gala at the casino and invited a theatre group from Ukraine. The hall was heated up only by the warmth of the Ukrainian melodies played on stage. Everyone was amazed and thrilled by their words and songs straight from their hearts. Only one man was unhappy. On that day, he read a column with the report from the court case of the assassins of the late Minister Pieracki. Right after that, he saw the poster advertising the Ukrainian show at the casino. "What a disgrace!" he exclaimed and rushed there. During the show, he stood up and started telling everyone to leave the casino. Some people actually stood up, others kept sitting down, visibly unhappy with the situation. Only after

a moment the casino owner explained the angry patriot that there are many Ukrainians in the world and that the whole nation cannot be held responsible for the crime committed by a single organization.

There was one bright evening and it got dark again. Everybody knew the confectionery ran by Mr. Łopata, the one with a brightly lit window on Warszawska Street, on the opposite from the train station. A car came and took it away. The light was turned off, the lively discussions and arguments about marzipan mushrooms went silent. The end. Łopata is no more.

The silence is painful. But what is that? Sirens somewhere in the city. "Fire!" "Where?" "In the city center, a petrol explosion." The Jewish merchants lost thousands. And people are crying again.

How can one write a chronicle when everyone's crying?

The rain is falling. It's a downpour. Someone sighed, and someone else scribbled with his pen.

Szlamek from Otwock

FIRE

I was doing my homework, but then suddenly I was interrupted by loud sirens. I ran out to the street, where all people were rushing in one direction. Suddenly, I noticed a red glow against the dark sky. Some windows opened and some worried, pale faces appeared here and there, asking "Fire? What's burning?"

Around me, I hear the bells and whistles of fire brigade cars, with firefighters – looking like Roman gladiators with their steel helmets – standing among their equipment. I decided to run along with the crowd. Suddenly, I saw the horrible picture of destruction. A wooden building had gone up in flames and looked like a giant torch. Impressive tongues of fire and billows of dark smoke shot up to the sky. The streams of water released by the firefighters resembled colorful rockets, falling onto the smoldering house with a hissing noise. A part of the house fell down, glowing red pieces of wood rained from the sky. A cordon of the police blocked access to the scene of accident. The firefighters kept trying to extinguish the fire.

The night passed among the screams of horror and the new morning dawned. Among the smoldering ruins there were no more onlookers, only the crying owners, who were now left without a roof over their heads and who lost everything they had. The last pieces were still burning down and the air was filled by the horrible stench of burned wood. The family home was turned into ashes and ruins.

Ida from Pińsk

THE RADOM CHRONICLE

Sadly, my dear readers, what goes around comes around – upon returning from a showing of "Pan Tadeusz," where we went on a school outing, I was forced to add 50 groszy spent on a ticket to a piece of paper with "I.W.D." on it – it stands for "I was duped."

I won't even discuss the terrible organization and the behavior of the boys who, upon learning that the gallery and the ground floor cost exactly the same, did everything in their power to completely take over the ground

floor, and I will just talk about the play in question.

I cannot fathom how Zosia could be cross-eyed and how could they make Telimena a redhead with a costume so strange it was almost comical. The same applies to Tadeusz, who wore yellow pants with everything else green, thanks to which he looked like an embodiment of scrambled eggs with green onions. The judge? I could barely tell him apart from the table and other furniture because his costume was made of the same fabric as the upholstery.

Apart from that, I have never seen such uninspired acting in my life before. In general, it all seemed like a parody aimed at making us hate "Pan Tadeusz" with a passion.

From the life of the organizations: Masada already organizes a number of events. Recently we had two of them: a literary contest and a party. The best competitor guessed 8 out of 11 books. It's also worth noting that the only book guessed by every participant was "A Child of the Salon" by Janusz Korczak. The winner received a prize – a book from the Masada library.

Apart from that, I can tell you about the meeting of the patronage. During the meeting, one of the ladies presented a lecture, in which she bravely fought imaginary assimilation, which in my mind made her like Don Quixote fighting against windmills. Additionally, out of nowhere R., the president of Masada, started to explain what Masada was about (as if anyone didn't know this already) and started getting into history so deeply, that he could probably put Dubnow, Bałaban or Grecco. He realized what he was doing only when the president of the Zionist organization came for one of the activists to deal with the issue of a Radom kibbutz.

Sports:

Schoolchildren around the city are earning their National Sport Badges. Our school is currently completing jumping tests.

Apart from that, shooting trophies were displayed in all classrooms – a marble cup and a black clock. During the speech of the principal, who could not stop praising the winning team of six pupils, an essential question was asked from the back of the room: "Does this clock even work?"

It was really important question, given the romantic enthusiasm of everyone gathered in the classroom. Additionally, we decided not to let the five shooters from the 8th grade graduate until we find new ones; however, the teachers think otherwise.

Biba from Radom

A NICE

AND BREAKTHROUGH DAY

Our association had an important and solemn moment yesterday, and it is going to be a breakthrough in our lives.

As our third most beautiful clock in Poland struck four, our room started filling up with correspondents. They arrived in droves and as a result we quickly ran out of space at the table. The secretary cleaned his glasses and looked amazed at the crowd of people that gathered.

The director of the Jewish Middle School, Mr. Fruchter, also came to the meeting, and he was welcomed with open arms by the members of the association.

Order of the day:

- Reading the report from the last meeting.

- The issue of a local column dedicated to Zamość.

- The chronicle.

- Current articles.

Dorka from Zamość

A BIG WORD: ARTIST – AND SUCH TRICKS!

I am very angry and my head hurts. I was expecting a happy day, but instead it is filled with sadness and bitterness.

On Saturday, I was happy to go to the Kameralny Theatre to see "Robinson Crusoe" with my class. It is not one of the more serious plays out there, but I felt happy about seeing my favorite heroes once again.

The day finally came. It was Sunday, December 8. We came to the theatre. I won't go into details of what happened in the beginning and how we were seated. We paid 75 groszy and we were supposed to get the boxes, but only some of the girls could sit there, the others had to stand in the back. After our director protested, the remaining girls were put in a corner somewhere, from where they could barely get a glimpse of the stage.

I decided to endure, hoping that at least the play would be great. But the play was really bad. Neither the performance nor the stage design made any impression on me. Then, we finally got to the "nice" surprise.

At some point, when Robinson and his friends were waiting for the ship, a fat lady got on the stage, characterized as a Jew, and started screaming:

"Icuś! Icuś! Where's my husband? I'm afraid!"

Suddenly, there was a man with a suitcase, looking like a Jew, among the audience. He ran to the stage and asked:

"Dear children, did you see my wife anywhere?"

He hugged his wife, then he came closer to the sailor and said with a Jewish accent:

- A lecture on the need of promoting Jewish culture by the members of the association (a response to the article by N. Budwicz published in the Little Review of November 22 this year)

- Projects:

a) Organization of social life of the association.

b) The issue of parties, recreation room and celebrations.

It is impossible to write a report concerning the entirety of the meeting and every discussion that took place. I will only say that we are not discouraged by the failure of our first regional column. Everyone adopted the "Heads up!" resolution with enthusiasm and we are going to create a new, better column that will be printed for sure.

Thanks to the good will of Director Bronisław Fruchter, our association will be able to take advantage of the recreation room, radio, papers and the library of the Jewish Middle School. On behalf of the association, I expressed our gratitude to the director. Apart from that, he promised to offer us a hall to organize theatrical plays (with all correspondents participating as actors). Does anybody wonder why we decided to celebrate such a solemn moment? Our new colleague, Artur, started singing and Dycia recited some poems, which was met with rounds of applause. At the end of the meeting, we played some table tennis.

We would like to know what is going on with other associations and circles. What's up with the BPA (Białystok Press Agency)? How about VPA (Vilnius), CPA (Częstochowa), ŁPA (Łódź), RPA (Radom) and others? I propose that everyone sends an activity report from time to time.

Dorka from Zamość

"Cap'n, this is me wifey, her name's Sara and me name's Icuś, dun' be mad at me, Cap'n!"

Then, they started doing all sorts of strange things on stage, and obviously, they mentioned that they had to buy some herring, onions and lemonade.

I was surprised. I didn't know what was going on. I read many versions of Robinson Crusoe, more and less abridged editions and I don't remember any Jews taking part in his adventures. I realized that this scene was added on purpose. I felt hot and kept asking myself why would they bring us here. To insult us? To laugh at us?

I was surprised that many of my friends laughed at it. Didn't they realize that they weren't laughing at the actors, but at themselves?

Now that I have written it all, I feel somehow better. But this is not the only reason why I wrote that letter. I also wanted it to serve as a warning to everyone, so that they don't have to go through what I had to see.

Mirjam

BRAIN TEASERS

FIRST ENTERTAINMENT TOURNAMENT OF THE LITTLE REVIEW

Solution to Tournament Task no. 18. Stefek's story is inconsistent in the following aspects:

The post office is closed on Sundays, so Janek could not take out money from his savings account.

The #17 tram doesn't run through Miodowa or Nowy Świat Streets.

The "film matinées" end at 2 in the afternoon at the earliest, thus it isn't a good time for breakfast.

TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 19.

Submitted by: Emerzon

5 points for submitting a solution.

Three men are on board of a bus as staff – driver, conductor and assistant driver. Their names are Józef, Salomon and Rubin. We don't know which name belongs to whom.

There are also three passengers, also Józef, Salomon and Rubin. Mr. Rubin lives in Jerusalem, the man bearing the same name as the conductor lives in Haifa. Józef earns 5,244 pounds and 23 piastres per year. The passenger living the closest to the conductor earns three times as more as the conductor. The conductor lives halfway between Jerusalem and Haifa, Salomon is better at billiards than the assistant driver.

What is the name of the driver?

CONTINUED ON P. 6

READER UPDATES

CHANUKKAH OF THE YOUNGEST

I.

Almost every single Jewish child loves Chanukkah. The atmosphere at home is joyful, daddy lights up candles, we play with dreidel, Old Maid and other games.

Chanukkah is very nice in our home. Daddy lights the candles and tells the story of Hannah and her eight sons that were killed.

Mommy makes latkes and my sister is very happy because her birthday falls on Chanukkah. We invite some guests and play together.

Symcia from Gęsia Street

II.

Everyone should be jolly on Chanukkah. When the long-awaited week finally comes, we are happy and joyful. Looking at the lit candles, we remember the history of Jews from generations ago.

At school, we usually organize a special evening. When the audience gathers, a play with dancing and music starts. Then, after the play, we have some treats for every guest and we return home happy.

Lola from Twarda Street

III.

Last year, daddy bought a Chanukkah menorah, I lit the candles and dad sung a song with his beautiful voice. Then we played dreidel with my daddy, mommy and my friend.

Last year we were living in Białystok, now we live in Orla in Podlachia. It is going to be joyful as well because our entire family lives here.

My sister, Salcia, also wants to light candles this year, so we are going to take turns.

Ajzyk from Orla

IV.

The Chanukkah menorah was standing beside the frozen window. I kept looking at the candles and the window and each time I looked I saw different images.

I saw a temple covered with moss, surrounded by various idols, with Antiochus soldier standing in the middle.

I looked at the second candle and the image on the window disappeared. I saw Hannah with her last son, dressed in mourning clothes. Beside her was Antiochus, fuming with anger.

The third candle showed a happier image – Judah Maccabee taking revenge for the crimes against his nation.

The fourth one was horrible. I saw the ruthless Antiochus beating an old man and forcing him to eat pork.

The fifth one showed the death of Maccabee and his son promising to continue his father's work.

The sixth candle made me happy because I saw Judah expelling the army of Antiochus.

With the seventh one, I clearly saw the word "Chanukkah," and with the eighth one – a beautiful candlestick. I started singing my own Chanukkah song.

Stasio from Nowolipki Street

CANDLES AND SOAP

Soon, colorful candles will be lit in all windows. Many of you are probably interested in how they are made. We

decided to tour a candle factory to tell you.

The factory, or rather a small manufacture is located in the basement. The owner – a young and modest man – welcomed us and demonstrated every single thing, after first explaining it.

First, stearin is melted in a large, heated boiler. The resulting liquid is then poured into a machine with holes shaped like candles. The wick goes through the middle of the forms. When the stearin sets, the machine automatically lifts the candles up, thus cleaning the holes and pulling the wick.

Some additional stearin is then poured into the holes. When it sets again, the wick connecting two candles is cut with a special knife. All the candles where the wick did not go through are melted again. In the case of Chanukkah candles, a special dye is added. The finished candles are packed into special boxes and transported across Warsaw.

Taking advantage of the fact that the candle manufacture shares backyard with a soap factory, we decided to tour it as well.

In an enormous room, the first thing that we noticed was a large boiler that makes steam. The steam is then moved via pipes to large vats where resin, tallow, coconut and soda are melted. The mixture is left for 24 hours, after which it is poured into special trays with water. After an hour, the soap is cut by machine and then another one stamps the factory logo on the pieces.

Romek and Mietek

A RAFFLE

I was going through the Saxon Garden. Next to the entrance, there are various peddlers selling their balloons, mirrors and combs. Many onlookers gathered around the man advertising the newest "Robot" shoe polish.

However, the largest crowd gathered for the raffle. The table, where the tickets were sold, various prizes such as chocolate, clocks, jugs and so on were displayed. A single ticket costs 20 groszy. Anybody who finds a small piece of paper in their ticket gets a prize on the spot and all the tickets will also participate in the final draw.

The seller encourages people. A worker's hand takes out money from a torn pocket. Something is so enticing, so attractive about the whole lottery thing. A moment of waiting. Some tension, as the shaking hands open a ticket...

"Nothing." The voice whispers, but the man is actually wrong. There is a piece of paper at the bottom. The worker's face brightens with joy. The seller hands him a carafe and the worker laughs, asking the seller to add some vodka. The worker leaves and makes room for everybody else.

On the other side, some man started screaming that the lottery is a scam because he already bought three tickets and didn't win anything. He started arguing with the seller who told him to leave, otherwise he would call the police. The angry man threw his tickets on the ground. I picked them up and told him they were valid, but apparently, he didn't have much faith in them.

I put them in my pocket. Perhaps I could win a bicycle? The lottery seems to be very popular, so I decided to leave.

In just a few days, I collected five tickets. I know I'm not going to win anything, but maybe... If I win anything, I'll let you know.

Rysio from Ogrodowa Street

HARSH PUNISHMENT

When I was walking to school in the morning, I was very happy, but during my art class – which I actually like very much – everything turned worse.

The teacher gave us back the drawings she collected during our last class. I saw that she wrote "BAD" over my drawing with large letters.

I got very angry and tore the drawing in front of her eyes. She told me to leave the class and not come back for a week.

I know I shouldn't have done that, but tell me, dear readers, should I face such a severe punishment for that?

Fela from Sierpc

THE DANCER HAS A VOICE

Since early childhood I loved to dance. When I was four, mom wanted to sign me up for the stage dance school ran by Tacjana Wysocka, but dad said that I was still too young to dance. He told me that I will be able to join when I'm five.

On my fifth birthday, dad made me a surprise and told me that the next day I would go and participate in an entry exam for Tacjana Wysocka's school. The very next day I went to the exam. They told me to present my own dance routine, so I danced a krakowiak and that was the end of my exam. When I returned to the office, they told me that I was accepted for the children's troupe.

Last year I performed on the stage of the Maly Theatre in the play "Janka." Now I'm taking the intermediate course and I perform from time to time.

Apart from that, I attend school as well. When I was six and a half years old, I started attending 1st grade of a private elementary school. After six months, the teacher said that I'm too well-developed for 1st grade and wanted to move me to the 2nd grade, but mom was adamant and did not allow her to do so, because she thought I was still too young. I stayed in 1st grade until the end of the year.

Now I'm eight and in 3rd grade already. Learning is quite easy for me. For some time, I've been interested in animals. My biggest dream was to have a dog at home. I kept pestering mom about that, but she said it was impossible because a dog would make our home dirty. Now my dream finally came true, but soon I'm going to have to say goodbye to my friend.

I keep telling myself that when I grow up and I will be living on my own, I'll buy myself a dog and I will be a member of the Animal Care Society.

Aniutka from Sosnowa Street

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 P.M. AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17.

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM WELCOMES VISITORS EVERY SUNDAY BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 5 P.M. – NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

BRAIN TEASERS

CONTINUED FROM P. 5

TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 20.

Submitted by: Baby
2 points for submitting a solution.

Write five six-letter words with a common element – "PA" – into the grid above.

TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 21

Submitted by: Olek G.
1 point for submitting a solution.

SOLUTIONS TO THE TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 13

WERE SUBMITTED BY:

Mieczysław Akerajzen (5 p.), Jakób Fajersztejn (5 p.), Jakób Kamień (5 p.), Rafał Rubinstein (5 p.), Bolesław Rząsiński (5 p.), Janka Winkler (5 p.).

SOLUTIONS TO THE TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 14

WERE SUBMITTED BY:

Jan Ryszard Czarnocki, Dawid Greber, Leon Lewinstein, Eljasz Pietrowiecki, Abram Waksman, Ludwik Winawer.

SOLUTIONS TO THE TOURNAMENT TASKS NO. 14

AND 15 WERE SUBMITTED BY:

Mieczysław Akerajzer, Dawid Brandszteter, Jakób Fajersztejn, Izio Fryszman, Michał Gelblum, Olek Gold, Mosze Goldfarb, Kryśia Hopengarten, Aleksander Hopfengarten, Helena Janowska, Sara Libermanówna, Izrael Lichtensztejn, Dorka Majerowiczówna, Mietek Oppenheim, Halina Repsztejnówna, Stasio Rozenfeld, Rafał Rubinsztejn, Mirka Rząsińska, Marysia Serebriana, Irka Szafir, Sonia Wermusówna, Ryszard Zapolski, Saba Żelazo.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 15

WERE SUBMITTED BY:

Aniela Ajzenberg, Henryk Ajzenberg, Hanka Fejginówna, Eda Frenklówna, Teodor Geszychter, Szoel Szpilman, Mirka Wajnberg.

NOTICE: There was a printing mistake in task no. 14. The first number in the first row was wrong. Due to that mistake, all the submitted solutions with first word being wrong were also accepted.

BELOW ARE THE BEST SOLUTIONS TO TOURNAMENT TASK NO. 4: ALONE AT HOME BY BLUMA JUSTMAN.

Autumn. Dusk. I'm sitting at the window. The streets are empty. It's raining. Rain drops fall from the gutter, drum at the window and play strange, rhythmical melodies. The characteristic, mild sound of the ticking clock fills the room. In the darkness, I can still distinguish the

contours of houses and trees. I turn on the light because I think that one does not have to sit in the darkness and watch how "the stove opens its toothless mouth and the legs of the desk become one with the table." The lampshade of the night lamp got crooked, directing some light over the desk and leaving the remainder of the room shrouded in mysterious shade. I'm thinking about whether one can call a tangled mess of images, thoughts and desires a dream. So many new thoughts are crowding in my head. I start longing for a strong idea that I could look upon, that would give me a purpose, an ultimate goal in life. I keep thinking. I'm afraid that you won't understand me and that I'll be lost in the avalanche of new impressions and emotions, that I will create a wild chaos of syllables, words and sentences that will play the silent and painful notes only for me...

Civil wars, party wars, fights on the streets, local wars, world wars... It's bad.

And so, I keep thinking for a long time.

The maid comes in. I get undressed and go straight to bed. I close my eyes and try to fall asleep before the light goes out because then I will be forced to go one more night without sleep.

BRAIN TEASERS CREATORS' CONTEST:

The editors of the Brain Teasers column announce a contest for creators. The participants should submit tasks based on their own ideas only. The authors of the most ingenious tasks will receive prizes.

The editors are setting three prizes. The tasks will be published in the Brain Teasers column of the paper. Apart from that, the authors who receive prizes and distinctions will be invited to join the Brain Teasers Club that will be formed at the Little Review. The contest will run until January 9, 1936 and the tasks may be submitted to that date at the latest. Each author may submit any number of works. Each task should be submitted with a correct solution on a separate piece of paper (each task with a solution on a separate piece of paper). Please write "Brain Teasers Creators' Contest" at the top of each piece. Do not forget to include your full name, age and exact address on every piece. If you decide to use a pseudonym, please also include your name and surname. Do not add any letters, inquiries or solutions to the tournament tasks to the contest submissions. All illegible submissions (written in pencil, on tissue paper, etc.) will not be considered for the prizes. ■

During the winter break, we will hold the annual

CHESS COMPETITION FOR THE LITTLE REVIEW CHAMPIONSHIP

Registrations will be accepted from today, until Sunday, December 22nd (to be submitted to the newsroom, No. 7 Nowolipki Street in Warsaw). The tournament is open to all Little Review readers under the age of 13. Registrations should contain your full name, age, grade and your address.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

A BREAKTHROUGH DISCUSSION

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

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

"Do you remember Szymon?"

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

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

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

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

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

"How are they doing?"

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

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

"Do you have enough for the anniversary issue?"

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

"Whose works are they?"

"Mostly written by youth and those who quit."

"How about children?"

"Very few."

"Do you know why?"

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

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

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

"It used to be different in the past."

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

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

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

INDEPENDENCE DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A CONTEST

For the readers of the Little Review

Who are 13 and younger

Topics:

THE WAY TO IMPROVEMENT

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

I LIKE – I DON'T LIKE

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

THESE AREN'T REALLY TRIVIAL THINGS

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

You can send your articles in until December 15th.

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

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

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

DR. JANUSZ KORCZAK

Will give a lecture titled

"SIX WEEKS IN PALESTINE"

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

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

THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Dedicated to the 10th anniversary of the Little Review

will be published

on Friday, January 1st, 1937.

A REMINDER:

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

"Brain teasers as judged by the Reader"

ROMEK from Otwock

DOMESTIC NEWS

OUR CHRONICLE

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

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

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

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

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

WIENIO and WITEK
from Białystok

THE ONES THAT RAN AWAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Younger people fought over that issue for long time.

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

And they were right.

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

lives of youth are empty and very dull." And they were also right.

BELA from Vilnius

A LETTER FROM OTWOCK Dear Friend!

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

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

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

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

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

That's all for now. Yours truly,
SZLAMEK

CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT LYING?

Dear Marynia!

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

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

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

There are many lies that you can

do without perfectly, and one should avoid them.

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

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

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

REMARKS – EDITORS' REPLIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Szlamek from Lublin – "On the small Bystrzyca River lies Lublin, a voivodeship city, numbering 118,000 inhabitants, including 40,000 Jews. Lublin can be divided into the Old Town, the town from the times of war and partitions and the modern part of the city. There are many monuments, including a castle and its chapel..." and so on. This is not really interesting to us – the fact that Lublin has a Tarbut school, a chapel and a Furmańska Street. Of course, illustrated magazines have such descriptions of cities, but you can see all the monuments and interesting things in photographs and drawings. If you could talk about the young Lublin, the city of youth and children: what kind of games do you play and where, why do you like some of the streets and dislike others, how is your life different

from how your friends live in other cities? Do you have something they don't have? Where did the memorable events happen in the city, the ones you talk about or remember when going through a park or a street? What would you like to build, change, establish? Obviously, such a description is far more difficult to write, because you are not going to find such information in any book nor article. You will have to collect everything by yourself. But that would be a new and interesting article.

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

THE LIFE OF MONIEK P.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That's when real life started.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ADAM MAZUREK

PAWEŁ GOES OUT INTO THE STREETS

PART THREE OF THE "PEOPLE ARE GROWING UP" SERIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chairman of the Committee – Mother"

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

"And police whistles!"

"And sabers!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(TBC)

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

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

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

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

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

(TBC)

READER UPDATES

ONLY A BACKPACK

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

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

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

JUREK from Wolska Street

* * *

WORKING SOCIALLY

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

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

TAMARA from Pińsk

* * *

A LITTLE COUNTRY

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

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

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

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

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

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

HANIA from Otwock

* * *

LIKE IN THE PHARAOH'S TIMES
I often hear nasty words used by Catholic children talking about their Jewish classmates.

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

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

"You kike!"

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

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

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

Let "Hope and Perseverance" be our motto.

MIRA from Biała Podlaska

THE VOLHYNIA MARKET

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

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

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

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

SARA from Równie

* * *

THE METAL AND ELECTROTECHNICAL INDUSTRY EXHIBITION

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

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

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

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

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

JUREK from Sienna Street

* * *

AN UNSUCCESSFUL FISHING TRIP

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

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

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

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

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

Grandma also kept saying:

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

My sister, Maryla, said:

"Stop lecturing him, get him to doctor!"

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

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

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

For the time being I'm not fishing anymore.

TOLUŚ T.

* * *

HOW I WOULD WORK

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

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

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

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

HENIA from Nowolipki Street

* * *

MY HOBBIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

ITKA from Świętojerska Street

OUR HOUSE

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

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

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

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

SALUSIA from Gęsia Street

* * *

A DREAM OF THE PROPHET

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

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

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

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

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

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

HENIA N.

FROM THE EDITORS

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

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

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

EDITORS' ANSWERS:

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

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

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct solutions to tournament questions 20, 21 and 21 were sent by: J. Blau (name, age – 20), Dawid Bursztyn (from Sandomierz – 20), Dawid Bursztyn (from Ożarów Kielecki – 20), Z. Chinemonówna (name – 20), S. Cygielman (name, age, address – 20), Mieczysław Cygielstrajch (19–6 p. – 20, 21), Franka Firszt (age, address – 20), Renia Frydman (20), Izrael Goldszpiegiel (20, 21), Adam Kaczuryner (20), Sara Kronenberg (age – 20), Edward Mielżyński (age – 20), Pepa Moczydłowerówna (19 – 6 p, 20, 21), Romek Mordowicz (20), Elias Munwez (age – 20), Jerzy Posner (19 – 6 p., 20, 21), Mendek Rechwic (age – 20, 21), B. Salomonówna (name – 20), Stanisław Szajder (19 – 7 p., 20, 1 21), Heniek Szarach (age – 20, 21) Cípka Szpilmanówna (19 – 6 p., 20, 21), E. Zomberg (name, age, address – 20).

JOKES

HE FOUND A WAY

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

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

AN ARMENIAN RIDDLE

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

What?

A black man riding a rusty bike on grass!

A GOOD HISTORIAN

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

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

IT'S ALL RIGHT

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

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

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

A SUREFIRE WAY

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

Student: In a madhouse, Professor!

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

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

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

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

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ANTI-SEMITISM IN SCHOOLS

Anti-Semitic speeches and gatherings in schools clearly show that we are dealing with imitation of and encouragement from older members of society, especially academics. This is the most apparent in the matter of benches:

"Jews to the left!" already came the calls in the classroom.

And at the same time, "National Self-Defense" was urging:

"Parents, demand that your children do not sit together with Jews in schools."

Anti-Semitism in schools is intended to remove Jewish students from school, organizational and cultural life. For example, there was a case in one school: when a certain event was being organized, the anti-Semitic students demanded that no Jews take part. When the teacher refused and declared that a Jewish student would be reciting a poem, they campaigned for a protest. After the recitation, none of those "in the know" applauded.

However, these are single incidents. More important is the influence of anti-Semitism in everyday school life and social life. From the point of view of purely educational value of living in a human group, in this case in a class, anti-Semitism causes irreparable harm to educational ideals which are intended to imbue youth with honesty, mutual trust and the feeling of brotherhood.

In this respect, I have been able to observe, the matter can be presented differently. Characteristic in every case is the fact that usually the influence of anti-Semitism focuses on one gathering, i.e. one school or one classroom. This confirms the opinion that anti-Semitism is not something innate but spreads depending on the ground on which it falls and on the "technical" conditions of agitation. The latter is very important.

First of all, there must be someone in the school that has a lot of authority and the trust of students, as well as a kind of inclination in this direction. The next important step is the tolerance of anti-Semitic propaganda in the school. I will not hesitate to say that this person who has authority among students, and thus the ability to provoke and spread hatred, is often the teacher and that frequently school authorities maintain a "neutral" goodwill towards them.

In primary schools, there are cases when teachers encourage students during classes to not buy things from Jews, etc. In secondary schools, the matters stand somewhat differently. Higher level of school brings a greater responsibility. However, if someone has taken up the noble mission of

"spreading national awareness," then we are dealing with something much more serious—a planned action. I am not saying this is the case everywhere but on the basis of my own experience, I can confirm the such facts.

In practice, things look more or less like this: the "national" teacher starts up conversations with a student or a group of students, which naturally begins to impress them very much, then expands this group of people "in the know," and the matter proceeds from there on its own.

As far as primary school authorities are concerned, in most cases they act passively towards anti-Semitic actions. In one of our middle school, where Jews were simply beaten and anti-Semitic leaflets were distributed, the administration, being very well informed, did not hold anyone responsible. What is more, wanting to hide the unpunished excesses, they notified the newsrooms of all local newspapers that no mentions of the middle school were to be published.

How else would the following fact be explained: when the principal of a Warsaw school had to, by virtue of his office, warned students not to participate in street fights, his only argument was that they could be arrested and risk their entire future life through this. Putting the matter thusly is, in my opinion, an unconscious or perhaps even conscious act of National Democratic Propaganda, since a student who heard the speech must have thought that risking an encounter with the police or sacrificing one's future for a cause was heroic, and so...

It would be an oversimplification, or even a significant error, to generalize this kind of position exhibited by the teachers and the school authorities. The latter, taught by the bitter experience of universities, if only to ensure a normal course of classes and due to public opinion, must stand against anti-Semitism. I am not even speaking of the cases when one does so out of principles and convictions.

[censorship]

And now let us move on to the students. Does the current anti-Semitic ideology influence future development? In my opinion, no.

The youth of secondary schools are of an age when their worldview is shaped, when they feverishly search for the solutions to all problems that bother them and the answers to the questions that beset them. When you try to convince these youths that Jews are the cause of poverty, unemployment, wars, etc., very often the youth are discouraged from anti-Semitism by the brutality of its methods and the hooligan nature of its followers. However, if someone decides that while the means are not pleasant, the cause is good, they come face to face with a ready picture of this "good cause" already put into action. Hitler's doctrine not only did not solve the most burning social issues, but also drove Germany into an even worse economic situation and deprived it of food products, in accordance with the idea that "we can do without butter, but not without arms." In Hungary, the anti-Semitic system also did not solve the burning issue of the peasants, which the local politicians had to admit and as a consequence, under the influence of social opinion, were forced to transition to a democratic form of government, tolerant of different nationalities and progressive social reforms.

Can such results of these policies in other countries serve as propaganda for Polish youth? Of course not. Especially given that presently more and more youth grow disillusioned with the National Democracy, even in universities—this after they have betrayed the fight for lower tuition at the Warsaw University of Technology, after even among themselves, there are increasingly serious fractures

[censorship]

evident (between the "old" and the "young") unlike the growing union of progressive academic organizations.

And so, if the fascist anti-Semitism cannot become the chief ideology of Polish youth, for the abovementioned reasons, the readers can ask themselves the proverbial question: "if things are so good, why are they so bad?"

Maria Dąbrowska answers this question, more or less, in her beautiful article, "The annual shame," and among others, she places the responsibility for what is happening on secondary schools. How should we interpret this? It seems that she is speaking about a certain neglect on the side of the teachers and intelligent, progressive students, work on shaping the character of young people while putting the sense of human dignity above the shaping of independent judgment and through this, making it resistant to all demagogic and perilous slogans.

I admit, this is very difficult work. But whenever there is a need, due to

some incident at school for example, the event that took place at the school or outside of the school and caused a certain response should be explained, either at a meeting of the school or class student council, or during lessons or privately, especially by teachers. Students are even less willing to make any effort in this direction. I have often heard my classmates say, "Oh, those little brats, getting egged on, they don't know what they want, it's not worth talking to them."

This is an unjust position. The fact that these "brats" have let themselves be egged on is partly the fault of those who did not work against it, even though they could.

I believe that Maria Dąbrowska's voice will not remain unheard. Those young people who in the chaos of today's world, in the thicket of tangled issues, in the face of the threat of horrific shocks are searching for the "truth of the bright flame," will understand that "this is not the way."

HELENA W. (Białystok)

**Monday, November 1st is the deadline for sending in
CONTEST SUBMISSIONS**

on the subjects of:

- I. OUR GROUP
- II. THE BOOK I WILL NEVER FORGET
- III. A STRANGER BUT SOMEHOW CLOSE
- IV. FREE SUBJECT

AT THE GREAT FORTIFIED CAMP

CORRESPONDENCE FROM GERMANY

I have been in Berlin for several days. This is the first time I have been here since the political upset that changed the face of the country of Goethe and Heine. One only needs to take a walk through the capital on the Spree River to gather an enormous amount of material to compare the state of Germany before the rise of the Third Reich, the new creation of the Germanic spirit.

My arrival coincided with an aerial and gas attack alarm in Berlin. One short signal was enough to make the city fall completely quiet in a few seconds, the people hidden in shelters. These days, every other house has a fantastically furnished safe location in the cellar or under the garden, since every home, whether in the city center or on the villa-filled peripheries, has a smaller or larger garden. The old slogan of "Ordnung muss sein" (there must be order) has not quite lost its validity and today, perhaps more than ever, faced with the dictatorship of militarism, takes on new, more vibrant colors.

All institutions, offices, factories and all citizens have been "Gleichschaltunged," subordinated to the slogans of military preparations. Every second or third store is a storage for new or used cars, trucks or motorcycles. And indeed, Germany has never been quite as motorized as today. Together with the improvements to technology and the manufacture of small, inexpensive cars, there comes a great demand for cars, sold at the most favorable conditions. Gasoline is cheap, the newly created highways practically perfect, so it is no surprise that people are buying more and more cars, whether on their own or due to

directives passed down from above. All on its own, a comparison between two slogans of neighboring countries comes to mind – the "rubberizing of wagon wheels" with the slogan of "Jeder Deutsche bewegt sich mit seinem Wagen" ("every German drives their own car").

When people appeared on the street after the alarm was over, I could hear words of delight with the excellence and military preparedness of the Third Reich's air force. People don't talk about anything else in German – only military formations, aviation, motorization and the education of young people.

From the age of six, children wear uniforms. There is an entire hierarchy in military formations of youth. However, all uniforms, no matter their style, color or fabric, have one thing in common – the swastika.

The swastika is everywhere in Germany today. You can see it on clothing, on lapels, on homes, on the streets and even on egg shells. An egg I was served at the restaurant at the Zoo train station had a stamp in the shape of the swastika.

"Because this is a German egg, from a German chicken!"

While the war and the preparations for it are slogans, carried out at terrifying speed and with the customary German precision, the swastika is a stamp, seen everywhere, on all creations of the Germanic spirit and body.

The Jewish issue is practically nonexistent. Jews have been allowed to vegetate and die out; the birthrate among German Jews is nearly three times less than it used to be, while the number of deaths many times exceeds the number of births. However, Jews have new rights in Germany:

AT THE HALUTZ FARM IN GROCHÓW

SIGHTSEEING

At No. 43 Witołńska Street, there is quite a nice building. It bears an inscription: "Agronomic farm for halutzim in Grochów under the protectorate of Mr. and Mrs. Doktorowicz."

I check in at the office and receive a note for the halutz who is supposed to give me a tour.

The halutz home – clean, orderly, tidy – makes a good impression.

I go outside and look around. I see no one. How is this possible, I think, that there is no one there? No, I was wrong, I see them, absorbed in their work. I find my guide, Szmeryl Wajngart. He asked at the start that we speak Yiddish because it will be easier for him to fully express himself.

We started the tour. The farm has 70 morgens of land and 200 halutzim. 60 of them work in the field, the rest in Warsaw, in various professions. It should be noted that only halutzim from the province are accepted at the farm

they are allowed to sit along the Kurfürstendamm, on special yellow benches labeled "nur für Juden."

There is a refined politeness towards foreigners. A foreigner is a welcome guest and is practically untouchable. A German recognizes a foreigner from a distance and gladly helps them with all sorts of information. Is this also part of the slogan?...

In spite of themselves, people grow more suspicious in this country. Because it is truly difficult to believe that in the great armed camp that Germany is today, there is still anyone able to move, think and act of their own free will rather than because they have been ordered to do so.

Almar

because a halutz should be separated from his family.

My guide then told me about the day's schedule: at 6 a.m., they wake, wash and eat their first meal, at 7, they go to work. 12-1 – lunch, from 1 to 5, work again, and after 5 o'clock, free time.

We enter the cowshed. There are 12 cows here, called "Dutch," and 3 calves. On average, the halutzim get 120 liters of milk per day from these cows. They deliver it to homes in Warsaw. The cows' names are written on special plaques hung above each cow, so there's Szoszana, Cipora, etc.

We enter the barn. There are 6 horses here. Each horse has its own, numbered harness. The horses are used for plowing and harrowing, delivering the milk, etc. I also had a chance to look at the workshop with gardening tools. Everything was kept in pristine order.

"Do you raise animals and cultivate plants?" I asked Szmeryl.

"Of course," he said.

He then took me to the rabbit farm, where I saw 45 angora rabbits, which are raised for the fantastic wool – the best sweaters, gloves and hats are made from their fur. Szmeryl told me that a female rabbit can have from 6 to 12 young in a month, but a good breeder doesn't permit this, since the mother, covering her young, loses wool with every birth. And so rabbits have young every three months.

Next, I visit the chicken farm – three chicken coops and a special house. Every hen has its number, so they can tell which one laid an egg. There are also machines for artificially hatching chicks, called incubators.

We then visited the apiary. I found out a lot of interesting things about

the life of bees. Szmeryl told me that they are so smart and friendly that you could write a whole book about them for people to follow their example. I saw the cells where the bees lay their eggs and honey. When there is no queen, none of the bees want to work. Lately, the farm has imported new hives from America.

Then I saw the plant farms – roses (in 120 varieties and colors), dahlias, carnations and other flowers, raspberries, currants, potatoes, beets, cauliflower, rhubarb, etc. The potatoes and beets are for their own use. I saw 400 cold-frame windows and two greenhouses. In the greenhouses, tomatoes are planted in the winter and in the spring, they're planted into the earth to ripen in time for the expensive tomato season.

After that, we headed to the workshops. The farm has an excellently equipped carpentry workshop, a coach house, men's and women's tailoring plants, a shoe repair plant and laundries where halutzim women wash sheets. I saw the kitchen, the bakery, the pressing room and the coat check room, where everyone has a number for their sheets. On the first floor, I even saw a hair salon and a provisional hospital.

From the dining hall, where I found halutzim eating a meal, I went to the reading room. There are books in three languages: Yiddish, Hebrew and Polish, and a rich periodical section: in addition to Our Review, there was Forwards from America and other European newspapers.

I'd like to thank Szmeryl for showing me around so patiently and explaining everything. I saw how much young work can accomplish together.

Moniek L.

AN ORPHAN'S DIARY

FROM THE ARCHIVE OF THE ORPHANS' HOME AT 92 KROCHMALNA STREET

And her sister danced. Not like everyone, who mindlessly spun there and back again. No, her sister – so beautiful in her white gown with a veil, stood with flushed cheeks in the middle of the room with a handkerchief and each man went up to her, picked up the end of the handkerchief and took a few turns with her. It was so funny! She wouldn't have had the patience to dance with everyone. Take that one, he's all sweaty and red. She wouldn't dance with him for all the treasure in the world. But her sister is better, she doesn't make exceptions.

She couldn't sit long and think. She was so tired that she fell asleep surrounded by the noise and entertainment.

