

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

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SCHOOL FRIENDS – GIRLS AND BOYS

ABOUT ME

I've been wanting to write here for a long time, but was embarrassed to do so.

But I read the Little Review every Friday and realized that many boys write, and so I gained courage.

I am 11 years old and I'm in first grade.

I'm a huge bully; I bother everyone.

People get angry with me at home and at school.

I promised myself many times I would improve, but have not kept my word.

Sometimes I fret over the way I behave, and other times I don't care about it at all.

Szlamek

MY IDEAL

The person I want to describe is one of my school friends, a girl of 14.

She is pretty, slim, with beautiful facial features and hair that falls on her forehead in ringlets and lends her charm.

Her courage has no limits. She is a pleasant and unassuming girl, yet with a great deal of dignity.

Her wise cornflower eyes communicate genuine kindness. Her face expresses sorrow and yearning.

She is also characteristically restrained, and speaks so quietly people can hardly hear her. Nonetheless, she is an intelligent and serious girl.

Mania from Sosnowiec

EMPATHY AND SUPPORT

Our friend Fela had been out of school for a few days already.

We thought she was sick, so Dorcia decided to visit her.

But the teacher said:

"Listen, your friend's mother had an accident — she fell on the street and broke her leg, and is ailing and bedridden — so now Fela is needed to do the work at home."

During the break we started talking that such a good girl was not able to attend school; we would not allow that.

We decided that one of us would go there every day to do homework together.

Maniusia

FOR NO GOOD REASON

I had a friend; there was camaraderie between us. One day, during recess, he hit me for no good reason.

I said nothing just moved away, and he hit me again.

I couldn't take it anymore. I caught him by the neck and threw him, full force, on the floor. When he picked himself up, he hit me in the face so hard I saw stars.

Is this the way things should be, that your friend should harass you without cause?

Rafał from Łódź

THE HISTORY OF ONE FRIENDSHIP

I became friends with a girl in our

courtyard back when I was still little. We played together for a long time, and then came the day we went to school together.

We would leave together and come back together, played together during school breaks and did our homework together. This continued for four years.

Then, all of a sudden, my mother died. I was forced to stop attending school. Our friendship continued for some time but finally came to an end.

I went to work while my friend got into the middle school. Initially in imperceptible ways, then ever more openly, the middle school freshman became cocky. There were disagreements between us; we differed in the ways we thoughts and in our goals. Ultimately, I went my way, and she hers (even though we continued living within one courtyard).

When we meet and start talking these days, the conversation is very cold.

I feel sorry that fate can change people to such an extent, but what can you do? It is not my fault that I have a sense of honor, and that in itself is the main cause of us parting ways.

This letter may be stupid, but I feel relieved having transferred my thoughts to paper.

Różia

FAITHLESS FRIENDS

I am a third grade student and I have many faithless friends.

One girl wrote me a letter asking that we be good friends. I gladly agreed and was very happy, but my joy did not last long.

There came another girl and persuaded her to have nothing to do with me. This friend allowed herself to be persuaded and broke up with me; she nearly stopped talking to me.

Later she wrote another letter, asked me to forgive her, and we were the best of friends once again.

After a few days, the other girl approached my friend again, and history repeated itself.

Later they apparently got into a fight, and this time the other one asked that we be good friends.

And I agreed once more.

Over the next few weeks everything was fine. I thought it would stay that way forever, but unfortunately I was wrong.

I got sick. A few weeks passed before I returned to school; the two made up in the meantime, and I was left alone again.

I decided not to have anything to do with anyone. I also ask the Editor very much that he write that school girls should be faithful friends rather than false ones.

Hanka

MY SCHOOL FRIEND HELA

At the beginning of the school year, I made friends with my neighbor, Hela.

Hela had two more friends, Ania and Adela, who also sat together.

I liked being in their company. We would return home together and leave for school together; I spent most of my time with Hela though.

Sometime later, Hela and I quarreled with Ania and Adela, so I became even more attached to Hela. We played together and we did our homework together.

But Adela and Ania became jealous and decided to sow discord between me and Hela.

They began to invite her out to go boating and to the movies. It didn't even enter Hela's mind that this could upset me, because I did not have anyone to talk to and paced around like a madwoman.

Everyone said:

"If she is angry with Hela, I do not want to start with her."

Now, readers, tell me who is more at fault here? Is it Hela, who does not understand how she distresses me, or the jealous Ania and Adela?

Please, print this article, because I don't want my friends to ever act that way.

Estusia

FRIENDLESS

I have been attending school since the age of seven.

Over that entire time, I have not been able to find a true friend.

I liked one girl for a long time, I thought she was sincere. I confined in her without reservation. It seemed to me she was so helpful in the patch of life.

I finally realized she was a false friend, and I broke off all relations with her.

I feel much worse now. A storm and emptiness are raging in my soul. I have many thoughts, but don't know how to put them into action.

