

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

REPLIES TO LETTERS

(First mail delivery)

The first corrected letter looks as follows:

I.

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

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

Therefore:

"Dear boy,

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

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

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

I would write even more in a private letter.

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

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

II.

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

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

I want to answer in such a manner

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

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

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

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

My answer:

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

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

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

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

III.

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

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

My answer:

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

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

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

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

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

Marysia from Solna Street has written a short letter because she

CONTINUED ON P. 2

FLAGS OF YOUNG STATES

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

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

(w)

POLITICS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W.

BREAKING NEWS

Barbed wire in Krasiński Garden

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

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

REPLIES TO LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

V.

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

Mietek writes:

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

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

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

Both Mietek and Felicja propose to collect monthly contributions.

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

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

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

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

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

VI.

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

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

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

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

Then:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first stanza has rhythm and rhyme:

There, in Palestine which is so far away

There, where Jordan's waters are chilling,

There, where in Hebrew language they prey,

There, where the people are brave and willing.

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

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

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

kind life.

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

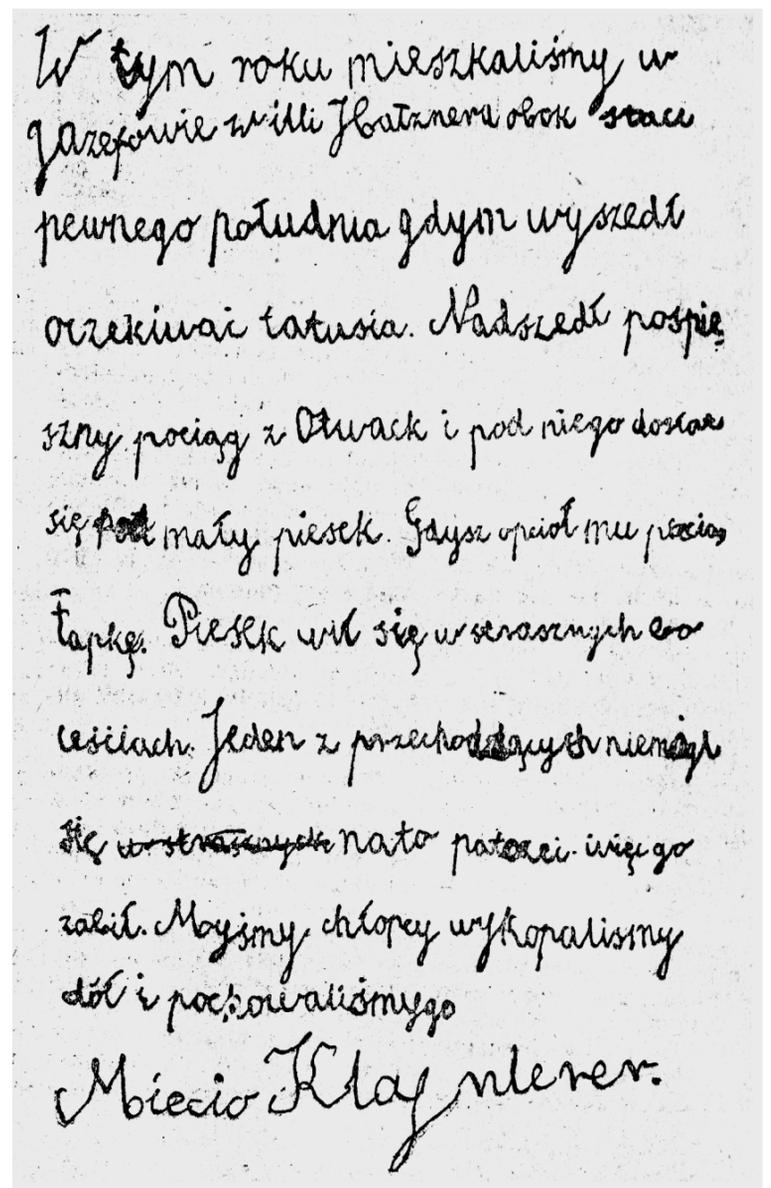
Hanka should continue to tell her fairytales to her three-year-old pupil, and the "nineteen-year-old elderly man" should tell them to the little Jankiele.

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

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

VII.

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



What the 1st letter to Little Review looks like:

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

Mieczko Klajnerer."

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

Dorka is right when writing:

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

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

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

CONTINUED ON P. 2

AN ORPHAN'S DIARY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At last I started to study with other children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But that is not everything. One

time there was a horrible row in the establishment.

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

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

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

We were in Grodzisk, and later again in Warsaw.

(t.b.c.)

CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS

We have introduced a new column in this issue:

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

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

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

SECOND MAIL DELIVERY

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

ELECTRIC INSTALLATIONS

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REPLIES TO LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM P. 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adaś wants to know what adventures we want to publish:

"Probably those that will interest the readers."

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

Janusz Korczak

CURRENT NEWS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(w)

This publication is part of *Little Review*, Sharon Lockhart's exhibition for the Polish Pavilion at the 57th Venice Biennale in 2017. The exhibition takes its name from the weekly publication the *Little Review* (*Maly Przegląd*), which was circulated as a supplement to the daily newspaper *Our Review* (*Nasz Przegląd*) from 1926 to 1939.

The young women of Rudzienko, Poland, contributors to the exhibition, have selected twenty-nine issues of the *Little Review* to be distributed weekly in the Polish Pavilion for the duration of the Biennale. These are the first English translations of the *Little Review*.

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