* * *

She woke up on a ship. In Warsaw, she had never seen the Vistula, and here she was seeing it, riding like a queen on a ship.

It was so funny. She'd barely spit and there was a circle on the water, mixing with the waves. She liked it, so she kept spitting until her mouth ran dry.

No one pays attention to her; she did whatever she liked. She walked around the ship, looking at the people and then stood at the railing, looking

out at the water and the shores.

What a strange town – Dobrzyń. And yes: the wedding – the violin – the Vistula – the sun – the ship... It was so much nicer here than on Pawia Street or Wołyńska Street. There was no comparison.

IN THE HOME OF THE ADMINISTRATOR

After coming back to Warsaw, life on Wołyńska Street kept going in its own way. Winter had come, and nothing had changed in their house, except that they were cold.

One time, her father sent her on an errand to the administrator's apartment. She ran with pleasure. It was probably warm there, she would warm up a bit.

She went upstairs. And indeed, she could feel the warmth at the door. But for God's sake! Why is the servant working? It's Saturday, after all. She felt a dislike towards people who did not respect the Sabbath day and having taken care of her father's errand, she headed for the door. That's when the administrator's wife stopped her.

"Where do you go, little one, when everyone goes out for the whole day?"

"The neighbors' place," the girl answered.

"Maybe you could come here? It's warm here, you can play with the children, and we won't begrudge you breakfast. What do you say?"

The girl's eyes lit up. True, these people did not respect the Sabbath day, but maybe they were good people after all? Supposedly they eat meat, and they have a meal every four hours. And it's so warm and cozy here...

"All right, missus," she said. At the door, she corrected herself: "Thank you very much."

The administrator's wife smiled benevolently and the girl ran downstairs, making a lot of noise.

"Tate," she called out, "the administrator's wife said I should come over when you go to work."

"Fine, she's wealthy," father said, deep in thought.

The next day, when everyone had gone to work, she ran upstairs and shyly reached for the doorknob.

The servant opened the door and recognizing the girl, smiled, then took her to a room where she told her to sit on the sofa.

The girl touched the plush cover – it was so pretty, as if from a palace – and sat down proudly: she had managed to sit down exactly like a lady in a car.

good to her, except when her boyfriend comes over, then she gets nervous and sends the girl home.

THE MOON IN THE DARK STREET

Apparently, the thieves had their eye on their apartment. They found out there was nobody home all day and kept trying to get in.

One time, it was probably after 9 o'clock, a frightened neighbor ran into the administrator's apartment.

"Hey, kid," she called out, "there are some people at your door!" And then she ran back home.

The girl got very angry. She grabbed a cleaver and ran to the dark hall.

"Where are they, those thieves?" She asked angrily.

Just then, there was a thudding down the stairs and two dark figures, one after another, jumped over her like wild goats, and she sat down, scared, covering her head with the cleaver. When she came to, there was nobody there anymore. Oh, she thought, so they're more scared than I am, they ran to the yard.

She ran to the door; it was locked with a padlock. Then she turned to the window. God, half the glass had been taken out! She stood there in despair. What if they took something and ran?

She glanced into the hall. The darkness there was scarier than the thieves. She pulled her head back out. No, she wasn't going to go inside, she'd keep watch here.

FROM CRIME NOVELS TO ACTUAL CRIME

In the article "Let's burn the crime novels," I wrote about the perilous effects of reading this genre, which is going unpunished despite poisoning the souls of youth. Constantly experiencing incredible adventures and imaginary interactions with spies and bandits can ultimately lead to a boy wanting to experience it for real. In any case, such dirty reading materials clutter the imagination and make some youth groups turn wild, leading to them trying to get out their energies through some unusual, mysterious actions and if there are none, through anti-Semitic hooliganism.

After sending in the article, I found examples in the press.

Examples so eloquent that I will provide them here without comments.

Here is the first example:

"Municipal Judge S. Cukierman received a threatening letter, written in Hebrew, demanding that he leave 1000 pounds on a fence near his home, or else he would be murdered. The letter was signed 'Black Hand.' Police investigations showed that the letter was written by children, most likely under the influence of crime novels and films." (Our Review, October 15.)

Here is the second example:

"In Linz, Austria, an 18-year-old student of a trade school, Wilhelm R, came before the court, accused of armed robbery.

Along with his friend, 16-year-old Walter N, he attacked a cashier of the Credit Bank and wounded him grievously with a shot from a revolver.

Both boys, who were considered to be bullies and lazy in school, afraid of an unsatisfactory grade on their

report card, decided to run away to Romania before the end of the school year. Because they had no money, they decided to attack cashier Beer in the branch of the Credit Bank. They knew that there were times when he was the only clerk on duty. In an unexplained way, they managed to obtain two revolvers.

At six o'clock, Wilhelm R headed to the bank and asked for money to be exchanged. He was limping heavily and leaning on a cane. The cashier asked him to sit down and when he leaned down to look at the supposedly wounded leg, the boy hit him on the head with the cane with all his strength.

Beer got up immediately and a dramatic fight ensued. However, the boy managed to draw his revolver and fire two shots at the cashier, seriously wounding him. Terrified by his deed, he fled, without having stolen the money. His companion, Walter N, who was standing guard in front of the bank, also fled when he saw Wilhelm running. Passers-by chased after them; they caught Walter, and Wilhelm managed to escape.

Cashier Beer was taken to a hospital where, after a serious operation and months-long recovery, he regained his health.

During an interrogation, the young Walter N spoke with tears in his eyes, saying that he was encouraged to commit his crime by the novels he had read about gangsters and crime films he had seen. He also wanted to commit a great and heroic deed.

His partner, Wilhelm R, hungry and cold, managed to get to the border, where he was stopped because he had no documents. He drew his revolver

in front of them and cried out loudly. They turned to look and understood. Moving quickly, they left the yard.

She stood by the door again and guarded the padlock. These people would not be able to take anything from her home. Even if they came back a hundred times, they would always leave empty-handed!

The moon shone like it always did in dark alleys, a little brighter than elsewhere and a little sadder.

THE ARGUMENT

One night, she woke up frightened.

Her father stood at the window, with Srul nearby and her sister beside Srul, holding his hands. Srul was pale and his eyes glittered, while her father, her old, gray-haired father, was very upset. He spoke for a long time, his voice growing louder. Srul replied screaming, jerking his hands away from her sister, wanting to lunge at her father.

The administrator's servant showed up at the noise and in a gentle voice started to calm down the attacker. For a moment, silence fell.

What are they arguing about? The girl thought anxiously.

She knew that her father had looked askance at Srul for a long time, but he had gritted his teeth.

After a moment, Srul spoke again. Father was silent. Apparently, this made Srul even more enraged, because he started screaming and jerking away from her sister, but she kept holding onto him. Suddenly, he yanked out

HOW WE SUMMONED GHOSTS

The girls told me about summoning ghosts.

"You know," one of them said, "yesterday, my brother and I summoned ghosts, and we asked them about the past, the names of our teachers and friends, and the ghost answered everything exactly right."

"How did you summon it?" I asked, curious.

"When it got dark," she started explaining, "we went to our room in secret (because our mom thinks it's stupid and forbids the rituals) and covered the lightbulb with a newspaper so that the room was dimly lit. Then we laid a piece of paper with the alphabet written out on it on the table. Finally, we flipped a small plate upside down and drew an arrow on it. Then we sat around the table and put our hands on the plate. After a while, the plate started moving around and answering our questions by pointing to individual letters that made up sentences.

I stood there with a mocking smile on my face (which she probably didn't

and attempted to terrorize the official. However, he was so exhausted by his long escape that he was captured after a short fight.

During the interrogation, he admitted to everything, but added with remorse that he was so horrified by what he had done that he decided to give up thieving. He would have liked to undo his actions and wanted to make up for his deeds.

The court sentenced him to 3 years of hard imprisonment."

LOLEK D. (Łódź)

a post from the bed and threw it at the old man.

The post hit father in his side. He swayed and fell unconscious.

The girl never forgave Srul for this harm.

FATHER'S ILLNESS

A few days later, father fell ill.

He lay in bed and he needed someone to bring him his chamber pot all the time. She was sometimes amused by this, but never showed it, because father was suffering.

He was suffering so much that finally they took him to a hospital, far away, on the edge of the city. From that time, she didn't see him anymore. She only found out about his health from her sister and brother-in-law.

One time, her sister came back from the hospital very happy. Father was doing well, he had even asked Srul for a cigarette.

The girl was very upset.

Why was father such a good man, she thought, why did he forgive Srul so quickly? She probably wouldn't talk to Srul for the rest of her life after such disrespect.

THE MIRRORS

Father was sick. Earnings were growing smaller. What to do to get more money, to have enough for the family and for a package to the hospital?

There were a lot of small mirrors left in the house that her father had made. This is a good product, after all, the girl thought.

notice, because she was engrossed in telling her story), and when she finished, I told her, "You're lying."

"I'm not lying," she was indignant. "If you don't believe me, try it yourself."

"As if I'd rather go to the movies."

I told my best friend about this. We had a laugh and then we forgot about everything.

It was a week ago when we were sitting in my room with my best friend and her cousin, with nothing to do, and we remembered what Riwa had talked about.

"You know what," I said, "we've got nothing to do, so let's summon a ghost, maybe it'll work."

"All right," they agreed.

I remembered how Riwa had done it, and we did the same. When everything was ready, we sat around the table, put our hands on the plate and waited. But the plate didn't move. We were about to give up, but at that moment, the plate twitched slightly.

"Who moved it?" I asked in disbelief.

"Not us," Buzio and Luscia said.

"See, Riwa was telling the truth."

"Oh."

"Let's ask our questions!"

"Who are you?"

"Antoni Fukowski."

"Can you talk to us?"

"Yes."

"What was grandmother's name?"

"Chaja," the plate answered.

"Oy," Buzik cried, "I'm afraid. There is really a ghost talking to us."

"Quiet," Luscia shushed him, "or the ghost will get offended."

We asked a few more questions and the ghost answered them all, but then it didn't want to answer any more. Suddenly, Buzio asked an unexpected question.

"Ghost, can you show yourself to us?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, don't show yourself," we shouted in unison.

"Can you give us a sign that you are here?"

"Yes."

Luscia gathered up her courage.

"When give us a sign!"

At that moment, someone loudly knocked on the glass door. We got so scared that we sat there for a few minutes as if he had been nailed to our chairs and then ran screaming for the kitchen.

I don't believe in ghosts and I don't know what to think about this. Perhaps one of the readers can write in about the matter?

FRIDA ARTEZ

THE SAMPLE STAMP

"Do you have Chile?"

"I do. Do you have this stamp?"

"Wait, what kind of stamp is this, I can't figure this out."

"I don't know, either. Let's ask someone from seventh grade. But it's so quiet in their classroom. Did they skip class?"

"Nah, it's not the season for it. Not until spring... I remember one April Fools' Day, the whole seventh grade ran upstairs and hid with the first graders."

"And?"

"And they got expelled for a week. But it's the start of the school year, nobody skips class now. Look, they're there! Sitting and writing, probably a test. That's why it's so quiet."

"Those poor guys. The break is almost over and we don't know what stamp this is."

"Give it here, Dadzik, I'll take another look, maybe I can read it. Hmm, the letters don't look like letters at all, but the picture is nice. I'll give you two

Spanish or four Hungarian ones for it."

"Awrumek, are you crazy? I gave Szlamek a Uruguay for it only yesterday."

"Liar!"

"Nuh-uh. I can swear!"

"No need. Oh, look, the seventh graders are coming out. Ask."

"Hey, buddy, got a minute? We want to ask about a stamp."

"Let's see it. But quickly, I don't have time and I'm not in the mood. A test, you understand?"

"We do. Here is the stamp. Where is it from?"

"From Egypt. But see, there's no postmark. And a stamp without a postmark is a sample, which means it's useless."

The bell rings. Awrumek and Dadzik walk in a row to the classroom. Dadzik is sad and Awrumek – you can see it on his face – is struggling with himself. Finally, he speaks up.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

She took the mirrors and went out onto the street.

"Sir, would you like to buy a mirror? It reflects everything, here, let me show you, take a look."

"How much are they?"

"Five groszy."

"What, five? I won't pay more than three."

"What are you talking about? You want it for three groszy? All right, but this one is a slightly lower quality."

She didn't know anything about prices or mirrors. She only knew that that was what you said when you were selling things, so she took out a different mirror and got her three groszy.

She ran into a store with soda water, where the saleswoman was very nice.

"Would you like to buy a mirror? They're inexpensive, three or five groszy."

People stared at the little girl in surprise, not knowing whether she was just playing at being a seller or really selling things.

And the saleswoman, laughing, would encourage them.

"Go on, buy something, let the kid earn some money."

And so this person or that one, as if ashamed of something, would take out their wallet and buy a strange mirror. The saleswoman with the swollen cheek also picked out a mirror, the smallest one that was crooked.

"It's all right," she comforted the girl. "At least in this mirror, I'll have an even face."

The girl ran out onto the street with a satisfied look on her face and stopped passers-by.

"Madame, I'm selling mirrors..."

"Go away, child, I don't have time!"

With an uplifted heart, she went back home in the evening. She felt happy. She had made almost one zloty that day.

And well, was her old father not right, when he said that she would always manage somehow?

(TBC)

She looked around the yard. There was nobody there. Apparently, they had run away, and they would not be back that night. Suddenly, she saw something shiny in the mud under the window. She went over and picked up the glass the thieves had left behind when they fled.

She put the glass back in the frame and didn't move from the spot anymore. She put her hands behind her, leaned on the wall and waited for her father to come back.

She stared up at the pale face of the moon and thought about her poor father. For the first time, she felt angry with her sister. Since she had gotten married, her sister had become distanced from their father and even loved her less. No, that was impossible. It only seemed that way.

And so she waited for long hours, staring at the sad moon. It was 2 o'clock when she heard the familiar footsteps. Yes, it was them.

He sister, when she found out about everything, took her on her lap, hugged her and sang her a lullaby. But nothing changed. The next day, they all went out again at seven, locked the door and left her alone. The next days were the same – they didn't come back even a quarter of an hour earlier. And once again, in the evening, when the sun set, two men stood in front of the lock and communicated with gestures.

Mendele told her about it. Now she wasn't afraid anymore. She ran out, stood

10 Years ago – What the Little Review wrote about then THE NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION

(Is it going to be better?)

If a new teacher appears in school – students, both boys and girls, show keen interest. Is he young, is he handsome, is he better than his predecessor, is he cheerful, should one or shouldn't one be afraid of him; will he be giving us bad marks, will it be possible to cheat. Will he be throwing us out the door (in primary schools they throw students out the door, in secondary schools they ask you to step outside or remove you from the classroom).

Such questions arise when a new, regular teacher shows up. Imagine what happens when the minister himself changes.

The minister of education is now a doctor – a senator – a member of

the Labor Club. This is all we know. We will try to guess the rest.

That he is a doctor – that's good. In order to please the new minister, teachers should start classes later. At 9 a.m., not at 8 a.m. Because doctors always say one should lie in bed. If for some reason they won't do it, they should at least allow for being late. Not often – every second day and not a lot – 5-10 minutes.

They should give less homework. Because doctors know that children should not be overburdened. An overburdened child gets exhausted – they are prone to anemia, sweats, anxiety – their eyesight, hearing, taste, touch and smell deteriorate.

Doctors recommend excursions and sports. So, one should go to Zakopane, Białowieża Forest, to the sea, Krakow, to the town of Kazimierz – even Łazienki or Skaryszewski Park could suffice, just as long it is not the classroom. In recreational halls, there should be skating rinks and sleds arranged, we will bring the snow ourselves.

A reason for concern is only that doctors sometimes prescribe castor oil. That's too bad – just as long as it is not too often.

What "a senator" means – the Little Review doesn't know.

It is a bit unpleasant that the new minister belongs to a party or a Labor Club.

READER UPDATES

A MOTHER'S LETTER

A teacher told his class the following interesting story:

I have a first-grade student named Felek. He is the biggest scoundrel in the whole school, he even fights with students from different classes and bugs everyone. During classes, they call him "jumper" and "wiggler," because he can't stay still for even a moment.

His mother is often called into the office. Felek loves his mother very much, and he worries. But then he forgets, and it's the same thing all over again.

One time, when I came into the classroom, I saw that Felek was exceptionally calm. Every few minutes, he took something out of his pocket, looked at it and smiled, staying calm again.

The same thing happened in several classes. I went up to him and asked: "What is it that you keep taking out and putting in your pocket?"

"A note from my mommy."

"May I read it?"

"You may, but quietly."

The note said:

"My darling son!

Your mommy asks you to be calm in school. Don't roughhouse, don't carouse – then everyone will love you.

Please, read this note often.

Your mommy."

Wańdzia K.

The bridge was built over three years and cost six million zloty. That is why this bridge is very strong and beautiful, made out of steel and concrete.

At half past nine, the military with an orchestra went to the station to welcome the Marshal. The balconies looked beautiful, decorated with greenery and colorful rugs, as well as the welcoming gate on the main street.

People stood in the street in rows. Everyone tried to get the best place possible to see the Marshal. I had a good spot on a balcony.

At 11 o'clock, cars carrying the state officials rode through town. The Marshal sat in the second car. I could see him very well. He was in a very good mood, smiled at children and saluted. The city was filled with joy.

At 3 o'clock, the Marshal and the other guests returned to Warsaw. I did not see the consecration of the monument itself because the crowds were too big. But in the evening, my daddy and I went out onto the new bridge, which made a great impression on me because it looks very imposing, especially at night, when it is lit up by hundreds of lanterns.

THANKS

I.

I was sitting at the dinner table yesterday when someone rang the bell. I jumped up, opened the door and saw a gentleman with a briefcase. He handed me a book and a commemorative postcard.

"This is from the Little Review," he said.

I was very moved and didn't know what to say. After all, I have only written two letters and wasn't expecting such a great surprise.

The gentleman also told me that I could use the postcard to go to the movies. Excellent!

And so, Mr. Editor, thank you very much.

Musio from Solna Street

II.

I had just come back from a walk and was washing my hands when I heard the doorbell. My mommy came in a moment

later and said it was for me. I was surprised that someone had come at this time because I wasn't expecting anyone.

I was even more surprised when I came into the room and found out that the Little Review had sent me a souvenir: a fruit postcard and a book.

I was so happy that I didn't know what was going on with me, I only wanted to find someone to share my joy with.

And so, I thank you, Little Review, for this pleasant surprise.

Dziunia from Nalewki Street

BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO BE FAMOUS

In our class, there are wealthier and less wealthy children. We will describe one girl, who is among the wealthier ones.

She wants to be famous and educated, she wants to be a poet and that is why we have to suffer because of her. She tells us made-up stories that are of no interest to the rest of us. For example, she says that her daddy won half the world. We don't even know what that means and how her daddy won half the world.

She copies out various poems, makes us listen to them and tells us that she wrote them herself. Her lies are very annoying. Nobody in the class likes her, except for two girls who are much like her.

Lila, Hala, Hanka and Danka

A GREEDY KITTY

You have probably read many books about birds and dogs, I will tell you about my kitty.

One day, I was walking down the street and saw a small kitten. It was squealing pitifully and trembling from the cold. I felt sorry for it and took it home.

There, I gave it some warm milk and put it on the sofa. The kitty got more and more attached to me. He was really wild and greedy.

One day, mom made some great meatloaf and put it in the pantry. The cat snuck in there quietly and ate the whole meatloaf.

Mommy got very upset and threw the cat out.

I was very worried, but I couldn't do anything about it.

Gutka J.

JOKES

A DANGEROUS SYMPTOM

"And how is your appetite?"

"Not good, doctor. I'd say that I don't even like those foods you said I'm not allowed to eat."

IMPROVEMENT

"Has the accused ever been convicted?"

"Fifteen years ago, Your Honor."

"And since then?"

"Not once."

"What has the accused been doing in those fifteen years?"

"Serving a prison sentence..."

WORRY

A group of bandits is waiting in hiding for a rich trader who is due to pass by soon. Time passes, an hour, two, four; finally, it starts to dawn but there is no sign of the traveler. The bandits begin to worry.

"What does it mean that he's still not here?" One of them whispers. "I hope nothing's happened to him!"

DECORATION

A man from Africa is being operated on. After the surgery, the surgeon grabs his head.

"Damn it! I stitched him up with white thread!"

A REASON

"Well, nothing to be done about it, I have to die."

"What? Why?"

"My pen, which had a lifetime guarantee, is broken!"

AN EXPLANATION

"Why is this lady in the painting holding a fan?"

"That's easy. Because the catalogue says 'Lady with a fan'."

GOOD POINT

"You should study English, my child," says a father to his son. "Two hundred million people speak this language."

"Two hundred million? And you think that's not enough?"

FIRST LETTERS

to the Little Review were sent in by: Arensztajnowna Genia – Bankierówna L. – Chęcińska Sabcia – Friedheimówna Lusja – Geller Łazarz – Gubarówna Dycia – Guzik F. – Jakubowicz Nina – Kagan Chaim – Klapper D. – Kleiner Leon – Leński Bobuś – London Piniek – Markusówna J. – Melmam Regina – Mordchelewicz Tamara – Ostrowicz Tulek – Pejsak Halinka – Pester Małgosia – Praszniak Zula – Rancewicz Alisia – Rosen Hela – Szejnfeld Henia – Sztark Karola – Sulkowiczówna Dorota – Szelubska Fajba – Tenenbaum Lea – Wajgarten Artur – Węgier Jerzy – Wiesiel I.

We have received 68 letters from Warsaw, 41 from the province, 1 from abroad; 110 letters total.

INVITED TO THE NEWSROOM

Cegiel Estusia – Cukier Adzius – Fajnlicht Maniusia – Faltenberg Mela – Folmanówna Ada – Grozamer Fela – Handelsman Idka – Hermelin Halinka – Kotlarski Ignas – Liberzon Bela – Wender Lola – Zylberberg Pepa – are invited to the newsroom for Sunday, October 31st, at 4 p.m., to receive their commemorative postcards and souvenirs.

Correct solutions to contest tasks 10 and 11 were sent in by:

S. Berlinówna (name, age, address! 10), Halinka Boruchin (10, 11), "Fom" (11, 12), Renia Frydman (10, 11), Ja-Sager (10,11), Edzia Jedwab (age – 10, 11), "Kostia Riabcew" (10, 11), Paweł Lapidus (10, 11), Motek Lichtenbaum (10), Olek Oltuski (10, 11), Daniel Poczebucki (age – 10, 11), Izio Repstein (10, 11), Lila Rotblat (age – 10), Sewek Rotenstein (10, 11), Maria Rozenwajnowna (10), Ruj (name, age, address! – 10, 11), "Ursus" (10, 11), Musio Zinger (10, 11), Henio Zylbertrest (10, 11).

Correct solutions to contest tasks 12, 13 and 14 were sent in by:

Halinka Bornelin (12, 13, 14), Franka Firszt (12, 14), "Fom" (12, 13, 14), Renia Frydman (13), "Jasager" (12, 13, 14), Paweł Lapidus (12, 14), Olek Oltuski (12, 14), "Ursus" (12, 13, 14), Musio Zinger (13, 14), Henio Zylbertrest (12, 13, 14).

BRAIN TEASERS EDITORS' ANSWERS

Franka Firszt – we considered your letter and awarded you the points.

THE SAMPLE STAMP

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

"You know, Dadzik, I like this stamp anyway – the picture is really nice. I'll give you three Spanish ones for it."

"All right. I'm going to give Szlamek a beating so bad his own mother won't recognize him. What a cheater! Selling sample stamps."

"He wanted to test you, to see if you knew your stuff. It's too bad, Dadzik, but every lesson has its cost."

ZELMAN (Vilnius)

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17. VISITORS ARE WELCOME ON SUNDAYS FROM 4 TO 5 P.M. – NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

FREE TRIBUNE

WHAT KIND OF TEACHERS DO WE LIKE?

In the evening, after the meeting of our correspondents' group, I made a suggestion to the girls who had come: "You know, I have an idea! Let's make a survey about our favorite professors and why we like them!"

"Great!" the girls answered.

"I'll get some paper and pencils!" said Lili, and after a moment everything was already on the table. And then there was silence. Everybody was focused on their pieces of paper.

"Girls, I don't know why I like Professor F," said Nacia.

"Because he's great!" I said impatiently. "And... never mind."

Minutes passed quickly.

"I'm ready!" said Ruta.

"Me too!"

"And me!"

Ada collected all the pieces of paper in a box.

"Girls, keep quiet, let's start reading."

Since all the pieces looked alike, I chose only some of them.

Berta's answer:

"The teacher I like the most of all is Professor M. I like him because he is very nice and fair. And very funny. After him, I like Professor H. He doesn't yell during our classes, like other teachers do, and I also like him because I like German. Professor B teaches his subject well, which makes our classes better. I like Professor H because she is very nice and when my mom goes to a conference, she always tells her that I'm better than I am in reality. Mr. F is just great."

My answer:

"I like Professor M the most, because he is kind-hearted and just. Very often when my mommy went to a conference, he never told her anything bad about me because he did not want to worry her. Even though I am not that great at school and often make a disturbance

during his classes, I'm very grateful and I like him very much. I also adore Professor M because she is very sweet, nice and never hurts anyone. I don't really know why do I like Professor H. Perhaps it is because he likes kids, or maybe because he's simply nice? I like Professor S because she's pretty. She has beautiful gray eyes, pleasant face and she's generally just nice. Professor H is good and like a father. He can reach children and understands them."

Genia's answer:

"I like Professor H because he's good. Professor F is nice and happy, and often uses his phrases, like 'sit down, my dear, your Latin isn't doing so well,' or 'Sit down, my dear, there'll be complaints and tears,' and when someone answers his questions badly, he just says, 'Your time of sorrow isn't over for me, lasting thirty minutes or more it will be' (with the number of minutes changing according to the time remaining). Professor H is very intelligent and teaches nicely, Professor R has his funny 'U-ha!' exclamation, Professor B is a great teacher and often tells us various anecdotes during his classes."

After reading all the answers, I told the girls:

"You know, the teachers can be very different. Every single one of them has their own habits and imperfections. I think that without them, we wouldn't really like our teachers. After all, what would Professor F look like without his phrases, Professor M without his 'you idiot' and Professor R without his 'U-ha!' We wouldn't be able to write that much and give a precise answer to the question of 'Whom among our teachers do we like and why?'"

ZUZIA JAKÓBOWICZ

L.R. correspondents' group
in Kalisz

COMPLAINT BOX

Dear Editor!

I (perhaps not as the first one) am going to open the Complaint Box in the Little Review. I don't hold any grudge against you, but I would like to call attention to two following things:

1 – For almost every single one of your correspondents, the paper is their best friend. They share all their thoughts, desires, and feelings with you. Many of your correspondents do not hold any secrets hidden from you. Why wouldn't that lead to creating a "tight-knit group of strangers" with you, Mr. Editor, all correspondents and readers together? But as of now, it is kind of the opposite. I noticed

your unfavorable attitude towards your correspondents.

I will bring up just two examples of that: every quarter, a contest is held in the Little Review. In the latest edition, there were 180 articles submitted, and only 13 of them won any prizes. The rest wasn't even offered a word of consolation. Someone's probably going to reply with "But there is some consolation, a new contest!" Perhaps the new topics aren't that great for everyone? I'm sure you could spare some space to console the unfortunate authors.

Or another one, one of the correspondents copied an article and submitted it to the paper as hers. Instead of explaining

what she did wrong, she received answer: "The story was plagiarized. Please do not write to us anymore."

Should it really be like that?

2 – Another thing I want to talk about is changing the articles. That's something I experienced myself. Once upon a time I sent an article titled "Will they print it? Or maybe not?" A short article without any content, a laugh-piece, really. You changed it to the point that everyone could laugh, but at the stupidity of the article. Sure, you can change some sentences, but the content... Sometimes even the author laughs at their "creation." Taking into consideration the unpleasant consequences I would be grateful (very grateful) if you could stop altering the articles.

BASIA from Muranowska Street

EDITOR'S REMARKS

First of all, not 163 "unfortunate authors," but 127 – apart from the 13 articles which received prizes in the Fall Contest, 40 distinctions were also presented, and that's quite a lot: almost every third author won an award or a distinction.

Second, never before have the readers of the Little Review had so many chances to test themselves and to "console" themselves by starting in new competitions, than this year. Please remember, dear Basia, that we held the Fall Contest (with three topics and "a free form" for everyone who felt the remaining three 'weren't that great'), the Winter Contest (with three topics), several competitions with current topics, another competition for the position of an editor and the on-going "Brain Teasers" competition...

Third, I always avoid empty and mawkish words. This is somewhat of a tradition here at the Little Review. Instead of words of sympathy and consolation, I encourage everyone to work harder through contests – when reading

your letters, in my answers to them, in our discussions every Sunday, where everyone can come and ask for advice. There will always be some disgruntled, dissatisfied and even gravely insulted contributors – that's quite sad; however, we cannot print every letter. The editor must remain unfazed by misunderstandings and by unjustified complaints; he also must have no personal sympathies or antipathies.

Fourth, copying someone else's article is not a mistake, it's a serious crime, and the fact it was done consciously and with a very nasty intention – to use someone else's work to one's own benefit or due to pure malice. And in this case, the same article was copied for the second time and after we mentioned that this kind of infraction leads to removal from the list of our correspondents. You asked us whether it should be like that. Yes, and we have to state this loud and clear: it's dishonest, and we do not want to work with dishonest people.

Fifth, I'm always very happy when I can send an article to print without

any corrections. I cherish the moments when someone writes an article that well. However, this situation happens far from often. Usually, we have to cut and correct them. Of course, this prompts the authors to complain. Sure, after some time – a year, maybe – many of them thank us, but at the first sight these surgeries can be quite annoying, even painful. I can understand that; however, I'm not going to put that terrible red pencil aside. I would like to, but I cannot. Also, I don't remember the cuts I made in your article. Come see me on Sunday and show me. If I have really done you wrong – it may happen, after all – I will apologize and print your article in full.

Sixth, the "unfavorable attitude towards correspondents." If you noticed it only in the cases that you mentioned, I hope I explained myself, but if it is something you see in general – it wouldn't be appropriate for me to discuss it; thus, I will let the correspondents decide.

Seventh, and maybe the most important of all: it is good that you did not hide your dissatisfaction and decided to speak about it openly and honestly. And for that, dear Basia, you have my respect. ■

A BAD METHOD

"You don't understand anything! You idiot! Moron! Dunce!"

I bow my head down in resignation, I don't say a word, because I already know that any further attempt at answering would anger the professor, who is already trembling with rage, even more. When the professor speaks or yells, it's not advisable to interrupt him. You just have to stand silently, pilloried with ironic looks and mocking smiles of your colleagues until he finally takes out his notebook and writes down an F.

I understand very well why I feel hatred towards this yelling man, standing there at the pulpit. Not because he gave me an F, because perhaps I deserved it, but because he mocked and insulted me ruthlessly in front in my colleagues. This is probably what Prince Konstanty used to do, when he stripped his officers of their honors and slapped their faces.

At our school, this kind of situation happens rather often. This happens during our classes, and – what's the

most bizarre – during homeroom periods. Imagine that! Homeroom periods, when the teachers and their students discuss their class' affairs together, and when the professor should come down from their pedestal of knowledge and stoop to the level of their student, try to understand their psychology and act more like their friend.

Perhaps some of the readers will see a comical contradiction in my point – after all, how can I be against the professors calling us names and mocking us, while asking them to act more like our colleague? Isn't it common between colleagues to call

each other names, after all? And no one bats an eye.

There is, however, a difference between mocking and mocking. Friendly mocking between students is not the same as students being mocked and called names by the professors.

I will not feel insulted when my friend calls me names because my sense of humor (if their insult was on point and funny) would never let me, and anyway, I can always come back with a wittier insult after a moment or two. But what if my professor does this? Obviously, the situation would be totally different. And this is where lies the nasty nature of the stronger

mocking the weaker ones, the older mocking the younger – in the brutal violence and advantage the mocker has over the mocked one.

Think for a moment, where do the reasons lie for the insults and mockery? Certainly, they are dependent on the nature of the professor in question, or rather, the state of his nerves. After all, sometimes it can be really hard not to get angry, when you see a student who cannot answer a really simple question, you almost want to open your mouth and call him a dunce or a nitwit. I can understand that, after all, nobody is an angel.

CONTINUED ON P. 2

WHY WE COLLECT STAMPS

(Answers to Ar's letter "Exactly what is it for" in the December 24th, 1937 issue)

I.

It's hard to explain to someone who is not a collector themselves why I collect stamps, just like you cannot simply explain to someone why you like sweets or flowers. You can only explain it to another philatelist, for they are the only ones who can really understand the beauty of stamps. Which is why I cannot explain why I collect them, I can only try to attempt and present the issue.

To start with, collecting stamps gives me a lot of pleasure. After all, aren't they just beautiful? Just look at the Persian Air Mail stamp, or any of the Italian ones – they captivate you from the very first look. And there are many stamps like that, I am not going to list all of them because I will run out of space.

Apart from their beauty, the stamps also have a useful purpose. Every country uses them to showcase their most important events, their scientists and all the best things they have. Thus, I have, for example, a stamp from Greece with a map of the country and its growth between 1830 and 1930. The English stamps have kings on them. Every country spreads information about themselves using their stamps. I can state with certainty that philately teaches us and enriches our knowledge.

Moreover, Ar asked us what are we going to do after we finish our collection. I think that I will never stop collecting until I grow up, and then I will have a nice souvenir from my younger days. When looking at the stamps, I will remember the circumstances in which I got it. "This English one I got for two from Portugal, this Chinese one

I exchanged for a Paraguayan one." I'm going to have my whole childhood in front of my eyes.

Ar also stated that we should not collect stamps because we spend money on them pointlessly. This is something I also agree with, and I disagree with buying stamps, so I only exchange them or go to people whom I can ask for a stamp.

Other than that, stamps are really valuable too. I read that some of them are worth hundreds or even thousands.

Moreover, philately is a kind of a sport, really. Here, in the group of my philatelist friends, we obtain our stamps in an interesting way – we follow the mailman and peek into his bag or look at the bundle of letters in his hand. If we notice any rare stamps there, we go to the house where that letter is delivered and beg the recipient for the stamp. We call the places where we get the nice stamps "mines." How many emotions are experienced while finding a new mine, how happy we are when we get something great, and how sad when we are left with nothing! In a word, philately is a sport in the full meaning of the word.

IKS from Augustów

II.

Dear anonymous Friend!

I was surprised by your article and your discussion with your friends, and the fact that they collect their stamps only to put them in an album bewilders me. This is really stupid.

I'm collecting stamps for a different reason, and I think it's why everyone does it. Since I was young, I have

wanted to travel, not only around Poland, but also to remote and unknown countries. Since this is still a dream for me – however, a pleasant one – I took up collecting stamps as a way to imagine that I'm already in that country.

I think that a poem – I don't remember who wrote it – titled "An Album with Stamps" would give you a better picture. Here's an excerpt:

"How many, oh, how many countries can you fit in a single small album! With every stamp smelling like a fragrant tree or a warm fruit. Every single one of them tells you: "Go and explore the foreign lands!"

All of them whisper to you: "Something different there you will find!"

As I said, this is just an excerpt, you can find the full poem in "A Window to the World" – a book for the 6th grade. It's beautiful, as it tells us that we collect the stamps not to keep them in an album, but to explore the world.

As far as buying is concerned, I think you are wrong when you say it's not worth the money. I, for one, never spent a grosz on my stamps because I just get them, and others... Others can probably afford buying stamps and other things. How can you know it's unnecessary? Perhaps for the collectors it's an invaluable treasure.

I think you did not really think this through, my Friend. Try to become a collector, and then write whether you changed your mind or not.

FRANIA from Nowolipie Street

III.

Here's my list of reasons why collecting stamps is a good thing:

1. Since I started collecting stamps, I know all the countries of the world better, which improved my knowledge of geography. Back then I did not know where countries like Estonia, Bulgaria, Chile or Argentina were located, but since I started buying and selling stamps I got so good that I know almost all of them now.

2. Ever since I started, I know and can evaluate the value of a stamp and the money from various countries. I know for example that America uses cents, Romania has leus, Palestine has Palestine pounds, Greece has drachmas, Japan has yens, Norway has kroner and so on.

3. I'd rather spend my money on stamps than on sweets and unnecessary things.

KUBA from Turek

IV.

My answer is going to be short.

Sure, there are some stamps with calligraphed words and graphic decorations, but those are virtually worthless. The majority of them present the portrait of the ruler or a president, important leaders, scientists, artists, statesmen, and so on, landscapes, fauna and flora, folk costumes, monuments of the nation's culture – buildings, paintings, sculptures (such as the latest beautiful Polish series with monumental buildings, or the Austrian one, with 8 stamps presenting folk costumes) – those are very educational. You just have to know how to see them!

There are some philatelists who collect stamps because it's fashionable, without giving it a second thought, but – I think – there aren't that many of them.

This is why we collect our stamps.
Eugeniusz DAWIDOWICZ

A BAD METHOD

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

However, when the professor doesn't know when to stop and just pours obscenities over the poor student's head, or when he tries to play a joker and makes fun of the student in front of the entire class, it's hard not to perceive it as an act of ill will.

Here we could ask ourselves a question – what purpose does it serve? And it would be hard to come up with an answer. Personally, I think that mocking students is seen by some professors as a pedagogical method, which they use to combat our laziness and other vices. However, even though they use it for our good, they don't see that it doesn't bolster our ambition; in fact, it's quite to the contrary – it gets crushed and destroyed. A boy who is called a dunce and an idiot in front of his colleagues might believe it and lose his faith in the effectiveness of his learning.

We already know the consequences of not knowing the material, so if you want to explain it to us once again, do it in some other way, without using insults. You need to understand that we already have our honor and it hurts us deeply to see it tarnished. You expect us to be more intelligent, more diligent and more cultured, so please, dear teachers treat us better and more seriously!

Perhaps I am wrong and "the insulting method" does not exist? How would you explain all the insults then?

Regardless of that, this sad situation should fully disappear from school life because it prevents the students and professors getting closer and conducting the classes in friendly – and if not, just welcoming – manner, which should be a defining characteristic of every good school.

H. DAJCZER (Lublin)

LEON MAJDA

GENUINE LIES

(Continuation)

III.

We ran like four hunting dogs, with our bodies straining forward, ready for anything that could happen, eyes open wide. Additionally, Rysiek was listening, but he did not hear or see anyone. In front of us, there was an endless snowy plain. On the right – there was emptiness, with single trees growing here and there, on the left – a slightly descending plain. Everything was surrounded by a semi-circle of the gray mountains, visible from behind the mist. Everything was amazingly, unnaturally white – the mountains and everything else, white everywhere.

However, one thing piqued our interest and made us act like hunting dogs – the pure whiteness of the snow was brutally cut through by a long black ski trail that went through the fields and up into the mountains. From the streets, which we left to indulge in a pleasant run through the mountains, we had noticed this mysterious unknown trail among many others, and we had followed it for two hours, despite it being so fresh that the snow did not yet crumble, and hung in small moving balls over the groove.

The snow was very dry and hard, and the skis slid through it lightly and effortlessly – perhaps this is why the groove was so shallow and narrow. However, Kazik was already making

bets that it was a child who got lost, so he urged us to go faster. One, two, one, two, one leg after another one, sped up, one, two, one, two, propelling ourselves with our hands, one, two, one, two – the snow bulges in front of us, sparkles brightly like crystal, shines with whiteness. Then, suddenly the plain abruptly ends with a rather deep and steep slope. At the end of it, something black can be seen... Maybe a tree, or a bush, God knows what it is, really. But wait, the dot has started to move, it visibly pushes forward. One, two, one, two... The final pushes.