Life goes on and brings with it new concerns. I no longer have a friend, and who knows if I will ever have one.

I detest falsehood and tend not to believe in flattery.

Even the worst people in the world, if they are not false, are already worth a lot.

This, above all, is what we should be looking for in people.

Fela

THE GOOD AND THE BAD

I am a middle school student. We have a large class. We have stronger and weaker girl students. I like one classmate who never gives me trouble.

I am 11 years old and so is she, so we love each other.

I have another classmate who always bothers me, because I am the only Jew in the class, and she plays on that.

The teachers are good and impartial.

I like physics best and I get good grades in that subject. Everything else happens in the way I read in the Little Review.

Renia from Piotrków

A SECRET LETTER

Girls our class form two camps. One includes three girls, and the other six: Lucia, Irka, Edzia, Dora, Różia and Helena.

Let me describe one event.

This was on a Friday. The girls I mentioned sat themselves down in the last row and began writing something.

Whenever someone approached them, they would hide the letter and say:

"Get away, you nosy thing."

They were writing a secret letter.

One girl began to cry, because she thought they were writing about her. Dora swore they were writing about something else.

This entire incident made me very upset.

On the way home, I thought, how deceptive our girls are.

Fela

ANGER BECAUSE OF SECRETS

Dula used to be my friend. We played together and did our homework together. One time, we went to a park with another girl. We played hide and seek. I hid, and they ran away somewhere.

I started looking for them, but couldn't find them. As I stood there, I suddenly heard their cries. I came up, and Dula told me to move away, because she had something to tell that other girl.

It thought that when people are in a group, there should be no secrets between them.

From then on our friendly relations broke off.

Jadzia

A FATSO

It's no fun being obese. They often accost you on the street and call out: "fatso, fatso!"

I've grown accustomed to this, but let those who accost us know that it is no fun to be overweight.

You are not able to run or jump, or work out well.

They also say that we eat a lot, but that's just not true at all. You can eat very little and still be fat and vice versa.

Julek

NICE LEGS

I want to say a few words about jealousy between school friends. I, for example, am envied for being pretty and a good dancer, and for my nice legs.

They never invite me to parties, though I know they hold them.

And since the teacher said I had a talent for music, they've stopped choosing me for shows.

I want the readers to speak about this issue.

Andzia

ELZA DOESN'T DO MAKEUP
I have a friend, Hania. Now I'm angry with her, and I am about to write you why.

One day after class, Hania came up to me and started a conversation about whether I wore makeup.

I said no, I asked if she did. Hania replied that she did.

That made me very angry. I said that such a young girl should not use makeup yet.

Later, when we were on a school trip, Hania turned to me and my friends and called us "trash."

I'll write the rest of the story as soon as something new happens.

Elza

INFANTILE

We have a school friend who is so incredibly infantile. She is already 14 but postures as a two-year-old child, and not just at recess and class breaks, but also in the course of lessons.

The teacher's caution her to stop coddling herself, because it is unseemly and doesn't help a bit.

She is not dumb at all, but if you look at the way she carries herself and listen to her voice, you are liable to think she is somehow retarded or disturbed.

Sometimes it also a shame to listen to the things she says.

Elka

NEGLIGENT

I have a friend who is very negligent. When we agree to meet at 4 p.m. to do homework, she will not be there, even by 5 p.m.

When you reproach her, she will listen with a smile. When I stop, she will ask, with the same smile:

"Are you done with the moralizing?"

She just considers it all moralizing.

Finally, she makes excuses that she couldn't, because this or that, and that it won't happen again; but then we have the same old story over again, and the same excuses again.

Because of this, we have frequent disagreements and the goodwill between us dissipates.

After all, I only reproach her to improve her, and not to make her feel miserable.

Whenever I decide on something and fail to go through with it, I chide myself for not having enough willpower and I am embarrassed, but what do you do with a person who just couldn't care less about all this?

Anka

A PHONY

I meet this friend on my way to school. She tells me:

"You know Regina, I just saw Destiny."

I ask how the film ends. She replies that she forgot.

So I start asking further:

"Who did Blanka Dodo visit; what did Musia do?"

Her answers are neither this nor that.

"What happened to the brother?"

CONTINUED ON P. 2

That she forgot too...

I came away convinced she never saw "Destiny"; she just made it up.

Regina

* * *

OIL ALWAYS RISES TO THE TOP

Everyone knows perfectly well they should not lie, but we realize there is some weight that pushes us towards that.

I realized that when visiting my friend.

This is the way it happened. My friend invited me to her house. When I came, I had to wait, because, it so happened, she had gone to the doctor with her mother.

As I was sitting there, my friend's sister said that the friend had been ill for two weeks, with high fever.

Meantime, she came in and invited me to another room. There she started telling me how much she had enjoyed herself recently, how she went to the theater to see Ninka Wilińska, and that she went to the movies too.

