

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

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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