"Hooray!"

Our hearts get overwhelmed by speed and air gets forcefully pushed into our lungs. Oh, how pleasant is the feeling of the unyielding and flexible strength of your legs, the tenacity of your eager body, and the perceptiveness of your eyes open wide. I already feel the danger of the groove in front of us, which Adam hit and fell, head first. I can already feel the fear and courage before that jump. The skis take off from the ground, hang for several seconds in the air and then touch the ground again. I catch up to Adam. Now we are darting down the slope towards this dot, barely visible against the white background. What is it all about now for us, enthralled with this crazy cold

ride? Is it really about the mysterious human figure, whom we were rapidly approaching at that point?

...The five of us were coming back, delighted. I mean, the four of us were delighted, and the boy we met kept going in silence, indifferent. He was bringing his sick father some medicine from the pharmacy.

IV.

On that famous, starry night, people celebrated everywhere – in the nooks and crannies of the winding streets of the Latin district in Paris, on Broadway, in Venetian Square, in the magnificent venues of the Kurfürstendamm. The celebrations took over all the capitals of the world, from Havana to Oslo, from Tokyo to London, all towns, villages, ships and farms, all health resorts and mountain townships.

The whole world danced and the globe shook as the time came when the large hand on the clock was about to cover the smaller one, indicating that the new year had come. And it was then, half an hour before the end of the old year and the beginning of the new one, that Adam jumped out of his bed in the attic of a guesthouse and burst out:

"Let's go somewhere! It's pointless to just sit here. It's all on me, I'll take care of you. It's going to be your first dance."

And so we went.

We were blinded by the lit-up hall, stunned by the sounds of the orchestra and the noise of the glamorous crowd. Intimidated, we stood against the wall, and around us we saw couples dancing

to the rhythm of the music played by the orchestra, faster and faster.

Suddenly we noticed this pair of buzzkills from our guesthouse with their impeccable upbringing the siblings who made us go crazy with their inhuman behavior.

Adam went to their table. When he bowed down, he was white and red: red out of excitement and white from stress. When he courteously asked "may I have this dance" and so on, he was purple, and when her brother explained even more courteously that he regrets, but his sister already promised the next dance to the rittmeister, Adam bit his lip and returned to us, dark as an anti-Semitic poster.

We sat at our table in silence. People stared at this nasty New Year's caricature. Our guardian, Adam, drunk like an undertaker, who had just buried a dignified cadaver, Kazik wandered away in his thoughts, and Rysiek took a nap. Then, suddenly we were all wide awake, as the siblings went past us. She – dressed in a fur coat – was already going out and when she passed us, she suddenly looked at Adam and gave him a sweet smile before disappearing. We looked at each other, amazed. Suddenly, Adam quickly got up and rushed towards the door, knocking over chairs on his way, slipping in the door and falling over head first into darkness. Kazik was sprinting after him, I was next, and Rysiek followed us. We noticed one sleigh break off from the warm, dark mass of other sledges and horses. It was them! They rode off through the dry and squeaky snow.

"Boys, come on!" Adam yelled.

We ran to the first sleigh we could reach, jumped in – with me and Adam on the stairs – and galloped right after the siblings, who disappeared in the dark.

The road led us constantly down the slope, the sleigh was sliding quickly on the snow, and the enormously large black horse pulled us, dripping with sweat, with its belly almost touching the ground, golden sparks erupting from under his hooves. In the rare light of yellow lanterns we saw the escaping sleigh. They surely knew about our "chase," I think they even figured out who was chasing them because they sped up. In its stubbornness, the wind tried to stop us and grabbed us by our hair but we did not care, we ran like a hurricane, like a storm, a typhoon, a simoom, like a plague!

We were gaining on them. Between the rhythm of our horse's hooves we could already hear the beating of theirs, the sliding of their skids. Our sleigh trembled. We had already left the town, and the night fell upon us like a vulture or some other jaguar, and suddenly, in a sharp turn, our sleigh hit a tree trunk. Half-conscious, I was flung into the air, flew for a second or two, landed in hard, cold snow head first, and regained my consciousness.

When the sleigh returned slowly and triumphantly, I climbed on. We were enthralled, and by that I mean the four of us, as they – the wise brother and his sweet sister, were unfazed as always, polite and stone cold.

V.

We can say without any doubt that it was all Rysiek's fault. What kind of fun

ON PERMITTED AND FORBIDDEN MOVIES

and on the desires of a young viewer in general

It is nice to go to a cinema and see faraway countries, travels and journeys back in time, be moved to tears while watching tragedies, or laugh until you cry during comedic scenes in the darkness of a movie theater, together with other viewers. It's nice to see everything that is so far away from us in our everyday life, things we can only dream about.

There are many kinds of movies. Exotic ones, travel and nature movies, historical, biographical, crime movies, spy, love flicks, tragedies, comedies, animated, short films and many, many more. There are also two kinds of movies, which are of special interest for us today – movies permitted and forbidden for youth.

How was this division decided? They took into consideration their "concern for the preservation of morality of the young generation," they took all the movies (which amounted to 90% of the entirety of movie production) and made them forbidden for the youth on the grounds that they are harmful to us.

However, this division is not effective everywhere in the country. The youth from Lublin is in this fortunate (or unfortunate, depending on your standing) position. So we watch all the movies that are forbidden in Warsaw and Łódź, and we "get demoralized." By what? Discussions about love (during which we often take a nap) and kisses. Can this demoralize anyone? Yes, perhaps 10-year-olds, but 15-year-old boys, who are almost adults at that point? Never!

I admit that there are several movies that can be really harmful to us, such as "Traffic in Souls" or "The Wonderful Lies of Nina Petrovna." But should we really be forbidden from watching other, often totally innocent movies? I think that the people who decided which movies would be allowed and which would be forbidden did not take into consideration the division of young generation into children and youth, and there's the problem. The movies should be divided into:

1. Movies for children and youth up to the age of 14,
2. Movies for older youth, up to the age of 17, and
3. Movies for adults over the age of 17.

I think that simple, yet very important reform will find understanding and will get implemented in the near future.

However, let us also take a look at the movies which the youth are permitted to watch. Considering their content, they can be divided into several categories:

1. Nature movies and travelogues,
2. Animated movies,
3. Comedies with Pat and Patachon, Flip and Flap, Joe Brown (rarely some of the newest American or French comedies with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers or Danielle Darrieux),
4. Exotic and action movies (for example, the "Tarzan" series),
5. Historical movies and biographies,
6. Movies based on young adult novels or about events from their lives.

Sadly, out of this list, only a few movies can truly captivate us. The travelogues are boring and to be honest, they are boring as additions to the main movie, and when the entire programming is made up of them – which happens often – we're in for a world of boredom! We want the cinema to show us things we can rarely or never see in real life, something that breaks the mold of everyday life. "Bringing in wood in Hutsulshchyna" or "Polesia – the land of sad songs" isn't really going to interest us in the slightest. The failure of these movies is also brought about by the total lack of action in there. Meanwhile, it seems that the majority of movies shown are exactly like that.

Animated movies are very nice as additions. After an hour of watching them we start to get bored, our eyes and heads hurt from constantly looking at lines and stains, vivid colors, and we are repulsed by the naïveté of their topics.

This naïveté can be also seen in the comedies with Flip and Flap, or Joe Brown. After all, we can laugh while watching how the fat and clumsy Flip falls into water again and again, or how the idiot-faced Brown gets kicked out of his customer's door while selling a tractor, but when the entire movie is filled with scenes like that, the naïveté and superficial nature of this kind of comedy can be noticed by even the least demanding audience. We are far more inclined towards the healthy,

deep and intelligent humor of Fred Astaire and Danielle Darrieux.

We are not interested in exotic and action movies any more, and we don't really care about Tarzan, who always changes along with the swimming world champions.

We would much rather watch historical movies and biographies, including the masterpieces of this genre, such as "The Crusades," "The Last Days of Pompeii" or "Pasteur." How can we explain the success of these movies? We are enthralled with the might and riches of the ancient Rome, the martyrdom of the first Christians, or the unsung, yet not less significant heroism and never-ending work of scientists and thinkers for the betterment of humanity, we are captivated by fast-paced and brilliant action. These are the things that the widely-advertised "Scipio Africanus" lacked, and that's why it was dismissed by disappointed audiences.

Also popular are the movie adaptations of young adult novels, such as "David Copperfield," "The Paul Street Boys," "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or motion pictures about the life of the youth themselves, such as "Children of the Street."

As you can see, from the few allowed movies, only some are gladly accepted by the youth. It is high time to do something with that.

We have to make more and better movies for youth. The possibilities are endless. There are certainly many young talents like Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Jack Cooper and Mike Rooney out there, and the

topics are abundant as well. Especially large opportunities are awaiting the Polish cinematography, let us take for example Sienkiewicz's masterpiece – the "Trilogy." The books are practically begging to be adapted for the silver screen. The possibilities are endless, the rest depends on the will.

On the one hand, we should therefore aim at cutting down the list of forbidden movies to a minimum, and on the other at increasing production and the value of the allowed movies. We should broaden the cinematic horizons of the youth.

Of course, lower prices of cinema tickets in many cities would also certainly help, but that is a different matter altogether.

H. Dajczer (Lublin)

THE RESULTS OF THE FILM CONTEST

H. Dajczer wrote the best article about films for youth, and thus he won the promised prize. ("On the Silver Screen" from the Youth Scientific Library).

Also distinguished were the articles by Zosia from Orla Street (review of "The Prince and the Pauper") and Marek from Franciszkańska Street ("The Good Earth"), which will be published in the upcoming issue. ■

it was to go out of town, four hours out, just to see the skeleton of a dead horse anyway? We told Rysiek he was a dunce, but he stuck to his guns – he needed to go, and if we didn't go with him, he would go alone.

"It's a shame to listen to this," said Adam and we went together.

From the very moment since we left the streets, the dense snow started falling. It fell on our eyelids, noses, lips and arms. But as long as it was possible to go forth, we went.

Rysiek was leading us, remembering the way from some broken tree, a half-burnt juniper bush, an abandoned, unfinished hut. However, when after two hours we saw a forest pop up in the white landscape like an inkblot on a blank page, the wind started blowing, pushing a large, low-hanging dark cloud towards us like a giant ball, Rysiek took a look around and told us that he didn't recognize the landscape anymore and didn't know where we were.

We went into the forest. The trees, tied to the ground with their roots, jealous of our mobility, tried their best to hold us in place by blinding us, dropping snow all over our heads, tripping us with trunks and roots, forcing us to turn rapidly, beating us on our faces with their branches and plotting new traps for us in their silent, bass whisper.

And then suddenly Adam – who stopped in front of a pine tree – turned left, when a tree trunk, hidden below the snow, showed its decayed face and grabbed his skis. He jumped and then fell into wet and dense needles.

"Oh my God!" he exclaimed, skiing back to the field, all covered in needles.

"It's complete nonsense, skiing in this weather?!"

Then the wind released the cloud and jumped down to the ground, amused, kicking up the snow from the ground and moving the trees, so that the snow covers would drop from their dignified heads. Then it noticed us, came quickly and started fighting with Adam, unwilling to let him go forward. But Adam, being as strong as he was, managed to wrestle his way out, and the defeated wind calmed down, dropped closer to the ground, sneaked up behind us, and pushed Kazik, who was going down the hill, with its full force, jumped on his back, throwing him to the ground, then screaming in triumph and flying right next to us, whistling and puffing.

We did not know where to go. Then, suddenly, we noticed the unfinished hut we had passed earlier stick out from the snow. From that hut, we had around two hours left to get home.

We were going back angry. In the room, Adam took off some of his clothes, bent his arm several times and asked Rysiek:

"So, you liked it out there, huh? You found your dead horse? Hey, I'm going to show you something dead, right here, you moron!"

And after his monologue, he punched Rysiek directly on his jaw, and then hit him again with a left hook.

VI.

On the day Ahenobarbus came to the resort, there was a lot of commotion, screaming and confusion. Our indestructible hostess had had a heart attack and was lying on her back in the bed. The

commotion started. Mustard, valerian drops, injections, doctors, glasses, bald heads. The receptionist ran between pharmacies, the hostess' husband started going crazy like a merchant during a fire sale, there was no dinner, there was no afternoon tea, the guests started getting visibly thinner. In the evening, the copper-colored beard of Ahenobarbus appeared in the door.

A council of doctors formed. One of them was half-awake, the second smirked, the third one whispered some diagnoses, one thing, then another. It looked like a heart attack, but it wasn't really a heart attack. It's good that she's in her bed, but it would be better if she stood up. The hostess was still lying in her bed, silent, but thrashing angrily. Then, Ahenobarbus entered the room. The doctors started screaming that the hostess is ill and he could not be there, that he should get out immediately.

Then he just simply asked them:

"Did you inject her with dextrose?" The doctors wilted immediately like flowers in the winter. Ahenobarbus threw his coat in the corner and started yelling at them:

"Give me a syringe! Give me water! Ether!"

The doctors started silently fulfilling his orders. They didn't sleep or diagnose anymore. They gave him a syringe, dextrose, water, ether, some cotton.

He saved our hostess. She stood up and went on to do her job, in a moment, she forgot that all she could move just a moment ago was her left side.

Ahenobarbus stayed at the guest-house. The hostess served him

diligently, room service cleaned his room three times a day, and the cook prepared some special dishes just for him. The athletes almost fell on their faces when he showed them a telemark on a very steep slope, a professor of entomology was amazed when he heard his lecture on the tsetse fly in India. In a word, the educated giant with a red beard like Nero captured the hearts of everyone, dazzling and captivating everyone he met.

Ahenobarbus was the heart of our trip. The athletes admired his tall figure, when he screamed, whistled and yelled. He patted Adam patronizingly on his head, he told Rysiek he was going to teach him how to ski, and he had amazing time.

In total silence, he told us about his winter journeys to Pikui, a snow storm on Pip Ivan, an avalanche on Hoverla, a wolf hunt in Gorgany. He told us about his travels in various mountain ranges, from the Western Beskids to Chornohora, he talked about skiing traditions in the French Alps, about his friends, with whom he climbed the Jungfrau, hotels in Pyrenees, the Principality of Andorra, all the famous European skiers, Birger Ruud, Czech, Andersson, Jalkanen. This man was truly amazing.

"Would you be able to walk around this mountain in half an hour and return to us?" Adam asked.

The climber of the Jungfrau erupted with laughter. "Perhaps you will go with me, young man, because otherwise you will never believe me!"

This was what caused his downfall. Five of us went. Ahenobarbus did not

return after an hour or two. He was brought home in the evening, with a broken nose, half-conscious and wheezing.

"So..." said Adam. "He tried and tried, and finally he met his match!"

INTRODUCTION, WHICH SHOULD BE READ AT THE VERY END

There is one critic I am afraid of – my uncle. He's currently going to Równe or Lublin, and sees that Leon is writing something again, so he reads it all carefully, nodding his head wisely, then neatly hides the paper in his pocket and, after arriving at Warsaw, he is certainly going to ask me:

"That's great, my nephew. Everything's fine. Certainly, these are all lies, but why genuine?"

This is what I would like to explain to him. Sure, I am somewhat of a liar, but all of these stories are real. Could you say, dear uncle, with a hand on your heart that these situations did not really happen? Are they that improbable? No. They only came up here and there, over the course of my four-year long career as a skier, but it doesn't make them any less real. It is true that I had all of those adventures. Should it stop me from describing them? Of course not. All that is needed is just a bit of fantasy to recreate the adventures from the stories of their participants, and then no one will be able to accuse us of lying. Especially lying out of our love of the mountains.

But I don't think that uncle's going to ask me that question. Why would he disgrace his family? ■

READER UPDATES

PLAYING SCHOOL

Today, four of my friends visited me. Mania wanted us to play shopkeeper, Tosia wanted us to play hide and seek, Zosia wanted to play hide and seek too, and Róża wanted to play school. All the girls agreed to Róża's project and we started playing.

I asked them who wanted to be the teacher, Zosia wanted to teach Polish and I wanted to teach them math.

The bell rang and all children sat at their desks. Zosia, our teacher, entered the classroom and a Polish lesson started. Zosia asked Róża and Mania to read, and this took them the entire class, which was very boring. We couldn't say anything, otherwise Zosia would tell us to go stand in the corner for our bad behavior. Finally, the break came. After the bell rang again, the children entered the class and I started my mathematics class. Mania was asked to answer how much was five minus two. She answered "three," so I asked the other children whether she was right or not, and they answered that she was right.

I tried my best to make the class interesting, so that it would not be boring and that our play would be really pleasant for all of us.

Then it was late and my friends went home.

Dziunia

A GREAT INJUSTICE

In our school, as in every other school – elementary and high schools alike – there is a tradition that twice a year we buy our teacher a present. The same happened this year, we pitched in 5 zloty each and bought our teacher a nice herring set.

We put the gift on her desk before our class started, the one during which we were supposed to receive our certificates. She entered the classroom and put them all on the table with a serious look on her face.

Silence fell upon the class, when she started handing out the certificates. I couldn't wait for my turn, especially since I'm 24th in the class record. I felt somehow uneasy because I expected I was going to get unjust grades, which I didn't deserve because I am really good at school. And this is what happened.

I will tell you, in a few short words, why I deserved the punishment from our teacher.

It was two months ago, I was returning home from school and I was in hurry because my sick mommy was waiting for me and I had to do something.

Suddenly, I was stopped by our teacher and she asked me to carry her bag home for her. I told her that I wouldn't be able to do this because my mommy was waiting for me at home.

She got really mad with me and since then she has been holding a grudge against me. I consider low grades to be a great injustice towards me and I cannot believe she could do something so nasty.

Rachela from Sosnowiec

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE

Our class organized a trip to Łazienki Park. We went, happy and joyful. Suddenly, at the corner of Bracka Street we were attacked by Christian boys, who started to hurl stones at us. Thankfully, a policeman appeared, arrested the troublemakers and took them to the police station. The boys resisted and didn't want to go, and when nothing helped, they started to threaten us that they would have their revenge. One of them yelled:

"Jews belong in the Palestine!"

Then one of my brave friends answered:

"If you give us the money, we will gladly go to Palestine."

Our moods were shattered and the trip was already destroyed, so we went home sad.

Fela and Sara

ŁUNNA POWER PLANT

Since 1928, a power plant has been operating in a small town of Łunna. This power plant is connected to a steam mill with the wrong machinery.

In 1937, the owners of the mill decided to replace the machinery. When they brought the new equipment, everything worked fine, but when the installer left, the machine stopped working. The town went dark, as there was no electricity. Everyone was sad and angry at the owners of the plant, but they weren't right, since the owners also weren't happy about the malfunction, especially since the fair was going on and the mill did not work. The owners sustained some heavy losses, and yet people kept accusing them and complaining, calling the situation scandalous. It was really unpleasant.

I don't think that people were right, because people don't want to do others wrong, especially when they would also hurt themselves in the process.

Jankiel from Łunna

BY MISTAKE

My friend Rysio fell ill. The story was as follows:

Rysio felt bad and complained about a sore throat. Doctor was called and said that Rysio has some plaque in his throat, so he is going to have tonsillitis. He advised him to go to a doctor who specializes in treating diseases of the nose, ears and throat called a laryngologist. The laryngologist was called and told us to do an analysis. Since it didn't show anything, we thought that he would be fine soon.

One day – after the analysis – a nurse came to Rysio's house and said she had been sent there to give him an injection. Only his aunt and the servant were at home at the moment.

After the injection, Rysio started complaining about headaches and got a fever. When his mother returned home, it turned out that the nurse made a mistake in the address and gave the injection to Rysio instead of someone else. Thankfully Rysio was fine and nothing happened to him after this injection.

As of now, Rysio still doesn't leave the house, but he is quickly returning to health. Today his mommy called us and told us to visit him when he feels well.

I felt sorry for him, so I decided I will give him an English commemorative postage stamp with King George VI and Queen Mary together.

Marek
from Franciszkańska Street

THOSE WHO PASSED AWAY I.

On Wednesday, we had a question box. Mr. Urlik explained the underground salt deposits to us. The next day, in the morning we received the tragic news that Mr. Urlik had died. We went to the recreation hall. There was silence. We noticed two black ribbons with "RIP Elias Urlik" written on them.

Sadness filled all our faces. A short bell called us for class. All the classes were quieter than usual, and the teachers told us about the achievements of Mr. Urlik, who was the founder of "Forge" – our school paper. In a gesture of mourning, the music classes would also be cancelled and all bells would be shorter.

Our class conducted a fundraiser and gave the money to the hospital where the sick child of Mr. Urlik is nursed back to health to commemorate our teacher.

Miecio from Miła Street

II.

Recently, a fourth-grade student died at our school. We were in geography class, when the janitor entered the classroom, holding the book of announcements in his hand. The teacher read us the tragic news of our friend's death. The final class was cancelled.

Some of the boys were very happy because of it, I would rather have ten classes, if only she could live. The funeral took place on the next day. The teachers and the director went in the front, then the entire fourth grade, parents and many, many friends. And the school building flies a sad, mournful flag.

Wowia from Białystok

MY LIBRARY

I have my own library. It contains ten books. All of them are really beautiful. The most beautiful of them all is "Łap Cap" by Lucyna Krzemieniecka. All of the books have nice pictures in them. I keep them clean, they are all covered and numbered. I would like to have more books than I do now and make myself a larger library.

Mala from Nowolipki Street

A REQUEST

Dear Editor! I have a sister – Anka – who is 12 years old. She constantly annoys me, beats me and doesn't allow me to learn. I'm ashamed, but she is stronger than me. Soon my birthday will come. Maybe you could print this letter and she will make me a present for my birthday and stop being a pain to me?

Józio from Boduena Street

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

Winter break! The stores are closed and there are not many people on the streets. It's freezing and the clanging of skates can be heard on the street. People are wearing navy blue jackets and skating sweatshirts.

I can go to the cinema without caring for my unfinished homework, exams and vocabulary. But where should I go? During the holidays, we have a rather large choice. I go to the advertising post and check the programs. Naturally, I will go see "The Prince and the Pauper." I've waited for this movie for I don't know how long. I read the book by Mark Twain many times, and every single time I was amazed by it. I've never been able to find so much originality, humor and talent in any other young adult book.

I jumped onto the tram no. 8 as it was passing by. After ten minutes, I was in front of the cinema. I looked at my watch, it was just past four. And after entering the cinema, I didn't see the light of day (in reality, it was not the "light of day," in fact you could even say it was more of the "night," but that's how you say it) at 9 o'clock. I left the cinema with my legs shaking, but not due to the emotions experienced there, but rather due to my snow suit, which made me uncomfortable for full five hours I sat there.

I was satisfied with the movie. I could hear the melodious laughter of the two boys, Prince Edward and the beggar Tom Canty. Those twins – the Mauch brothers – are the recent addition to the world of film. I think they should be replaced by the brothers Bartholomew, but since they aren't there, we should be satisfied with brothers Mauch.

Billy and Bobby played their roles really well, but I think that they should still hone their skills and polish them up, like it was done in old Poland with new students, who have freshly joined the university. They still don't know all the movements, manner of talking and smiling characteristic of Shirley Temple and other renowned artists. However, even without all of that the twins captivated the audience's hearts.

Right now, I took out the program out of my purse and looked at them. The similarity is striking!

Right next to the prince was his defender, Miles Hendon – Errol Flynn with his inseparable épée. A nice and careless soldier and a great fencer with not a penny in his pocket, who manages to get on with his life. Errol Flynn was really great in this role. His performance in this movie was almost as great as in "Captain Blood." I think that if he wasn't an artist, he would become a fencer and set some records there.

Claude Rains, the famous "Invisible Man," here playing the role of Lord Hertwood – the villain – was also just as good.

Apart from these good sides, "The Prince and the Pauper" is characterized by impressive scenes. I have never seen such a detailed coronation in any other movie before.

I have to admit that Mark Twain's novel was presented on screen exactly like I always imagined it. When the lights were turned back on, the audience erupted with applause – much deserved by the artists and the director, as the movie is indisputably one of the best to date.

Zosia from Orla Street

Saturday, January 15th is the last day for submitting your **CONTEST ARTICLES**

on the following subjects:

1. Adventure
2. When Daddy was young
3. From our workshop

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

ON A WINTER'S DAY

Today, the teacher advised us that we do as many winter sports as we can, especially skating. That's why we agreed we would meet in Cielętnik Park after school.

As I am not punctual, I was late as usual by 10 minutes. Leon and Motek were already sitting on a bench.

"And where is Maks?" I asked.

"Probably having his dinner."

Forgetting about Maks, we talked about this and that. Leon was the first to notice him.

"Oh, here he comes now. But look... What's he carrying?"

"It's ice skates," Motek called. "After all, he said he was a great skater. Well, we'll see; we'll see if he can actually skate down from Zamkowa Hill."

We went up Zamkowa Hill: Maks and Leon with skates in hand, Motek and I with our sleds. The path was steep and slippery. We climbed up slowly, pulling the heavy sleds behind us.

But the view from the top was worth the trouble. We beheld the entirety Vilnius down below.

"Oh, how nice it looks," whispered Maks, who had arrived from Latvia only recently.

"Sure thing," said Motek with pride, "there's a reason that our city is known for its beauty. Maksio, you must know that even the foreign press has been reporting on the beauty of Vilnius."

"Enough of the talking, boys," Leon called. "Let's ride!"

We formed two pairs: Maks and Leon on skates and Motek and I on sleds.

The first ride went swell. The sleds flew downhill as if into an abyss.

We go up the hill once more. Suddenly Maks exclaims:

"The day is so nice and the course is great: let's have a race!"

Of course! We accepted this with a Great Lakes' Indians war cry.

"Maks and Leon will start straight down from here," Motek ordered, "while we circle round and down the hill. Are you ready?"

"Ready!"

"On your marks! One... two... three."

We took off like swooping birds. The wind whistled in our ears, snowcapped bushes flashed by, the sleds bounced off bumps in the trail causing our hearts to jump up with them – partly out of fear and much more out of pleasure.

"That was good," said Motek when we reached the bottom, "but why can't we see them? They should be here already."

"Let's wait. They'll probably arrive here any second now."

We waited: five, ten minutes... No sight of them.

"Maybe they just hid. Maybe they've agreed to play a trick on us."

"Hello! Leon!"

Silence. Only an echo responded.

"That's no joke," said Motek.

"Something must've happened to them."

We set off in search of our missing friends.

After a while, we spotted two human figures at the bottom of a deep gorge. I say "human" though as we looked at those scrambling snow-covered figures, it was hard to guess whether they were people or bears. We came up closer.

"Leon!" I shouted in astonishment. "What happened to you two?"

"Well, we lost it. We didn't notice we were skating down at the edge of a crevasse. And Maks lost his balance. I tried to catch him by his coat, but he is hefty; he pulled me behind him and we rolled down to the very bottom here. We've been calling out to you for a good half an hour now."

"But I called you too. Only an echo responded."

"Fine, we'll talk about this later. Guys, help us scramble out of this wolf's pit."

Our rescue expedition began its cautious descent into the Valley of the White Death, straight at two red-cold noses pointed upward and pleading for a lifeline, which was ultimately formed out of three scarves and one sweater.

"What a story," snapped Motek feeling out the slippery ground with his foot. "If my leg slips here, I will fall on your heads."

"This is crazy!"

"It's worth describing!"

"Let's send it to the Little Review. I can write it down if you guys want me to."

"I'll give you 15 groszy for the postage stamp."

"And I'll donate 10 groszy."

"You'll get an envelope from me. It's a lucky envelope, I promise: my aunt received a lottery ticket in it and a week later, it turned out to be a winner."

"Was it a big prize?"

"It was okay: five thousand."

"Huh, you never told us about it."

"Because it wasn't worth telling about: all my aunt was able to buy with it was a dress."

"Just one dress? For five thousand?!"

"Groszy, my lad, groszy. What she won came out to five thousand groszy."

This is how on one cold winter's day, among adventures and laughter, we came up with this article, which we now send in a lucky envelope, with a stamp we bought together.

Akiwa from Vilnius

LONG NIGHTS AND BIZARRE DREAMS

A DREAM ABOUT A MIRROR ROOM

I usually fell asleep with my head sloping to the lower edge on my soft pillow. The delightful lethargy would not allow me to move higher up the cushion. That's why my head heavy with thoughts and musings rested somewhere at the pillow's edge, even if my sore neck called out for change of that position.

I did not close my eyes. With delight, I watched the windowpane, by then dark blue as the clear winter skies behind it. It seemed to me that the sky – imprisoned in the glass pane – begged me to remove the glass so that it could rush into the room with its fragrant blue stream.

The slumber closed my heavy eyelids, which still held the image of the sky trapped in window glass. My drowsy imagination forced me to drape the pane in a transparent, lightweight curtain. The curtain swayed with soft and quiet movements and blushed with its wonderful pinkiness. In my dream, I saw how the mirror, which had just reflected the pink fabric, suddenly melted into a silver mist. I felt myself absorbed by that mist and found myself in a mirror room.

The curtain sways lightly donning its pinkiness against the windowpane, behind which the dark blue sky howls its cold, moon-cast lament.

I am in the mirror room. Do you remember? You dreamed of it whenever I spun for you the tales about the mirror world.

I cozy up, with my head in my grandma's hands, and we both enter the room's mysterious depths. Huge potted philodendrons don their foliage, and a tiny silver boat looms in the middle. Great white flowers bloom in its depths.

The two of us move slowly through the solemn, fragrant stillness of the room. We carefully brush aside green rushes. A boat rocks lightly under our weight. And suddenly...

Grandma's willowy apparition melts slowly in the air. The huge dark blue eyes I loved so become the night itself. I remain alone. The little boat rocks gently. The rushes rustle.

"Grandma," I call out with desperation. "Grandma, I'm afraid!"

The mirror room is a void.

"Grandmaaaa!"

I feel the fear grabbing me by the hair and pervade me.

I open my fear bewildered eyes and immediately note there is no mirror room. Only the sky behind the window gleams with the cold light of the stars and the moon. And the heart is regretful for not being able to leave on the silvery boat.

Ania Gincburżanka (Brest)

LONG KNIVES AND AN ABYSS
This was a Friday evening. Electricity suddenly went out, so we went to beds earlier than usual. My father opened the window to air the room out for the night. We mentioned my mother's departure, we talked about the aunts and maybe the uncles.

I fell asleep. In my dream, I called out and shouted with all my strength, and ever louder:

"Catch them!"

They showed me their knives and told me not to talk or they would kill me. My crying got even louder, until I woke everybody up. That is when everybody began waking me up. I was grateful for that and told them about my dream.

It turned out that the window had stayed open. Father fell asleep and forgot to close it. As our place is on the ground floor, anyone could climb in. We searched the premises for any strangers. We looked everywhere. Nobody was there. We went to our beds, but could not get to sleep any more. We had this strong sense of someone hiding in our home.

Another time, I dreamed I was skiing and admiring majestic and captivating mountains along the way. The farther I go, the more beautiful the landscape becomes. I climb peaks and ride down, and suddenly I fall into an abyss.

I slowly regain consciousness. I call out for help. I hear no answer. What will happen to me? Will I remain lying here? Won't anybody come to my rescue and will I perish here? I start crying out loud: "Help, help!"

I awaken suddenly. I am overjoyed as I realize I am not lying alone at the bottom of a crevice. I have everybody around me. There was some sadness in that awakening too: sadness for not being out skiing.

Idzia

ONE FRIDAY NIGHT'S DREAM
Some superstitious Jews believe that everything a man dreams of on a Friday night is sure to come true.

It was on a Friday that I dreamed of some strange things.

It was a beautiful fall morning. Having jumped out of bed, I stood by the window and thought about how I would surprise my parents on my birthday. After all, December was coming soon and I hadn't yet come up with anything.

Suddenly I heard a voice behind me: "Szmulek, what are you doing? It's time to go to cheder."

I was angry that my father had interrupted my meditations, but that's too bad: father must be obeyed. I went running to my cheder.

In cheder, my classmates informed me we were going to the Paderewski Park. The rebbe came up. In a new

gaberdine and with a cane in hand, he looked like the district rabbi himself. He greeted us and said:

"Listen boys, I will take you for this trip provided you behave well. Any of you unwilling to obey will get the cat."

And then (as in a dream everything happens right away) we were in the park. We formed two factions: the Jews and the Egyptians. The Egyptians were supposed to hide, and the Jews were to catch them. Those who caught the most Egyptians would get candy from the rebbe. I search and search for Egyptians; then I hear something splash behind me. I turn around, and see my brother drowning. People try to save my brother, and I just stand on the embankment and pray that they save him because if he drowned, my father would spank me hard.

With this prayer, I woke up.

The next day, I told the rebbe about my dream. The rebbe fell silent for a long time, and I waited apprehensively as if for a court sentence.

Finally, the rebbe said this:

"Listen, son. The fact that your brother drowned is a bad omen. Some misfortune will be visited upon your family. But you can turn that misfortune around: only pray every Saturday throughout the day, from morning to night. Come to me once a month passes."

Every Saturday I would pray earnestly. One time, as I stood bent in the synagogue, an elderly man approached me and asked why I wasn't out playing with my friends, but continued to pray. I told him the whole story. He praised me for listening to the rebbe.

"God will take pity on you and turn the misfortune away from your home."

My spirits thus raised, I prayed even more zealously.

After a month, I came to the rebbe for further guidance.

Just as the month earlier, the rebbe was silent for a long time, before he finally asked:

"When is your birthday?"

"On the 6th of December," I replied.

"Listen then. That's two months away. Over that time, you have to raise 2 zloty and buy a mezuzah with it. When the family sits down to a supper, you will take out the mezuzah, put it down on the table and recite the appropriate prayer. You will hand the mezuzah to your younger brother asking him to kiss it. Then, you nail it in the place of the old one on the doorpost. That way, you will prevent any misfortune.

I did everything the way the rebbe told me to and yet my mother got cancer and nothing helped, neither the mezuzah nor prayer or the advice from the rebbe: my mom died a year later.

Szmulek El.

THE HOLIDAY OF TREES

THE EVE OF HAMISHA ASAR
BISHVAT

We had been walking for a good hour. It was cold outside. We both longed for warmth and light. "Where could we go in," we thought.

"You must've forgotten it is BiShvat today," I exclaimed.

My friend was surprised I remembered what day that holiday fell on. Not minding her dumbfounded face, I continued.

"We will go to Basia and Henia, we will pull our resources together, buy some goodies and we will come back to your place."

We rapidly reached an agreement with our friends and proceeded to the store. Tucha (that's what I call my friend) ordered some carob, figs, halva, some crackers and seeds. I, as the minister of the treasury, financed all of this. Now, with a bagful of those "goodies" we went back to Tuška (Tuška and Tucha is the same name).

In her room, we pulled out a table, covered it with a cloth and laid out our goods. Meanwhile, Tuška negotiated with her brother to gain access to his dominoes. The brother was strongly against it. "I will agree," he said, "if you include me in your game." In the absence of other games, we had to agree to those terms.

We distributed the remaining money between us in a fair way. We used them as stakes. When we were out of those, we continued playing with the leftover seeds and carob. I was somehow out of luck, so I looked with jealousy at my every friend enjoying her lucky stars in the form of a fig or a few seeds.

Then, we all sat down on the couch.

What did we actually talk about? That's hard to describe. What a medley of things: jokes (always followed by peals of laughter), riddles, reminiscences of the previous party, plans for a new one (I ask the reader not to be offended with the manna-like abundance of parties; in the absence of other interesting entertainment in our town, we are forced to occasionally organize parties by ourselves), preparation of materials for the paper telephone game, gossiping (a standard with us girls) and many, many other things. There was also some more serious talk about books and films.

The conversation preoccupied and engaged us so much that we completely lost track of time, when the clock began striking nine.

After cleaning up and the traditional chat at the door, lasting solid 15 minutes, we all went our ways laughing and satisfied because even though that wasn't a real holiday meal, we ultimately spent that evening well.

Éncia from Łomża

A LETTER FROM EIN HAROD
The editor of the Little Review has this ugly habit of storing any late-coming letters with descriptions of a holiday or celebration until the following year, but I want to be an exception because my description will be short and tasty.

It so happened that I had to go to Haifa for a few hours on the eve of Hamisha Asar BiShvat. This is essentially a children's holiday. I spent a long time standing in front of stalls and shop windows in the narrow streets of that old town. There were coconuts and peanuts, roasted almonds, fried and

salted pumpkin and melon seeds, dried and baked peas, seeds and raisins of various shapes and colors, hard candy and caramels in colorful, bright and shiny wrappers, the way the people of the East like it. And as it was a Friday, a holy day for Muslim Arabs, the traffic was huge because not only the Jews were out shopping.

And in Ein Harod? There was a long parade of all the kindergarten and school children that set out to plant trees. I am glad I don't have to describe to you why the New Year of trees is held and what they sang about and said here, because you have often read in the Little Review about how the Palestinian children celebrate this holiday.

I will only tell you that at the border of Ein Harod and its neighboring village, they have built a big stage, one that is taller and bigger than in any of the big theaters of the capital. They have concerts and shows there for the entire area whenever a theater or an artist from across the world tour there. So far, they completed the stage, and for now the audience will be sitting under the open sky.

Workers devoted many of their free days to the construction of this stage. So now, some 400 cypresses were planted around that stage; and it was the kids who planted them, as the sun was shining after the rain, and the blue chain of the Gilboa Mountains could be seen from afar.

The teacher reminded the children that it was not enough to plant the trees, and that you had to care for and protect them to ensure that strong trees would grow out of these frail seedlings.

You will not guess what I liked the most on that day. As we walked slowly in a long line through the village, the workers came out of the kitchen, the locksmith's shop, the carpentry shop and of all the other workshops, these were the parents of these children and not only the parents, the young and the old, many of them tired and troubled and ... they smiled. But how they smiled and observed the colorful procession... that I am unable to describe.

You asked me what kinds of issues the young student council deals with here. They are very similar to ours; even the mistakes they make at the beginning are the same, for example: Aja, the hotspur, took on the difficult job of assigning duties and was soon ready to quit. Josef needlessly undertook to edit the daily wall paper; he had not calculated the time it takes and now complains he cannot cope.

But everyone is happy with the new organization. Every week, on the day following the student council meeting, the representatives of the 2nd and the 3rd grade report back to their respective class with such engagement and integrity. All the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the representatives require the approval of the general meeting, i.e. by simple majority of all the children.

That is the order here, for both the children and the adults in the kibbutz. Recently, the adults held a general meeting on the question of whether to buy a flock of sheep for the farm. The children were very much interested in that and urged their parents to vote. One of the boys even went to his father's office, walked in on a meeting and said with bitterness: "You are sitting here without a care while there, at the general meeting, they are discussing the question of buying sheep. Please, go there and vote for the purchase."

Children have their own flock here: 15 sheep and goats, always accompanied by two donkeys. This is the favorite duty for many. When those on duty return from the cote, no one needs to ask where they were. You can guess by the odor right away. They are happy to be honored by the duty of herding the flock. And imagine the whistles and other sounds they use while watching their flock. The first time I heard it, when they were passing by my window, I was frightened; I did not know these were the teachings of the Bedouin herdsmen. But now, I've gotten used to everything, even the howls of the jackals, who give their concerts almost every evening.