I said:

"Why don't we go to your sister and ask her whether you are telling the truth?"

She then blushed and replied saying that she didn't want to lie, only she just got used to doing it.

I did not want to embarrass her, so I just said that "oil always rises to the top."

Gutka

* * *

A LIE

Our teacher at school asked a girl whether she had her drawing notebook. The girl answered that she didn't.

"Did you leave it at home?"

"No," said the girl.

The teacher then told her to take out everything she had in her school bag.

It turned out the girl didn't feel like drawing and that's why she said the notebook wasn't there. The teacher called her a liar and forbade us to play with her and talk to her.

One day, the girl asked the teacher about something, but the teacher didn't give her an answer.

"I don't talk to liars."

The girl was very embarrassed, and I felt sorry for her.

Rysia

* * *

LIVING THE TRUTH

This was in the industrial arts class. The teacher said that she would grade us based on not just our work, but also our notebooks; but many girls did not have their notebooks with them. I was unfortunately one of those, because I had just lost my notebook.

Some of the girls borrowed notebooks from those that had already been called and graded, while other ones simply admitted their fault.

Some of the girls suggested that I take their notebook, but I did not agree.

The teacher called me to herself. I said I did not have my notebook, so I graded me on the box I made; but she downgraded me as I didn't have my notebook.

I sat down and began to cry. My friends began reprimanding me for not taking the notebook from them, and one of them told the teacher that I actually lost my notebook.

When the teacher heard about that, she improved my grade, but at the same time ordered all the notebooks be collected, supposedly to check for the possibility of mine being among them, but she really wanted to identify those who took notebooks from others.

It turned out that three girls took notebooks from others, and they were punished.

I am happy that I 'lived the truth' and I will strive to always live that way, and I ask you, readers: live the truth and all evil will turn to good for you.

Hela

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AN UGLY HABIT

My classmates have a certain ugly habit: usually after school and on the way back home, they will pin papers on people's backs and laugh about it.

A girl who realizes they are laughing at her feels humiliated.

She turns and sees a piece of paper stuck on her back.

She takes it off and feels embarrassed.

I kindly ask that you publish this letter, because when they get this via the editor, they will be embarrassed and stop this pinning once and for all.

Reginka

* * *

FOUR CATEGORIES

I was sitting with my schoolmates.

One of the girls didn't feel like studying and suggested we take a stroll.

Seeing the laziness of the one who did not want to do the homework, I asked everyone to quiet down and posed a question with that girl in mind:

"There are four categories of students:

1. – Those with the brains and the desire to learn;

2. – Those who are intelligent but not willing to learn;

3. – Those who are not intelligent but willing to learn; and

4. – Those who are neither intelligent nor willing to learn.

Now, I ask myself, which of these students give satisfaction to the teachers and the parents alike, which give satisfaction to the parents only while the teachers are not satisfied, and which no one can be satisfied with?"

My classmates told me to write this as an article for the Little Review.

Frania

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EMBARRASSING OTHERS

That all should burst out laughing whenever one student says something wrong is an ugly habit.

He may have said something dumb, but shouldn't laugh, because that embarrasses him and he blushes and no longer knows what to say.

I feel really sorry looking at such a boy, and I am also embarrassed.

If someone says something wrong, you need to correct them and behave in the spirit of camaraderie.

Heniek from Miedziana Street

* * *

AND UNKIND CLASSMATE

The teacher called me out to answer grammar questions. I did not master the material and was very worried, because she said she would give me a C as the final grade in Polish.

But what hurt me the most was that one of the classmates kept on lifting her hand to show that she knew the answers.

But she also knew I had difficulty answering, so she should not have done this.

I returned from school with a grudge toward that unkind friend.

Józia from Nowolipie Street

* * *

CONCEITED

We know that there are stronger and weaker students in every classroom. In ours, we have a classmate who envies everyone terribly. He believes that she is the only know-it-all and that she is entitled to everything.

On one occasion, the teacher called her up to the blackboard. She did not

know the material and the teacher gave her an F. She began to cry.

The next day, I came over to her to go over and explain the problems, but she refused the offer. She said she knew that material better than me. I felt insulted and moved away.

I don't think anyone should be jealous of someone else being a better student; and if they don't know something, he should be able to admit that freely, and ask their classmates for help.

Jagusia

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LESS CLEVER

I am not very clever, and so when I went to school one day, the teacher said I needed help. When the teacher said that, the girls started shouting out:

"Oh, she needs help."

I was very embarrassed and started to cry.

When I calmed down, I went home and told my mom about it. Mom told me not to worry and that I would have a tutor.

I've resigned myself to my fate, and now the schoolwork is much easier for me, but I'm getting sick of my classmates' excuses.

I ask whether it is all right that girls should offend those who are less clever, and cannot manage by themselves?

