

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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