You ask me what I do here. Among all the varied activities, I have recently been assigned to preparation of lemon and orange juice for children. You know the feeling of thirst in the summer season, how you search out which store will give you a bigger – 5-groszy – ice cream scoop. Here the summer is long and hot, so the matter of fruit and juice is very important. Lemons are extruded here using an electric machine. There is a motor in the kitchen to which you can hook up a potato peeler or a slicer for carrots and other vegetables, and you can whip egg whites, make noodles and pasta, or squeeze juice out of lemons with.

As I throw away the lemon peels, I remember the expression: squeezed out like a lemon. I also reflect that you can do a good job squeezing out a lemon manually, and you can do a shoddy and careless job doing so with this smart electric machine. A machine performs as the person does. A solid worker will sew up well by hand what a bungler will botch up on a machine.

That is enough for today because the more I write, the more topics come to mind.

S.W.

B. A CONSUMPTIVE

He joined us in the middle of the school year. Initially, no one paid any attention to him. He was skinny, with blush on his cheeks, which looked like two red blemishes, and he was probably the weakest in the class. Just an ordinary wimp. It was only during his first gymnastics lesson that he drew attention to himself.

He entered the gym and sat himself on the pommel horse and had no intention of changing into gym clothes.

They asked him: "Will you exercise?" "No."

"Then run off because when the gym teacher sees you, there will be trouble." "I couldn't care less; I have an exemption."

"What's wrong with you?" "It's consumption," he said in a tone I would use to say I had a hole in my shoe.

I looked at him with involuntary respect. A man with consumption who talks about it is a somebody.

At the moment, the gym teacher walked in.

"Attention!" The Consumptive (as that's how we by then named the newcomer) did not get down from the horse.

"Why aren't you practicing?" asked the gym teacher sharply. "Get off the horse."

Still quiet, the Consumptive remained seated.

"I have an exemption," he shouted back.

"From whom? Get off the horse this instant."

"From a doctor. I am sick with consumption," the Consumptive shouted from the other end of the room, still sitting on the horse.

"Get off that horse!" the by then angry gym teacher roared at him.

"Why are you shouting at me? I'm getting off now."

In no hurry, he slowly got down from the horse.

The gym teacher looked at him but apparently came to the conclusion he was powerless here because he did not say another word.

Later, I talked about this with the Consumptive.

"Why did you argue with him?"

"Why did he shout at me?" he answered with a question of his own.

"You provoked him. Think of what would come out of this if he reported this to the principal."

"What? Nothing would have happened."

"They would've kicked you out of the school," I tried to scare him, now growing impatient with his calm.

"So what! The doctor said I would not live through this year anyway."

I could not find any good answer to that.

After this incident, the Consumptive and I became friends. He was a middling student, neither good nor bad. He

disdained the teachers. He constantly played pranks on them and argued with them about every little thing.

One time, the geography teacher called him out. The Consumptive came forward, handed the teacher his notebook, stood by the map and began talking about the economy of Germany, unprompted. The teacher listened with surprise, but finally exclaimed:

"Look, did I ask you to do that?"

"No, but the teacher had asked about that same thing three students before me, so I thought you would ask me about the same thing too."

"Sit down. That's an F!"

"Why? Was my answer wrong? What mistake did I make?"

"Get out of class; what nerve!"

"Could you not shout at me, please? I'm leaving right now."

He calmly walked out of the classroom.

Such incidents happened on a daily basis. The Consumptive was not afraid of anyone. He picked fights with everyone, but no one would strike back at him. Everyone was afraid: what if you smack the wimp and he starts hemorrhaging? It was better to bear these provocations in silence.

On one occasion, as we – meaning the Consumptive and I – were walking to school, I asked him:

"Tell me, why aren't you being treated? Your family are rich enough to take you somewhere where you would feel better."

"By now, I am nearly consumed by my consumption," he tried to laugh it off, "and there is nothing else that can help me. Anyway, I am not interested in extending this by another two

years or a year. Just think of what will be happening. I will have to continue visiting the doctor, I will continue having hemorrhages, which is so terribly exhausting, I will have to continue taking my medication and hearing my mother say: 'Saluś, take care of yourself! Saluś, don't go out! Saluś, take your medicine.' I prefer to die a year earlier than to live this way. The heavens will not rend once I am dead."

"Does your mother let you go to school this way? This is killing you."

"You think I ask her? I just go and that's that," he cut the conversation short.

From then on, I had even more respect for him. He was the only man I knew who was truly not afraid of death.

* * *

The Consumptive's health deteriorated. He coughed during class and had a hemorrhage one time. He looked ever more emaciated and the blush on the cheeks turned deeper red.

"Hey, I won't go on for much longer," he told us, "but at the end I'll show you what I am capable of. I will play a prank such as you've never seen before. How can the teachers hurt me? I will die soon, anyway."

And he did exactly as he promised.

That day right after lunch, we had common room time. We sat around – the Consumptive, Lolek and I – watching a chess game. Suddenly, one of our boys jumped into the room.

"Guys," he hollered, "our tests are in the teachers' room, still not marked up. And there is nobody there. Who will go?"

We looked at one another. Nobody

really wanted to. If caught by a teacher, you could be kicked out of the school. But the Consumptive stood up, his eyes wide with joy.

"Well, gentlemen, dear menagerie! This is going to be my final prank. Who has some correction liquid?"

"Here you go. But what happens if they catch you?"

"They won't catch me. Anyways, what can they do to me? I'll be dead soon."

He took the correction liquid and left. We sat there as on hot coals.

Suddenly we heard steps from the direction of the teacher's room. Who is it? Maybe there was someone in the teachers' room and the Consumptive is coming back?

A moment later, the Consumptive appeared in the doorway with... a bundle of notebooks in his hand. We were all dumbfounded, but immediately went to work and within half an hour the notebooks were corrected.

The Consumptive calmly took them back to the teachers' room. When he returned he sat down to play a game of chess, as if nothing had happened.

* * *

The following day, the Consumptive did not come to school. He was absent one day, two days, a week... he just faded into oblivion. Sometime later, we learned that he died.

The class quickly forgot about him. It was only on the day we got our report cards that we all looked at the empty seat the Consumptive used to occupy and saw his frail form and heard the words he repeated so often:

"What can they do to me? I will die soon anyway." ■

DOMESTIC NEWS

THE TRIAL OF JOSEPHUS FLAVIUS

On November 26, 1937, through the efforts of a group of youngsters, the premises of the League were the scene of a trial of one Josephus Flavius, the protagonist of Lion Feuchtwanger's two novels, "Der jüdische Krieg" ("Josephus") and "Die Söhne" ("The Jew of Rome"). The public filled the hall to capacity. The young people who participated in the court proceedings completed their tasks perfectly, for which they were rewarded with tempestuous applause. The speeches everyone liked best were those of the defense attorney and the prosecuting attorney, and particularly that of the defense attorney, who won the case. The presiding judge, Niusia, who conducted the entire hearing in an impeccable manner deserves commendation.

The (court of appeals) trial agenda was as follows:

1. The presiding judge's introduction.
 2. Reading of the judgment passed by the court of primary jurisdiction.
 3. The motives for the appeal of the prosecution and the defense.
 4. Witness testimonies:
 - a) Aleksas, glassmaker and a friend of the defendant;
 - b) Gamaliel, the first doctor of the academy in Yavne (Palestine);
 - c) Titus, Emperor of the Roman Empire;
 - d) Domitian, Emperor, successor of Titus;
 - e) Paulus, son of the defendant and Dorion, an Egyptian woman;
 - f) Justus, a Jewish writer and friend of the defendant;
 - g) Phineas, a liberated Greek slave, the defendant's secretary and Paulus' teacher.
 5. Testimonies of additional witnesses.
 6. Voices of the public and presentation of a legal and historical analysis.
 7. Summations of the prosecution and the defense.
 8. Reading of a letter from Feuchtwanger.
 9. The court ruling.
- As I mentioned before, the judgment the court passed was that of acquittal. It is also noteworthy that Lion Feuchtwanger, notified in advance of

the upcoming trial, addressed a letter to the young people. In the letter, he expressed his appreciation, wished them success and at the same time announced the upcoming publication of the third volume of the trilogy, in which he would deliver his verdict to his hero, Josephus Flavius. Finally, he asked to be notified of the outcome of these court proceedings, a request that was fulfilled immediately upon delivery of the judgment in the case.

We are now looking forward to the judgment to be passed on Josephus Flavius, a citizen of the world, by his creator, Lion Feuchtwanger.

Lucyna from Poznań

A BOYS' UNION MEETING

We just established a Boys' Union in our school. On Wednesday after school, we held a meeting of the Union under the slogan of "Hurray for ping-pong."

"Friends," I said in my opening speech, "our dream has come true. We will have a ping-pong club in our school."

"Hurray! Cheers!" Everybody cried out as if they just learned they were the holders of the winning lottery ticket.

The choir master barged in like a bombshell. We had completely forgotten there was a choir practice in the adjoining classroom.

"You professional dumbbells," the teacher hollered.

When we calmed down a little, he explained he was on the edge after practicing a single song with the sixth graders for the past two weeks. They were finally on the verge of singing the song well when our shouts spoiled everything.

We felt sorry and began apologizing to him with such intensity and noise that all the teachers came running, with expressions on their faces so menacing that our entire Union just hid under the benches.

"What happened? What is going on here?" asked the school principal.

Maks got out from under a bench and squealed:

"This was all out of great joy!"

"What joy?"

"That we will have a ping-pong club in our school!"

At that point, the Union's supervising teacher, a great guy, stepped out from among the teaching staff present, gave us a brief order in low voice because he never raises his voice:

"The entire Union, you go home now!"

Then he turned to us:

"The Union Board stays. Come to my office."

MOTEK from Vilnius

WE ARE ERECTING A NEW BUILDING

The press conference held at the Medem Sanatorium in Miedzeszyn brought together great many guests. They were amazed by everything they saw:

"Look how clean this place is!"

"It's the children who keep things in order here, all by themselves!"

An atmosphere of cordial friendship permeates the life of the sanatorium in its entirety.

One of the conference guests posed a very important question:

"Don't the children returning from the sanatorium to their damp, dreadful living quarters feel their situation that much more acutely than before staying in the sanatorium?"

The sanatorium manager said that the educators present to the children a better, more beautiful and cleaner world and life the way it can be without envy, all in the belief that everyone should strive toward such a life and actually build it.

... On one occasion, a nurse took a six-year-old boy back to his home, located somewhere on the outskirts of the city. The boy was very well-behaved all through the journey, he even longed for his home, but the moment he stepped over the threshold and beheld his parents and his former life, he sat down on the floor and wept bitterly.

... Ms. Wasilewska visited one of the former sanatorium beneficiaries in her home. The floor consisted of several broken boards and clay. In the middle, the girl stubbornly scrubbed those few boards.

... One boy was supposed to go to the sanatorium. Apart from his grandmother, he had no other relatives. Just before he was to leave, his grandma wanted to give him something for the road, and since the only thing she had was seven groszy, she gave him five groszy and kept the remaining two.

One as the children were playing, a teacher played beautifully on a harmonica. The boy approached him with his outstretched hand and a five-groszy coin in it, and when the teacher finished playing, the boy said to him:

"Let me play the harmonica for a while; I'll give you 5 groszy."

He was not aware you could get something for free.

... It is only in the sanatorium that the child learns that teeth should be cleaned with a toothbrush and mint and that it is appropriate to keep things tidy. The manager relates further:

"We had a case where a child that came to us lived in a room occupied by three families, numbering 24 people in total. It is hard to believe that.

There is so much space and air here, the plots between the train stop and the sanatorium are all vacant, uninhabited, and there a room of a few meters square, with 24 people living there!"

In Warsaw, the sanatorium established what is known as Kinder - Heym (Children's Home) for its former patients. There they spend entire afternoons; they do their homework with the help of teachers, receive food and have fun. So far, Kinder - Heym has no premises of its own; it is located in the folk school at 36 Krochmalna Street. The Medem Sanatorium is one of the few happy islands on the sea of misery of the Jewish children.

The sanatorium is now proceeding with the construction of a new hundred-bed building. The times are very difficult, but that building must be erected, against all odds, through collective effort.

AD

RECEIPT FOR JOSEPH FROM VILNIUS

Collected at the winter camp of the "Jehudyjah" primary school 10.00

Collected by children among children at Feldgrasowa's	
Guesthouse in Świder	6.50
Eli Halpern, Łódź	5.00
1st grade of the Secondary School of the Middle School Society in Grodno	4.65
Madzia from Sierpc	1.00
Eugeniusz Dawidowicz	1.00
Bunio Jonas from Łomża (in postage stamps)	1.00
Total	29.15
Including the previous weeks' contributions	243.32
	272.47

JOKES

A DELIGHTFUL CHILD

"Please, give me a pot of marmalade," says eight-year-old Jasio as he hands the dish to the grocer.

The grocer fills the small pot, hands it back to the boy and asks:

"And where is the money?"

"It's at the bottom of the pot!" says Jasio with a sweet smile on his face.

THE CAUTIOUS ONE

A father took his son for a walk through the village. He stopped in front of a big apple tree, heavy with fruit. The father looked at the big ripe apples with interest.

"They have to be picked now," he said in the manner of an expert.

"No, daddy, not now," his son whispered back. "Don't you see the farmer is watching us?"

We received 55 letters from Warsaw and 51 from the province, 106 altogether.

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THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM WELCOMES VISITORS EVERY SUNDAY BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 5 P.M. - NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

"THE GOOD EARTH"

I have thought hard and long on the movie which made the greatest impression on me and came to the conclusion that the best movie I know is "The Good Earth." What are the reasons?

Now, this movie familiarized me with the life of a Chinese peasant. It showed an exploited and destitute man.

"A Chinese peasant bought some cheap land. He bought as many as five fields. He planted them and was rich. Before long, a drought came. With his eyes sunk and his lips cracked, the peasant inspected his fields. Everywhere he saw the effects of the absence of life-giving water. Suddenly his eyes lit up. He saw a small patch of the mother earth, his sole provider, that held some moisture. The Chinese farmer got hold of this last chance for survival; he brought bowls and buckets, and filled them with the moist soil. He was only able to drag home a single

bucket. As he came in, he saw his wife sitting on the threshold, with the small corpse of their baby in hand. All their other children were lying down, unable to move."

People in the village were dying like flies then. News that Lu (the film's main character) had food spread quickly among the handful of the surviving peasants. They rushed wildly to Lu's hut and found there his wife stirring the damp soil her husband found. Around her stood her children staring greedily at the cooking soil.

Lu wanted to sell off his sole provider, the land. The merchant offered him a mere 12 pieces of silver. Though that could have put food on their table for many weeks, Lu understood that when that money ran out, he would become a pauper. He did not sell his land.

Lu and his family traveled south. Along with him on the move were

thousands like him, human skeletons, barely alive. Finally, he reached some city and here he kept himself alive through begging, he would even take the place of a horse for a measly salary. But Lu did not steal, and when one of his children stole something, he nearly killed the child. When Lu miraculously came into some money through his wife, he remembered his provider and took his family back north. But he changed in a strange way: here he desired to possess a living room, noble robes, and trappings of prosperity. Lu became a Chinese landlord. He despised his wife and children. However, he retained the sense of duty toward his mother, the land.

When the steward of his fields came and showed him a large insect - a locust - which was found in the field, Lu understood that a disaster was imminent, and he decided to act.

His peasant's blood quickened in him, and he became a true peasant again.

Swarms of locusts appeared on Lu's fields. Lu was not schooled, but his son studied in a big city. That son said:

"We need to burn part of our crop. We have to! The locusts will extinguish the fire with their bodies. We will dig ditches and fill them with water. And whatever survives that, we'll squash and trample upon. Let us get to work!"

The peasants standing at the door ran in all directions. Some hastened to set fire to the crops, other began digging ditches and the rest filled those with water. Meanwhile, the locusts fell upon the fields. Their numbers were unimaginable. Suffice it to say that if the locusts were to be put into bags, counting those bags would take at least 20 years.

Millions of insects fell, only to be replaced by billions of new ones. Finally, in spite of the obstacles the miserable peasants put in their way, the locusts extinguished the fire with their own bodies and came across the ditches. Many drowned, but

others went over their carcasses. Then the real drudgery began. The peasants thrashed masses of insects with their shovels. Lu worked with greatest zeal. Sweat flooded his face, his hands started giving out, but he paid no attention to that. From time to time, he would pick up another man fallen among the locusts.

Suddenly, smiles appeared on the peasants' faces. They felt the blessed wind, which chases locusts away from the land.

This is how - more or less - the movie presents the life of the earth's most miserable peasant. We see his attachment to the land, his ambition and downright honesty. A Chinese peasant would not live without work.

But he committed one shameful mistake: he hungered after wealth. He sought to move into the realm where there is no more work. The peasant, however, realized he had land. And when the good earth was threatened by danger, he hurried to "her" rescue.

Marek from Franciszkańska Street

READERS' UPDATES

HAMISHA ASAR BISHVAT
(letters of second-graders
from Ein Harod, 7 years of age).

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE DIASPORA

Come to us, because it is beautiful here. We plow and plant fields and forests. It is very good here, in our country. In the spring, anemones bloom and the almond tree blossoms. In the winter, oranges grow. We have lots of fun during the Hamisha Asar BiShvat. We plant seedlings. It's beautiful here, very beautiful. We go on trips, we pick flowers. Our garden is full of flowers and greenery. Where you are, snow is probably falling; our neighborhood is drowning in vegetation. Come and we will all live together.

JORE

BLESSING FOR THE TREES

Oh, trees, throw your roots into the soil, expand your branches upward! And don't allow yourselves to be cut down. Have a good year, oh, beloved trees.

JAEL

TALKING TREES

A cypress and an almond tree grew around the barracks. And they talked: "I am better looking," said the cypress tree. "No, I'm the prettier one," said the almond tree. The Sun heard their conversation and said: "Don't argue, you trees! You both are nice looking and pleasant: the almond tree blossoms beautifully and the cypress tree provides shade."

AHUWIE

A DREAM OF A TREE

There was a tree growing in the grove that dreamt that it would be cut down. And it beseeched the woodcutters: "Do not chop me down!" But they wouldn't listen.

When it woke up the next morning, it saw its green, high reaching branches and birds singing among them.

CAFIR

A THANKSGIVING FOR THE OLIVE TREE

You give us tasty olives. We make good olive oil out of your fruit. We use this olive oil to fry and cook with.

A wanderer weary with his journey sits down and rests in your shade. For all that, I thank you, dear tree, and I wish you live for many, many years!

RUT

THE EUCALYPTUS TREE

The eucalyptus tree helps dry the marshlands, provides shade to weary travelers and heals the sick. We also make cradles and build barracks out of the eucalyptus wood. We value this tree very highly.

JUWAL

HISTORY OF ONE TREE

An angry Arab cut off one tree's branches, but the tree did not die. It sprang new branches and lives on. It is still a beautiful tree, and to sit in its shade is a pleasure.

URIE

FAILED VACATION

Right at the beginning of winter holidays, I went to Otwock, but the very next morning I fell ill. My father called in a doctor, who told me to stay in bed for a few days.

I rested quietly, though beautiful trips beckoned, and sledding and skating tempted me.

Unfortunately, this year's winter holidays were a complete failure for me. I intend to make up for what I lost now in the course of the summer holidays.

HENIEK from Graniczna Street

WHAT GOES AROUND...

My teacher primarily attends to the weak students and the better ones come later. He talks to them, takes more time to explain the lessons to them, and when any one of them cry over their report card, the teacher says:

"A student without an F is like a soldier without a rifle."

I liked those words very much. I envied my classmates who received so much of the teacher's attention. I wanted to have the same rights as they had, at least once.

And here I was in luck. At the end of the first half-year grading period, I got three B's, but that wasn't a happy occasion. Instead of calling me a "soldier," The teacher addressed me as a slacker. The friends that used to like me, now are moving away from me little by little. Only father, from whom I was expecting nothing but a spanking, said:

"Just improve on it because should you get any F's at the end of the second half of the year, things will get bad."

I cheated myself only once. I wanted to become a "soldier" without putting in the work, and I did not realize I was hurting myself. I won't play that foolish game again.

LUTEK from Jeziorna

I AM NOT A PERSEVERING PERSON

My name is Nusia G. The editor probably remembers my brother, who wrote an article titled "The radio installer" two years ago.

When I was younger, I wanted to write for the Little Review, but all I wrote then were sheer stupidities and put all my articles in the trash, the way you will surely treat this one, Mr. Editor. Even if I wrote something nice, it never occurred to me to rewrite it and send a clean copy to the editor.

I am older now, and I still cannot overcome my lazy demeanor. I am not a persevering person at all. For example, there are many novels in my head, all my notebooks are filled with novels, which are not all that bad, by the way. But that is not enough: I will write down five chapters, but when I think that I should write another dozen or so chapters to finish the novel, I put my pen away with aversion.

I often cannot sleep at night and think up my novels. When I am bored and have nothing to read, I write novels. I recently wrote a novel entitled "Bands of the Black and the White Land." I was about to send that novel to the Little Review, but no, just forget about it.

I wrote the initial three chapters, and I cannot go on any further. I will

fill blank pages with scribbles, and then I cast the notebook aside, unwilling to continue my writing.

Mr. Editor, can you advise me what to do to improve myself and willingly engage in work?

NUSIA G.

A CURIOUS KIND OF DOCTOR

The "Baj" Theater came to our school and gave a beautiful performance for us. It was a story about a curious doctor, who preferred treating animals to treating people. He had some animals in his house, including a duck, a parrot, a hedgehog and a dog, but he still dreamed of a lion or a crocodile coming to him for treatment.

The doctor had a sister, who was not happy with the arrangement. She kept saying:

"My scholarly brother, you treat animals, who do not pay you for it and you lose real patients."

One time the doctor received a circus director with a monkey and a crocodile. Animals complained about the circus director; he was bad to them and did not give them food. The doctor got angry at the circus man and took the animals under his care.

One desire of all the animals was to go to Africa, their homeland. Finally, the doctor was able to go to Africa with them to treat other ill animals there.

I loved the entire play. I liked the doctor the most because he understood that animals suffer more than people. People can at least tell you that something hurts them whereas animals cannot, and that is why they need our love and understanding.

BELA from Niska Street

HOW I WAS THROWN INTO THE LIWIEC RIVER

Last year, I was in Urle. Daily I came to Liwiec to spend a few hours there. I bathed, caught fish and played with the other children.

One day it was very cold. Some people came to the beach, but no one was bathing in the Liwiec.

On the other side of the river, there was a group of boys. They may have been 15-year-olds or so. At that moment, I noticed that they threw one of their group into the water. I was curious and wanted to approach them to see who they threw into the water. It seemed to me that it was a young lady.

In order to get to the other side of the Liwiec, I had to cross a small bridge. Having reached the middle of the bridge, I stopped suddenly as I noticed that the boys I was approaching aligned themselves on the bridge in an odd way. Not suspecting anything wrong, I went ahead. I was close to the other side, right by those boys, when all of a sudden somebody pushed me, and I fell off the bridge into the water.

The Liwiec is a very shallow and safe river, that is why children play in it the same way as on the beach. But on its other side, near the bridge, there is a place that is quite deep, one children stay clear of. That's where I was pushed off the bridge.

Fortunately, I grabbed on to a bridge pillar and miraculously got to the water surface. The next moment my mom ran up and took me out of the Liwiec and put me in dry clothes. I had scratches all over my legs.

"SPARKLE"

BRAIN TEASERS

The following sent in correct solutions to the contest tasks nos. 4, 5 and 6: "ABA" (4, 5, 6), "Awadiusz" (4, 5, 6), Artak Biezuński (4, 5, 6), Lila Birenbaum (4, 5, 6), Lila Borensztajn (4, 5, 6), Marysia Borensztajn (age - 4, 5, 6), Zdzisław Bornstein (5, 6), Halinka Bornelin (4, 5, 6), Alfred and Ryszard Brandszteterowie (4, 5, 6), Perla Brum (age - 5, 6), Nina Marim (5, 6), Zygmunt Cukier (4, 5, 6), Naum Dyskin (4, 5, 6), Elza Edelszejn (4, 5, 6), Ludwik Eljaszberg (4, 5, 6), R. Feldman (name - 4, 5, 6), Franka Firszt (4, 5, 6), Józio Frydman (4, 5, 6), Renia Frydman (4, 5, 6), Michał Gelblum (4, 5, 6), Miecio Glasman (4, 5, 6), Josef Goldfarb (5, 6), Rysio Goldszal (4, 5, 6), Izrael Goldszpigiel (4, 5, 6), Sewek Goldsztejn (age - 1), Zosia Gothardówna (4, 5, 6), Celina Grasberg (4, 5, 6), M. Gryn (age - 4, 5, 6), Aleksander Grynberg (6), Ida Grynszpan (4, 5, 6), Zdzisław Gurko (4, 5, 6), Symek Hajtler (4, 5, 6), Motek Hochman (5, 6), "Jalda" (4, 5, 6), Idzia Jedwab (4, 5, 6), Sarenka Judkowska (5, 6), Lusia Kaplanówna (age - 4, 5, 6), Liliana Karolicka (age - 5, 6), Srulek Karpman (4, 5, 6), "Ring" (4, 5, 6), Felicja Kossowska (4, 5, 6), Włodzimierz Kronholz (4, 5, 6), Sz. Krypel (age - 4, 5, 6), Iszaje Kuliński (5), Paweł Lapidus (4, 5, 6), Efrysz Lejberg (5, 6), Roma Lewi (4, 5, 6), Maria Lewin (4, 5, 6), Zygmunt Lichtensztejn (4, 5, 6), Dorotka Lichtszajnowa (4, 5, 6), Mira Line (age - 4, 5, 6), Ala Loescher (4, 5, 6), Władzio Lubeinfeld (4, 5, 6), Dorota Mozes (4, 5, 6), Alfred Mulawski (age - 6), Izio Nieczuński (4, 5, 6), Nacia Niemiec (4, 5, 6), Olek Oltuski (4, 5, 6), S. Ostrajch (age - 5, 6), Lola Perlówna (age - 4, 5, 6), Halinka Pinkiert (4, 5, 6), Daniel Poczebucki (4, 5, 6), R. Poliszuk (name, age - 4, 5, 6), Fela Rajchenberg (4, 5, 6), Mira Rajchertówna (4, 5, 6), Dusia Rajzman (4, 6), Lusia Rajzmanówna (5), Rita from Otwock (last name, address, age! - 4, 5, 6), Lila Rotblatówna (age - 4, 6), Sewek Rotenstein (4, 5, 6), Tosia Rotsztejn (4, 5, 6), Anna Rzechte (5, 6), Frania Rybińska (4, 5, 6), Mieczysław Sapersztejn (age - 4, 5, 6), "Sapiens" (4, 5, 6), "The Vulture beak" (4, 5, 6), Michał Stern (4, 5, 6), "Check" (4, 5, 6), Dudek Szklar (address - 4, 5, 6), "The Scot" (4, 5, 6), Tolek Szlik (4, 5, 6), Adam Szpilman (4, 5, 6), Srulek Szpilman (4, 5, 6), Madzia Szpiro (4, 5, 6), Miecio Szurek (4, 5, 6), Stanisław Szwalbe (age - 4, 5, 6), Halinka Tobiłowska (4, 5, 6), "The Secret" (4, 5, 6), "The Mind" (4, 5, 6), Andzia Wajgenszperg (age - 5), Izio Wajsenblum (age - 5), Józef Wolteger (age - 4, 5, 6), M. Zankier (name, age - 4, 5, 6), Musio Zinger (4, 5).

The following sent in correct solutions to the contest tasks nos. 10, 11 and 12: Jankiel Ajzenszmid (age - 10, 11), "Awadiusz" (10, 11), Izaak Bilder (10, 11, 12), Lila Borensztajn (age - 10, 11, 12), Halinka Boruchin (10, 11), Tobiasz Chłudniewicz (address, age - 10, 11, 12), Natan Dyskin (10, 11), Róża Figa (10, 11), Halinka Finkielkraut (10, 11), Renia Frydman (10, 11), Michał Gelblum (10, 11, 12), Miecio Glasman (10, 11, 12), Tobiasz Glikowski (age, address - 10, 11, 12), Józef Goldfarb (10, 11), R.G. (10, 11), Celina Grasberg (10, 11), M. Gryn (10, 11, 12), Ida Grynszpan (10, 11, 12), Idzia Jedwab (10, 11), Felicja Kossowska (10, 11), Włodzimierz Kronholz (10, 11), Paweł Lapidus (10, 11, 12), Roma Lewi (10, 11), Zygmunt Lichtensztejn (10, 11), Lucynka Lipszyc (10, 11), Ala Loescher (10, 12), Władzio Lubelfeld (10, 11, 12), Olek Oltuski (10, 11), Halinka Pinkiert (10, 11), Daniel Poczebucki (age, address - 10), Elias Przysuski (age, address - 10, 11, 12), Rachela from Józefów Biłgorajski (10, 11), Fela Rajchenberg (10, 11, 12), Lusia Rajzman (12), Ryszard Robak (10, 11, 12), Sewek Rotenstein (10, 11, 12), Frania Rybińska (address - 10, 11, 12), M. Sapersztejn (name - 10, 11, 12), "Sapiens" (10, 11), Dudek Szklar (10, 11, 12), Adam Szpilman (10, 11), Srulek Szpilman (10, 11), Madzia Szpiro (11), Lola Szrajzman (10), "The Secret" (10, 11, 12), Halinka Tobiłowska (10, 11, 12), "The Mind" (age - 10, 11), Józef Wolteger (age - 10, 11), Musio Zinger (10, 11).

The following sent in correct solutions to the contest tasks nos. 13, 14 and 15: "Aba" (13, 14), "Awadiusz" (13, 14, 15), Izaak Bilder (13, 14), Halinka Boruchin (13, 14, 15), Tobiasz Chłudnicki (address, age - 13, 14), "The Secret" (13, 14), Dobrunia from Praga (age - 14), Liza Edelszejn (13, 14, 15), Ludwik Eljaszberg (13, 14), Ernus

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN SKATES

Ice skating is one of the greatest pleasures of the upcoming winter season. Not everyone can afford to buy a pair of steel skates, but also, the things we make ourselves give us most pleasure, so let me describe for you how at a cost of few groszy you yourself can make skates, which are particularly good for skating on softer ice and packed snow.

First of all, you have to get hold of two pieces of softer wood (linden or poplar) because the processing of harder wood calls for more effort and skill. In addition, we need some thick wire, say used in telephone lines, a length of 50 to 70 cm.

From the wood, you need to carve out the skates like shown below.

Now you need to shoe the skates with the wire. Use a piece of string to measure the distance between both ends of the skates, add a few centimeters more for the bends, and then use the string to measure the length of wire you need. You need to carve out a rut for the wire to go through, its depth should be equivalent to half the thickness of the wire. Now sharpen the end bits of the wire, then bend and hammer them in as shown.

The only remaining thing to do is to fix the skate straps. If you have a drill bit, bore two holes in the places indicated in the first drawing. Pull the straps you will tie over your boots through those holes. If you do not have a drill bit, you can use screws to attach the straps to the skates.

As you are looking for screws, rummage through your household junk to find two suitable buckles; fastened straps are better than tied straps, and they look better.

(i.g.)

FOR THE FIRST TIME

The following wrote to the Little Review for the first time: Ajzensztajn Rachela, Aleksandrowicz Ryszard, Birenbaum Hela, Blatt Hania, Bursztyn Heniek, Cwajfus Jerzy, Czarnobroda Mania, Ferster Ewa, Finkelstein Ruta, Forma Anka, Frydman Pola, Goldkorn Zosia, Goldman Adam, Guterman Nusia, Hamburger Hanka, Jedwab Idzia, Joselewicz Dawid, Kamioner Lutek, Kałużyńska Stefa, Klein Rachela, Kolberg Jenta, Korentajer Sulamita, Lastman Dawid, Lewin Anka, Lichtenbaum Bronka, Lichtensztejn Felka, Losca Irena, Łuński W., Machlis Leon, Pindek B., Pozner Felicja, Próznak Marysia, Rafałowicz Pola, Rozenberg Henryk, Rozenblum Dorka, Szymanczyk Małka, Unger Lea, Wajman Nomi, Warhalt Lili, Wejder Judyta, Werthajm Hania, Wołyńska Dora.

from Pińsk (last name, address, age - 14), Renia Frydman (13, 14, 15), Tobiasz Glikowski (age, address - 13, 14), Josef Goldfarb (13, 14, 15), R.G. (13, 14, 15), Celina Grasberg (13, 14), Ida Grynszpan (13, 14), Jadzia Jedwab (13, 14), Liliana Karolicka (age - 14), Felicja Kossowska (13, 14, 15), Paweł Lapidus (13, 14), Zygmunt Lichtensztejn (13, 14, 15), Ala Loescher (13, 15), Władzio Lubelfeld (13, 14), Izio Nieczuński (13, 15), Nacia Niemiec (13, 14, 15), Olek Oltuski (13, 14), Halinka Pinkiert (13, 14), Sylwa Przeczopówna (14), Elias Przysuski (age - 13, 14), Fela Rajchenberg (13, 14), Sewek Rotenstein (13, 14, 15), Frania Rybińska (13, 14), Dudek Szklar (address, age - 13, 15), Adam Szpilman (13, 14), Srulek Szpilman (13, 14, 15), Madzia Szpiro (13, 14), Miecio Szurek (13, 15), Halinka Tobiłowska (13, 14), "The Mind" (address - 13, 14), Beniek Wajnsztein (age - 14, 15), Józef Wolteger (13, 14), Musio Zinger (13, 14).

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

IN DREAMS AND DESIRES

(Excerpts from contest entries for subject number one: "What if")

PEACE EVERYWHERE AND FOREVER

...I can't read the papers anymore. The same cruel headlines all the time: "Bloody battle in Spain," "Fighting in China," "80 victims of bombarding in Barcelona," "Five halutzim killed in Palestine," "Great armaments in England..."

I often just throw the paper on the floor and dream about a time when peace will reign – in Palestine, in Spain, in China – everywhere and forever.

BOLEK from Nowolipki Street

GOOD GAS

"...gases are divided into asphyxiating, caustic, burning and toxic. All gases are chemical weapons"...

I put the book away and I daydream.

What if I would invent gas that could influence the human mind and feelings?

I would walk the earth and secretly spray my good gas. I would be happy seeing that:

a man in despair didn't commit suicide;

a criminal had changed for the better; a wrong-doer can't sleep, he is thinking about how to make amends; politicians hate wars;

all misery has been wiped out...

JERZY W.

I WILL BE A DOCTOR

It happened in 1936. I got an ear infection. The next day, when our school was screening "Bright Eyes," a film with little Shirley, I went to the hospital.

A nurse took me into the operating theater. Afterwards, once I got better, I helped the nurse. I performed every task with great enthusiasm. One time I didn't even notice when one of the assistants stood beside me. I was so happy when the nurse asked me for help.

I just loved medical work. I dream of taking care of sick children all the time.

LUSIA from Pawia Street

LINES AND COLORS

When I was four years old, I received a set of crayons. I drew dolls with big heads dressed in long coats adorned with buttons then. Already then, I knew what the names of the colors were. My friends were surprised and kept asking with curiosity:

"What color is this? What is the name of this crayon?"

And it stayed that way: I love colors and I paint all the time.

My parents say that I should not be thinking about it so much, because while "painter" sounds nice, you don't make any money.

DORA

THE KEY TO HAPPINESS

When I go to the countryside one day, I would like to find a lake in a forest with the ruins of an old castle on an

island. I wouldn't be afraid to peek into the dungeons of the old castle. My dream requires wines, suits of armor and jewels hidden in caskets to be there. I wouldn't touch them, as this is not what I am looking for.

During my visit to the castle, I would like to encounter an elderly man, who would entrust to me the secret of the ruins and present me the key to the gate of happiness.

I would walk around the castle for days, or maybe even years, looking for happiness and finally I would find it.

RYSIA from Kalisz

TO HOLLYWOOD

My greatest desire is to become a star. My mommy says that I am too young. But little Shirley is also young. I change into long gowns, I make up a movie and I act in it when no one is at home.

I have a crush on Nelson Eddy; I collect his photographs and I want to go to Hollywood.

R.M. from Białystok

A SCHOLARSHIP

Maybe you think that I want to be a sorcerer or a prince? Maybe you think that I desire riches or fame?

No, I just desire an education. This is the only thing I am asking for, that they don't send me for an apprenticeship in one year, that I receive a scholarship to high school instead.

DAWID K.

STUDY IN A JEWISH MIDDLE SCHOOL

I live in a small provincial town with no Jewish middle school or even an elementary school.

During breaks, students discuss plans of battles with the Jews and when we leave school, screws on strings fly our way. It does happen sometime that a Catholic or a Protestant will do something good for a Jew, then some voices are heard, asking "For a Jew?"

At times, I resent my parents for not having prepared me immediately for a higher grade in this small hole of a town in order to shorten my stay in this school.

Mom and dad talk about this subject often: "We need to think where to send him because a year will fly by fast." In their letters, our relatives from Warsaw suggest that my parents send me to stay with them.

I am already in the fifth grade. I hope that in one year my dreams will come true – I will attend a Jewish middle school.

BENIAMIN from Izbica Kujawska

MAY PARENTS BE HEALTHY

For several months, my father has been lying ill in bed. God alone knows how much I've suffered. Mom has been sick for a long time, but compared to

dad, she's healthy. Not only am I not allowed to laugh, but I can't even speak up. Sometimes five days will pass that I don't go out from the house. And if I do go out, I go to the pharmacy or to the pharmaceutical shop.

If my parents were healthy I would be the happiest person in the world.

FELA DELEWKOWICZ

MAY THE INSURANCE COMPANY BE SOCIAL

On the 20th of April, I felt pain in my throat. I went to a Social Insurance-funded doctor. The doctor noticed that a lump was growing on my neck. He sent me to a surgeon. The surgeon examined me and sent me back to the same doctor with a sheet of paper describing how to treat it, but he didn't know how to treat me at all. In the meantime, I couldn't sleep or eat. I went to see the surgeon again. I was assigned the number 19. I waited and waited, and finally the surgeon came out in his overcoat – the time for seeing patients was over. He didn't want to speak to me on the stairs.

The next day I went to the district doctor with a fever of 38 degrees. He sent me to the head doctor, but the head doctor sent me away and didn't refer me to the hospital.

Oh, if only the Social Insurance had good doctors and good medicine! If they saw the sick there quickly, politely, kindly. If only the Insurance company was truly social!

SARA from Czerniakowska Street

A PATH IN LIFE

If Mr. Editor were not busy then, Lejzor wouldn't have said categorically: next Sunday. And I wouldn't have left with tears in my eyes and sorrow in my soul. And maybe then, if I had said everything, some good advice would have been found.

...Maybe it's for the best because when I talk, I get a strange lump in my throat, I feel sorry about my fate. I haven't yet found a path to take in life.

ESTUSIA from Stawki Street

TO SCHOOL

I have lost a school year. I was dangerously ill. I didn't see anyone from our class and even today, I am not allowed to read yet.

I live in a small town in Pomerania. I don't have friends or a pastime (even handicrafts are forbidden).

May the convalescence period end already so that my nice school life can start.