Dora from Miła Street

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CLASSMATE JEALOUSY

I'm in the fifth grade. I am considered one of the better students; I experience a lot of animosity because of that.

When the teacher marks up my home essay, whispers and rumors go around the class: that I got help with it at home.

When the teacher praises my class essay, they say that I had it all written down in advance, at home.

I've tried to explain that that's not the way it is, but that hasn't helped.

I often ask myself how to correct my friends. Unfortunately, I cannot seem to find the answer.

Andzia

* * *

JEERING

I am a second grader and a B student.

One time, the teacher called me up to the blackboard and asked a question. I couldn't answer it, so she called another girl. She didn't know the answer either, and so it was with others as well.

I did not get any mark. The girls called me "a special case."

I responded by saying I was not to blame that the teacher liked me, but they have kept on jeering me.

Irka

* * *

IS THAT FAIR?

A year ago, I had a friend. We loved each other very much and we did our homework together.

He was a better student better than I was, but I did not envy him.

This year my friend was sick for a month, so I went to see him and brought him his homework.

When he returned to school after a month, he was worse off than me, envied me and made many unpleasant things.

Should it be so? Is that fair?

Samuel

* * *

COMPETITION

Strife and competition reign between our good students. When a teacher praises one for her essay, the others envy her and in the course of reading of the essay will try to find as many mistakes in it as they possibly can and will criticize it.

For instance, a girl used a nice phrase.

"Oh, how poetic, I can't stand it," says one competitor, with irony.

"Terribly lofty sounding," adds another.

"I'd embarrassed to write this way," interjects the third one.

Now, because there are only four best students in our class, you not hear more critical voices than those.

Andzia

* * *

UNFRIENDLY

It's very common to see classmates not treating one another well.

Sometimes, a girl does learn something, and you suddenly hear another one calling out:

"This is so easy."

It hurts a lot, and the girl concerned loses her train of thought, and is unable to continue her response.

I had that experience one time.

Before I started solving a mathematical problem at the blackboard, my classmate could be heard saying:

"That's so easy."

Of course, from that point on I couldn't think anymore. Perhaps if she hadn't interrupted me, I would have worked out the right answer.

Such commenting has become customary, but I hope that when they are called out on it, they will reflect and stop it.

Basia

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DISLOYALTY

The teacher gave an essay assignment, the subject was "On the way to school."

I could not manage writing it by myself, so I asked a classmate to help me. She agreed and I went to her house with my friend; a fine essay came out of this, and I got a B.

But my companion friend became jealous, because she got a lower grade for hers.

On the following day, during history class, I noticed a sheet of paper on her desktop. This was her essay, with the nicest sounding sentence lifted right out of mine.

Upset, I reproached her, and she complained to the teacher that I was talking.

The teacher asked why I was talking in class, so I explained the issue between us. That's when my friend got up and said that another classmate had written the entire essay for me.

She went from a friend of three years, to my enemy. I had to break things off with her.

Frania

* * *

A QUARREL

After class, we went out into the hall. A quarrel began.

One fourth grader quarreled with us.

One of our girls began to insult her, then took a cup of water and doused her with it. That girl began to cry.

I handed her a towel so she could dry herself off, but she didn't want it. I tried to calm her down.

Then, we all went home and the girl said she would bring her mom to the homeroom teacher.

Lodzia

* * *

WANTING TO IMPRESS

My classmates don't like me very much. I pay them back with the same coin.

My classmates are much older than me; I am the youngest.

I do not know why, but I'm often angry or sad; I don't visit anyone and I don't try to do things the way they do.

They all want to be in eighth grade and be able to impress the boys.

Halina

UNRELIABILITY</

even cry, as if she didn't care. Even her voice showed no sign of remorse.

Then her mother came in and she had tears in her eyes, because her child had committed such an unkind act. She looked grimly at the girl and the teacher.

Only then did the girl lower her head and was embarrassed.

We were very upset that such an incident occurred in our class.

Hania from Pawia Street
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THEFT OR REVENGE?

I will describe a sad incident that occurred in our class.

We were given one month in which to write an essay. Its subject was as follows: "The attitude of Polish youth to Russian schools on the basis of Stefan Żeromski's 'Sisyphean Labors'."

None of us got to work throughout that month.

Why bother? We had plenty of time.

We were three days away from the deadline when one of our better students wrote something.

She brought her notebook to class to read her piece to us during the recess. We sat quietly interested in hearing it and hoping to lift something from her.

But despite her best wishes she wasn't able to read, because her notebook disappeared. A detailed search we conducted did not help.

The student was not concerned, because she had already drafted a clean copy of the essay at home.

The next morning, one of our classmates handed her the lost notebook, but the pages with the essay had been torn from it.

