

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

HOME

THIS AND THAT

Dear Editors, what Józio from Radom has written – that was not his dream at all, because the same dream is in the “First Reading Book” by Falski. It is written there that Ala had a dream how she was going to plant pansies, and there was a toad sitting on every pot staring at her.

The only difference being that there was no gentleman with a bear...

Yesterday I brought some willow from school and put it in water. I think that the catkins will fall off and leaves will grow out. I will plant it in a pot and a tree will grow.

My brother says that money from the new year is lucky. So when I see that someone has new money, I ask them to give it to me. I hide this money so that nobody can see.

Saluniek from Brukowa Street

LONGING

I have a brother in France and I miss him very much. I count the days left till he comes.

Unfortunately, he will not come for four months.

Bela from Zawiercie

FIRST ADVENTURE

It happened in the summer. Mommy was busy. I was bored at home. I opened the door quietly and ran out to the backyard.

My aunt (the one who lives in the same house) was passing by and said: “Jerzyk, come to me.”

So I went. I played a bit with little Stasio and I returned home.

There I found out that mommy had been looking for me. I got distressed and I cried.

And when mommy came I promised that I would never go anywhere again without asking.

Jerzyk from Nalewki Street

NOBODY KNOWS

Once our tenant went to see her cousin. She was waiting in the kitchen for a phone call because her friend was supposed to call her. She called. The tenant left her handbag in the kitchen and walked up to the phone.

She returns to the kitchen and she sees her handbag is gone. Nobody knows if a servant took it or maybe a patient did.

Jurek from Wielka Street

ENLARGED COOKIE

A strange lens lies on daddy's desk. It is convex with a metal frame and has a handle to hold it. Daddy often looks through it at small objects, because this is a magnifying glass.

The other day daddy couldn't find the glass on his desk. He searched in the drawers and pockets, not a sign. So he calls on my little brother, who likes to play with the glass.

“Miecio, come, help me find the magnifying glass.”

Miecio doesn't come so daddy goes to the children's room and sees... Guess what!

Miecio is sitting at the table. In front of him there is a piece of cake with cream on a little plate. Miecio is holding daddy's glass and looking through it at the cake.

“What are you doing, Miecio?” asks daddy surprised.

“I am eating the cake, daddy. It is so good... I want it to be bigger.”

Ewa from Dzielna Street

JEALOUS

I have decided to ask Mister Editor for advice.

I have a sister two years my senior. Her name is Maria. I don't like her, because she is jealous.

She goes to school, which doesn't give her any proper education.

Please answer my letter.

Abram from Franciszkańska Street

“THE PIPE”

My brother Janeczek is 9 years old and he already attends middle school. He is very handsome and polite (I am exaggerating a bit).

When he was 4 weeks old he started to smoke a pipe, which means he kept his thumb in his mouth. He got used to his “pipe” like an old sailor.

When he was little, nobody held it against him. He will grow – we thought – and he will break this habit. That was not the case.

Janeczek wore a pageboy style with bangs until he was 6 years old. He didn't look like a boy at all. He was smart. When he was three years old, he would go out on the street and come back home by himself. He would also ride the bicycle with our neighbor and look after the bicycle when the neighbor went inside a store. Janeczek was the chief in the yard. Although he often participated in fights, he never cried, when he was beaten. It should be underlined that he cried without tears. He cried with tears for the first time when parents smeared his thumb or his “pipe” with fish bile. He managed to handle it: he wiped his bitter thumb with a hand-washing stone.

He was 6 years old when he went to school, and he still smoked his “pipe.”

Adults would say:

“He is going to keep his finger in his mouth until his wedding day.” And children would yell:

“Pipe, pipe, from porcelain – do not bite it.”

Only last year Janeczek has stopped “smoking the pipe.” He decided to break the habit and, having a strong will, he succeeded.