HELGA GUTGOLD (Kcynia in Pomerania)

IF I HAD A YOUNGER SISTER

There would be three of us at home because I have a 17-year old brother. There would be so much laughter and frolicking. After school, I would go for

a walk with her. And once she turned six, I would prepare her for the first grade. She would attend the same school as me. And since I would already be in middle school, I would come down (our middle school is located above the elementary school) and ask her what was going on. I would boast in front of my friends about having such a pretty and smart sister (my sister has to be smart and pretty). I would take care of her at home, I would put her to sleep and help with everything.

HANIA from Wronia Street

MY OWN AUTOMOBILE

I am entering the contest because I am saving money for an automobile.

I always look at cars on the street. I like the machines made by the Chevrolet company the most.

One time I saw a chauffeur cleaning such an automobile. I noticed that it was upholstered with red suede inside and had a pointy engine. I am a connoisseur of automobiles, I recognize every make.

If I had an automobile, I would drive it first from Warsaw to Gdynia and then to the mountains. In general, I would know where to go – just give me the car.

SAMEK M.

TO THE MOUNTAINS

I have been reading about mountains a lot, about beautiful mountain forests and pastures, where herds of sheep graze under the watch of a shepherd. Various rivers have their source in the mountains, including the Vistula. I have also heard that mountains hide mineral riches inside them... If I only could see all that!

B. TENENBAUM

TO THE FARAWAY COUNTRIES

A grey, monotonous life of a student. Daily cramming of lessons, sitting

in school every day, over and over again... And afterwards? What awaits me after school? Standing in front of the newsroom every day, looking for work in the "jobs offered" section. In the best case, just as grey a life of an office clerk or an apprentice.

Faraway countries lure me and woo me. My heart says: "go... go... into the unknown"... And my mind sneers: Where will you go? With what will you go?

HENIEK from Łódź

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

...I can only dream that in the library books, at which I am looking at right now, there are always things for which everybody is striving, for which everybody is searching and about which everybody is dreaming.

SONIA KOCHAŃSKA (Łódź)

ABOUT DREAMING IN GENERAL

...Life consists in turn of failures and victories. Some dreams come true, others remain "intangible ideals" forever. Should this discourage us? Quite the opposite! A man needs to eternally desire and search, achieve and dream. To stop being active, to submerge oneself in happiness and contentment in gained benefits – that is the contradiction of life, it is death... Dreaming is and should be the engine of an ever-improving life; a life climbing higher. We should be walking the path of making our desires come true slowly and gradually, remembering to never be satisfied with that which exists, but to always fight and conquer.

May the desired "what if" not obscure reality but add to the will and power in persevering in the quest for the ever elusive dream.

B.L.

WHAT IF...

A violin is sobbing painfully but sweetly in the black silence of the room. A hollow "boom" floats through the black silence of the room: it is the clock striking the hours.

Fairies have sat down on oleander leaves. They have spread golden threads in the dark room. Now the clock is silent. The violin is complaining fervently and dolefully.

A yearning comes over me. The fairies who were whispering quiet spells have hidden in a dark corner. Because the clock has moaned again. Because a bag has softly fallen on the floor. A fluffy dickens has waived its paw, from between the leaves. Dreams – a cloud of little blue creatures with wings – were startled and dispersed softly.

...and silence unfolded over the bag.

And again, the sobbing sweet sounds poured through the darkness. So the fairies returned to the oleander leaves and unfolded their golden threads again.

I see an ocean: It spreads widely, it is heavy, yet gentle.

A slightly swaying ship arrives at the port. And I am standing on its deck. And I only know that I am going to Eretz, which I have dreamed of. And I only know that I am watching the sea and the sun of this land, that I am inhaling the wind coming from the coast.

And this is happiness. I already see from afar the white sand of the coast. I waded in it up to my ankles. I am already swimming in the sea, lifted softly by the green and grey waves. This is my sea after all – the sea lamenting the coasts of Eretz. And after swimming in my sea, I am a citizen of Eretz. And this is also happiness.

CONTINUED ON P. 2

WHAT I DESIRE THE MOST

The room is dim. On the table, everything is prepared for seder: matzoh, morod wine. The candles are not lit yet. Mom is busy in the kitchen. My brother, Jerzyk, who today has arrived from Warsaw, where he is studying at the university, went with daddy to the synagogue. We had been awaiting his arrival impatiently. My brother doesn't look good, he has lost his sense of humor, which always used to be his trademark. He is pale, depressed and doesn't speak much. When my mother asked, "How is studying going?" he only replied, "Not bad."

"So will you be always standing like that during lectures?" mommy asks.

Jerzyk has a strange character: he doesn't like when mommy asks him questions. He leaves to discuss things with our father, though, speaking Hebrew. I don't understand everything. Out of the entire conversation, I only caught that "it is not going to be always this way, you have to do your thing, study, work and believe in a better future."

Mommy has become extremely sensitive, she is full of protest, and she is unable to accept the state of affairs in universities.

"Has anyone heard of such thing," she says, "that my Jerzyk is being insulted just because he wants to study?"

Mommy is all taken with this matter, she hungrily reads all news about incidents at universities. The smallest mention about student fights in the newspapers is enough for her to dissolve into tears.

"Is this what I have brought him up for, so that at the threshold of his adult life others have contempt for him? My God, why have you chosen such a horrible cup of bitterness for my child!"

Mommy thinks that my brother is exposed to various insults every day. She can't sleep at night, she has horrible dreams: about how he is being beaten and pushed out of the lecture hall; or how he is being injured

and carried out of the university. At times, she wakes up at night screaming, "Help!" I press my face into the pillow then and I choke on my tears. I am afraid of mom hearing me.

Mom has become awfully weak throughout this year, since Jerzyk has entered the university. She walks around gloomy and pale, I can see how she suffers terribly. Sometimes I say to mom:

"Let's write to Jerzyk to tell him to come home. We will give him money, he will go to continue his studies in France. Jerzyk likes to read French books so much after all," I say, showing mom Jerzyk's entire French library. "You will see, mommy, how well he will do."

And mommy refutes my advice nodding her head with a short and sad answer:

"Studying abroad. That's easy to say... Where will we find money for such expenses?"

But later she herself reproaches my father for not wanting to send their son abroad. Arguments start and then dead silence reigns for the entire day, and I am sorry for having brought up this issue. I know how hard my father works, the money is barely enough to support the family. How can one dream about sending Jerzyk abroad?

But the things that were happening at home today surpassed the saddest moments that mommy had experienced. It seemed to mother that she noticed dark circles under Jerzyk's eyes and she started to cry spasmodically. My father and my brother tried to calm her down. How awful is that! I shudder at the very thought of what will happen after the holidays, when Jerzyk will have to go back to the university. I would rather experience the most horrible pain only in order to avoid such a horrible moment....

Now daddy and Jerzyk are in the synagogue. I think that my brother is telling daddy about all his experiences. Mom enters and lights the candles.

Her eyes are teary, she whispers a quiet prayer. I look at my mommy praying, and I remember the prayer by the happy Martin Marden, a child of a Jewish emigrant from Germany who received shelter in an American school. This child's prayer was disseminated all over the world. I would like to be praying like Martin:

"God Almighty, send us peace on our home. May the sorrow disappear from mother's face and may all pain be lifted off her heart. Make all evil disappear from human hearts, great God, so that people are brothers, not enemies to one another. God Almighty, who for all the years has surrounded our homeland with fatherly care and delivered it from enslavement, send us Your salvation and liberation also on these human souls that have stained themselves harming their brothers. Make them capable of feeling the blessings of freedom. Make, great God, all violence and harm disappear forever from the surface of our earth, so that all of its children become illuminated and warmed by the great light of the ascending glory of the Dawn of our Homeland."

I am writing these words in my diary and I am whispering my prayer, watching my mother who is standing in front of the candles, hiding her face in her palms. And I am thinking about Martin Marden again.

You happy boy, your prayer, your heartfelt wishes have been spread all around America. Under the influence of your prayer, more than one villain has abandoned his crime, more than one ill soul has recovered. With all my heart, I desire such a Polish Marden to be found in my homeland, one that would express the pain of the millions and the warmest wishes of all children would be spoken by him in an equally strong and noble prayer, the power of which would be huge: it would change all evil people into people of good will.

This is what I desire the most.

SABINKA from Plock

SILVER WINGS

The huge field of the airport is filled with the public. Wherever you look, you see a crowd squirming with curiosity. Everybody is fixed on one point – the middle of the field. They all want to see the protagonist of this grand moment.

"Another 15 minutes," shouts someone from the crowd.

And everybody passes this information from mouth to mouth: another 15 minutes, 15 minutes... The quiet murmur of curiosity and impatience is growing, intensifying. After a while cheering can be heard:

"Brava! Show her! Faster!"

Whom are they calling and demanding to see in such an insistent way? They desire to see the hero of the day – a girl in a plane.

Who is this little, modest blonde? Where did she come from? Oh, this is a long story.

She desired exploits and discoveries since childhood. Books by Verne, later works about Amundsen, Nansen, Chelyuskin's expedition, finally Piccard's exploits did their thing. At the beginning, it was a child's desire, born out of a rich imagination, but with time it transformed into a life's purpose. Pampered by thought and huge work, the achievement was standing by her side. A huge plane was shining with its silver surface in the sun. Like a huge silver bird giving shade to his creator.

And she stood there radiant near her "Dream." In a moment, she will give it life, she will set it in motion. Silver gleams flicker in the eyes of this girl – the

reflection of her masterpiece. She knows that her friend will not let her hopes down. After a successful trial flight, she will set out for a long, victorious journey.

The crowd is impatient. Suddenly silence falls. The young pilot climbs the small stairs. Last warnings for the engineers and pilots that surround her. The crowd goes wild. And again, there are hats thrown in the air. "Courage, courage, go!" they shout.

But she doesn't need to be encouraged. She smiles once again, she nods again, she scans the whole plane with her eyes and now, already serious, she enters the cockpit.

The machine budged. At first a quiet rustle. What is it? Isn't the machine moving? But no, here it is growing, increasing in power... The engine is roaring. The propeller is growling as it cuts the air. Another moment and the machine, after jerking slightly, is rolling away. Like a silver bird the "Dream" has lifted up into the air.

At the same moment, I felt a delicate touch. I open my eyes. My mom is standing beside me.

"Were you sleeping?"

I don't know what to answer. It seems to me I wasn't, but maybe I was. It doesn't matter all the same. I feel I wasn't home for a moment.

I am sitting on a chair near the window. The book lays in front of me. I am looking into the sky. Yes – that was beautiful: on silver wings... there, above the clouds, ever higher, ever farther...

MARYSIA P.

ALL TOGETHER

I live at my aunt's in Tel-Aviv
And my parents live in Poland
For sure Daddy and Mommy have the same dreams,
It is after all just a "What if"...
Just like that – for make-believe...

*

There is a house in Galilee, a beautiful homestead.
The sky is all blue, gorgeous weather.
The house is near Mount Hermon and Mount Lebanon.
I am the one to shepherd playful little goats up there in the mountains.
Once the goats eat till they are full,
I go home. Mommy greets me at the door,
Daddy feeds the canary
And the canary is warbling some joyful news to me.
The room is cheerful, nice, quiet.
Dad and mommy are relaxing,
And me, myself
I run to the hill with a book.
In the mountains, I am closer to the sky.
I love the mountains. Here one doesn't need
To search for peace and strength too long.
I go home. The stars are twinkling
The moon is smiling with honesty
And almond trees smell
In my garden, tiny crimson roses are sleeping
And my parents are waiting with dinner.

MIRIAM from Tel-Aviv

WITH A NEEDLE OR WITH A BOOK?

Every day, with a beating heart, I listened to the sounds of the conversation taking place behind closed doors and every day the same cruel sentence was passed:

"Unfortunately, my child, the times are difficult now, we can't afford you being educated in a middle school."

My sister, seeing my teary eyes, tried to comfort me by saying:

"You will stay home for one year (I wouldn't go back to the seventh grade for anything because everybody already knew about me going to the middle school), maybe the circumstances will improve."

And my mom, on hearing my sister's words, would add:

"It is better to sit at home for one year than to be sick."

The worst was however when one of the relatives would come and put it very plainly:

"What do you need all that schooling for? You will become a seamstress anyway."

My home became a real hell for me. I was restless in there. I resented everyone.

I wandered the streets. I would go to the School Council, visit various

schools to ask for discounts, sent my second sister wherever I was unable to achieve anything. I kept asking, searching, my eyes and ears were always wide open and vigilant to every word related to school.

And then, finally!

After a long and hard wait that had been full of tension, I managed to get accepted in a school where I received a discount.

New school, new people, new relations and many other things should have caught my interest, but now I was deaf and blind to everything. I had gotten my long-awaited school after all.

Paying tuition for the first month was easy. I just came to school with puffy eyes.

There was no question about buying books. I studied at my classmate's homes, borrowed books from anyone I could, but that was very rarely possible. My request to borrow a book would be met by the evasive answers of my classmates, among which the following saying was spread: "My mommy doesn't allow me to lend books." All that lasted until a clash with the German teacher enabled me to use the books of others and her

admiration at homework done well and without a book slightly won over my classmates.

It is difficult for me to study because I have no books. I pay for school with money I make from teaching, which takes a lot of my time.

My pupils' answers could make even more melancholic people laugh, but I try to stay serious, which I rarely manage to do.

After a good answer in school, after every move, I feel uplifted, invigorated to continue working at school and at home. I work till late at night, only to endure.

My mom, upon seeing the dark circles under my eyes, says:

"You are overworking yourself, this is more than you can take."

My sister comforts me:

"Maybe next year it will be better, then we will be paying for school."

And relatives, whose heads have opened up, rectify their old sayings with these words:

"A book fits her better than a needle."

What will happen later on – the future will tell. Yet I firmly believe that a strong will shall help me in getting my education.

IZABELA

WHAT IF...

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

And I am already working in the Land. Together with them. With the whole crowd of my brothers and sisters. Now I am one of them already. My "self" doesn't exist anymore – there is only a member of the kvutza instead. This is nice and strange.

And once the night arrives, I will become "Ania" again. Because my grandfather will come to me from the sky, which is huge, greater than the sea. And he will only say:

"It is good, Ania."

Later we both look at the fields, at the mountains, at our entire land about which you have told me so much... We are both standing under the sky, which is huge, greater than the sea and full of silver twinkles. We look at our beloved Eretz, the Eretz we have been praying for. And this is the greatest happiness.

And in the hard, exhausting work, when the heat is crushing me to the ground, I hear your voice:

"This is the way to go, Ania!"

ANIA GINCBURZANKA
(Brześć)

MORDECHAJ HALTER

WE GO INTO THE NEW LIFE

A BOOK OF HALUTZ WORK

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN ABOUT ABRAMEK'S ESCAPE

"You had, boor, a golden horn.
You had, boor, a feathered cap.
Cap is carried by the wind,
Horn sounds through the woods.
Now you're left with just a rope."

Abramek was incapable of looking into anyone's eyes, and nobody could look at Abramek, either. The days of his stay in the collective were numbered.

Everybody knew that Abramek was not good material. It would be better if he left earlier. Nobody chased him off, however. They respected his knowledge, his virtues and they were sorry that he had such weaknesses. Because the group had already grown a bit accustomed to him. If he only wanted, he was able to charm people and get their interest. With one little thing, he could patch up all committed sins – he was forgiven. Nobody would have anything against it if it were possible to accept the fact that there were also those privileged in the collective.

He got along only with girls. He would wink at Chana, he would hit on Szyfra and flirt with Menucha. He would smile at one girl, hug another; he did all that playfully as if it were nothing. All the girls liked him: separately, every one of them hated him for being on such familiar terms with the others and for ogling Chajka too much, but they comforted themselves in the fact that he didn't take Chajka seriously either...

Nobody really knew him. All day, he was busy with the patronage of the collective. At noon, he would come for half an hour for lunch. In his creased trousers and clean clothes he didn't fit in with the workers in greasy sweat-shirts. He would stand at the sink longer than others and wash his hands, whistling carelessly. At the table, he behaved like he was at a restaurant. He would nicely put down his fork, spoon and knife, take one pinch of salt and two pinches of black pepper to put in his soup, he would taste his food, meditate and eat slowly. The food was never to his taste, he would always leave some for the dog named Adolf.

Abramek saw that everyone was always hungry, they just demolished the food on their plates and he didn't understand why he wasn't eating in the same way. If he would have gotten his hands dirty, maybe he would be as hungry as everyone else. The collective, however, appointed him to do more delicate work. Although he belongs to the people who make the most money in the collective, he doesn't get satisfaction out of this.

He wanted to break free from the collective, but he didn't have the strength. He compared himself to a nervous man, suffering due to his teeth, who postponed a tooth extraction from one day to another: he has his plans for the future already prepared, but he doesn't want to leave because how could he leave everyone like that? Let the collective expel him, dismiss him, so he won't feel remorse. If they exclude him, hate will

veil yesterday for him, the yesterday that promised him a new life...

One evening everybody went to a Jewish workers May gathering. Only Chajka stayed. She was on duty. Everything was cleaned up. She just had to look after the apartment. She couldn't sleep (one doesn't sleep much in spring), she took a book to read.

She understood every word separately, but all of them together – not at all. Why didn't they leave someone else with her? Even being bored is better with two.

Suddenly she heard knocking. "Who is it?" "Open up!" Chajka recognized Abramek's voice. Abramek entered all nervous. He didn't even look at Chajka and went into the alcove. He pulled out his suitcases, he stopped in the dining room, considered if he hadn't forgotten anything. Chajka asked him, surprised: where was he going? Until now she had been his confidante and now – not anymore?

"I am abandoning the collective. I can't do this with everybody around. Now is the right time to do this," Abramek said to her.

Chajka's eyes filled with a moist mist. She was so attractive at that moment that Abramek stopped, perplexed.

He felt as if he was guilty towards her. He was searching for words, his eyes were wandering and stopped on the new curtains, which Chajka had managed to organize. He took her hand. "You stay. I can't, I have to leave!" Chajka came to her senses. Slowly

yet firmly, she pulled free from his hand. For a moment she was angry: why doesn't he go already? But his helpless silence appeased her anger. After all, he was so weak, he should be the one to get help, to get advice. She was looking for words that could stop him from taking that step. If he absolutely wanted to leave, he should at least leave an open door for himself, so that he could return.

"I believe," she started, "that you are doing the wrong thing, sneaking out at night. Do it in a smarter way: ask for a vacation. You will go home for a few weeks, you will take a rest and return refreshed. You will see, everybody will approve. Remember what I tell you: don't burn your bridges, you have a future in front of yourself, you are a hard worker, you have talents, you will grow here among us. Listen to me and you shall not be sorry."

Abramek didn't even ponder her advice. He had thought about it all days and nights, therefore he had an answer ready:

"I have to leave because I have no faith, and without faith it is difficult to be in a collective."

"And what do you have faith in? What else do you believe in?" Chajka didn't let up.

She wanted to prolong their talk until their companions returned.

It was difficult for Abramek to answer a question like that, he was sorry about that entire conversation. It wouldn't have been polite not to finish it, so he said:

"I want to live despite all my flaws. I do not foresee a beautiful future. But I want the now. I want to abandon my whole philosophy in order to start an ordinary city-dweller's life."

After having said these words Abramek would have liked to take them back immediately. He saw that in Chajka's eyes, well, actually in the eyes of all the halutzim he had lost everything, he was falling, rolling into the abyss. But he didn't say anything. He just burst out laughing – somehow in a stupid way and a bit theatrically.

Chajka didn't want to show the impression that Abramek's words made on her. He kept his head high, she was serious and was just surprised at this curious answer. If she were to leave, she would choose a different ideal, but not him: he wants to go with the flow.

The door opened. Mendel, Jehuda and Szyfra came in, all perky.

"Give me vacation time, I'm leaving," Abramek told Mendel.

Mendel was not surprised. He knew that this was only an excuse.

"This is not the way to ask for a vacation," said Mendel coldly. Put your luggage away. Take your suitcases back and submit a request to the board.

"No, I have to leave now."

"All right, but don't come back."

"Too bad."

Abramek picked up his suitcases nervously, opened the door and disappeared.

Mendel bit his lip. He had been enriched by yet another experience, but it had cost him a lot of health.

(TBC)

A JOURNEY AROUND EUROPE

FROM CONTEST ENTRIES

"Here is Friedrichstrasse station," my traveling companion said.

And in front of my eyes there emerged a building made of one big hall. Stretching at its entrance, there was the famous Friedrichstrasse. We see a lot of wheeled traffic. Trams, double-decker buses, lots of trucks, private cars and taxis. Above the street there is a peripheral aboveground railway, and below – the underground railway.

We look at the famous "Unter den Linden" avenue (Under the Linden Trees). How much this avenue has seen... It remembers the times of kings and emperors. It remembers the dawn, the day and the twilight of Germany.

The Brandenburg Gate. With the famous quadriga on top. Four horses, stopped at full speed, want to escape from the stone wall of the gate and race ahead into infinity.

Suddenly all is green around us. It is the Tiergarten, the largest park in Berlin. Elegant couples slowly ride horses along narrow paths. It is green and beautiful.

"This city," says the guide, "grew out of four fishermen villages, it has been growing like a flood and always smells of nature – wonderful, soulless nature. This is the capital of civilization which has given us canalization, tooth-brushes, good manners, a policeman on the street corner, machines like people and people like machines..."

We are in Paris. Paris! The word is intoxicating. Everyone feels like a human here. Paris with its international ambience, like a quiet haven for those oppressed from all nations. Paris seems to be thoughtless and careless, but in reality, Paris is hardworking, conquering, eternally on the lookout.

What traffic and commotion. How efficiently and quickly hundreds of thousands of people pass each other here, disappearing in tunnels lit by ads. And above everything there stands the Eiffel Tower, like a modern Babel, like a symbol of aspiration.

How big Paris is! Even from that tower you can't see all of it. And it is so beautiful, like a piece of art: the longer you look at it, the closer and more understandable the city becomes.

We are visiting Notre Dame de Paris, as if taken straight from a Victor Hugo novel. It seems that Quasimodo is even now still talking sweetly to his bells. The monsters of the bell tower are horrible. The interior of the church – calm and majestic.

Oh, cathedral! How many revolutions, rallies and periods of ups and downs have you seen? It is not surprising that Victor Hugo chose you for the subject of his immortal novel.

Now we are in the Louvre, the largest gallery of paintings in the whole of Europe.

Stunned, I don't know what I should look at first. So much beauty and so many colors. Quiet and cozy like in

Notre Dame. Because this is also a church.

New wonders. The Arc de Triomphe. The grounds of the world's fair... the Sorbonne... Versailles. Pasteur's Institute... Great boulevards. Work and singing, the eternal chase after the joy of life and the eternal creation of ever more new values of art and science, love of the country and kindness for foreigners – all these could have converged only here.

"Paris, the most beautiful city," I said thoughtfully.

"The capital of culture," the guide remarked. "The culture that awakes our consciousness, our creative thought and the desire of freedom."

* * *

A fog is covering the coast of Albion. I can barely make out the shapes and figures. I see a great city again. The traffic is the same as in Paris, or maybe even greater. People gather sluggishly at 10 Downing Street, where the parliament has a meeting. This parliament had meetings already when in Europe an unrestricted monarchy reigned. Later republics emerged in Europe with such power of dictators that monarchs have never dreamed of and in England, as centuries ago, the king is preserved without power, equal to other monuments.

"The English respect tradition immensely," says the guide. "In their customs, in the law, in the system, they have preserved a lot of medieval

relics. But they somehow transform this old stuff unnoticeably, so that it always looks reasonable, comfortable and up to date. This is the strangest, the most characteristic quality of the English: to pour new contents into old molds."

The Tower. The bridge over the Thames is raised because a big ship is supposed to pass by. Maybe it carries raw materials for the war industry. England is not ready for war yet, so it confers, strikes pacts, delays the decisive game.

The British Museum leaves an indelible impression. These are not pyramids, where forty centuries are looking at us. Here you have exhibits looking back at you that are hundreds of thousands of years old. For instance, the skeleton of a dinosaur, an animal which was 18 meters long.

I examine it and think:

"You were huge, dinosaur and invincible. But the climate has changed – you became extinct. They had to collect your remains and put you together meticulously, bone by bone. Now the new master of the world – humanity – looks at you with astonishment. They run in machines with a speed you couldn't have dreamed of, they fly like birds, swim like fish. They have built buildings hundreds of times taller than you were. In the end, they will defeat themselves, overcome themselves and then, dinosaur, you, the greatest reptile, will have specimens of hate from 1938 standing at your side in the museum."

* * *

You poor, destroyed Barcelona! What have they done to you?

You used to be beautiful. You shined with your palaces, reverberating with songs. And today, what? Instead of palaces – ruins, instead of buildings – rubble, instead of songs – the moaning of the wounded and moribund. In the port where usually there was a commotion of trade, cranes were creaking, ship sirens were howling, cases of oranges were packed and loaded, today there are gloomy war ships, gleaming with cannon barrels. Terror, doom, wreckage. Bombers fly in every day like vultures.

I can't look at you, Barcelona. I am leaving. I want to see you reborn.

* * *

Hello, Saint Stephen's cathedral! Hello Vienna, the capital of the former Austrian empire. I see you as you were two months ago.

Here is Prater, the famous park on an island; here is the Riesenrad. The beautiful buildings of theaters and museums, monuments and wells on plazas, gardens and lawns and everywhere smiling faces, cafes, flowers and music.

Vienna used to have the tastiest water, the most elegant furniture, factories of the most precise tools and the most beautiful waltzes. A hardworking, cheerful Viennese values sense of humor above everything else.

Now the Viennese have become gloomy, they have crawled into his shell. They doesn't understand the heavy Prussian humor and prefer butter over cannon oil on their bread.

The blue Danube is gone: the Danube which flows today is brown.
L. DUDELICZYK (Łódź)

READERS UPDATES

TO THE CHILDREN FROM THE SCHOOL IN RÓWNE

Shalom Rav!

We haven't written to you for a long time, but don't think that we have forgotten about you all. School break is over and we have a lot of work to do.

I want to tell you how we have spent our vacation. For the first month we went to a camp in Safed. For the first time in our lives we were so far from home. The air in Safed is much healthier than in "Ayelet HaShahar." In the camp, we also learned about urban life, about riches and poverty. Everything here looks completely different compared to our collective.

We often strolled on the streets of Safed, we also looked at old synagogues. It is difficult to get to them because you have to pass through narrow little streets. In these streets, you can see misery and poverty of Jews living there. There are no factories in Safed. There is only a matzoh bakery. The town becomes poorer and poorer from day to day. A few years back, 8,000 Jews used to live there and now there are only 6,000.

In the camp, we have been revising lessons. We took a defense course to be able to defend our life and property. After returning from the camp we set to work harvesting olives. We brought great benefit to the farm. During that period there is a lot of work with tilling and harvest; therefore, we spared adults a lot of work.

At the beginning of the new school year four children graduated from kindergarten to school. The school is expanding every year. Soon we, the students of the 8th grade of the school, will also start to work on the farm and build new settlements in Galilee and other parts of the country. Also, a group of youth from Germany that came to us two years ago has finished their training course. After them, others groups will come.

Our settlement has gone through some difficult trials. Twenty years ago, nobody believed that there would be a school here. There were very few children here. Many obstacles were overcome before the settlement had been built.

Work is in full swing here. A gardener works in the garden, a guard stands at his post, others work in the fields, in the camp and in the workshops.

Yours,

AMICA HOROWITZ

THIS WAS HER SPECIAL DAY

For several months I scrimped money I received for candy and movies.

On Mother's Day my brother and I bought a set of pots for the kitchen. We placed the package on the table at lunch. When mommy sat down to eat, she saw pots of various colors. Then my little brother stood up and recited a poem we wrote together.

Our mommy smiled kindly, she

kissed us and hugged us with her weary hands.

We are good for our mommy throughout the entire year, but on her special day we tried even harder and we did everything ourselves. Mommy was happy and smiling. She felt that this was really her special day.

NACIA from Nalewki Street

ABOUT VARIOUS CLASSMATES

We have 56 girls in our class. There are nice and unpleasant girls among them, kind and unkind, jolly and sad, wise and not so wise, just like all over the world.

For instance, there's Lonia. Since recently children called her "elephant lady" because they believed her hands and legs were elephant-like. And additionally, Lonia speaks slowly and reads books in class.

Her neighbor Hala is a small, nervous girl who still plays with dolls, tells her classmates stupid stories and is ready to fight over a piece of shiny paper. When the teacher calls on Hala, she has such a face that nobody knows if she is smiling or if she wants to cry.

Stasia's hair is dark, her eyes are roguish, her legs big as blocks. She is spiteful, cheerful and sly. I don't like her because she is capable of doing others great harm. She has learned bad manners recently.

Mania sits next to me. About Mania we say that "she wears glasses and she shakes like old masses." Mania indeed does wear glasses, but she doesn't shake at all. Recently she has been obsessed with drawing ladies and little heads. I could say a lot more about my classmates, but I know that Mr. Editor will not publish such a long letter.

LILI from Nowolipki Street

GREAT HARM

When Fela came to our school for the first time, we were just about to go to the movies. She didn't bring money with her and she was embarrassed to ask other girls to lend her money on the first day.

Seeing her situation, I came up to her myself, I told her my name and I lent her 10 groszy. She thanked me wholeheartedly.

Because my partner was absent, I paired up with Fela. On the way, we talked about school. It turned out that she lives very close to me. After the movies we went home together. And it also turned out that her sister and mine are best friends.

And so almost from day one we became close friends.

Now our teacher has done us great harm. She is leaving Fela in the same school and she will move me to another starting next year. We have both asked and our parents have also asked, but nothing helped.

I believe that a great harm has been done to us and I am very angry with the teacher.

SABCIA from Lubeckiego Street

A MYSTERIOUS MAN

One day I went with my friend to the park. Because we were tired, we sat down on an empty bench. We talked about our projects for summer.

Suddenly a man in a jacket passed by. He was as black as a devil, he had his hat stuck almost on his eyes and a lot of packages in his hands. He stared at me carefully for a long time.

My friend started to laugh.

"This man likes you," she said.

When the man sat down on our bench, we took to our heels and the mysterious man ran after us. We were really scared. Suddenly the man grabbed my hand and exclaimed with joy:

"Tosia, Tosienka!"

And only then I realized that it wasn't some evil man, but my uncle.

My uncle came from Kazimierz and he was so tanned that I didn't recognize him. He said that he came straight from the train station and since he was tired, he stopped by the park.

I was looking at the numerous packages with curiosity. My uncle smiled mysteriously.

We climbed into a carriage. At home it turned out that the packages were hiding: a ball, an umbrella, sculptures from Kazimierz and similar souvenirs.

This was a very funny adventure.

TOSIA M.

MY DOLLS

I had two dolls. One was named Anielka, the second one Hania.

Once mom took them down to the basement. I didn't know about that for a long time.

After some time mom and our hired girl went to the basement to clean up in there. They saw that the dolls were dirty and dusty. Then mom brought them home. At home, mom took a moist cloth and wiped the dust off.

Afterwards I received craps of cloth in various colors from my mom and our hired girl made silk dresses for my dolls. Anielka had a green gown and Hania had a red one. Hania received a red hat made of wool and Anielka a hat made of cloth. And I made a coat and a skirt for them.

And so the dolls have more and more clothes. In my free time I play with dolls even more eagerly than when I was four years old.

TANIA from Gdynia

ANSWER TO THE EDITOR'S QUESTION

Thank you very much for the letter published in the Little Review from April 22nd.

For omitting my name, Mr. Editor wanted to send me chocolate as consolation and he asked what kind I liked: milk chocolate with nuts or chocolate with a nougat filling?

I like every kind of chocolate very much, but maybe it will be better if Mr. Editor gives the bar that was supposed to be for me to a child whose parents are unemployed.

For summer I am going to the Medem Sanatorium in Miedzeszyn

and after I return, I will write about my stay there.

Kindest regards,

OLGA from Kraków

SCHOOL BOARD

I am in the first grade. In our class there are many bad students, only eight are good students. I belong to the good eight.

Our teacher likes to scare us. One time she told us that guests would come to visit us and she told us to learn how to read, write and count well.

At the beginning I didn't want to believe it, because I thought that the teacher is only trying to scare us.

In the morning, when we entered the classroom, the teacher was already there. After the bell, the principal came in with three people behind him.

The next day the teacher said that she was very happy with us.

MAREK from Pawia Street

STEFCIA'S NAP

My friend's Stefcia window overlooks our balcony. Stefcia stayed alone at home and after having locked the door with a key, she took a light nap.

Her mother was unable to get inside the apartment after she returned from town. She started to knock on the door, at the beginning quietly, then louder and louder, until the knock turned into banging, but Stefcia didn't budge.

Neighbors came upon hearing this noise and they started to counsel. One neighbor says:

"Maybe there is a gas leak and that's why Stefcia has not awoken?"

Another one adds:

"There is no other way, we have to break the window and if that doesn't help then a locksmith must be brought."

And Stefcia's mother who was reluctant to break the window, said:

"Let's try to knock one more time."

So, as if on command, everybody starts pounding on the door with fists and drumming on the window with fingers and Stefcia keeps snoring and snoring ever more loudly.

The janitor has ran out of the apartment and yells with all his might:

"What is this noise again?"

Just then my daddy arrived and upon seeing what was happening, jumped up on a chest and wanted to take the window pane out. Various helpful tools were brought from everywhere, including rope, wire, rakes, cleavers and similar, but it was not possible to take the window pane out. So they threw a metal rod through the window. A glass of milk, which had been standing there, broke and Stefcia, after having received a milky shower, finally opened one eye and later she decided to open also her second eye. And then she asked with surprise:

"What has happened?"

When everyone left for their homes, Stefcia was still unable to figure out where she was and what happened to her.

SZYMONEK from Prosta Street

FOR THE FIRST TIME

The following persons have written to the Little Review:

Gliksman Ryszard. – Jakobson Halinka. – Lederman Saba. – Migdałówna Estera. – Milman Mietek. – Rozenblum Sara. – Rubinlicht L. – Rubinsztejn Mosze. – Rudy Berta. – Śliwka Gusia. – Sklar Ruta.

We have received 20 letters from Warsaw, 35 from the province, in total 55.

Ryszard Gliksman and S. Szpigelman are asked to contact the editor on Sunday the 29th of May at 4 p.m. (7 Nowolipki Street).

JOKES

MOTORIZATION

A telephone rings in a big car showroom. The salesman picks up the receiver.

"Hello?" he hears a voice inside. "Last week I bought a sports convertible from you. Do you remember?"

"Yes, sir, I remember. How may I be of service?"

"Your company guaranteed me that it would replace broken parts free of charge."

"Of course. Please tell me what you need."

"I need a new right hand, two ribs and three front teeth. Please send all this to me at once to my home!"

A NICE RECEPTION

Jasio went to pay a visit at his schoolmate's house.

"Well, how were you received there?" his mother asks upon his return. "Did you arrive there on time?"

"Oh, yes," Jasio answers. "My schoolmate's mommy has opened the door for me and said, 'Who is this? Jasio? You were the last person we needed!'"

GOOD NANNY

"But nanny, before bathing a child you always need to put a thermometer in the water."

"I don't need a thermometer, madam. When a child turns red, it means that water is too hot and when the child turns purple, it means it's too cold."

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM MAY BE CONTACTED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17. VISITORS ARE WELCOME ON SUNDAYS FROM 4 TO 5 P.M. – 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

JONATAN BURAK (Równe Wołyńskie – 12 years old) – contest submission

JANUARY 1, 1950

I was 16 back then, it was January 1, 1942. Some strange commotion and excitement could be felt in the city.

We had just got the news that after a general assembly of the presidents and kings of Europe, after signing the treaties and swearing the oath, the border posts were torn down and all the people of all nations and all races shook hands, as everyone wanted peace, brotherhood and love.

“Enough wars, bloodshed and hatred! We want peace!”

It had only been a month since all the gatherings, demonstrations and fervent manifestations of youth. On that day, everything seemed to be new, fresh and lively, like a spring day. People danced and hugged on the streets. Older people, who still remembered the resurrection of the nations on November 14, 1918 thought about those times and were overjoyed like children.

The happiness could be felt everywhere.

Right now, we are entering the new year – 1950. Years have passed. I grew up and matured, now I work as the director of the Department of Education of the 26th District of Europe.

Older people still use to say things like “Here’s where Germany used to be, and that was France,” but we consider ourselves to be a single great nation, one big family and every human being is our brother.

I often smile when I’m remembering those times, where I had to walk around hunched down, giving other people panicked glances.

Back then I would often think “Why? Why can’t I just walk down the street in peace? Why do they bully me and call me names? Why?”

Recently, just two weeks ago, I visited a school in my district. I saw children – trusting, naïve and bold, so different from the children of 1938 – secretive, hateful and distrustful. They asked me to tell them a story, surrounded me and did not want to leave me alone.

So I told them the story of the times when I was just twelve – just their age. They did not want to believe me, they even could not believe a single word I was saying.

“How is it possible?” they asked. “How can one man hate another just because of dark hair, a bumpy nose or speaking a different language?”

“That’s true, dear children. However, you never experienced nor you will experience any hypocrisy or hatred.”

I woke up this morning and looked out of my window – the snow was falling. The ground was covered

with a thin and white layer of snow. I washed myself in the bathroom, dressed up and went to get breakfast with my colleague, who is the secretary of the Department of Education.

We were listening to the radio and right then, they were reading international news. The clear sounds of the radio were illustrated by three-dimensional images on television. How different the television set was, compared to 1938! They used to be giant and complicated devices, yet displayed murky, distorted images. Nowadays they are aesthetic and small and yet they can display everything in three dimensions!

I took a look at an electronic watch. It was 8 o’clock already. I dressed myself and went outside to my 1950 Chevrolet. I sat down comfortably and started driving to my destination. The car was very quiet, thanks to the special muffler, which kept the engine from making too much noise. I was driving for an hour or so, on a great highway, when suddenly I was taken aback by some terrible noise. I looked around and I saw a shiny rocket flying towards Mars. Since 1942, we have been able to travel to Mars and back. The rocket kept flying away, getting smaller and smaller, and after a while all I could see was just a small, bright, oval point in the sky. It was flying with tremendous speed, after being shot out of a special cannon.

I kept driving; after all, I was supposed to visit my home town, my parents and a school that was newly opened in town.

I got to the town of K., parked my car so as not to inconvenience other drivers and got out, deciding to walk to my destination. I did not worry about the car at all. I walked down wide and beautiful streets, with white houses in the gardens on both sides.

I went to a plane agency and ordered a single-seat plane for ten o’clock. In the meantime, I decided to visit my friends who lived in one of these houses. They welcomed me with open arms and showed me their garage with a two-seat car. Then they invited me for a walk, and I decided to join them since I had time.

We were walking along an avenue with pine trees planted on both sides and figures of children installed between the trees. Behind the trees, there were playgrounds only for kids, where children could play and have fun to their hearts’ content under the watchful eye of their caretakers and doctors. A true paradise for children.

At the time of my visit, they had three ice rinks there and all of them were open, with instructors teaching

kids to skate. The occasional gusts of wind made the snowflakes swirl in the air.

We went back and the streets were already empty. I was not really worried about my car, I simply knew that the Road Guard would scoop it up, put it in a garage and then inform the owner about its whereabouts via radio.