Ewelina

SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE IT?
One girl loves me very much. She is simply infatuated with me. I knew that she loved me, but that she was infatuated? That she accidentally blurted out. This secret apparently weighed upon her, so she began telling me this:

"Let's say I love someone very much, but I see their faults. I forgive the ones that are not very big, and I pay no attention to them; I just see them. If I am infatuated I do not even see those faults. Isn't it true that people without faults do not exist?"

Here the girl listed a few of my flaws.

That's when I realized that she was infatuated with me.

Hala
* * *

ILL-MANNERED

I am in class B; I am nine years old. We have many bad mannered boys in my class.

One time, two boys from our class beat me up as I was coming out of the school building.

I wanted to complain to the principal the next day, but instead of complaining I just got angry.

Since then I have stopped speaking with them.

Oleś from Łódź
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ZUZANNA'S POEM

We have it all, from A to Z, every letter of the alphabet: a different person, a different character, altogether something else. One is pretty, another one is ugly; one is good, another is bad; one is unflinching, another a crybaby. We have many private circles.

The younger form circles and so do the more grown up ones, and so do the childish, the serious minded, and the fun loving ones. Each group consists of three to four girls.

As soon as a teacher leaves the classroom, the circles emerge. Some study, others play, and still others talk. That's how the breaks pass.

But whenever the bell announces the beginning of another lesson, the circles are out the door. All the students form a single whole, with common heartbeat, and there is one hidden thought that animates them: to help, to prompt.

Zuzanna is one of the best and most beloved friends. She has a golden angelic heart. There hasn't been an instance where someone would come away from her without being helped, or without an answer to a nagging question. In a word, there is much to love her for.

On one occasion, on a Sunday, two teachers were absent from school. You can imagine what was happening in the classroom. A real country fair: peddlers, but without the goods. We had two hours to spare. At the request of our homeroom teacher, whom we like very much, we kept quiet in the classroom. Most read books, Zuzanna was writing something.

It was a poem. As she tells us herself, Zuzanna sometimes feels an urge to write about something sublime, beyond the school work strictures; she feels inspiration, some higher calling. It was not her first poem; she had written a lot before. She's not one of those who, when they write or make something, would say, "don't touch." On the contrary, she will show it to everyone

and ask for their opinion. That's the way it was this time as well. When she finished writing and read it in her circle, she shared it with the girls. Some praised it, others pointed out mistakes; all were interested. Zuzanna said that the poem was a flower among all her work to date. The sheet of paper passed from hand to hand, until it reached Róża, who is known in the school as an intelligent but scatterbrained girl.

She loves Zuzanna very much. She began to read the poem aloud, and when she had finished, she said:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be writing such crap? I say this just doesn't suit you at all."

And suddenly, she ripped up the paper. Tears flowed from Zuzanna's eyes, but she says nothing, just lowered her head.

Our devilish Róża panicked; she was terribly upset and began to apologize to Zuzanna saying she didn't realize the poem was so precious to her.

They made up, but the tears once shed will not flow back.

Zośka
* * *

A FAILED ATTEMPT

Things are not going very well in our class. It is divided up into different factions, each with different secrets, and in an eternal strife with each other.

We decided to organize different clubs, such as a nature club, a history club, etc., this on a trial basis, as we thought this would bring us closer together.

We were wrong though. The creation of the clubs only further increased the confusion and the chasm between us.

We discussed the idea of clubs in the apartment of one of our classmates; on the very next day there were secret talks, slander and bad air. One of the girls said:

"Remember, I warned you; this is not going to work."

Since then, we have been mad at each other.

Lusia
* * *

NOT LIKED

I am going to be frank and write this down.

When I started school, my attitude was that of indifference; later I felt increasingly worse, because I had met with hostile reception.

I cannot say that they bothered me in any particular way, but the girls were cold, insincere and kept their distance.

When I was sick, only one called me up. There were quarrels, full of venom and bitterness.

Then a different time came. One of the teachers, who can empathize with our souls, lifted me up with her heartfelt words.

I got closer with the class group and made a sincere decision to change my attitude.

This did not last long, however. The old days returned.

I tell myself neither "be secretive, lonely, and stand aside" nor "show angelic patience and cherish hope." I remain undecided, unsure of myself.

I hesitate between "yes" and "no." Too bad, if you live you suffer.

Sulamita

MENDEL'S DIARY

January 1, 1926 – It's a New Year, still not clear whether a happy or an unhappy one. Just like this one, so will a second and a third year pass. Man lives by hope; tomorrow will be better. Everyone wants to be older, but no one expects their death.

We walk around the marshes; you think some and then go to bed. Sometimes a speaker arrives, but a school lesson always goes the same way. The pious ones say there is something wrong with the lightning and thunder: the Jews have been sinning too much.

The day flew by like the wind. Clouds take walks in the sky; one chases another, until a third one comes up and swallows them both. When I look at them, I think of human life. One generation expires and another one arrives, and one man swallows another. The larger ones overshadow the weaker and smaller ones. That's the way the world is, and no one can change that. There are people who say, "this you can do, that you can't do" and yet they do it themselves. No one can improve the world and no one can change it. It will stay that way forever.