Ela from Częstochowa

REPLACING MOMMY

I don't have my mommy anymore, but I have my sister Fela, who takes care of me. She is very kind to me. She helps me with my homework, goes on walks and talks with me a lot, and tells me about very interesting things.

Besides me, Fela takes also care of two more sisters. Sometimes she yells at us, but only when we really annoy her. The youngest sister, Rywcia, is plump like a roll, and Henia is older than me and already a shomer.

I want Fela to know how much I am grateful to her and how much I love her.

Czarna from Rypin

MY BIRTHDAY

I.

I was waiting for guests for a long time, I thought they wouldn't come. But they didn't disappoint me and they came.

I received nice presents. My nanny made dresses, hats and flags out of paper, so we put these outfits on. We played various games: ring around the rosie, Old Maid, London Bridge is falling down, the tomato question game and Chinese whispers. We said poems and performed a short comedy.

At 7 p.m. we had a tasty dinner.

The next day I went to the park, I met my guests from yesterday. I asked them how they felt after my birthday. They all answered that they felt well.

I don't know how to write yet, so I am dictating this to my nanny.

Rachelcia from Nowolipki Street

II.

On the first of March I was invited to my friend's birthday together with my little sister. We had a good time. I came back home with a sore throat and now I have to stay at home.

My little sister Romcia is 4 years old. I would like her to write to the Little Review as well, but she doesn't know how yet, so she is dictating to me.

This is dictated by Romcia:

“I am a little girl. I asked my mommy to sign me up for kindergarten because I know a lot of nice rhymes. I know how to draw little houses and dolls, I am sending you two of my drawings.”

Halinka from Muranów

A WEDDING

My sister got married on the 19th of February. That day, my sister didn't go outside at all, she stayed at home until the evening.

I went to school in the morning. After I returned, I ate lunch and I changed my clothes. My sister didn't want to take me into the car, because there were too many people. I started to cry, so my sister took mercy on me.

In the evening guests came to look at the bride. At 9 p.m. two cars arrived.

The bride (my sister Cela) went in the first car together with the groom's sisters and me. Mommy, my sister Mania and my aunt rode in the second car.

We got out. Once we entered the hallway, my aunt ran upstairs and warned everyone that the bride was coming.

Then the music started to play loud and the bride was taken to the throne.

At the beginning, we drank tea and ate pastries. Afterwards, the dances begun. My brother had distributed serpentine streamers among the guests who threw them at the dancers. It looked so nice when streamers of various colors unfolded and entangled the dancing couples.

Afterwards, candy was offered. Once we ate, there was more dancing and throwing of streamers.

At midnight, a march was played and the groom came in. When he walked up to the bride to say hello, people tossed multi-colored confetti at him. Afterwards, he went to the adjacent room where he was served food and drinks. Half an hour later guests came up to the bride and tossed confetti at her. Next, the canopy was lifted; it was held by the men. The groom was brought in and one man was reading in Yiddish. When he finished, the canopy was taken away, the bride returned to her seat, and the waiter brought out the tables with food and the wedding feast begun. Guests left at 5 a.m.

Bela from Zamenhofa Street

MY TREASURES

I have a lot of objects that don't have any value for others but they are treasures to me.

So first of all – a collection of foreign post stamps. I have very many of them, but without an album, so they have to stay in matchboxes. There is a card glued on each box with an inscription saying where the stamp is from, for instance: Austria, Russia, Belgium etc.

My film postcards are the main reason for arguments with my brother. I received all these postcards from my former friend. I also cut photos of male and female artists out of the “Dobry Wieczór” paper.

Dried leaves and flowers come from Mrozy, Marymont, Czernsk, Warsaw and from a park next to the Polish Bank.

I have shells from Józefów, from the Vistula River and the Baltic Sea.

I have a lot of pretty postcards, books and photos, which I used to collect in the past, but I have stopped, because people laughed at me. – For now I don't have anything else.