Indeed, after returning I heard the description of the car, along with information that it could be found in garage no. 19. I said goodbye to my friends and went to the garage, signed for the car and went to the airport. The plane was ready to fly and waited for me on the runway, covered with a tarp. I removed it, got in and just after a moment I soared in the skies towards my home town – even despite the snowstorm, since these days planes are far more durable and can easily endure the worst of conditions.

It took me 15 minutes. It was 11 o’clock when I landed at the destination airport, left the plane in the hangar and went to my parents’ house.

I spent two hours there, after which I rushed back to the airport. The streets were crowded and full of small and large cars – red, yellow, black, navy blue and every other color. Once in a while, a school bus filled with happy children would pass with its horn blaring. “They’re probably going on a trip,” I thought.

No one was regulating the traffic, as everyone was supposed to observe the rules of the road. I took a look at a clock. It was 1 p.m. already. This time I flew twice as fast as before. After landing, I parked the plane in the hangar and jumped in my car, about to choose another route.

In the past, that route would get me to the border, but these days it leads to the world. After turning, I got on a highway, heading north-west. The snow stopped falling and I kept pushing onwards. Sometimes I would pass other cars and we would exchange greetings, despite not knowing each other at all. At 2 o’clock I arrived in the town of Z.

Since I came in the middle of the semester break, the school was closed. It was truly a great and impressive building, with just a single floor and many windows. The school of education, formerly known as elementary school had eight grades, with first grade being somehow similar to a kindergarten. Children were taught languages – especially Esperanto, as the international language – old and classical languages, as well as their mother tongue. Every citizen had to graduate from such a school under the pain of forfeiting their citizen rights.

Then there are high schools (previously known as middle schools), as well as universities and academies for the most talented and intelligent students.

Attending school was free and all the books, notebooks, bags and so on were supplied as necessary by the district authorities.

Additionally, schools offered free breakfasts, recreation rooms and cinemas, open in the evening. The curriculum was accessible to everyone and the teachers were good, just and really loving their job. They all tried to take a look into the child’s soul, into every darkest corner and light it up with love and science.

I toured the school with its director, who explained everything to me as we went. He was not nervous at all. I remember our school during an inspection in 1938, the widespread panic, learning everything by heart, clean clothes and perfectly combed hair, girls screaming and lamenting and teachers with faces pale as snow. Even the janitor was dressed in his best clothes and everything was suddenly different.

I left the director and at 2:30 p.m., I left the school. Half an hour later I was at home, eating dinner with my colleague, the secretary of the Department of Education.

I turned on the radio, they were broadcasting scientific announcements. Just an hour before, a bathysphere sailed off into the sea and now was already near the island of St. Helena. A bathysphere is a large sphere, very resistant to high pressure, with scientists and their equipment inside. The interior is furnished like a room, even with windows in

the walls. In 1939, Professor Piccard used such a bathysphere to dive to the depth of 1 kilometer.

I heard a whistle, marking the beginning of its descent into the depths. I turned off the radio and grabbed the papers.

Among them was Maigranda Rewuo, also known as the Little Review, now published in Esperanto. Next year, we will be celebrating the 25th anniversary of the paper. The list of editors features D., a famous writer. The illustrated paper is published three times a week on glossy paper, it numbers 20 pages and costs only 5 moneroj, which corresponds to 5 groszy.

I am very interested in those papers. I have every single issue, organized chronologically and bound in leather. My father used to collect them for me ever since I was young and when I grew older I collected them myself. These days, the Little Review is not alone, as youth publish their own printed papers at schools, even in classes.

Reading the papers took me two hours. It was already five o’clock. My work took me an hour more and then my guests arrived. We took our cars and went on an amazing trip, which made us all very happy. At 8 o’clock we separated on the border of the city, exhausted but happy.

I did not turn on any lights at home. The streets were still busy, bustling with people, but at home it was all quiet and dark. I pressed a button and a wide, comfortable bed sprang out of the wall.

I lay down and grabbed a book, but put it down after a while. I just could not read. I kept thinking how good the world is right now. Everything is so clear and understandable... ■

RESULTS OF THE WINTER CONTEST FIRST TOPIC

The participants of the winter contest submitted 267 works, including 103 works regarding the first topic (“January 1st, 1950”), 61 on the second (“I was so warm then...”) and also 103 on the third one (“My friend”). The main prize – 25 zloty – was divided between the authors of the two winning submissions and a third book was added to the two book prizes.

The cash prizes of 10 zloty each went to: Jonatan Burak, 12 years old from Równe Wołyńskie and Frania Rybińska, 14 years old from Warsaw.

Book prizes went to: Pepa Jakubowicz, 13 years old from Świder near Otwock, Jerzy Rozenberg, 14 years old from Łódź and Sabinka Ejzenberg, 14 years old from Płock.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Dawid from Częstochowa, Edzia F. (Warsaw), Mira Fajngoldówna from Piortków, Lejzor Fanaberia (Warsaw), Fredzio from Łomża, H.B. (Warsaw), Leon Herszman (Warsaw), Jakub D. (Warsaw), Marysia Majerowicz (Warsaw), Maryla Minc (Warsaw), Natek from Poznań, S.F. (Warsaw), Buzia Szpilkówna from Łuck and Zocha from Lublin.

The following authors are asked to come to the newsroom:

Lejzor Fanaberia, Marysia Majerowicz, Maryla Minc and Frania Rybińska.

In the upcoming issue, we will print another submission regarding the first topic and announce the results for the second topic.

FAITHFUL ZAHAVIT

Every day at the same time, when the light of day quickly gave way to the shadows of the dusk, the shomer Uri appeared on the road leading to the young orchard he was guarding at night.

He rode his slender Arab horse, keeping his hands on the stock of the rifle, which was hanging by his side.

When he arrived at the orchard, he breathed in relief and lovingly observed everything around him. He loved the land, the life of adventure, the young orchard growing in front of his eyes, but among the things he loved the most in the world was Zahavit.

That was the name he had given to a golden orange, showing its rough dome from the cover of green leaves. It was hanging at the very end of a long, curved branch, so that when Uri started his watch and sat on the bench nearby, the fruit would be near his ear and affectionately stroke his face.

Zahavit had grown on him strangely and he was not sure why. Perhaps it was because he still remembered it being a tiny sphere at the bottom of a flower, or perhaps because it was his faithful companion during the long nights spent thinking? Regardless, he dreaded the time of Katif – fruit picking.

Sometimes, on the bright summer nights when the moon slowly went down towards the sleepy valleys and the fragrant silence was ever-so-slightly disturbed by the sound of the waves of Lake Kinneret crashing or the muffled call of a jackal, Uri expressed his emotions through his songs, which echoed around him, Zahavit swaying lightly, as if dancing to the rhythm.

Sometimes, he would turn on an

electric light and read some letters, and Zahavit would learn about the lives of Uri's father, mother and siblings, who lived in a far-away land, where it snows in winter and one can smell the pines in spring.

On those nights, Uri would turn his face towards the fruit and ask, half-jokingly, "Who knows, dear Zahavit, maybe one day you will journey past the great sea and end up on their table? Will you pass them greetings from their son, shomer Uri?"

Zahavit rocked lightly, as if promising to fulfil the promise given to a friend.

Soon, however, the calm and quiet nights ended and the ominous and dangerous ones started. Uri did not sing carelessly, did not talk to his faithful companion, which was already ripe and juicy. Instead, he would be aware, waiting with a finger on the trigger – ready, focused and wary.

Only when the darkness of the night quickly disappeared under the rays of the rising sun and when first workers appeared in the orchard, Uri would hold his face near the fruit and inhale its wonderful aroma.

"And the thieves were afraid of Uri once again, weren't they, my dear Zahavit?"

And Zahavit, as always, would rock in confirmation.

This went on until the last night, which brutally severed this beautiful and pure friendship. The angry khamsin wind was blowing, pushing dark sheets of clouds through the sky, bending even the tallest of the trees and howling. The grains of sand carried by the storm were everywhere. Uri hugged the trunk of

the tree. "Let this night just end..." he thought, ashamed of the fear that was slowly overtaking him.

He looked with compassion on Zahavit, rocked wildly by the wind. "Don't give up, Zahavit!" he tried to encourage the fruit.

Suddenly, he became alarmed. For a moment, he thought that his mind was playing tricks on him, as he saw some shadows moving silently through the orchard. Uri grabbed his gun and asked in Arabic: "Min hada, min hada? (Who's there?) Endak, endak! (Stop!)" But all he heard in response was a gunshot.

Uri pulled the trigger of his automatic rifle. He felt that he was hit, that something was burning in his side and that he was growing weaker and weaker, so he put everything he had into firing the gun. In the dark, he heard only loud cries.

Silence. With weak hands, Uri pulled Zahavit to himself and whispered with his last breaths:

"Zahavit, promise me you will end up on the table of my loved ones, somewhere... Tell them that their son died... For a good cause..." Dying, he made the final effort to kiss the fruit with bloody lips. "For them..." he whispered, falling down to the ground.

Did the fruit keep the promise? Who knows? But when you go with your parents on Hamisha Asar BiShvat to buy some fruits from Palestine, the effort of your brothers, sisters and loved ones in the far-away homeland, look closely – maybe you will find faithful Zahavit among them.

Izrael SOKOŁOWSKI

KATIF

The time of Katif (picking oranges) was approaching. We called a secret assembly, during which we established that we would go to Kfar-Saba (with Kfar standing for a village and Saba – for grandfather) and live together. Only Ester, a newcomer from Poland, stated that hell would freeze over before she agreed to live together with boys because they were wild and liked to prank others.

Of course, we took offense to that because she acted as if she was some lady or something, even though she had only been in the country for two weeks and she reacted with dismay to literally everything, always saying that "it used to be different in Poland." We decided to just exclude her.

We chose and sent some delegates to our parents. At first, they laughed at our plans, but when they saw that we were not going to just give up, they finally took us seriously.

We organized a second assembly, where we decided to go on Tuesday, since Tuesday is a lucky day. We could not wait for this Tuesday and then it finally came. We marched in the middle of the street, singing various songs. Soon, we were joined by passers-by, who marched and sang with us and after a while a spontaneous parade formed in the streets – with girls, boys, elderly and even small children.

After getting to Kfar-Saba, we rented four rooms and went to bed immediately. I turned off the lights. Suddenly, I heard Alkan's voice. "B... But I don't want to sleep beside a window, I'm going to get cold!"

I let him sleep on the honorary bed in the middle of the room.

I was woken up by the clock striking five in the morning. I jumped right out of my bed and ran to the window, it was still dark and the moon was slowly disappearing. I woke up the others.

We got dressed up quickly and went to work, three of the girls stayed to clean up and make dinner. We rushed to get to the cars. Riding past the orchards, we saw the Arabs sitting where they used to work before, waiting for someone to hire them. They might be waiting for a long time, as no one trusts them anymore.

The manager assigns work to everyone and gives us scissors. Some cut the oranges, others put them into boxes. I was told to oversee the workers.

"Hey, Izak! Don't throw them, treat them like eggs! Ester, don't cut ten oranges at once! Brothers, stop working, time for lunch!"

The lunch break lasts for 30 minutes. The manager told us to "just take the oranges and eat to our hearts' content." Then, we keep working until four o'clock and the work ends. The car comes and takes us back to our place. On the way, we reconnect with our friends and happily walk back home.

At home, the table is already set, so we sit down and eat everything, as if we hadn't eaten for weeks. After the dinner, we tell each other about our day at work and play various games. That's the first day of Katif... Samek FUKS (Tel-Aviv)

HENRYK DAJCZER (Lublin)

THE DICTATOR

(conclusion)

Obviously, this incident only strengthened the authority of the dictator and showed the class the true meaning of a strong leadership. On the other hand, it created an opposition hostile to the dictator, which was – unsurprisingly – led by Kuba, the sceptic in our class.

Together with Maniek, who was well-known for his defiance, they established the Committee Against Dictators, or CAD for short, during a meeting after the classes.

Meanwhile, after the period of flourishing, the dictatorship started turning towards a grotesque, operetta-like character, just like its bigger counterparts.

The dictator selected his staff, made up of four of the most faithful people – or peons, as they were called by the opposition. The main roles of the staff, except of course hanging and taking down the net, maintaining order during games and many other duties, was complimenting the dictator and making his words and decisions seem legitimate.

Kuba's beating was called "the necessary repressions against a rotten anarchist." When the dictator, who was not the best student at that point, decided to skip his classes, it was called a "forced absence of the leader as a result of adverse circumstances." When the students were playing during recess, throwing a wet sponge around

and the dictator himself was hit, the "staff" immediately beat the one who threw the sponge, calling it an "ad-hoc punishment for the terrorist." And thus, the dictatorship started taking on the cloud of words and phrases taken from some papers.

It got to the point that the aide and the "right hand" of the dictator announced a resolution from the pulpit: "Let us greet our leader with the Roman salute!" he exclaimed. "Holding out our arms forward straight, with palm down and the exclamation 'salve imperator' – this is what is going to demonstrate our veneration and love to our leader."

The "Leader" listened to this pompous speech with his arms crossed on his chest like Napoleon, squinting his eyes and smiling.

On the very next day, the entire staff greeted the dictator with the fascist salute and loud "salve!" On the same day, the dictator announced that he was going to demand others to demonstrate their veneration and worship towards him.

So, when on the next day the dictator beat some random boy from the class for not obeying – or maybe even forgetting about – the order, the opposition decided to act. During the recess, when the dictator and seven chosen ones enjoyed a volleyball match, the CAD gathered on a bench for an important discussion.

On the same day, in the afternoon, the rule of the dictator – which lasted the whole two weeks – suddenly came to an end.

It happened during a volleyball match between our class team against the 3rd grade. It was obvious that we were going to be represented by the dictator's staff with their glorious leader. The match was really "important," so all five of them did everything they could to win. Of course, the game was going as always, the dictator was standing in his honorary spot near the net, directing the entire game. The third, decisive touch was always his and he was the one to spike, distract their opponents and score points.

Everything was going swimmingly, until one of the boys from the staff got hit in the face with the ball trying to block another player from scoring and started bleeding as a result and had to leave the pitch.

The dictator panicked and started to look for another player worthy of such an important game. Thankfully, the class was almost complete. The dictator started thinking and after a short while decided to pick... Kuba, who promptly took the free spot near the net, on the opposite from the dictator and the game was resumed.

The ball, served by the opponents went high above the net and got picked up by the libero, who sent it flying

towards Kuba, who as the setter was supposed to pass it towards the dictator, who was already waiting for it. The opponents retracted their arms, waiting for that terrifying spike... But Kuba just slowly returned the ball over the net and the distracted third-graders did not even manage to start running towards it.

This gave the possession of the ball to our team, but the dictator, whose pride was slighted at the very moment, looked at Kuba with a murderous gaze. At this point, all the players and the audience realized that something was about to go down.

Meanwhile, a strong ball sent by the server went over the net and after three contacts on the other side it returned to the libero, who once again bumped it towards Kuba.

Again, everyone was waiting for the masterful spike of the dictator and... Surprise! Kuba yet again decided against setting the ball, returned it to the other side and scored!

The atmosphere was electrifying. The dictator growled "You morrrrrron!" at Kuba, who just smiled and shrugged.

The game went on. Another serve, this time bumped towards the left setter, who promptly passed it towards the dictator. The ball soared vertically over the left side of the net, the dictator was getting ready to jump, already clenching his fist, when suddenly Kuba ran towards him, brutally pushed him away and sent the ball on the opponents' side of the court. The ball soon returned, but no one bothered to receive it and it fell to the ground. Who would care about it at that point?

All the players and the audience were now a crowd, eager to see the

inevitable fight between the dictator and the dissenter. It was obvious that this was going to happen right there, right now.

The dictator stood up and walked slowly towards Kuba, who was still smiling a pale smile. The first punch erased that smile from his face, like a wet sponge on a blackboard. His arms flailed uncontrollably in the air, while the dictator's fists started hitting the left side of his chest and he fell down to the ground.

The fall was strangely funny, as his long legs shot up. Soon everyone realized it was done on purpose, when his heavy boots fell on the knees of the dictator, who was standing above him – and just a second later he was going to the ground, moaning. Moments later – far shorter than the time it took you to read this sentence – Kuba crawled on the body of the dictator and for a good minute the dictator simply disappeared. The crowd could only see Kuba and his arms flailing wildly and hitting something that was definitely under him – and moaning.

Then, after freeing himself from the weight of his opponent, the dictator stood up, knees weak, all dusty from the fight. Seeing the laughing faces of the whole class and uncertainty on the faces of his staff, next to whom three members of the CAD were now standing, he realized that he'd lost.

* * *

The next day, the general assembly concluded the election to the new student council. The name of the dictator was nowhere to be found among the ballots.

How painfully fickle is the fate of a dictator... ■

FREE TRIBUNE

A BUCKET OF COLD WATER FOR DYCJA FROM ZAMOŚĆ

Once upon a time (when I was just a humble first-grader), the proverbial bucket of cold water was poured on Aneri. Years have passed, the old guard has moved on and the new guard has taken their place – including you. And recently, I came to the conclusion that you could use some cold water yourself.

I don't deny that you are a talented writer and I could not deny that even if I wanted to. I loved your novels and I too feel pain over the failure of "Stach's Well;" however, even the greatest of writers aren't exempt from criticism, especially you, since I think you actually deserve some.

You did not challenge me to a discussion, but I feel the obligation to take up the glove anyway and express everything I have in mind. Quite frankly, I do not really have to write a lot, I could simply remind you of the story of a preening brush, wishing to marry the daughter of a cedar, who instead got trampled by a doe before he could achieve his dream, yet I do not want to plagiarize the words of Rabbi Akiba. So I will say as follows:

As I already noted, you are undoubtedly a talented writer; however, this only makes the matter worse. With

abilities such as yours, you simply should not have written an article such as your "My heroes." The editors did not award you the first prize – even though they offered you some consolation due to the fact that you are a regular contributor. Yet, I think – as well as probably every other reader who thinks objectively about the matter – that the contest submission by Wat was much better, even due to the simple fact that the editors were not involved in this subject.

I think you go too far. I admit and I agree with you that Janusz Korczak is a truly outstanding man and I am not the one to tell you who should be your personal hero. However, your own conscience should prevent you from sending praise of a man who created and served as editor-in-chief of a paper to the same paper as a contest submission! It's not only about the editors, but what does that make you look like in the eyes of other readers?

I don't want to blame you or point my fingers at your obvious fault. I only call upon your conscience to address the issue and I am looking forward to reading its answer.

Zygmunt Bauman (Poznań)

ON STORIES, NAÏVE CRITICS AND NITPICKING

(An answer of the author of "Stories on the Wonders of Engineering" to Paweł Lapidus)

It all took place between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the office of the Little Review's editor-in-chief. I was sitting in the chair, while the editor was standing and watching me carefully. I suspected that something important was about to happen there and then. Indeed... He flashed his glasses, looked at me in a way that made me freeze in terror and told me to "write, respond, defend yourself because you just got knocked out."

I have to admit, at the very first moment I was terrified. However, after reading the "Stories on stories," I calmed down just as quickly. It was not really that bad.

Your accusations, my dear friend, are invalid and your criticism is naïve at best. I did not even want to respond in the first place and let the editor do it instead, but I'm used to writing at this point. It is just my second nature right now, so I simply cannot pass up this opportunity.

However, let's move on and discuss the matter at hand. I – the author of "Stories on the wonders of engineering" – was accused of the strange similarity of my article to Fournier's book. In other words, you said that I simply copied it.

I feel compelled to respond to that accusation: I think that you did not read books by any other author than Fournier, otherwise you would find similarities with other works as well. The same information about electricity and magnetism can be found, among others, in W. Kaempffert's "Inventions for the Ages," "Physics in Everyday Life" by Prof. Zahorski, "The History

of Electricity" by Jewold, "Physics" by Prof. Khvolson, "Great Authors of Science" by Porebski, Muro's "Stories of Electricity" and many other works.

Here we are faced with a very difficult dilemma. Either every single one of the aforementioned authors copied from Fournier, or – God forbid – Fournier himself copied from them! Indeed, this is a very difficult dilemma to solve and perhaps you will be able to offer us an explanation?

Taking advantage of this opportunity, I would like to discuss the specifics of the work of anyone who is promoting technology.

Someone writing an article like that is not an inventor. They don't discover anything. Their job is to present lesser-known information and explain – in the most accessible way possible – the most complex and difficult aspects to the general audience. Therefore, I would like to ask you to remember and keep in mind that a promoter does not discover or invent.

The second accusation was a revelation, which brought me down from the pedestal into a dark abyss. Apparently, some of my remarks "demonstrate insufficient scientific knowledge and poor understanding of the phenomena discussed." Oh, woe is me! This is why I learnt physics and other technical sciences – so I could not understand what I'm writing?

No, my friend, you are sorely wrong. Probably because you just skim through my stories, instead of reading them thoroughly.

A JUDGMENT IN THE TRIAL OF N.D. AND S.Z. ACCUSED OF HORRIBLE MANUSCRIPTS

I.

My first reaction after reading this horrible submission was laughing until my stomach hurt and showing this "piece" to my friends.

N.D. was surely not expecting such a reaction. He wrote his... "Novel" in good faith. Here's a short summary: a dusky evening, a book about medieval heroes, Wacek – a close friend, his characteristics and his attitude towards school. This outline could be filled with fine content, thus creating an interesting and proper short story, evoking actual feelings; however, it would have nothing in common with the piece that is discussed here.

The description of Wacek, apart from the "charm and innocent liveliness," is like something taken out of police records about a lost boy. "He's thirteen years old, lives on Wapienna Street, dresses in blue trousers, black shirt and leather cap." Any identifying features? Of course: "Unkempt hair covering his forehead," which at the same time "sticks out of the cap" – it's physically impossible!

Wacek's nature is made up of contradictions. He is "a young boy full of innocence," as well as a "healthy and lively man," all at the same time. Like our forefathers, he "loves his neighbors as himself," but just four lines below he "constantly argues with others, sometimes gets angry." Then he is "laconic and his words are precious like crystals," but at the same time, "he constantly argues and always says what he has in mind." Additionally, this interesting young man "has a very kind heart, always helps everyone, even if they don't ask" (just look at that selflessness!)

Throughout the whole text, we can pick out small and not-so-small stylistic errors, the best among which are "the heats of the day," "crowds of peoples" (Romans, Germans, Gauls or Scythians, I presume?), "pouring down from their homes," "a book about heroes in the Middle Ages" and many others. At the very end, we have a short dialogue, or rather a question asked by Wacek and the author's response. The author "first thought for a second and then responded in the form of a definition: Learning is somewhat of a pleasure for the mind." As far as I'm concerned, if anyone asked me for the definition of the novel in question, I would not have to think for a second and I would simply respond, "It is somewhat of a mental hodgepodge and an insult to logic, orthography, punctuation and the good name of poetry..."

II.

The three long sentences with numerous subordinate clauses branching out of them strangely remind me of Latin; however, what they don't have is Latin's clarity and

order, as well as lacking – not necessarily Latin – common sense. From the first sentence, we learn that "Sometimes... an accident... decides the fate of a human being," while the next one claims that "due to one's own convictions or outside influence, a human being may become... different than they used to be." What is the deciding factor then? Accidents or outside influence?

"Outside influence" is mentioned twice in the span of two crucial parts of the second sentence, which – I don't know why – start with "however" and "although." The usual (and rational) use of both words, the second part of the sentence starting with "however," should contradict the first one, starting with "although," meanwhile in this case the second part of the sentence not only does not contradict the first part but also repeats the same idea, just in a slightly different form. First, we have "Although we know that the environment influences the character of a human being," followed by "however, whether due to one's own convictions or outside influence, a human being may become... different than they used to be." To rephrase it, "Although the environment influences a human being; however, the outside influence may change them." This is just as absurd as saying something like "Although it is daytime now; however, it's not night." It is hard to notice at the first glance due to the sheer number of subordinate clauses, which are frankly unnecessary and just cloud the general sense.

The third sentence brings yet another nonsense: "The young man changes his ways and regains a new outlook on life." One cannot regain something new, as one can regain only something that they used to own, something that they had already lost.

This was just the form. The substance is not really much better. The author wanted to discuss the moment in life, in which "due to one's own convictions or outside influence, a human being may become... different than they used to be" – in a word, something that was already discussed in multiple books, something that the scientific world is already occupied with, something that everybody already knows based on one's own example.

To make matters worse, the approach to this issue was neither original, scientific, interesting, humorous nor even serious... There was no approach at all, only three long, complex, "Latin-like" sentences, a forest of terms, definitions and some worn-out clichés.

In other words, a waste of space in print, as it would be better suited for the bin.

Henryk Dajczer

I'm willing to give anybody who finds at least one thing that is inconsistent with the fundamental laws of physics or anything that is not explained clearly enough a free ticket to the circus or a fresh bunch of figs (excuse me, Mr. Editor, for plagiarizing that idea), so... Get to work, young friends!

As far as the legend of Muhammad's iron coffin is concerned... This is a baseless accusation. Since when do we seek

truth in legends and fairy tales? Are you actually willing to explain and verify all the stories about the Boogeyman or the Greek mythology? I was simply discussing magnets – so I mentioned a Muslim legend. That's all.

I'd like to advise you to be more careful with hurling baseless accusations towards others and – the most important thing of all – try to be a bit less nitpicky!

J. Gold

THE FORGOTTEN BOOK

Recently, discussions about people's favorite books have become more and more popular. I was also often asked about my favorite books and I simply could not answer honestly. Perhaps I'm simply not brave enough to admit that I don't know, but now, when I'm trying to describe the impression that one of the books I read left on me, I'm not saying that it was "the greatest" or "the most beautiful," just "great" and "beautiful" instead.

I'm writing about Żuławski's "Trilogy." It cannot be found everywhere, even the largest libraries don't have it sometimes. I did not know about its existence until suddenly I found it at my friend's house, when I was waiting for him to come back home.

After getting bored with thinking about school, learning, my friends and family, I started looking around. Beside me, there was an inconspicuous book with a tattered cover. I looked at the title. The letters, some of which were covered with ink, told me that I was holding "On the Silver Globe" by an unknown author – since a part of the page was torn, the only thing I could make out of the name was "-awski." I shrugged and started reading.

The beginning was boring, but as I was progressing through the book, my interest slowly grew. The book was written as the diary of one of the humans who went to the Moon. At the beginning, it mostly consisted of adventures, then spiritual experiences. In the end, the diary turned into a seismograph of the author's mind.

One passage left quite an impression on me. When the members of the expedition wandered through the lunar desert towards the dark side of the Moon, where they were supposed to find suitable living conditions, it quickly became apparent that the oxygen that they carried in balloons wouldn't be able to sustain them all, it would only be enough for two of them. When the choice about who lives and who dies immediately was about to be made, the author's description perfectly reflects the human soul, without any sugarcoating. The friends were ready to jump to each other's throats just to get some oxygen.

Then, after getting to the place that could sustain life, they started a small, tiny civilization. There was a single woman, who calmed down relations between all of them. As time passes, all of them died and the only person who remained alive was the author of the diary – along with an entire generation of people who don't know the life on Earth.

Years passed, and the only living member of the expedition, known to the Moon people as the Old Man kept thinking about Earth, the memory of which was growing more clouded and distorted. The entries cut off abruptly and what he wrote was filled with longing and nostalgia, which did not allow him to live or die.

Eventually, he decided to set off to the place where they once landed and where they left the cannon with messages to Earth. He ended the diary with "Oh Earth, my beloved Earth!" and fired it, so that it flew where his mind wandered every waking hour.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

READER UPDATES

IS IT WINTER?

I'm sitting beside a window and look at the bright sky, lit up by hundreds of tiny stars. What is that? Often in the summer the sky is not as beautiful as now and it is only January, the middle of winter! Despite that, it feels like spring, especially when the sun is shining.

You simply cannot call this season "winter," and I long for a real winter.

When I go to sleep every night, I hope that I will wake up to a layer of snow covering every street and the unemployed will shovel the snow away, piling it up in one place. But every day I wake up disappointed.

It is really hard to believe that it is winter now.

Bronia from Nowolipki Street

I'M SICK

I have the flu since Friday. Mum told me that the flu is highly contagious, so my friends cannot even visit me.

I'm alone and I'm sad, to make things worse, I'm also bored out of my mind.

Suddenly I had this thought to write to the Little Review and become a regular submitter. And so I did.

Rena from Katowice

LOOKING FOR A FRIEND

I'm attending a new school. I'm nine years old and I'm in the 3rd grade. I have some bad classmates, they are not so eager to learn and they keep playing around all the time.

I would like to make friends with someone. Please, dear Little Review, give me some of the names of good boys or at least a single good and friendly boy so I can become his friend.

I think that every boy should have a friend to do homework, walk and

play together. I don't have anyone and I feel very lonely.

Gutek from Pawia Street

OUR P.E. CLASS

"Are we going to have P.E. class today?"

"Sure, get dressed!" she responds.

"Ruta! Close the door, I'm embarrassed and Olek is peeking!" Fela shouts.

I'm the first one to get ready and other girls run out after me. The second bell rings and the "red light" turns on.

"Line up!" I shouted, as I was responsible for keeping everyone in order. "Olek, stop running around, I'll tell the teacher, you'll see!"

The teacher enters the hall.

"Hello, class!"

"Hello," we responded.

"Turn right, forward march! One, two, three, four, left, right, left, right! Ruta, calm down. Olek, you too! Tusia, switch the leg, one, two, three, four. Get in pairs, make way in the middle! Turn towards me. Now jump three times, on four, jump up and land in a squat position! Come on! One, two, three, four. That's enough! Now move to the window!"

We jumped in excitement. The last command meant that we're going to play some game now.

"Edzia is the hunter, the rest of you are rabbits!"

The game brought us a lot of joy and happiness. Suddenly, the teacher announced once again:

"Sarenka and Tusia, please bring the bench. Yes, turn it around. Go over it, now you, and another..."

We walked on the bench, carefully so as not to lose our balance. With some

difficulty, we managed to complete the task. Now it was time for another game.

"Prison ball! Lilka, Ruta – two teams."

It took us a while to choose our teams. Then she asked:

"Everyone's got a number? The first one – throw!"

"Fela, Fania – go to prison!"

We played for quite some time and our team finally won.

"Line up!" the teacher shouts.

"Goodbye, class!"

"Goodbye!"

We went to the dressing room to change.

Sulamita R.

INSULTING THE KING

All of a sudden, a war broke out between Olek and Artek versus Leszek and Jurek. Without thinking much, I joined Artek's side and became their advisor.

After a long war, Artek and Olek defeated Jurek and Leszek, but this was not a real war because Jurek invited everyone over for a tea, chess and dominoes just a second later.

We went to his house, where we played for three hours. At the very beginning, I was elected the king of the united kingdom. The fun was so great that I did not even notice when it got dark. Suddenly, my mum arrived and – without any second thought that I was not an ordinary boy, but a king at that moment – she boxed my ears, which insulted me. Since she never beats me, I was terrified. At home, I also heard some words that I didn't like. As a punishment for staying at my friend's house for so long without permission, I would not get chocolate for three days.

Maurycy from Długa Street

Great contest for a small prize

IF I GOT A FIG...

What a naïve question! If I got a fig, I'd obviously eat it – since (as you need to know) I love figs and I know their taste perfectly.

Well, if I got a fig, I would eat it and lie down on the couch, thinking that a single fig is not enough. Then I would turn on the other side, take the Little Review and start reading longer articles. I love criticizing, so almost immediately I would start a monologue with the editor-in-chief:

"What a sucker you are, my boy! In this thing, which you proudly call a paper, you are printing the worst letters and the best works written by the most talented authors go to the bin or furnace, depending on your decision. Yeah, yeah, admit it, don't make excuses, I already experienced it myself, don't you remember? I have a good memory, so I remember that you gave me zilch, which I could not see, mostly because of the distance between Lublin and Warsaw.

But let's drop the issues from the past and take a look at this pitiful pamphlet you call a paper.

Let us all hope (do not falter!) that the editor-in-chief is on the level of his naïve work. Why on Earth would he publish the "Horrible Manuscripts?" What horrible genius hinted him that N.D., who writes in the style of medieval heroic books, with a friend who "speaks words as important as glass crystals" should be facing the court of his peers?

So you see, Dear Editor – you made the two articles into a public laughingstock, but the other ones are a testament to your naïveté. For example, in the "Review of Young Press" it is clearly visible that Borensztejn is afraid that the young authors are going to get him if he dares criticize them too much. Why do you print such a dishonest review? Or why won't you tell "Jureczek from Komitetowa Street" that even if he did not have talent, his professor would praise his exceptional skills anyway?

And now let's take last week's issue of the Little Review. One of the most interesting (without sarcasm!) articles discussed the author's visit to a poet just as young – or even younger – than

himself and mentions the fact that due to a gas attack drill he was forced to stay for longer at her place. Let's just imagine him, writing that report. Do you see his sly expression, when he wrote about the despair when he realized that he could not end the visit there and then? Writing "And now I'm stuck," he certainly thought "Oh, how lucky I was! They had some great cookies and... figs!" And you, dear Editor, could not see right through it!

I could end my discussion with you right here, if I didn't have to – begrudgingly – explain the title.

When you receive this submission, you will certainly talk to your colleagues about it, saying something along the lines of "Why would that dumb boy write all of that, there's nothing about figs in there! What does he think, that this is some kind of a French test, so that he added the entire cheat sheet written by some smarter friend to the title?"

Don't worry, dear Editor – I don't steal anything, per principle. Regarding the article, I also thought about the reasons for writing it in the first place, but then I "first thought for a second and then responded":

"You should simply know that I know some tricks too!"

And the figs? I think I will get some anyway, one way or another.

ARIA (Lublin)

THE FORGOTTEN BOOK

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

The story left me shocked and amazed. After reading it whole, I walked for a long time, breathing the stuffy and sooty air in with pleasure. Instead of a small tree growing in a pot in front of some café, I saw a beautiful forest, smelling like freshness and resin. At that very moment, I loved everything that surrounded me...

Because just a moment earlier I had seen the image of a man who did not have any of it, painted with great precision by the author. All I wanted at that moment was to live, live to the fullest.

Shortly, but not before thinking for a while, I started to slowly discover the souls of the people described by Żuławski, as he left something fleeting in every single character, something that the reader had to find out on their own. This of course was really effective, as everyone saw what they wanted to see. This is why I often talk about the book and sometimes I open my eyes wide in amazement, when I realize that someone understands the same things in a totally different way – but that's what makes the author outstanding.

Not only that, but also the fact that he introduces the reader to the thoughts of the book's protagonist in such a way that it makes them think that they are the ones whose thoughts and feelings are put in words on paper by the genius writer. I used the word "genius" on purpose, as I consider the author of this masterpiece to be one of such people. I don't know whether it is one of the works which shape the soul of a human being, perhaps not. Reading it, however, sheds a new light on many things, which one did not notice before because the reader got used to them already.

Summing up, the book might interest everyone, but despite that, it is not very popular. When I was trying to get the second part of the "Trilogy" (I read the first part), no one knew what it was and could not find it. On the contrary, when people asked for some "Green Hand" or "Chinese Dagger," they got it immediately. This annoyed me to no end, so I just grabbed the first mystery story I could get and stormed out of the library.

JERZYK R. from Łódź

IN A PROVINCIAL TOWN

I went to Wieluń with my mom for the first time to visit my grandma. Of course, the closer and remote family all gathered at the train station and said their goodbyes, as if we were going to America.

On the train, I kept thinking about Wieluń. I imagined it as a picturesque town in the mountains. After several hours, we reached Sieradz. There was a car waiting for us there and it took us straight to Wieluń.

When I arrived in the town, I was disappointed. Instead of picturesque views and mountains, I saw a typical provincial town. My grandma came to meet us.

My time in Wieluń passed quite happily, with the greatest pleasure being the walks to the nearby farm, located just 2 kilometers away from Wieluń, owned by mom's friends. There is a barn on the farm with numerous wooden cages with beautiful white rabbits. Apart from them, there is also a lot of poultry there.

Despite the fact that Wieluń is just a small provincial town, I had a great time there.

Halina from Nowolipie Street

JOKES

A DILIGENT PATIENT

"Did you drink your medicine exactly as I prescribed, that is, an hour before eating?"

"No, doctor."

"Why?"

"I couldn't drink for longer than 5 minutes! And even after that I felt I was going to burst!"

A CITY TRAIN

"Sir, why is the train jumping today? Is something wrong?"

"No, you see... the driver has the hiccups..."

PHILANTHROPY

On the street, a lady collecting money for a cause approached a passer-by.

"Maybe you will donate to the blind?"

The man shook his head.

"You know, I could... But I'm afraid that the blind aren't going to see a dime!"

BRAIN TEASERS

RESULTS OF THE 13TH TEASER TOURNAMENT of the Little Review

As always, all participants of the Tournament were divided into two groups – "under 10," as well as "11 – 13 year olds." In the first group, the largest number of points was gathered by:

Josef Goldfarb (9 years old) 27 Nalewki Street, Apt. 38 – 43 pts

Adelcia Lichtensztejn (9 years old) 6A Franciszkańska Street, Apt. 25 – 34 pts

Musio Zinger (8 years old) 9 Solna Street, Apt. 24 – 33 pts.

In the second group, the largest number of points was gathered by:

Olek Ołtuski (12 years old), 37 Niska Street, Apt. 4 – 52 pts

Genia Rasskin (13 years old),

31 Dzielna Street, Apt. 50 – 52 pts
Paweł Lapidus (12 years old),
6 Nowolipki Street, Apt. 13 – 49 pts.

The youngest participant of the tournament was Kuba from Sienna Street – he is only five!

The issue of the Little Review released on the 13th of this month, there were two errors in the Brain Teasers column.

In tournament task no. 23, some text was omitted, which in turn made the task impossible to solve.

Tournament task no. 24, titled "Every letter has its place" had no points value assigned to it.

Therefore, we would like to inform our readers that task no. 23 will be considered void and task no. 24 is worth 4 points.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

FILM SURVEY

MANY OR FEW?

"How many replies did we get?" asked Basia, our secretary, when our team gathered at the green table in our newsroom.

"66," said Ida.

"That's a lot!" noticed Frania with a hint of pride in her voice.

"There should be at least 6000 of them!" Glisia exclaimed. "Everyone goes to the movies, after all!"

"But not everyone wants to write," Nina replied. "The minority always speaks up in most cases – those who like to think and act. Many would rather observe, listen and discuss among themselves, which is why I think that our survey enjoyed great interest."

"That's enough! Let's get back to work!" Basia tapped her pencil on the desk. "Let's count the votes!"

MIDDLE GIRLS

FROM WARSAW DOMINATE!

"How many replies from boys do we have?"

"16, that's 24%" Ida calculated.

"How many girls, then?"

"50, or 76%"

"How old are they?"

"15% children under 10, medium kids from 10 to 13 years old – 64% and youth over 13 – 21%"

"Where do they come from?"

"70% from Warsaw, 30% from the province."

"So, to sum up, our survey attracted mostly medium aged girls from Warsaw!"

WHY MORE GIRLS

AND WHY FROM WARSAW?

"I'm somehow amazed that not that many boys want to share their opinions about cinema. They like movies as much as we do," Ida noted.

"They're just lazy," deemed Basia. "They also write less often."

"But they do it better than we do!" Frania corrected. "Even though there's fewer boys, we see them more often in the paper. Go through a year of the Little Review, and you will see that boys always submit the nicest letters and articles."

"But why would the province not want to write about cinema?"