January 2 – This Saturday has gone, leaving room for the incoming Sunday. Saturday is already asleep. When I was little, I heard that the earth was round. I could not understand that. How can the world have no end?

When I studied in cheder, I heard about the red Jews and the river Sambation. The way I pictured it to myself then was: "I'm not afraid of the stones the Sambation throws out. I will cross the river in an airplane and I will reach the red Jews."

I couldn't cope with the stars: the moon and the sun are necessary and

they walk around the sky, but what are those stars? I thought they were small holes in the sky.

I always looked at the sky and wondered why I was in the middle. After all, the sky goes further down, but when I go on, I see that I am in the middle again.

I did not understand why the moon always followed me. I would run in different directions, and it always remained behind me.

January 3 – Today, I signed up for the Polish library. I read a lot now. I am reading Prus' "Anielka."

There is water standing in the fields. I did very little skating this winter. Szyje left for Warsaw.

Our house is a book that has seen much and remembers everything. In front of the house, there is a stone threshold, and to the left, there is a bench; on summer evenings, Jews sit and talk on that bench.

A fair is held every Wednesday. At the end of the market day, everyone sweeps their plot. It is the goats which benefit the most from the fair.

There is a room in the attic; I sleep there. Laundry hangs in another part of that attic, and we hold firewood in its third section. The stairs that lead to the attic start in our shop. The living quarters consist of three chambers: a dayroom, a bedroom and a kitchen. There is a ladder in the kitchen that leads to the section of the attic where the wood is stored.

Virginia creeper grows in the garden. This year there are nice flowers: the trees have been overshadowing the sun.

Me and Szyje used to have a plant and animal museum. Szyje was the manager; I was the caretaker.

January 6 – The winter recess is over. School was about to start, but the teacher got sick. Together with two other boys, we went for a walk to the river. I am reading the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe".

February 1 – We are very sad now. Many young people have been arrested, but otherwise there are no changes. There are no lectures, games or talks. It feels like the town has died out.

What can you do? That's the way the world is constructed: a child in a big city is cheerful while a child in a small town is always sad. A smile rarely appears on their lips. The big city child has the opportunities to learn, but often doesn't want to; a small town child wants to, but often doesn't have good conditions to do so.

I am not satisfied with my school work; this is because there are three classes that study in a single room; plus we study with a single teacher. We spend too much time at school. This week we will get our report cards.

February 6 – On Tuesday night, a girl died; she was a fourth-grade student. I was at the funeral. This year, four of our schoolmates died already.

The temperatures are below freezing. We had a geography exam at the school today. Me and my friend have been drawing maps. I received invitations for membership from many different clubs. My club sent me a letter with a French stamp. It was also written in French; I cannot read it.

February 10 – Kuba and I just completed a painting that depicts a night at sea. Even though the girls who are our classmates have greater choice of paint color, we think our drawings are nicer.

When I sometimes ask myself whether I want to be rich, my answer is "no." A rich person is constantly preoccupied with their money, they care only about money; a poor person is not as demanding, they have time for entertainments and they are content

My oldest brother left for America a long time ago, from America he went to Russia, and from Russia to Paris, where he still lives with his wife. I would like to be there, but I would miss our trees in the garden, our home and my friend.

Today they handed out our report cards. I am not satisfied with my grades. One girl fainted (it is fashionable here), because she did not get good grades.

Those arrested are still in jail. I see trees beginning to bud.

February 13 – We had the first sunny day today. Whenever I think of my grades, I am angry with the teacher. Before she filled out the report cards, she asked the class what marks we thought people should get. Those with loyal and good friends get good grades.

February 18 – Mud is all around us. The days are getting nicer. Winter is passing, spring is near. I just read "Hania" by Henryk Sienkiewicz and the third part of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables".

My friend Kuba and I were at the bridge. We competed on who can run the fastest and who can throw stones the farthest. Aron gave a lecture about the poet Juliusz Słowacki. The Hasidim tried to disturb the event.

Sometimes at night, you dream about what you thought about throughout the day. Today, I dreamed I was on an excursion out of town, in the mountains, and that I was alone and afraid to climb up higher, and looking for a better way.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

DOMESTIC NEWS

SIEDLCE – Mania gave a pair of slippers to a poor girl. – Rachelka asks how her peers in the larger cities spend long winter evenings. – Dyńcia is glad that Poland is independent and has its own country. – Lejcia described a conversation between Józio, Rysio and Staś on Poland's Independence.

SIERPC – Lutek cannot understand why the Hashomer and the Maccabi organizations form two hostile camps, even though they have common ideas and goals. – Gerszon wrote about Chanukkah and about the candles whose lights seem to tell about the Jewish people's past.