Kazia from Dzika Street

OUR SHOP

My mommy runs a women's hat making studio. I am 9 years old. We have three girls who work at our place: Dorka, Salka and Renia. I fancy Miss Dorka the best because she has black hair. We have a maid, her name is Andzia. She is always angry.

I like to sit in the shop and make little dresses, hats and shoes for my little sister's dolly.

Frania from Targowa Street

OUR FARM

We have a leather factory. There are horses, a sulky cart and a carriage.

Besides that, we have a farm with a field, a meadow and a garden. There are horses too and also cows there.

There is a lot of work in the factory and on the farm. In the evenings, the horses are so tired that they barely reach the stables. The coachman is also worn-out, he can't take care of the horses. Then we have to go and feed the horses.

The horses sleep for the whole night. In the morning, the coachmen come and give them food. Once they shout at the horses – they set out to work. They take skins to the station, they work without a rest.

There is a lot of work with cows as well. Cows have other uses – they give us milk and meat. For 5 days, they graze in the meadow and on Saturday and Sunday, the horses come to the meadow, as this is when they rest.

The garden is very useful because we have fruit, vegetables and flowers.

Janas from Radom

AT THE SHOEMAKER'S

I go there often because we bring shoes to be repaired. These people are still young and have one tiny baby.

The small room where they live is only two meters long and one and a half meters wide. A small gallery with two beds and a cradle for the baby has been fitted under the ceiling.

There is a tiny kitchen in the corner near the door. The young mother keeps busy there.

The room looks very modest. But people who live there love each other very much. They lead a quiet life, without complaining or envying anyone. Every time I come, I stay longer than I need to because I feel good there and it is nice to chat with them.

It is not a great achievement to live in a big residence and be joyful. Anyways, what do we need them for? Doesn't boredom and falsehood reign in them?

No, I desire to have a calm, nice life, and what is the most important – life filled with work. Because riches do not bring happiness.

Cesia from Dzielna Street

CURIOSITY PUNISHED

On Monday mommy went to town and left me at home to look after my little brother Monius.

Suddenly a man came to our backyard and showed us some tricks with a dog. My friend Lonia ran up to me and said, “Estusia, let's go to the backyard, we will take a look.”

But I said:

“I will not go, because during that time Monius might do something to himself, and anyway mommy has forbidden me.”

And Lonia said, “But my mommy also left me with the baby and I am going”

“I will not go.”

“So sit here alone then.”

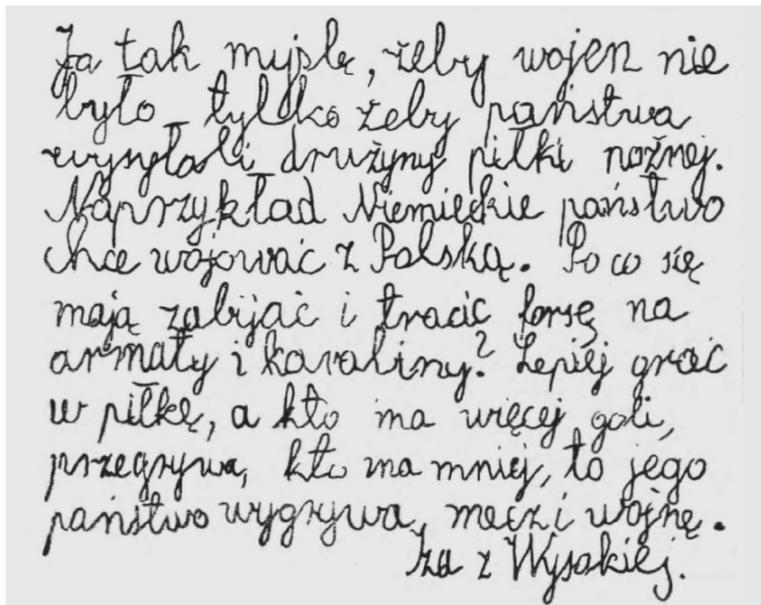
Lonia ran out to the backyard, and it turned out that the dog was not yet fully tamed. Lonia was standing too close and the dog bit her leg.