"I don't know... Maybe it's just that it plays a much less important role in their lives?"

"I'm sure they just don't go to movies as often as we do."

"There are no cinemas in many cities."

"And the poverty rate is higher!"

"Indeed. We all read the letters to the Society for Safeguarding the Health of the Jewish Population about the misery in the province."

FREQUENT

AND CASUAL VIEWERS

"How often do they go to the cinema?" Basia asked.

Ida quickly sifted through the replies and counted...

"Almost half of them – 48% to be exact – were at the movies at least once a week."

"I thought they didn't go that often..."

"But we aren't talking about all the youth here! Don't forget that we got answers mostly from people who are interested in cinema and who can afford to go more often because they are children of middle class parents. I'm pretty sure they are a minority here. The others, and there's far more of them, rarely have spare cash for a ticket, there's also many children who never went to see a movie."

"10-year-old Jadwiga wrote that she goes to the cinema seven times a year."

"I'm kind of curious as to what it looks like – does she go every 50 days? Or maybe seven times in a week and then nothing until next year?"

"Don't laugh. I'm sure that Jadwisia just remembered how many times she went to the cinema last year and wrote 7."

"Children rarely go to the cinema to be honest. There are no good movies for them."

A STRANGE RIDDLE

"You know what, we have a strange reply for the question 'What kind of movies do you like the most', listen!"

"We're all ears!"

"It seems that children like movies about their own lives the most (47% of the replies), then cowboy movies (30%), the 'middle' kids want to see films about real life (76%) and apart from that they like comedies and historical movies. The youth..."

"Surely they just want to see movies about contemporary life!"

"Well, no! The youth, who are moving on with their lives want to look back into the past, as the most of them picked historical movies (50%), then comedies (37%) and the realistic movies are in remote third place."

"That's strange. What could possibly explain that?"

"Either their replies coincided by pure chance, or it is really so, and it would mean that the youth experienced life and got disappointed, so they try to find a way to escape and forget about reality."

ON GOOD FOOD

"Does everybody like movies for youth?"

"Children – sure. All children like them. 'I like those movies because they help me grow,' Soniusia Pasternak told us. 'I can understand them,' said Jadwisia. The 'middle' children's opinions are diverse; however, the majority (67%) likes them without any reservations. 'Generally, they

provide good food for thought,' said Wiktor."

"How about the youth?"

"They like them as well. Zuza M. told us 'these movies are naïve, nice, happy and cheerful. When I watch them, I can escape reality and go back to my magical childhood for two hours.'"

FORBIDDEN MOVIES

– WHO AND HOW

WATCHES THEM?

"So, children surprised us. 40% of them watch forbidden movies," Ida noted with amazement.

"These are some beautiful times we live in," Nina sighed just like adults do.

"I'd say they are lying," Frania asserted with a dose of suspicion.

"I disagree," said Basia. "After all, when a 9-year-old kid goes to a movie allowed for children 10 and older, they went and saw a forbidden movie."

"Yeah, you're right..." Ida admitted. "I'm curious now, how many 'middle' children watch forbidden movies?"

"81%"

"How about youth?"

"86%"

"But why? Why is it so attractive to them?"

"Listen to what Rena wrote us: 'First of all, a forbidden movie strokes your vanity, the will to boast to your friends that you saw something that was forbidden.'"

"Here's another one from Wisia: 'What appeals to me is everything that gets forgotten in the movies which we are allowed to watch. Often, I don't like those movies, but I don't say that out loud because my parents would say that it was obvious from the very beginning that I wouldn't understand them, because they aren't for children.'"

"That's right. When you admit that the movie wasn't interesting to you, not only your parents, but also your older friends tell you that you're still a child."

"We also have a reply from X: 'I often watch forbidden movies, but I don't think they could do any harm. Most often the censorship board goes overboard!'"

"Right. And what about the opponents of forbidden movies?"

"Fela says, 'I don't like them, because they show me the filth of life, evil people who cannot control themselves, without strong will and any character.' Lola from Lviv and Roman L. said the same thing – that the dark side of life and bleak truth is tiresome and overwhelming, even if it's all real. 'We will all have time to experience the dark side. Right now, we want happy films, rays of hope to dispel the darkness and show us the way.'"

"Tell us now, Basia, how do children get to watch forbidden movies?"

"Almost all of them told us that they go with their parents. For example, Jadwisia wrote 'My mum takes me with her.'"

"How about the 'middle' children and youth?"

"They take off their school badges, they ask older friends to get them tickets or they dress up. Różka W. told us that she borrows a dress from her older sister."

"Oh, she must look really great in that one!"

"Most often they have fewer problems with the box office in the province because they don't check them as thoroughly."

SHIRLEY'S DEFEAT

"Let's count the votes now. Who's the most liked young artist?"

Frانيا and Ida started to count the votes.

"First place goes to Deanna Durbin," said Frania after a while.

"It's pronounced Dyn Derbn" Ida corrected her.

"Doesn't matter!" said Basia. "I'm curious how many votes did she get."

"35 out of 66."

"She deserves even more than that," said Nina happily. "Add my vote!"

"Who likes her the most?"

"Youth, half of 'middles' and two children."

"Second place goes to Freddie Bartholomew with 29 votes."

"That's not enough," Frania moaned. "Everyone should vote for him!"

"Well, only one child, 6 youth and 22 'middles' voted for him. So he won thanks to their votes."

"Shirley's in third place with 25 votes. Seven children, 13 'middles' and 5 youth picked her."

"The youth deserve a slap on their faces! How could they vote for such a pretentious doll!" Frania screamed, visibly angry. However, no one really paid attention to her ire, as everyone was busy with counting.

"Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper got an equal number of votes – seven each, Tommy Kelly got 4 votes and Bobby Breen was picked by just two of our respondents."

"How about the adults?" Frania asked.

"Gary Cooper is the most liked of them all!" Ida shouted happily. "Then we have Barszczewska and Jeanette MacDonald."

THE BEST FILMS

"What movie do they consider to be the best?"

"Children picked movies so varied that it is impossible to make out anything from their votes. The 'middles' and youth unequivocally decided that the best movie is... Guess what."

"Come on, tell us!"

"The Good Earth!"

"Well, this makes me very happy. It's a great movie!" said Ida.

"Then there is 'The Prince and the Pauper,' 'Mad About Music' and 'Snow White.'"

YOUNG VIEWERS' IDEAS

"Nina, could you go through the answers for the next question of our survey about the kind of movie they would like to see made?"

Nina started working and we started gossiping, playing around and make so much noise, that at some point the door opened and the night editor of Our Review with a scary face looked inside. Suddenly we went silent, as if we were writing a decisive exam and in that silence, we heard Nina summing up:

"Now I know. First and foremost, they advise to make movies out of their favorite books – 'King Matt the First,' 'Quo Vadis,' 'On Black Water' and so on. The second group of our respondents with L.T. being the most ardent supporter of this idea proposes 'to make a war movie, presenting the darkest side of war so that it repulses people.' Then, many of them would want to see a movie about school life. Then we have some separate, even original ideas. For example, Miss Dońska asks the Ministry of Education to make a movie that would show everyone how many talents are wasted as a result of the lack of free high schools and universities. Mietek wants to make 'a political movie about people who hold the world in their hands.' There's also Małgosia, a great moralist, who proposes a movie titled 'The effects of going to forbidden movies on youth.'"

"I think that such a movie would be really uninteresting," said Glisia.

"Use your imagination!" Basia tried to persuade her. "Imagine that, a 12-year-old girl in her sister's evening dress! Or the adventures of three boys looking for a merciful ticketer! You could get some perfect stories there!"

"Go on, make some up. Only this could make this idea interesting."

"All right, I'll tell you tomorrow. We have to wrap it up right now, as it's late now. I'll just read you an opinion of Zuza M. about movies in general, and her sentiment is shared by half of the participants:

"Movies are not just a simple and empty entertainment. Movies are art – maybe less valuable and significant than literature, music and drama – but a true and separate art nonetheless, which cannot be replaced by literature, art or even drama."

* * *

A movie evening will take place in our newsroom on Sunday at 5 o'clock. The Group of Five will invite those of you, who participated in the survey and submitted the most valuable answers. The Group of Five will be fully responsible for the refreshments and the program of the event, I will be responsible for the bill only. I assume

CONTINUED ON P. 4

A REQUEST FOR GOOD ADVICE

It's not as easy as it might look and anyway, it all depends on who you are. For someone like Daniel, who changes schools every few months, it's no big deal, the only hardship is that he needs to change his badge, because he'll always quickly find new friends. For me it was totally different. I'll tell you the whole story, so that you will understand.

I joined one of the best Jewish middle schools in Warsaw. Even though my parents told me I was going to be fine at my new school, I was afraid to go there, because I find it hard to get accustomed to new surroundings. They call me a snob.

But of course, a habit is second nature, or so they say, so in two years' time, even I could meet and befriend new colleagues and take a liking to our teachers.

My class didn't like me that much, because I never really participated in class life and kept a distance from my colleagues. However, after some time, I noticed that one of my classmates who had been indifferent started getting interested in me. We got to know each other very well, and became friends. He encouraged me to work for the student council and my classmates liked me. Finally, I felt good.

However, what I did not predict was that it would be my last year at that school. Our financial situation got worse and my parents couldn't pay the high tuition any more. I had to either resign from going to school at all, or choose one that my parents could afford. It took us some time, but finally we found one and I transferred.

Another school... It seems to be so easy, but in reality, it's tragic. When our friendship was at its best and my attachment to the class grew with each day, I suddenly had to start looking for new friends. In spite of my parents and my friend saying that I was going to be fine there, I was afraid of my new school. I understood that I had to start fresh and that I was going to be alone once again. And this is exactly what happened. Now I feel bad in my class. No one cares about me, not a single person is interested in me. I return from school in a bad mood.

I would like to know whether there are any correspondents or readers of the Little Review who once were in a similar situation. If there are, could you please tell me what to do, if I cannot find new friends? How do I fight my shyness?

ABRASZA B. from Orla Street

CHILDREN OF THE STREET

I was walking along Przejazd Street. It was raining and there was mud everywhere.

"zayn. (Thus it must be)"

I hear a high-pitched voice and quiet tones of an out of tune old violin. I approached a small group of people surrounding two girls, certainly younger than me. One of them – blonde with a full face and braids – played the violin looking at the passers-by, while the other one – small and thin – sung. Her voice was already slightly hoarse, but she tried her best to sing as loudly as she could, looking at people with her black, playful eyes.

Some of the passers-by stopped, looked closer, sighed and moved along. Other people opened their purses and gave the girl some money, who then smiled and sung even louder:

"zayn! (Thus it must be!)"

I was overwhelmed with a strange grief. Does it really have to be so? Why do they have to stand here on the street, begging strangers for money?

It was late, so I went home. Will they also go home? Do they have a mommy like mine, who will hug

and kiss them? If they do, why does she let them stand there and beg? My mum would never let it happen. Oh, maybe their father is dead and she is unemployed. And what if they don't have a mommy at all? Maybe they act as a mommy for someone?

Why won't anyone come closer and ask them? I will muster my courage, go to them and ask, "does it really have to be like that? Please, tell me."

Perhaps they will laugh at me, or they will treat me with contempt because I have warm gloves, a scarf, and boots because I'm afraid of cold and they are tough and face even the harshest of conditions. Maybe they will even say that I'm stupid and I don't know life.

"Azoy muz es zayn."

HELA from Miła Street

HOW I STOPPED SMOKING

I had a friend, Edek (he was a redhead). All he thought about was playing soccer and smoking cigarettes. Once we both got 10 groszy from a lady. Edek suggested we buy some cigarettes and I agreed immediately, so we went to get some (I bought the Plaskie and he got the Aromatica).

We smoked in the doorway. My sister passed by and saw smoke, she snuck up on us, took a look and went home unnoticed. At home, she told my parents everything – in the meantime we stood there and smoked without

a care in the world. However, nothing is forever – the cigarettes eventually burned down.

When I returned home, father called me and spanked me so hard that I will probably never forget it. Despite that, I started smoking again after half a year.

This time my father didn't beat me, instead he told me to write an article about the terrible effects of smoking. I wrote it and I got afraid of what I wrote about, so I didn't smoke any more.

S. WYSZEGRODZKI (Kalisz)

BELA M.

AN ORDINARY STORY

The great speaker and statesman in the Ancient Rome, Cicero, thus wrote to his friend, Atticus:

"All pleasures and happiness are meaningless when you are not around. After all, it is you to whom I owe my return to Rome. Thanks to your efforts I can spend time with my loved ones, but it is you whom I would like to see the most..."

I could say the same to my friend Nadzia if she lived anywhere else, but the merciful fate spared us the harsh days of separation and allowed us to be in one class and sit at one desk.

Our teacher calls us a married couple, our friends – conjoined twins. We shared interests and ideals: Czarska, Zarzycka, Hugo...

Czarska's novels stimulated our imagination to the point we decided to write a book.

"Let's write two books, even," said Nadzia. "One about school and second one about family. I will tell you a very interesting but tragic story. Just remember that everything is true." "I'm all ears."

"I had a friend, Guta. When she was ten, she lost her mother. Her father soon married someone else and her stepmother mistreated her, and..."

"Nadzia, it's just another version of Cinderella!"

"Be smart and listen to the whole story first. One night she dreamed of her dead mother, who brought her silk stockings as a gift. The orphan looked at the gift with happiness and then she woke up. You know what she saw? The very same stockings she saw in her dream were now on her bed. So, how about that?"

"We have to expand it and write a book. But how to name it?"

"Indeed, the title is the most important thing."

"We can't go with 'Anguish,' Mniszkówna already released a book with that title."

"The Story of Guta... No, that doesn't sound good."

"Oh, I have one! 'A Life Story!'"

"Great!"

"So, we have one book, how are we going to name the second one?"

"Our School."

"No, maybe just 'School!'"

That's how we started writing two novels simultaneously. To be honest, we never actually wrote them, because we just talked all the time, coming up with new adventures and experiences for our protagonists. When we had everything thought-out and we would have to start writing, the idea lost its magic.

"Let's do something else then," Nadzia proposed. "We could publish a newspaper for example!"

Sure, we did not have any experience or money, but we were full of enthusiasm. Together with cousin Moniek we composed a "Letter to editors" that said that our paper teaches the young and the old alike, that it brings people together, that the "youth corner," which costs just 5 groszy was open for everyone to write and that the newsroom "was open every day, except for Saturdays and Sundays."

Nobody came. Only the editors wrote the articles, read by their families. The issue comprised jointly corrected tests and nicer class assignments. Apart from that, we had obituaries, classifieds and a thriller titled "The Kidnapping of Lena."

Our readers had hearts of stone and never wrote anything. What is worse, suddenly we had opposition, led by cousin Moniek and his uncle, who accused us of making stylistic

and factual errors. Then, they created a Hebrew newspaper. We wrote fiery letters about "erroneous and malicious critique of an honest writer," we begged for collaboration and help, but each such effort provoked new attack and new fight, until the parental authorities intervened and shut down the publishing house.

Nadzia and I were left with nothing. What to do, what kind of work should we find?

"Let's create a library."

Enthusiastically we started working on our new project.

I fought hard to get two shelves of an *étagère* and we placed our library there. It comprised our geography and history schoolbooks, as well as various fairy tales, adventures and novels. We also bought some mystery novels for 20 groszy each because "they take up a lot of space and look pretty nice."

We made covers for our books and created a catalog. Each day we went to school with a large packet and full backpacks. During recess, we exchanged books. We worked happily.

However, nothing lasts forever and everything gets worse with time. There were some jealous girls who started a gossip that we were making money out of this. Our books started disappearing, and our subscribers started complaining about lack of diversity and new books... We let go of the idea of the library.

We did not start a new company, as Nadzia's parents moved to Otwock and separated us.

We still see each other from time to time, recalling the old times with a truly girly melancholy when we were "young and beautiful," as our math professor says to remind us about the time where we knew everything perfectly. ■

A FRIEND

It's good to have a true friend, but I don't. But is it really so? How about Żolka? How could I forget about her? Come here, doggy, my beautiful, golden doggy. I pet her on his warm and soft head and she licks my hands with warm tongue. How could I forget? She's my little friend.

A funny friend... Small, soft, with light-yellow fur without any darker or fairer spots. She's got a nice mouth that on the one hand looks sly, but on the other has something that makes you smile instantly. She's kind of like a fox or a non-purebred dachshund with too-long legs that are not crooked enough.

How pleasant it is to spend time with her! She's a better playing partner than Aunt Hela's dog – Lilka. She doesn't get angry or sad, only softly bites me on the hand, then licks slowly, turns belly up and when I want to go away she jumps on his legs, nuzzles up, jumps around and tries to get me to play with her some more.

You just can't ignore her. She's loved by mum and dad... In the beginning, she caused a lot of trouble because she became my dog by accident.

It was almost two years ago, when I was returning home from Aunt Hela's. Somewhere around Wspólna Street a dog started following me. At the corner of Piękna Street, I thought I managed to lose her. I sighed in relief, but then I suddenly felt sadness. Why sadness, though? I couldn't take her home anyway, because what would my mother say or do? But I was sad that I didn't see her frightened eyes looking at me and his wagging tail.

Soon, it turned out that my sigh of relief was unnecessary because the dog reappeared. She came from somewhere, from among the forest of people's legs and rows of taxis, just to follow me.

"What am I supposed to do with him when she decides to follow me home? What am I supposed to do with that troublesome, lovely dog?" I thought.

I felt I loved her already. And she trotted right next to me, at my leg, as if she was my dog. My own dog. It was a very pleasant feeling, but at the same time I was afraid about what my mother was going to say. Most probably she would let her go, but she wouldn't have anywhere to go. So she would sit at the door and then the caretaker would throw her outside the gate, where she would probably perish from hunger. I took pity because she was so nice, almost like my own dog...

I climbed the stairs, my heart was trembling. The dog ran upstairs as if she wasn't expecting anything. He just kept looking back at me, happy and trustful.

I won't write how much I had to fight with my mother to let me keep him. I fought for her and because of that she became even more dear to me and I love her even more.

I don't know if all dogs have the heart that sometimes only people can have, but my dog has one for certain. The most faithful and most loving of all... And I know it well from my own experience.

During summer vacations, I went to a nearby forest with Żolka to gather some blackberries. Busy with gathering, I didn't notice that something was moving in the bushes and getting closer and closer to us. Then I looked in that direction, the basket fell out of my hand and my legs felt as if they were frozen in place. I wanted to run and scream, but I was stunned, while the viper was crawling slowly towards us, getting closer and closer... Then I saw the dog's eyes looking at me and then Żolka jumped at the reptile...

I don't know what happened next. I only remember having to carry the poor, scratched-up dog home in my arms, while she looked at me with her small eyes, as if she was trying to say that it was nothing, it's for what you did back then and that she was ready to give up his life for me. From that point on, our friendship was even stronger.

I love my Żolka really much, just like you love a friend with whom you can share any secret and have a great time together.

IRA

TABLE TENNIS

I love sports. I play soccer and volleyball, but I like the so-called ping-pong the most. Everyone knows the game for sure, so I will leave out the description of its rules.

When I want to play and have some free time and partners, and when there's no one home (which happens most often on Sunday evenings), I fold out the table with a cracked top in the dining room and I take two rackets – one of them (light and thin) is my own and the second (heavy and thick, cracked on one side and on the other covered with a layer of rubber) I borrowed from someone. I don't have a real net, but I have my head!

I take a long cord and an old newspaper. I tie the cord to two chairs on both sides of the table and I hang newspaper on it. You can play and play until your celluloid ball bursts.

Last Sunday, five players gathered at the table: Dawid (my brother), Artur (a refugee from Germany), Moniek and Wigdor (two brothers) and of course Icek (me).

We paired up in the following way: we put five different pieces of paper in a hat, with numbers from one to five. We decided that player 1 would play with player 2, player 3 would go against player 4 and player 5 would play the winner of the first match.

I drew number 2 and Moniek was my partner. He was a mediocre, or even bad player, I don't want to boast, but he was worse than me! I'm neither

a good nor a bad player, but when I go against him, I can do whatever I want. I just play. I often win with him having just two or four points, sometimes I let him have some advantage, like 18:8, and then I get to work and finish him off.

I was sure that I would win and then go against my brother, who plays better than I do. I decided to play sloppy, letting him win, just to show my true skills at the end of the game. Despite deciding to do so, I was winning 3:0 because my opponent fouled three serves – twice the ball went out-of-bounds and once he hit the net.

Then Moniek finally warmed up and his first serve landed on my half of the table. I returned it slowly, apathetically even. He returned the ball even harder on my right-hand side, the ball hit the table, going high, and I had an opportunity to smash it. I didn't do that, because I still remembered about my plan. I returned it just as lightly and slowly deep onto his side, but the screw-up (I'm sorry, Moniek, for this insult, which is very common during the game) failed to hit the ball and lost a point once again.

I thought "I might as well have smashed the ball, he did not take advantage of it anyway."

Despite my efforts to make Moniek win, I was still winning. Seven – love, to be exact. The "audience" looked at us surprised.

"Great, Icek! You're in a good shape today! Moniek, you're going to lose without any points."

My opponent is already stressed – and I'm not surprised, especially after playing under such a pressure. He tries his best, does all he can and... still loses. Finally, he said angrily:

"Uh, he and his luck..."

Everyone laughed. Seeing that I was doing great (ten – love) I decided to change my tactics. I was going not to give him any opportunity to get even a single point. I started playing seriously now and suddenly luck turned away from me.

Moniek took the ball and wanted to serve. I was laughing, confident in my skills and he watched me carefully. His eyes lit up ominously and his face was burning red from shame. He leans and serves the ball and gets a lucky point, as the ball went off the table, hitting the edge, and I didn't manage to return it.

"Crook," I murmured. In ping-pong, this word is used to refer to people who hit the edges of the table and make defending the ball impossible.

Then, right after, Moniek manages to pull off two other lucky serves. He wouldn't stop hitting the edges. The difference in points between me and him started melting away. Ten to four, ten to five, ten to nine... In a single streak!

The "peanut gallery" started jeering. They started supporting my opponent with cheers, hints, tips and so on. Now they are laughing at me.

This is how fickle supporters usually are – they always support the strongest athlete. Seeing how I was unlucky, they turned away from me and started supporting Moniek.

I was overwhelmed with despair. I made every effort not to lose and to avoid humiliation at his hands.

I did a forehand serve to the right side of the table. He smashed the ball, but I managed to save it and smash in return; however, Moniek played offensively and kept attacking my left, my right side, higher, lower, farther, closer... I couldn't keep up and I was forced to defend desperately. It lasted for quite a while and the small celluloid ball went from one side of the table to another, jumped around and rolled on the surface. Finally, Moniek managed to outsmart me and we had a tie.

"Ten to ten!"

My opponent, who by all means was worse than me did anything he wanted and his advantage only kept growing. He was winning fifteen to ten. I was still at ten points and our "fans" already started whispering among themselves that I was going to stay with ten until the end of the game.

"You're not going to get a better score," the referee said.

Folks... My heart almost burst out of despair and humiliation. But I decided to keep playing and never give up.

I was dripping with sweat. I took off my vest, rolled up my sleeves

and got to work. And then it was like I was reborn, awoken from some kind of a dream. I once again had control over the situation. I collected myself and a change for the better came.

I had a high ball in a very convenient position, so without thinking I slightly smashed it with a lot of power. It stopped on Moniek's side on the table.

"Gzzz... It was impossible to defend."

Finally, I had a point. And after that one, I got another and another.

This is what always happens in life and in games. Luck can be fickle and victory depends on self-confidence and strong will. Without that, even a master is going to lose.

I got my sense of humor and happiness back when I laughed at a joke that Wigdor told us. This helped me immensely and soon I tied the match again.

The "audience" once again changed their mind, this time they started supporting me again. For a few seconds, we played as equals, with a slight advantage on my side. We were tied at sixteen points. Finally, I managed to overcome his defense and started attacking him furiously. I got more and more points, finally, I was on top with 20 points to his 16.

Moniek did not care anymore. "Happens," he said. He played without putting in any effort, as if he knew it was lost. And indeed, he lost!

ICEK from Sienna Street

TO THE READERS OF THE LITTLE REVIEW

In the issue published on March 31 this year, Zygmunt Bauman wrote that I copied a story by E. Naganowski. This was true. I admit my fault. I am not going to defend myself, because what I did was very dishonest. I only wanted to write how it came to pass.

I was once on a summer camp (which can be confirmed by my friends) and I had a similar, almost identical adventure. I wanted to write about it and then I stumbled upon a part of an old book, where I found Naganowski's text. Then I stole his work.

I regretted it dearly, I even wanted to go to the editor and tell him not to print "The Memory," but I was very embarrassed and kept delaying and in the meantime the text was not published in the Little Review so I thought it wouldn't be printed at all.

Once again, I would like to say that I'm not defending myself. I admit my fault, I regret my deed and I ask the readers and editor for forgiveness.

TOSIA from Wolyńska Street

Tosia signed with her full name and surname, we decided to publish this letter with a pseudonym instead.

* * *

It is amazing how naïve the plagiarists are, thinking that they are dealing only with the editor, who can be fooled because it is impossible to read or remember everything that was printed throughout the history. They do not seem to remember that they sign their name under someone else's work in front of thousands of witnesses and they will be always

caught red-handed by at least some of them.

Then, when they think they succeeded and the text gets published, the problem gets worse for everyone – for the person guilty of plagiarism due to embarrassment, for the editor – because his trust was abused and for the readers – because they are looking at a nasty thing.

Adult plagiarists are brought up before the court. The young ones are banned from working with us.

Over the course of 13 years of this paper's existence we had nine such cases. So far, all of our plagiarists got the highest punishment – they ended up expelled; however, this time we will refrain from handing down this judgment.

This time we are not going to make such a decision, we are not going to cross Tosia off the list of our correspondents because she did not try to explain herself in a cowardly way, to hide or to avoid all responsibility. Instead, when she was called, she came to our newsroom and brought us this letter. She ended this dishonest issue in an honest way.

It isn't easy to admit guilt in public. Tosia is certainly suffering a lot now and I'm sure that she will never give in to the temptation of getting honors without effort.

Tosia is going to start collaborating with the Little Review from the very beginning – after a trial period. What kind of trial is it going to be? This is between me and Tosia.

EDITOR

READER UPDATES

FROM THE DAYS OF GREAT IMPRESSIONS

I. HOW IT WAS AT SCHOOL

It all started with our teacher, who asked us to buy some cotton wadding, gauze and ribbons and told us that we would make dressings. When everyone had their dressing ready, we did some drills with her.

On the eve of anti-aircraft defense drill I prepared a box, put my dressing in there, slung it over my arm, and went on a walk.

It was slowly getting darker. Pawia Street looked different than usual. The lanterns were covered with dark blue paper, the windows were covered with black paper or blankets and the street was dark.

On the next day, the anti-aircraft defense drill started. During the drill, only those with yellow and green armbands and were commandants, directors, paramedics, firefighters or couriers could move freely on the streets.

During each air raid alarm a different district of Warsaw was attacked. When our district was under attack, I was at school. We pretended that we had been gassed. For the entire duration of the drill we sat silently in our classroom, listening to the thunderous noise of bombs falling to the ground.

After the anti-aircraft defense drill, we all went home.

MAREK from Pawia Street

II. BOMBS

I wanted to see what an air raid alarm was like, so I went outside to the

backyard and entered the gate where my friends were. The streets were dark, only commandants walked the streets and kept everything in order. Suddenly a bomb fell right next to our gate. We ran to our staircases.

After several seconds the bomb cracked and a column of smoke rose high. The smoke made people cry, since it was tear gas.

ABRAM from Przebieg Street

III. MOMENTS OF FEAR

The press wrote that the air raid alarm went perfectly because people obeyed orders and acted exactly as they should.

I was not very satisfied with the drill because – I will admit – I was afraid.

My curiosity, however, got the best of me and helped me overcome my fear, so during the plane attack I went outside to see what it looked like.

Right as I left the gate, I could hear the sound of a siren and people screaming:

"Alarm! Alarm!"

Frightened, I run into the gate and then I had to stand there for a few hours. Mum was very worried about me and I experienced some moments of fear.

LUSIA from Muranowska Street

IV. I ORDER

AN AIR RAID ALARM!

On Thursday and Friday anti-aircraft defense drill took place in Warsaw. I was sick so I did not see that much, but my father was a deputy commandant and told me about everything he saw. There was also information broadcast in radio.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

A CORRECTION WRITTEN WITH A COMMEMORATIVE PEN

As a result of a plebiscite, announced in the last issue of the Little Review, the fountain pen for the best answer to a scientific story of Jos went to Samuel Zylbertrest from Warsaw.

After receiving the award, Samuel almost instantly sat at the editor's desk and tried his new pen by writing the correction presented below:

"In my article published in issue no. 90 of the Little Review on page 3, column 3, line 14 from the top should say 15,000 instead of 25,000, also in line 24 instead of 2,500 there should be 7,500."

S. Zylbertrest

JOKES

A HOPELESS CASE

Some students surrounded their friend, who had just returned from a visit to their sick professor.

"So, how's he doing?"

"It's hopeless. You have to be ready for the worst. He might come back to school tomorrow!"

SPORTS AND ART

"Yesterday, I played Chopin with my sister, with four hands!" said a lady to her guest, a famous athlete.

"That's great! Who won?" he asked.

A TRUE RARITY

"I would like to write something new, something that was never written in the past and that will never be written in the future," said a writer to G. B. Shaw.

"Why not?" Shaw answered. "Write a good critique of yourself!"

READER UPDATES

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

On Thursday morning, final preparations were made and various orders were broadcast in radio. After dinner, we heard the sound of a siren (increasingly loud and then silent when the announcer wanted to say something):

Awoooooooooooooooooooga!

"I order an air raid alarm for the city of Warsaw!"

Awoooooooooooooooooooga!

"Warsaw! Air raid alarm!"

All the time we heard the radio announcer talking:

"Citizens in the house at ... Street are standing in open windows. Attention, attention, at ... Enemy planes are approaching from the direction of the Praga district! Attention, attention, at... Street construction workers are working! Please get off the scaffolding!"

On Friday, they dropped some bombs nearby. I trembled in fear, even though I knew that it was all just a drill.

The second alarm was purportedly impressive. The lights crossed in the sky, looking for "the enemy," "our" fighters intercepted "their" bombers... But I did not see any of that, I just know from daddy.

On Saturday morning, we heard the announcer in the radio:

"Attention, attention! The anti-aircraft defense drill in Warsaw, in the districts of Włochy, Ursus, Pruszków is called off!"

He repeated it several times. The blinds were removed and I breathed in relief. I have to admit that I was very scared during that drill.

SULAMITA from Pawia Street

STUBBORN

I'm very stubborn. When somebody tells me anything, I don't listen, I just do it my way. I'm almost nine and I'm in 3rd grade.

One time mommy told me not to play the piano, I didn't listen to her and just kept playing. Then she told me to come to the table. I didn't want to eat my dinner, so I went to another room.

Mum just ate alone and went for a walk and I sat at home with an empty stomach. When she returned from the walk, I asked her for at least half a roll, but she didn't give me anything until supper.

Only then I saw how bad it is to be stubborn.

FELA from Świętojerska Street

THE BEST HOLIDAY

I like Pesach the most because it is different than other holidays. Mum buys me various things, and I am happy and feel joy.

The food is also different, tastier. We eat matzoh, drink wine (mum allows me to drink a few glasses). We cannot eat anything made of flour – bread, rolls, cakes, pasta and so on.

My birthday is also on Pesach, so I have a double celebration. And the thing I like the most is the seder. During my first seder, I was tired and I fell asleep. I dreamed of the prophet Elijah stroking my hair. He looked very old, he had good eyes and a long beard. I wanted to wrap my hands around his neck and kiss him, but then I woke up. I saw mum, who asked me, laughing: "Did you try to catch a bird?"

I told her about what I dreamed of. She replied seriously:

"One has to be a really great and very religious person to see prophet Elijah in their dream."

DORKA B.

LET LEJZOR BE HAPPY TOO

My mommy went to the city with me to buy me new shoes and a coat. She bought me just the shoes and then decided to go for a coat another day.

When I went to school after dinner (I go to a cheder, where we learn after lunch), I told my friends that mommy bought me new shoes and tomorrow we are going to buy a coat.

Friends started talking about the presents they got for the holidays from their parents. Suddenly, I heard someone's sad voice:

"If only I had shoes..."

I turned and I saw Lejzor. I went with him outside and asked:

"Do you want to go home with me? I have a pair of good shoes you can have!"

Lejzor agreed. After classes, he came with me and I gave him my shoes. They fit perfectly. Mommy also gave him some pants and shoes for his sister. Lejzor stayed at our house for a while, we ate supper together and then he went home.

The next day, I went with mommy to buy a coat. I asked her to buy something for Lejzor too because they were poor, so she went to a store and bought several pairs of stockings – for Lejzor and for his brothers and sisters. Soon after I also visited him. His mother thanked me profusely. Now Lejzor was happy too, that he got something for the holidays.

PINCHAS from Nowolipie Street

DOMESTIC NEWS

I went outside early in the morning. The weather was clear and the sun was smiling with its cold rays. Snow crunched under my feet. Everything around me seemed to enjoy the beauty of the day, but my thoughts were sad and dark.

I thought about the Jew they beat on the bridge over the Niemen, and another one on Listowska Street, and in that case, I was hit by an angry hooligan as well.

I saw with my own eyes that the passers-by passed the beaten Jew without even looking at him. Some people came closer, but when they saw he was a Jew they left him, until some other scared Jews came and took him to a doctor.

Thinking about it, I got to Batorego Square, where there were lots of passers-by and vehicles, as always. Suddenly I saw a group of people in the middle of the street. When I came closer, I saw a mangled and almost dead dog (as it turned out, it had been run over by a motorcycle). Truly a sorry sight. The blood was flowing everywhere and the dog whimpered horrifyingly.

Then, an elegant lady moved through the crowd and jumped to help the wounded dog. She brought some water, washed the blood out of its wounds and then started looking for the motorcyclist to bring him to the court.

She had a good heart. But that got me thinking: why are we – the Jews – treated worse than that? I think that we should take better care of humans than dogs because humans are much more useful.

JANKIEL A. from Łunna

INTERESTING FACTS

50 years ago, exactly on March 30th, 1889, the construction of the Eiffel Tower was finished. It was built as an attraction of Exposition Universelle held in Paris in 1889. For many years, the tower was the tallest structure in the world, only in 1930 two skyscrapers were built in New York – one of them 310 meters tall and another one 379. However, despite not being a world record holder any more, the Tower still amazes everyone.

The tower was designed by French engineer Gustave Eiffel, who was not the first one to try and build a 300-meter-tall tower. In 1874, two American engineers envisioned a design of an incredibly tall tower to cheer up the landscape of New York. Also in many other countries people wanted to build their own Tower of Babel. The designs were analyzed, yet no one was bold enough to attempt building it, considering it impossible to do. However, Gustave Eiffel managed to pull it off.

In June of 1886 he presented his design to the Commissioner for the Exposition and the design was approved almost immediately. In just a few months he received 1.5 million francs from the city and the right to use the Tower during the Exposition and for 20 years after. The works started immediately and

went on for exactly 2 years, 4 months and 9 days, with 250 workers.

On March 30th, the tower was finished. Gustave Eiffel was the first one to climb to the very top and put a tri-colored banner in there.

* * *

In the United States, there are 3,000 skyscrapers with anywhere from 20 to 100 floors.

* * *

In Florida, a gardener managed to graft shoots of ten different fruit trees onto one rootstock. Now he picks apricots, peaches, cherries and so on from a single tree.

* * *

In the Pacific Ocean, there are at least 200 undiscovered islands. Who's going to go there and discover them?

* * *

The longest radiotelephone connection in the world (15,000 kilometers) will be officially opened between Washington and Sydney (Australia).

* * *

The heart beats 80 times per minute on average and pumps 480 liters of blood per hour.

* * *

The smallest daily newspaper in the world is published on an island in Oceania. It comprises one page, 30 x 22 centimeters, printed on one side.

(From the French weekly BENIAMIN translated by S.L.)

FILM SURVEY

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

that if the "middle girls from Warsaw" were so persistent and rational when working together on the survey, they will be also able to be nice hosts.

THE EDITOR

* * *

Invitations for the Movie Evening are going to: Awner, Wisia Dinces, Halina Cybulska, Seweryn Hochman, Mosze Milrad, Icek from Sienna Street, L. T., Tosia Mławska, Tolek Szlik and Olek Zylber.

We would also like to ask the editors to send books about movies to the following participants from the province: Zosia Gertner, Tola Fishówna and Lusja Zylbersztajówna for their participation in the survey.

The Group of Five

BRAIN TEASERS

THE 14TH LITTLE REVIEW TOURNAMENT – EDITORS' REPLIES

Mieczysław Gimsel – It was the result of a typesetter's omission.

Gutmanowicz Sewek – You asked us if you can submit your own tasks. Of course you can and if they are ingenious, you will see them published.

Kotlicki Jerzy – Some of the tasks you submitted will be published.

Hylel Szechet – We will publish the task you sent us.

The results of the 14th Tournament will be published in the next issue of the Little Review.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE WELCOMES VISITORS ON SUNDAY, BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 5 P.M.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 11 A.M AND 1 P.M., TEL. 11-99-17.

HOW I SET UP A RADIO STATION?

When my brother told me about the "home made radio station" he learned about at school, I was enthusiastic to start building it right away.

I thought it would be hard and complicated, but it turned out to be very easy.

You need headphones and I did not have them, so first I had to ask my friends for some and only when I finally found them, I could carry on with my project. And I did it like this: I unplugged the ground and antenna from our radio receiver and plugged the headphones into the gramophone sockets. I made sure that the radio is unplugged. When I started talking to the headphones, the radio conveyed my voice quite well and it was clear. After the first attempt, I made longer wires to another room, and then another.

During a guests' visit, I "broadcast" jokes and anecdotes. The guests were amazed that there are only jokes and jokes on the radio. When they learned the truth, there was a lot of laughing.

I recommend this project to the readers because it can make people laugh, so much needed in the current, sad times.

D. SZAFERMAN

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

J. TUKACZYŃSKI

IN FUJIADIAN

Correspondence from Manchukuo

I have long had the desire to visit Fujiadian, the Chinese district of Harbin. On my way to school, I see the outlines of homes and red brick chimneys of factories rising to the sky from the bridge under the viaduct – that is Fujiadian.

And so I made an agreement with two friends and along with my brother, we decided to head there on Sunday after dinner. At the appointed time, we met at the corner of Kitajska and Konna Streets. From there, we headed towards the large Tunfawun warehouse, next to which is the stop for buses going to Fujiadian.

Next to the bus stop, we saw a crowd of Chinese men in narrow, long black robes and hats on their heads. We didn't have time to stand there and wait for the bus and then not be able to find a place to sit inside. And so we left the Chinese men at the stop and went up to a chauffeur. Boria, one of the boys, bargained with him in Chinese, and finally after shouting from both sides and attempts to leave (the chauffeur pretending he didn't want to have anything to do with us), we put our lives in the hands of the Chinese chauffeur with his cap twisted so that the brim was on the left side. He was supposed to take us to the Fujiadian theater on Fifth Street.

The border between Harbin and the Chinese district is an iron bridge, under which is a large, unpaved opening, grandly called a "street."