SKOLE – Berisch learned about the existence of the Little Review, and wants to become a reader and faithful companion of the paper; and he sends in a story about orphans.

SKÓRCZ – Edzia had a doll named Jadwisia; the doll had sapphire-colored eyes, ruddy cheeks and lush golden hair.

SŁAWKÓW – Gucia is sad that she can no longer swim in the river or run in the meadow, because it is cold and wet.

SŁONIM – Genia was in Szczawnica; she saw the Pieniny Mountains and their highlanders, and heard nice Gypsy music.

SOSNOWIEC – Mietek left his house in secret and set out to Gdańsk on foot, but after the first 30 minutes of his adventurous journey, he returned home in tears. – Salomon watched the November celebrations and reflected on whether the Jews would one day also celebrate the anniversary of their

independence and of their country. – Genia and Zosia sent in three jokes.

STASZÓW – Sala cannot understand why people in her school treat Jews with such hostility, because she read in books that a Pole would not hurt anyone.

SUWAŁKI – Łazar recited his own poem about Chanukkah in his middle school.

TORUŃ – Roma is disheartened that her classmates mock her and call her names: "an oaf and a fatso."

WIELUN – Sala studies privately, together with her sister, because they want to take their exams to the middle school right after the summer recess. – Samek heard a nice concert on the radio and saw an engaging feature at the movie theater.

VILNIUS – In her reply to Tadzio X., Tania writes that even if Jews wanted to follow his example, they would be rejected, because for a Christian, a "Jew" stands for something unsafe that should be persecuted and eliminated. – According to Samuel, Tadzio X. is an assimilator who allows himself to make critical comments on Jewish garb and sidelocks for the sake of gaining the affection of Christian boys. – Jakób made an arduous journey from Russia to Poland. – Maks, a Vilnius poet, sent in a quatrain poem he composed to commemorate Poland's Independence. – Tania sends hearty thanks for the book she received.

WŁOCŁAWEK – Cela is sad at sitting home alone, because she is very bored. – Cesia feels her disability painfully, but hopes she will get well and will be healthy again. – Niusia is

yet got integrate with her new school and schoolmates. – Lola has a friend, Brońca, and they do their homework together. – Cesia loves learning and wants to get an education. – Szulem saw two caps float on the Vistula river; they seemed very tiny from afar. – The hoarse voices of ravens disturbed Zenia in her homework. – Edzia has a canary she called Maciuś the Second. – Heniek claims that if a boy does the slightest harm to a girl, she will blow that small thing up into a major case. – From this time on, Edek's only friend will be his diary; if he succeeds, he will send the diary to print in the Little Review.

WŁOSZCZOWA – Dawid wants to meet Stefek, the defender of chicks, and he asks if he's not ashamed of becoming a girl.

ZAMBRÓW – Róża regrets that she doesn't live in the countryside anymore; she misses her garden, in which year after year, in the springtime, she would plant flowers. – Mania envies her sister, who went to Warsaw and where she will see so many interesting things. – Leja wants to know very much what falls are like in Warsaw, whether there is just as much mud in the streets and it is just as sad. – Malka is happy that their class has a new room now, because there is more space there for games during the school recess. – The most beautiful book Brocha read this year was "Robinson Crusoe". – Raszka had an unpleasant accident while taking a bath, but she is glad that the misfortune has already passed. – The happiest moment in Bela's life was when her father returned home, after many years

of war. – Hanka's grandma came from America and brought her a watch as a gift. – Gitla received a nice souvenir from Druskininkai from her aunt. – Gucia had a strange dream about Stanisław Jachowicz. – Students of a certain fifth grade asks the Little Review to print their letter to their former principal, who will be happy when she reads it there.

ZAMOSC – Rachelcia is in the second grade; she is making good progress in school and her friends like her. – When Mirjam was small, she slipped out of the house, went to the river, and nearly drowned. – Dorka saw the boys steal some beets and run off into a field. – Symche, a class and a cinema reporter, sent in a description of Zamość, Józefów, Nielisz and of the local zoo.

ZAWIERCIE – In two months, Rochuś will be going to his grandpa in Palestine, and has a donkey there already. – Hanka loves Chanukkah not just because the candle flames are pretty, but because she already understands the significance of the holiday. – Rywicia sent in a nice story, which she had heard from her grandma on one Chanukkah evening. – "The Real One" calls on the readers to donate to Keren Kayemet, which is the basis of the future Jewish national home.

ZŁOTY POTOS – Lusia asks not to be send "Iton Katan" anymore, because he cannot it read herself and daddy has no time to translate.