Now she is lying in bed, and I am thanking God for having stayed at home.

Ewcia from Brukowa Street

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THE FREE TRIBUNE



I reckon that there should be no wars only that the states would send soccer teams. For example, the German state wants to go to war with Poland. Why should they be killing each other and lose money on cannons and guns? It is better to play soccer, and whoever has more goals scored against them, loses; whoever has fewer – then their state wins the game and the war.

Iza from Wysoka

ANSWERS

1. Mieczysław, you write that you don't understand why the Little Review still publishes "Children's corner" despite protests.

What would you say if Our Review demanded we get rid of the Little Review, justifying it by the fact that they don't understand the need for a paper for children and youth? Surely, you would be greatly appalled.

So why are you demanding we eliminate the "Children's Corner"? The Little Review isn't a paper just for youth after all but also for children.

It even seems to me that we are unfair to children because we take more space than we should.

You are also wrong about "Current News." We write there about current matters. Because we can't print a letter immediately, therefore we mention the letters in this column.

2. Postcard no. 611, you ask, "why do people tell lies?" Well, it is very simple.

Among lies, you need to differentiate between lies out of good will and egoistic lies.

We all lie – at school and at home. For instance: I didn't learn the lesson, because I felt a bit strange, a bit sad. I can't tell the teacher the truth, because they will not understand, because they will laugh at me, so people say that they had a headache or another problem. And thus, we have the lie out of fear of being ridiculed.

It is the same at home. We tell lies out of fear of punishment or when they ask about things dear to us, which they can't understand. Sometimes people lie to dismiss insistent questions.

I rarely reproach myself for having lied, because I know that I had no other choice. I don't deny it – lies could cease to exist, but only if there was more understanding for us in school and at home.

You have also surprised me by saying that you had heard a phrase:

"I will be educating myself and you will be working."

I have never heard anything like that. Young people believe that getting an education is the same type of work as obtaining a profession.

Emanuel from Częstochowa

THANK YOU

Someone brought the Little Review home. I peeked inside. My gaze fell upon the title:

"Ugly – pretty (answers to Anđzia's letter)."

I covered my face with my hands. I understood that I would be largely criticized. I didn't have the strengths to read it. Finally, with trembling hands, I picked up my dear newspaper and I delved into reading.

I was not mistaken. Almost everyone criticized me for being vain.

Dear peers – how am I to thank you for your answers?

You don't know what your words have caused. I achieved a victory over myself: I have stopped thinking about myself.

It didn't come easy. I wondered for a long time if you are right. There was a moment – when I already admitted that you were right. Then it was as if someone deceitful and evil would whisper:

"You will never gain friendship among people, because the world judges people only by appearances – not by experience."

I was crushed. Suddenly an unknown girl has emerged from darkness, the same girl who had written:

"Would you believe that in a smallish town someone has stronger feelings for you than sympathy? If you want, we can be friends."

Dear, or perhaps even darling, Renia! Why wouldn't I be your friend, me, who desires friendship so much, who has never experienced it. Just give me your address...

I am cheerful, jubilant. Suddenly I again hear the same hostile voice:

"You silly girl... So what will you gain out of the fact that readers have understood you? You will not be liked by the rest of the society, because those who are ugly, although good, seem evil to people."

Again, sadness and bitterness. Suddenly I see tears dropping on the lines:

"It is not true that ugly is unkind, unpleasant. Be good, have a beautiful soul and you will see that they will like you."

I am looking at these words, I am surprised I didn't notice them before. One more moment of doubt and it's done – I don't deny it anymore.

And I have already won, but it is not a full victory – some doubts remain. Luckily the following words have dispersed them:

"The world is not divided into classes of beauty; and the young and strong will

have the right to reach for anything."

I have won! You don't need to comfort me anymore saying that one day I might become pretty, because now a beautiful face has no significance for me. I have become serene and free.