After we got out of this "valley," full of billowing clouds of dust, we rode slowly over the streets of the suburb. The traffic was enormous, both on foot and in vehicles. Our chauffeur had to use his horn very often to stop or move Chinese people walking calmly in the middle of the street. You should know that there are no penalties for crossing the street improperly here.

From the suburb, we turned right, and found ourselves on a street that certainly equals Marszałkowska Street with how busy it is, or perhaps even surpasses it. There were beautiful stores with huge displays and a lot of products.

We finally arrived at theater on Fifth Street. The huge entrance doors were covered with a black cloth. It reminded me of the entrances to travelling circuses.

We were in a hallway, where the ticket office was located. The hallway was also part of the audience section.

I didn't like this small theater, stuffed with people, and so we headed to the large theater on Sixteenth Street. We didn't know the way, so we wandered around the small streets, between

stores that sold metal and iron, opium smoke dens, and finally we got to theater from the back.

The stage was completely open on all sides and didn't have any curtains. It cut into the audience in a deep semi-circle. Around the stage was a row of chairs, with another one behind it, a third and so on. Between the rows of chairs were tables. Waiters with all sorts of dishes, sweets and fruit walked between the tables. Whoever wanted to buy something, could get some food, set it on the table and just eat in peace.

The theater was quite tall, decorated with sculptures and paintings. The floor was littered with shells, papers and cigarettes. The audience sat with their hats on, shelling nuts and seeds.

The orchestra was not to the side but on the stage itself, off to the side. The musicians sat around a table set with glasses, teacups, mugs and plates with food and drink. If one of the musicians felt hungry, they would take something from the table and, disregarding the fact that they were supposed to be playing at the moment, eat or drink. In general, there was no order of any kind on the stage. In one corner, there were spare tables, and on top of them, piles of folded chairs. Children wandered among the decorations and artists, wiping their noses on their sleeves. They looked around a bit and then headed back to the audience, sitting among the viewers.

The decorations were set up by helpers, constantly located on the stage. At one point, when an artist was going to sit down, a helper approached him, not looking much different from an audience member, and held out a chair. I nearly burst out laughing when I saw a tray, purposefully dropped by an artist, taken away by another helper. The artists stood out from their surroundings because they were wearing old costumes, like the ones we saw in the movie "Marco Polo."

The end was probably the most interesting. The artists left the stage, and the help ran in and went around the stage, signaling to the audience that everyone should leave immediately. In a moment, the audience was completely empty.

We headed backstage. Others would not have been allowed there, but we Europeans can do everything. Behind the stage, we saw ancient Chinese weapons, spears, shields and swords, all kinds of banners, horns and shirts, embroidered with lots of Chinese symbols. One of the artists, who had already managed to change his clothes, showed us all of this. His face

C. KARMAZYN

HITCHHIKING TO THE RIVIERA

Correspondence from France

MARCHING OUT

The day dawns nastily.

Outlined in the heavy rain are two hunchbacked figures, with stuffed backpacks. Their feet rhythmically pound the suburban pavement, following the tempo of an inner order: "to the sun, to the south."

On the first day of the holidays, we, two members of the Youth Hostel Association, found ourselves at the exit of the last stop of the Paris metro, at the start of a national road.

I have a 10-franc coin in my pocket (about 1.5 zloty), my entire fortune, and my friends' ominous warnings rang in my ears: "you won't get far on that."

ON NAPOLEON'S ROAD

In a wheezing and stinking truck, we reach the wide road of the old royal forest of Fontainebleau. It's not the best start because after 60 kilometers,

paint hadn't been washed off his face yet. He told us what each thing was for, picking his nose the entire time.

We were very thirsty, so we went into the nearest fruit shop and bought a couple of mandarins.

We wandered the streets for a few minutes, and then my brother wanted to see the port in this part of Harbin, on the Sunggari River. To get there, you have to know the way. We stopped the first "hey you," that is, a regular Chinese man, asking him for directions. There was more shouting than any sense. The Chinese man looked at one of us and then the other, and he didn't know if he'd been surrounded by evil spirits or white chucnuzis (bandits). Finally, he covered his ears, and didn't want to even listen to what we were saying. For such an insult, we left him alone and kept going. We saw a porter and wanted to ask him, but he was running so fast, carrying huge baskets on his head, that he turned his head away when he was 10 meters away. There was no use asking him because he wouldn't even stop.

Finally, we got the information and started our journey toward the Sunggari. We had to go through the suburbs of Fujiadian. These were huge villages, simply horrible to go through. Clay huts, surrounded by piles of trash and sandy ridges that served as protection against the river floods, were not very aesthetic. Thousands of flies, mosquitos and other insects floated in the air. Here and there, filthy children sat in the sand and played with rags they had probably pulled out of their home trash heaps, usually located right by the entrance.

(TBC)

with creased sides and half-suffocated by the fumes, we give in, shouting "enough!"

From then on, things follow a certain order:

"Look, there's a car on the horizon." We raise and lower our arms. The car slows down, and we run up with the traditional formula, "would you mind?"

"Not at all!"

Naturally, two eccentric misses are an unusual entertainment.

Usually after only a few minutes of conversation, there is a thread of sympathy, and we part with regret to continue on our way.

We eat up the kilometers, passing through cities and provincial towns.

After Lyon, the first rest station – cold and inhospitable – we reach Grenoble. In the beautiful town, as if to show off to foreign tourists, every street heads straight towards tall, snowy mountains.

Starting at Grenoble, the wide road twists and turns, rises and fall, pierces tunnels and sneaks along canyons – this is Napoleon's famous alpine road, the road of retreat and final defeat.

We leave the last human cluster and make our way to the historic road around 6 p.m.

Unfortunately, many cars give us the same answer: a wave of the hand backwards, meaning "to the train station with you, vagrants!"

Night falls quickly in the Alps.

In the thick darkness and in heavy rain, we push on for meters and kilometers. On both sides of the road are vague outlines: just trees and locked, uninhabited sheds.

Sometimes the yellow eyes of cars piece the dense curtain of darkness. A moment of mad despair and then, splattered with mud, we're left behind.

Suddenly, from far away, we can hear the faint barking of dogs. Finally, people!

Under the roof of the hospitable alpine villagers, we quickly drown the memories of Napoleon's infamous road in hot soup. We remember nothing of it, falling asleep buried to our necks in hay, in the dubious company of rats, the rightful inhabitants of the barn.

IN A NICE MESS

On the third day, we finally arrive in the capital of the South: Nice.

With relief, we jump out of the 15th car we've been in, our stiff legs carrying our bruised sides and flattened bottoms.

The sea!

The bright blue sea foams along the entire shore, contrasting sharply with the lighter sky on the horizon.

Parallel to the beach is the famous Promenade des Anglais, a famous landmark in Nice.

The international crowd of professional seekers of entertainment has spread themselves on beach chairs and sunbeds.

Older, distinguished gentlemen and ladies with hair dyed all sorts of colors warily observe us, strange figures with dusty boots and huge backpacks. The contrast is indeed comical: they – lazy and wealthy, made for unending pleasure, and we – devourers of kilometers, incomprehensible seekers of risk.

In the Old Port, we finally find the Hostel. The unhappy Père Aubergiste can't control the unchecked influx of young people. Whether on bikes or hitch-hiking, members of the Association have come from England, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Belgium. A few Frenchmen have completely melted into this veritable tower of Babel.

We can't quite communicate, but nobody cares: smiles and joy in our eyes bring us together into a harmoniously messy crowd. There is no end of scandals – we dance in shorts in the center of the city, across from the Casino Roulette.

THROUGH

THE 24-KILOMETER COUNTRY
From Nice until the Italian border, the road falls toward the sea on one side, and on the other, rises to the rocky decoration of the Alps.

The southern spring is full of the green of palms, cypresses, lemon trees and the violet and pink flowers of peach trees. Hidden among this rich vegetation are luxury villas and hotels.

Of course, in these rich surroundings, we do not use elegant limousines. Not because of our disdain, but because of their dignified indifference. The three of us (we have been joined by a Hostel Association member from Canada) journey through this wealthy country solely using trucks.

A moment later, we freely cross the "border," which is a vertical line on a bridge, separating France from the Lilliputian Principality of Monaco. La Principauté is nothing more than a city built upwards, over an area of 24 kilometers. The pride of Monaco is the Exotic Garden, containing 200,000 species of plants, collected in all the tropical corners of the world.

Not stopping, we pass through Monte Carlo and finally reach Menton, the last French station before the Italian border.

In Menton, among trees covered with ripe oranges, there are many drunk English sailors: it is the anniversary of the unveiling of the statue of the English Queen Victoria.

(TBC)

ADVENTURES ON A WAY BETWEEN PUŁAWY AND WARSZAWA

Life at the summer camp in Majdany was happy and carefree, but the time had come for one of the groups to depart, and I was part of the group. We had to leave our cordial friends and the charming place. The camp administration provided us with food, the other campers escorted us to the dock, bid us farewell with a Horah, and went back home. And we waited for the ship.

Instead of arriving at 7 in the evening, the delayed ship crawled in at midnight.

We crowded in on the deck, where we spread out our things and lay down to sleep. Mirka slept with me on a bench, Sroka and Reginka on the ground, and Jerzy napped standing up.

While we slept, suddenly a voice rang out in the night.

"Get up off your beds and to the boat, now! Get up, servants of God, or I'll drag you out by the legs.

We get up, look around, the deck is bustling like crazy, but there is even more going on beyond the ship, on the "peninsula" sticking out behind us. Everyone has been chased off to the boat. As it turned out, our beloved ship, the Kościuszko, had stopped at around 1 in the morning, and had stayed like that until 6 o'clock, so to lighten the load, we were chased off onto the boat, to "catch certain cold."

Finally, the ship got moving at 7 in the morning. Without exaggerating, we had to get onto the boat 15 times during the day.

The next day, after a sleepless night, with empty stomachs and pockets, we had to get onto the boats again, but unfortunately, we got separated. Mirka and I were

on one boat, Sroka and Jerzyk on another, and Reginka stayed on the ship. We sat on the boats for six hours, hungry and cold. The first food we had were the apples Sroka and Jerzyk had brought us.

Meanwhile, the Kościuszko, was stuck in the shallows for good, and wouldn't move even an inch forward.

As we sat on the boats, we saw a ship coming up from Warsaw. It also came around next to ours. It was called the Raclawice. After getting to know the passengers of the Raclawice, it turned out that our friends were aboard, on their way to the summer camp in Majdany. We exchanged letters, greetings, etc.

Finally, the Kościuszko gathered up its energy and decided to push on through the shallows. What, the Kościuszko was to dishonor itself? No, definitely not. With a long whistle, it recalled all the boats, gathered its passengers, and majestically, triumphantly, it moved forward.

Our outlook on the whole things was not at all rosy. We had exhausted all our supplies of food, and we had no money. Despite this, we sang the whole time, for two reasons. First: when do people sing? When they're hungry. Second: there was a group of children from a camp on the ship; they were starving, but despite this, their good spirits did not falter, which also affected us.

We had to think about a way out of the situation, because when we asked the captain how long we would drag on, he said, "maybe a day, maybe a week." It would be best to get off in Kozenice and make our way back from there to Warsaw by bus.

This suggestion, put forward by Sroka, found many proponent. And money? Nobody had any. We were hoping that after getting back to Warsaw, we could leave our luggage on the bus, get the money, and then come back for our things. The bold plan was accepted and put into action.

Ten people got off the ship in Kozenice. For the four złoty we scrounged up, we rented a wagon to take us to town. I will never forget that ride. It was 10 at night, we were riding through fields and meadows, on a road lit by the moon. Our happy singing echoed far around us. Dogs ran out of the cottages to welcome us. The horse kicked up clouds of dust. Everything around us smelled so fresh.

While we were riding, a man jumped up onto the wagon, and as it turned out later, he knew Sroka very well.

After we arrived in Kozenice, this acquaintance took us home, gave us supper and a room to sit in – in other words, he took care of us. I was the laughingstock of everyone because I was falling asleep where I stood – so much so that everyone wondered if I had the sleeping sickness.

The next day, rested, full, with extra food supplies, we headed to the bus stop and bought tickets with the money Sroka's acquaintance lent us. Mirka and I had half a ticket each, so we had to sit hunched over on other people's laps and pointing to everything with a finger, ask, "what is that?"

In this fashion, we arrived in Warsaw; we welcomed its first homes with a loud hurrah!

BELA from Miła Street

KAYAKING TO OSTROŁĘKA

In July, when the weather was beautiful, we decided, along with my older brother Danek and his friend Geniek, to take a kayak ride to Ostrołęka. There, outside of the town on the Narew River, lives our uncle. The journey there is 65 kilometers long, and should take one day.

We decided to leave on Wednesday, at 6 in the morning. We lived in impatient anticipation for a few days, and then finally Wednesday came. We were at the river before six. After brief preparation, a few minutes after 6, we left Łomża.

About 8 o'clock, after two hours of travel, we reached Biała Góra. The picturesque surroundings of the town made us stop to take a look and eat breakfast in the pleasant place. After breakfast, we set out again. At 11 o'clock, we reached Nowogród. It is the only city on the Narew between Łomża and Ostrołęka. After touring the Kurpie Museum and eating lunch, we left again at 1 o'clock.

Before evening, a strong wind started up and clouds appeared on the horizon, which soon covered the entire sky. It looked like a storm was coming. We decided to make every effort to reach Ostrołęka before it started.

The wind blew in our faces, making work difficult. Suddenly, a lightning bolt cut across the sky and moments later, rain started falling, turning into a downpour. Thunder struck again and again, lightning flashing in the sky.

We decided to go towards the shore and wait the storm out, but just then, the wind overturned the kayak. We fell into the water, and all metal items – boxes, the alcohol

stove, etc. – sank to the bottom. The current and the wind made saving ourselves difficult. Two paddles went in the water. Because I'm not a very good swimmer, I clung to the kayak, and not only did I not help my brother, I only got in his way.

After much effort, we finally reached the shore, soaked and cold, pulling the kayak and one oar with us. Frozen stiff, we waited for dawn.

At dawn, the storm calmed, and the sun came out from behind the clouds. We kept going. I was shaking from the cold, but I put on a brave face to show how tough I was. But when we reached Ostrołęka, as soon as our aunt saw me, she sent me straight to bed.

IZIO from Łomża

A JOKE

ANSWER

One sunny day, the teacher went with the children to the park. He also wanted, by the way, to check the students' knowledge concerning nature. He asked them:

"Can you see these two birds sitting together?"

"Yes, we can."

"Who will tell me which one of them is a siskin and which one is a lark?" Silence. No one can tell. Finally one of the boys said:

"I know!"

"Then tell."

"The one that is sitting next to lark is siskin!"

FRANIA FROM NOWOLIPIE STREET

"FAGRIH"

I. HOW IT ALL STARTED

It all started when Fania was supposed to move to the school on Spokojna Street. The teacher had not yet given her final answer because she had to speak to the principal.

"So I'm supposed to stay in school today?" Fania asked.

"Yes, for now, find yourself a seat."

Fania asked herself where best to sit. The best place was in the last row, beside Hanka and Ada. She wouldn't pay attention to the lesson anyway. She didn't care about anything. One thought bothered her, though, that now, in fifth grade, she would have to leave all her friends and go to a different school, where she didn't know anyone, somewhere on the other end of Warsaw, on Spokojna Street. And she'd have to leave Guta, too. It was pure misfortune. So Fania prayed to God to help her and make it so that she could stay in the school.

The loud sound of the bell startled her out these sort-of prayers. Was the lesson over?

"Listen," she asked Hanka, "is there any homework?"

"Didn't you hear, we're supposed

to make a reading plan."

"Do you have a Polish book?" She kept asking.

"I do."

"Can I come visit you with Guta to do our homework?"

"Of course."

"Why do I even have to do homework?" She asked herself. "I'm going to be moved anyway. But I guess it won't do any harm."

After dinner, she went with Guta to Hanka's place, and Ada was there, too. They did their homework. They agreed that Fania, as the second-best student in the class would dictate, and the rest would write it down.

The next day, Fania found out that God had listened to her after all because she was told that she would stay in the school. Oh, what joy! That day, she arranged to meet with them all again, and that was how they became friends.

II. THEIR EVENINGS

They became diligent students. Before, they had also been diligent, but now, even more so. They met every evening at Hanka's home. They were there nearly every evening, and it was

paradise. Homework didn't take them long, so they did it quickly, and then... Then it was time to play.

One Wednesday, after doing their homework, they were talking about what they should play, as usual. Finally, they decided on "the inn is on fire." Three of them sat next to each other and Fania a little farther away.

"One beautiful spring afternoon," Fania started, "when the sun was setting and it was nearing the evening, despite..."

"I'm not playing like that," Hanka interrupted here. "No philosophy, make it interesting."

Fania, not very happy about the others not liking the story, looked for other expressions that were not "philosophical."

"It was the end of summer. I was supposed to go to a friend's house for a certain book..." And so on, and so on.

The story became more and more interesting because Fania could sometimes come up with the most incredible things no one had heard of. Our trio were so absorbed in the story that they forgot to clap when the word "inn" came up and had to

forfeit more items. Finally, Ada was left without her slippers and socks, one of the others without her hair clip, apron and scarf – in other words, each of them was wearing only a dress, which, in a moment, could also be considered up for forfeit.

But it happened differently. In her story, Fania said, "I noticed a strange glow, and thought that the inn was probably on fire..." At the words "the inn is on fire" they were supposed to trade places, but none of them moved (they were all barefoot).

"What's going on?" Fania asked, upset. "You forfeit!"

"No, how can we run barefoot?"

"I don't care, if we're playing, then we're playing. You lost, you forfeit."

"No, give us our slippers."

"No, I won't."

"But we're cold," Hanka shouted, upset.

"I don't care, you shouldn't have started playing then."

"Are you going to give them back?"

"No."

"Give them back!"

"I told you, no."

No? Now they didn't care about bare feet, and instead, they all stood

up as one, ready for a fight. A true battle for the forfeits started.

Suddenly, the door opened. The fighting girls froze. In the door was a friend of Hanka's father. He stared at them in surprise, smiled, and then left without a word.

They stood there for a while, speechless, not sure what had happened. They looked at each other, and then they all burst out laughing because they really looked funny. Scratched up, their clothing scattered, their hair a mess. Horrible!

From that day on, they didn't play forfeits anymore. There were many other games, and their favorite was "letters." Just letters, or really, post office. They sent questions; one of them was a postman, who delivered them. Each one had to answer honestly, and there were different kinds of questions.

In this way, they had conversations in letters, very interesting ones. Sometimes, a word would slip out for one of them, and they switched to talking about certain subjects or friendships or ideas – all kinds of things.

(TBC)

IN DRUSININKAI

I went on a bike trip with a friend. We left at four, and our intention was to travel twenty-three kilometers in one hour, and reach Uciecha in time for the changing of the guard (Uciecha is where the border crossing between Poland and Lithuania is).

We took all the accessories needed, food for the road and 2 zloty for small expenses. Our fathers frowned and reluctantly gave us our allowance for two weeks in advance.

The road led through the forest. We started out at a furious pace. We were joined by two more friends, and then there were four of us: Mietek, Niutek, Kazik and I, that is Witek.

We rode like mad, and so we got tired very quickly. Finally, the first stop came up. We were pleased to discover that we had completed the first stage, that is five kilometers, in eight minutes and 35 seconds. Our rest stop lasted two minutes and 65 seconds, and at 4:11, we were on our way again.

We rode much more slowly because we didn't manage to get enough rest. When we arrived at the second stop, it was 4:24, and we had 13 kilometers to ride in 36 minutes. Mietek, the leader of our trip, gave a fiery speech about "perseverance and persistent pursuit of our chosen goal." Thanks to this, the stop lasted six minutes, and at 4:30, we got back on the road.

Overjoyed and amused at Mietek's speech, and even more by the long stop, we sped through 8 kilometers without a break, covering them in a record time, i.e. 13 minutes. The next stop lasted three minutes, and at 4:46, we started again. Traveling the last stage took us 11 minutes, and at 4:57, we were in Uciecha.

We watched the changing of the guard and started on our way back. Along the way, we stopped by Ilgis Lake. There was an interesting piece of equipment on the lake, called a paddle boat, powered by a mechanism similar to a bicycle. As cycling enthusiasts, we examined it carefully. It consisted of two boards lying on the water with something like a carriage mounted on them. Attached in the very center of this carriage was a wheel-less bicycle. Chains for steering were attached to the handlebars, and a bicycle chain ran from the pedal to the propeller that moved the vehicle.

We wanted to try it, and after a long while bargaining, we rented the paddle boat for half an hour for 40 groszy. Right away we got stuck in seaweed and couldn't get the boat free. Finally, we got to the middle of the lake. I stopped pedaling and took a few pictures. The view was truly beautiful. Looking around, we didn't realize that the boat was moving farther and farther away from shore. When we finally noticed, the dock was almost out of sight.

Mietek, as the strongest of us, took the seat and started pedaling like crazy. And that's when misfortune struck. The old, rusted pedal broke and fell to the bottom of the carriage and the chain fell into the water and sank. We were stuck, helpless. Suddenly, as if things weren't bad enough, the sky turned dark blue and rain started coming down.

Pushed by the wind, we were moving farther away from the dock. No attempt at maneuvers helped. Without the pedal, we were helpless. We were in danger of overturning in water 10

The best memories of my summer holidays, which I spent in Rabka, are from the trip to Podrąbane.

First, we rose in carriages that shook horribly. I had the honor of riding in the carriage with Stach Leśny, the best carriage driver in Rabka, and on the driver's bench at that. After an hour's ride, Stach Leśny stopped the horse and said, mixing elegant language with his heavy accent:

"Young masters and misses, this is where you get out."

Our guardian, Miss Chana wants to go with us for a short walk around the beautiful area. At the same time, we give a cheer in her honor – the echo answers us for a long time.

Because one of the girls had already found a large saffron milkcap mushroom, I left Miss Chana and ran to pick mushrooms. After a few minutes, all my pockets and my arms were full of

meters deep and a kilometer away from shore. People at the dock were shouting something at us. The situation was really dangerous.

Niutek, the most religious of us, was reciting the krishme lainen prayer. Kazik kept firing the cap gun for help. And Mietek and I fiddled with the rudder.

Finally, the weather improved. A boat was sent out from the dock to tow us back to shore. We were soaked through and our teeth were literally chattering. As if that wasn't enough, they took all of our money for the broken bicycle, so we couldn't even get a cup of tea.

We paid for the trip with a two-week cold and 8 zoty.

WITEK from Leszno Street

IN THE MOUNTAINS

all sorts of scaber stalks, chanterelles and pine mushrooms. When I realized I wouldn't be able to go far with such a load, I threw them away and ran towards the stream. The stream, according to the highlanders' stories, should be very near.

Suddenly, as if at the touch of a magic wand, a beautiful view appeared – the stream meandered in front of me, far on the horizon on the right I saw a young cowherd girl and her charges; and somewhere near the top of the mountain, there was a small cloud of smoke, where the highlanders must have started a fire.

The sky was light blue and matched the color of the stream. I ran down the steep rocks to the stream, where I sat down and "started daydreaming" as my friend Dziunia would say. After a moment, I felt lonely for someone to share these impressions with and started to call out:

"Dziunia, Dziunia!"

After a moment, I heard the sound of feet. It was Dziunia, running. Following behind her with majestic steps was Marek, who, having heard me calling, was curious as to what I wanted from Dziunia. We tried to chase him away in vain. Running after the mushrooms, I forgot that I was leaving our group, but now Dziunia would lead me back to where Miss Chana was.

After many difficulties, we managed to cross the stream. I saw the place where our camp had visited previously. Far off in the distance, we could hear Miss Chana calling. We answered that yes, we could hear her, but we didn't want to come back, and we kept going.

Half an hour later, we lost all direction. None of us knew where the carriages were waiting, where the stream was or

where our venerable camp was. Well, tough. Marek and I resigned ourselves to our fate, but Dziunia, coward that she was, got scared.

"Don't worry," I consoled her, "if worst comes to worst, we'll spend the night here."

A little later, Marek started running, and we followed. We were running very fast. Marek changed direction every few minutes. He ran so quickly that we couldn't catch our breaths, so we stopped and then ran even faster.

"Finally!" Dziunia shouted when we reached the road.

Just a few more minutes of running really fast, and it happened so quickly that I thought it was some kind of mirage. There on the road were our carriages, standing there as if nothing had happened. Dziunia breathed a sigh of relief, but to be honest, I would have rather spent the night in the woods.

Near the carriages, our highlander farmer hosts had started a fire and were eating potatoes. When they saw us, one of them stood and said:

"Come sit with us. Stach Leśny is here. Would you like some potatoes, misses?"

We thanked them for their hospitality and set out on our way. Unfortunately, it was too late. Miss Chana was approaching the carriages quickly.

"We're in trouble now," Marek whispered.

But Miss Chana was so happy to see us that she forgot that we were supposed to be in trouble.

"It's time to go home," Stach Leśny said, and we got into the carriages and set out on the way back.

Farewell, lovely Podrąbane, until our next stay in Rabka.

NINA

AT THE SHOMER CAMP

We had a scouting game that day, with two teams participating: those doing the guarding and those doing the sneaking. The guards hid in the bushes and guarded the flag. The other team wanted to capture the flag and of course not be noticed by the guards.

If a guard saw someone from the other team, he would say "amod," which means "stop," and would take away his tie. The ties collected would be given back to Szmuel, our director, who was in Dąbrówka, in a certain village near Kazimierz.

With a few friends, we ran to Dąbrówka, to give the ties collected to Szmuel. Instead of Szmuel, we found the watchman. When we asked where Szmuel was, he said that Szmuel went to see the boys to take care of something (I think it was some money matters), and that he would be right back. And so we went back. After about an hour, we realized that the game should be over, because it was after 6 p.m.

"Hey, Szmuel will probably come by and end the game."

But Szmuel was nowhere to be seen.

Another two hours passed, and we were really worried. Finally, the watchman said, "Let's go to the camp. Szmuel will come alone."

That night, late after curfew, we told stories of the horrible misadventures that could have befallen Szmuel.

The next morning, we were woken up at 4 a.m. by horrible shouting; I thought

the building was on fire.

"How can you sleep, when Szmuel is not here!"

"Szmuel is not here?" We shouted back, jumping out of our beds.

"No, he's not... Hurry! We looked for him all night. Get dressed, quickly!" Director Mosze shouted.

We got dressed in such a hurry and confusion that there were mismatched stockings, brown on one leg, black on the other, left shoe on the right foot, and the right shoe on the left foot and the front of the shirt in the back.

Mosze ran ahead, and everyone after him, following breathlessly. I felt like I had to stop, that I couldn't go any farther, but I mustered what strength I had and kept going. After all, we had to find Szmuel.

I heard quiet crying next to me.

"Don't cry, that's not going to help."

We stopped at the forest where the game had taken place the night before.

"Scatter through the entire forest and look for tracks," Mosze ordered.

Not wanting to be alone, I joined a group. And the things that were going on there!

"He wore silk stockings," said Miriam.

"He had my watch," added Ester.

One of us found something and called Bat-Ami.

"A grey shirt!" Bat-Ami shouted horribly.

We saw the tatters of a grey shirt, stained with blood.

"They killed him! They wounded him!" Ideas came from all around.

Because Szmuel was supposed to pick up money from the boys, we thought that he was attacked and had tried to defend himself. Indeed, the ground was kicked over a little farther away.

"They fought here. Here, look."

Nearby was Szmuel's broken puukko knife.

"The peasants probably tied him up."

Someone said that Szmuel was probably thinking about us when they led him away. Maybe he left some secret marks for us with his foot? We started searching. Over and over again, someone would shout, "an arrow!" and the directors would run in that direction, looking for Szmuel. Some people cupped their hands around their mouths and shouted "Szmuel!" hoping to hear even a moan in response.

Finally, the directors decided that we would go home and lie down, and they would look for Szmuel themselves. We tried protesting, but regretfully, we had to go back.

We lay down in our clothes, and nobody slept. And even if they did fall asleep, they had scattered and strange dreams. I remember one of the girls shouting in her sleep, "Szmuel, go get the ducks!" It was funny, but no one laughed.

The boys endured a bit more than us girls, so they didn't lie down and walked around instead, waiting for news.

We asked them to bring us news as soon as they heard something. An hour later, one of them came running, out of breath and red in the face.

"Szmuel has been found!"

We all jumped to our feet and ran to the directors' cabin, breathless. We all saw two directors carrying a stretcher, on which Szmuel lay, covered in blood. He was white as a sheet.

"Where did you find him?" We asked with trembling lips.

"He was in Kazimierz, with one of the peasants. The man told us he found Szmuel in the forest while picking berries. He was covered in blood. The man ripped up his shirt into narrow strips and bandaged Szmuel.

We were terrified. Would Szmuel die?

"Assembly!" I heard the voice of the watchman.

We ran for our pennants. A moment later, we stood in hakshev (at attention). They carried Szmuel, who was now conscious, on a stretcher to the front. Szmuel was very pale, and all bandaged up. They handed him the book to read the plan of the day, and he took it in his hands.

Quietly, slowly, Szmuel read in a broken voice. After every word, there was a long pause. His strength was leaving him. And then he spoke the last sentence:

"Habirim... hevei... mu..." He didn't finish the last word, the book slipped

from his hands and his head fell back onto the pillow.

It was silent all around. And then, after the silence, everyone suddenly started crying. I'm telling you, from one end of the row to the other, everyone was crying like a baby. The directors ran to Szmuel calling for water, and we were thinking, "He's dead, he's not going to be with us anymore."

And then... Were we seeing things? Standing in front of us was Szmuel, healthy, alive, smiling, with a trumpet in his hand:

Everyone attention!

Lies!

And then we started crying even more – furious that it was all lies. That they had deceived us.

And now you'll probably ask: how did they prepare the deception? Let me tell you:

The directors led Szmuel into the woods at night and bandaged him up.

The next morning, they started running loudly and stomping their feet to wake us up and scare us. And then they ran into the girls' room, out of breath and upset, and told us the horrible news of Szmuel's disappearance.

And who suffered the most?

Our director, Meir, because his shirt was ripped up; Szmuel, because his knife was broken and Harira, because the cherries she received were used for the blood.

NOEMI

SUMMER THAT WASN'T

When I was little and summer came, I wanted to go to camp because I'd had enough of the cheder. But I didn't dare ask my parents.

Every Saturday, someone from the family would advise us on where we could go. Sometimes even our neighbor would give us advice. But daddy only ever nodded and said "all right." I sat there on pins and needles, waiting until daddy would say "all right, then rent a place."

The first, second and third Saturday after the holidays passed, and the matter had not progressed. I could barely stop myself from crying.

On the fourth Saturday, mommy said that when she was little, she would go to the countryside. She still remembers the smell of fresh hay and the sound of the forest. She would like to go there with the children. Maybe father could go on Sunday and rent a place. Then daddy said:

"You know I don't have the time. Rent the place yourselves, and I will join you on Saturdays."

We stopped talking about it. After supper, when daddy went to sleep and no one but mommy was in the house, I went to her and shyly asked whether we would really go, how long the trip would be and when mommy would go to the village that smelled like hay to rent a place. Mommy promised me that she would go on Sunday.

I went to the cheder, but my friends were not there anymore, I only got a spanking from the rebbe. I ran out into the street, slammed the door behind me, and yelled to the rebbe that I wasn't afraid of him because we were leaving on Sunday. The rebbe told me that for every day of absence, I would get a lash on bare skin. Well, I thought, he'll forget over the summer for sure.

I ran to the meadow where my friends were playing. I told them everything and added that they would be able to visit me for the holidays, that they could even walk there, since it wasn't far to the village. There is a river and we'll swim in it, and there's a forest, so we'll go berry picking. My friends were jealous and told me that they would start a rebellion in the cheder to make the rebbe only teach them until four in the afternoon. You can't spend the whole summer bent over a book. They should at least leave us our afternoons free of learning!

We daydreamed in the field until evening. I held onto the hope that we would leave the next day.

I woke up at 5 o'clock and I couldn't sleep anymore. When mommy got up, I asked her a bit shyly, muttering a bit, whether we were leaving today. But mommy shouted at me, why was I bothering her? I cried bitterly and told her that I had a hole in my shoes and so I wouldn't go to the cheder that day.

In the afternoon, the rebbe sent a boy to find out whether we had left. Mommy told him that we weren't going anywhere.

MY ORDINARY SUMMER DAY

FROM THE LIFE OF WORKING YOUTH

It is one of those summer days that give people fevers and bring anxiety. Outside the window, the irritated city hums, boils and spills between the signals of trams, cars, and carriages. In the room, there are several girls, bent over their work. Needles flash between their fingers, sewing dresses and children's clothes. The girls talk and laugh out loud.

I sit at the sewing machine, squeezed into the corner of the room. The steel spike dips into the blue fabric over and over again. Legs move rhythmically: legs... rattle... wheel... needle...

I see the parade of children for whom we're making the clothes. Large, sparkling bows, short, light-colored dresses, a row of heads, smaller or larger, poor and rich children, sad and happy.

I think about the girl who was here a moment ago. She's about four years old.

The girl's mother keeps repeating the same thing: "isn't my daughter a phenomenal child?"

"Lizenka, darling, tell me, who is Hitler?"

"Hitler is..." The child stammers.

"He's a barba—" the mother gives her a hint, and the girl finishes, pleased with herself.

"And what does Hitler do?" The mother asks.

"He beats Jews."

"Didn't I tell you?" The mother exclaims triumphantly. "She even knows politics."

Then there is a whole series of stories, in which the girl's wisdom is supposedly shown.

"She's a fantastic child," nearly all the girls tell her.

The machine I'm working on falls silent for a moment, and then the large wheel starts to spin, the other one smaller and duller, the white spike punctures the blue fabric, but it seems slower, more sluggish.

A beam of light rests on the blue fabric. I only now realize how much sun is in the room. I think that the window is a way to lock away human life. Outside, the city's inhabitants wander the streets. The air vibrates with laughter.

The large wheel spins slowly... slowly... the needle pierces the fabric and repeats the horrid word:

"Liiife... Liiife..."

Memories flood my mind. My thoughts whirl, pressing on my temples. Old, familiar facts are revealed, memories scattered by reality, and like clouds of smoke, they start to converge and animate.

My back hurts. My throat is dry.

The next day, when I went to the cheder, I was so scared of the rebbe that I stood outside the door for maybe an hour, until someone came to see the rebbe and pulled me inside.

The rebbe beat me for being late and teased me mercilessly for not going.

Jakub from Lublin

Oh, to just give it all up and go. I really don't want to, I can't anymore.

A friend has come to visit my nearest neighbor, also a student. At first, we didn't pay attention to her. But now she's talking about us, working youth.

"You should be envied for your decision and your strong will," she says to all of us. "You should serve as an example, to society, not to the impoverished intelligentsia, but there are no intelligent experts..."

"Why is she saying all this?" I think, bent over the garment made of blue cloth.

Six months ago, I thought the same. I was more honest than she is, I conducted the experiment on myself. It didn't work, but at least have enough willpower to stay here, to not abandon the work that, to be quite honest, I can't stand. What's the use of all this talk? Should I "love" my job just because I don't have an education? Is that the only reason?

"You are, if I may say so, naïve," a young girl sitting at the other table tells her.

We look at her, surprised because she nearly never takes part in the group conversations.

First, let me say," she continues, without stopping the work of pinning a dress on a mannequin, "that we owe our decision not to, as you think, our own will, but to the pressure of necessity. We simply have no other way. You think that the appropriate qualifications are enough to get a job. Hmm, that would be nice. Understand," she adds intensely, "I have my youth, health, a school diploma in my pocket, and I know how to do the work I really enjoy, but will I get a job? How many unemployed experts like me are out there?"

I finish work before supper. I breathe a sigh of relief. I run through the streets quickly. Their appearance rarely changes – the objects in the store window displays are arranged as carefully as ever.

I look at the people almost indifferently. It used to be different. I see a blurred image before my eyes. I'm a little girl. I stop on the street, full of hope and anticipation. Because any moment, someone could come out of the crowd, it would usually be a heroine, but I never wandered in what sense she would be a "heroine." She would take me by the hand and we would go far away out of the city. There would be a forest and birds there.

Or in the evening, we would walk and hear our steps ringing in the street. We would walk between the lanterns and intertwine our steps. What a beautiful ornament it would be: light and footsteps. I can even see the woman's face, neck and hands.

When I enter the doorway of our home, the picture fades away. I laugh out loud and run up to the fourth floor.

ESTERA N.

FIRE

This happened in Falenica. It was getting dark. I lay in bed, and mommy moved around in the room. Suddenly, she said, "I'll be right back. I'll bring some hot water from the kettle."

I believed her. I was little then. Mom's absence grew longer, and I was worried, so I called to her. Mom came back and told me the truth: across the street, there was a house on fire.

Mommy told me to get up and put some clothes on, while she started to pack up bedsheets. I got up and looked out the window. I saw a ball of fire. It seemed like the trees under our window were burning, because at night, fire looks to be close.

I ran to the other side of the house, where my aunt lived, because there was a better view of the fire from her veranda. The panic faded only when our downstairs neighbor who was coming back from the train station, told us that it was nothing serious and that it wasn't as close as it seemed. We watched the fire, shivering in the cold.

Three fire department trucks came to the fire. The crowds were enormous. Everything was saved from the milkman's house, but in the confusion, thieves stole nearly half of it.

After the fire, I told mommy: "Tonight, I will probably dream about the fire, since I always dream about the things I worry about during the day."

I went to sleep, but I didn't dream about the fire.

When I went to see the location of the fire the next day, I saw a horrible sight: ruins, ashes, broken balconies, torn down by firemen and finally a few brick walls that didn't burn.

Some people said that they saw the owner of the house escaping through an attic window. There is a suspicion that he set the fire, wanting to get the insurance and make the milkman unhappy. The firemen said it was arson.

W. RDILAJ.

In order to avoid confusion related to late solutions, we remind readers that they need to send their solutions at the proper time and through the proper mailbox, i.e. the Little Review mailbox. The final deadline for submissions is 4 p.m. on Thursday of the week following the publication of the task.

All solutions sent late will be peremptorily rejected.

We are not responsible for solutions sent through the wrong mailbox.

NOTE! If someone has received a prize in another tournament, they cannot receive it in the next two tournaments, even if they score the highest number of points.

JOKES

FOR SURE

A plane passenger asks the pilot: "I'm going to get down safely for sure, right?"

"For sure, sir. To date, not one passenger has stayed up in the air!"

NOISE COMPLAINT

A tenant complains to the building manager. "The neighbors who live next to me made noise all night. They pounded on the walls until the morning. I couldn't work because of them..."

"Were you writing something?"

"No, I was learning to play the trombone."

BRAIN TEASERS

Today, after the summer break, we are starting the 16th Entertainment Tournament. It will be based on the following rules: for solving each of the 24 tasks, a number of points, most likely determined in advance, will be assigned. Readers who send in tasks, which are then published in the "Brain Games" section during the tournament, will receive the same number of points as is assigned to the solution. Participants who get the highest number of points will receive six prizes, three of which will be presented to winners 10 and younger, and three for winners 11 to 13-years-old. Solutions should be sent to the Little Review newsroom by 4 p.m. on Thursday of the week following the publication, in envelopes marked "16th Entertainment Tournament." In addition to the solution, please provide your full name (which is necessary even if the participant sending in the solution uses a pen name), age and exact address.