ZYWICZ – Henio is concerned about not being able to reach an understanding with the administrators of Our Review: he wants to receive the Friday issues, and they don't seem to care. ■

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct answers to the brain teasers in issue No. 115 were sent by the following:

Irka Abramowicz, Helena Ajzen, Róża Ajzenberg, Michał Apte, Nusia and Niutek Aronwald, Henryka Baruch, Zofia Bauman, Halusia Bąk, Izrael Bielweiss, Józek Bursztyn, Sara Bursztyn, Salek Chalebski, M. Daniel, Regina Dąb, Mietek Fajngryc, Bronia Fiszhaft, Leopold Fruchtman, Lejcia Frydman, Zygmunt Gersztenbin, Felek Geszkin, Elżunia Ginsberg, Lewek Glikman, Aleksander Goldman, Rena Grossman, Izrael Gutkind, Szmuel Gutkind, Adaś Halber, Paulina Ingberman, Jakób Jakubowicz, Benio and Niutek Jaszuński, I. Kahanowicz, Józef Klinger, Lola Kluska, W. Kałuszynier, Artur Knaster, Mietek Kohn, Ala Kołodziańska, Piniek Kossowski, Lucia Kraushar, D. Krauzer, Symcha Kronfeld, Reginka Lengier, Sonia Lewkowicz, Josek Lipowski, S. Mesz, Heniek Mühlstein, Ziuta Mühlstein, Renia Niedzwiedź, Adaś Poremba, Lajb Przepiórka, Zosia Rajtman, Aleksander Rajskind, Lolek Rotsztein, Efraim Rozen, Eljasz Segal, Olek Segelman, Heniuś Ślomnicki, K. Szlosberg, Salomon Sznabel, Hiluś Szternfinkiel, I. Szwarcbard, Nadzia Teitelbaum, Hania Teitelbaum, Henryk Trauman, Halina Trocka, Sonia Tuchminc, Blima Ubial, Lolek Wegmeister, Sara Wilner, Henryk Winograd, Fejusia Wolnowicz, Aron Wolwic, Miecio Zelur, Jerzy Zylberman.

MAIL

We received 66 letters from those who have written us earlier. Those who wrote to the Little Review for the first time include:

Estusia Bauman, Sala Birenbaum, Lolek Borensztejn, Genia Braun, Irena Budańska, Wolf Chilerowicz, Szymonek Dembiński, Doluś Doros, Jurek Fenigstein, Leon Fleszler, Zosia Fuswerg, Zdzicho Geyer, Ewa Ginter, Andzia Goldsztejn, Henio Gurfski, B. Holcblat, Heniek Macocki, Salek Mazin, Abram Minc, Olek Mucha, Luba Nisenbaum, Dawid Rozenbaum, Bronia Rozenfeld, Lola Róg, Marysia Rydzik, Sala Saksznajder, Izia Steinwurcel, Józio Telner, Niusia Tran, Edzia Ubał, Ania Wałach, Moniek Weinberg, Symek Wojdesławski.

We received 24 letters from the province, 87 from Warsaw and 2 from abroad.

MENDEL'S DIARY

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

Recently, I have been thinking a lot about trips, that's why I had that dream. Even in my dream, I regretted not having my diary with me, because I had decided to take it along on all my trips. I had decided to write more this year.

When I read what I wrote last year, it seems to me I would have written it much better now, or I get angry that I wrote down this or that. On further reflection, I say to myself: "No matter; the brain ordered it, the eyes pointed the way, and the hands wrote."

I like excursions. I have been to Daniłowo twice this year already.

(TBC)

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Oleś likes Stefek, who defends the girls. – Lonia loves his little brother, though the boy is mischievous. – Dudek has a great sweet tooth. – When Ewek eats candy, his tooth hurts. – Miecio is ill in bed and "reads" poems from memory. – Michaś misses his dad very much. – Karol wants his dad to take him to Argentina as soon as possible. – Lena's dream came true,

because she got a piano. – Zbyszek is able to set a record player all by himself. – Szulim fed the sparrows on the balcony. – Halinka cannot decide what to buy with the 30 groszy she has: some halva, a toy watch or a bracelet. – Regina thought her uncle made a mistake when gave her 10 złoty for Chanukkah. – Alinka was to a synagogue for the first time, and the chorus sang so beautifully you could cry. – Gabrysia saw a beautiful show

at the Jabłkowski Brothers department store. – The show at Wigdus's school featured magic tricks. – Artek is four years old and has just started learning to read. – Josek stopped going to school. – Karolek suffered a lot before he found the right school. – Zysele was so upset that her letter did not get printed that she could not play all day. – Marysia is curious when she will get her commemorative postcard. ■

CONTRIBUTIONS:

Bella – a Chanukkah legend. Leon – a holiday legend. Icek, Pola, Ewa and Izrael – a piece about winter. Ireczka – a piece about an argument between Irka and Cela. Gucia – a piece about a school event. Hanusia and Balbinka – jokes. Jerzyk – four winter drawings. Szymuś – a piece about car racing. Lolek and Brońca – nice small drawings. ■