And I owe all that to you, my unknown friends. I will never forget your words.

Anđzia from Będzin

MORE FOR ANĐZIA

The article under the title "Ugly" has made a great impression on me. Anđzia is complaining about being ugly; that because of this she has no company and feels unhappy.

I am also ugly. I have no company either and I don't go anywhere. I feel very, very lonely.

This idea occurred to me that maybe we could become friends? I am sure that spending time together, going to the movies, reading books, etc., we will have a lot of fun, and what is most important – we will forget about our grievances and we will not feel so alone.

I can sense from the letter that you are good and nice, Anđzia. As for me – after we meet you will see for yourself. So, let's lift our heads up high and say: "Ugly with ugly, pretty with pretty."

Summer is coming. I am not going anywhere. We can spend vacation together – in Łazienki Park, in other parks and gardens. I promise that I will try to be an honest, loyal and devoted friend for you.

Bela from Dzika Street

WHY DO PEOPLE TELL LIES?

In the last "Free Tribune" I found wise and interesting thoughts. I was pondering the article "Why do people tell lies?" the most, because the author was asking readers explain it to him.

I know that people usually lie because they are defending themselves. However, I consider lying to be the worst of flaws.

I don't want to say by that that I don't have flaws. Quite opposite, I will list them: I am irresponsible, absent-minded, I am also a stinkpot, but I don't know how to lie. If I can't say the truth – I am silent.

I will give you two examples. Teachers forbid us to do our homework in the mornings. One day we had to make a cuboid as homework. I glued it together in the morning because I didn't feel like it in the evening. I came to school. The teacher looked at the cuboid, she noticed it is crooked, so she asked:

"When did you make it?"

"In the morning," I replied.

And because I told the truth, I was not punished.

And now the second example. I was doing my math homework in the morning, and I was writing in an untidy manner. Again, the teacher asked:

"When did you write it?"

I wanted to lie, but I stopped myself, I kept silent. And again, I was not punished, just the teacher asked if I was going to do this again and I promised that I would never.

I am speaking from my own experience:

"People should not lie, there will be no good for them from that."

I would like to see this letter in the Little Review in two weeks, but I am not sure if the editor will give me this pleasure.

Halinka from Zduńska Wola

TWO COALITIONS

The Little Review contributors split into two coalitions: youth and children.

The youth say that the editors devote too little space to them, and children, without saying anything, send letters to the editors.

I understand that if the youth wrote more letters about how they live, what they think about, they would have more space in the paper, because after all, the editors will not write letters in our place.

No, us youth, we are capable only of complaining. One person writes that he is feeling bad, another doesn't have the time, the third one doesn't feel like it, and afterwards everybody together complain that letters from youth are not being published.

We do not have the type of vacations where you're not allowed to write because you're supposed to rest. For us, every day is a working day. For us, every day is a twin of the next workday.

Whoever works is able to write in the evening. And those who do nothing are so lazy that they don't even feel like writing pages in their dairies.

I write a few things every day, about what I have done on that day, what I saw, what I have experienced. Therefore, we can send diaries. Whoever doesn't write one, they should simply write letters as if they were pages from a diary. Let's write, and we will check if the editors are publishing our letters.

I have heard that some people complain that the paper should be run differently. I think that the editors are better experienced with this undertaking than we are, so let's leave this business to them.

Hersz K.

A YOUNG WORKER

Łódź, May 14th – I came back from work, as usual, tired – with a pounding of raging machines in my battered head.

I would like to escape these iron wheels and transmission belts so much! Even when I was ill, I was hallucinating about machines and machines endlessly. They have become my misfortune.

There is still daylight outside. It is good to walk outside of the city now, to lie on green grass and breathe fresh air filled with springtime. But I will not be going anywhere. I will lie down and sleep heavily after an eight-hour workday, until morning, when I awake to the lingering howl of the factory siren. It seems to me that I might sleep through my life together with my youth...

May 17th – My day is as follows. At 7:30 a.m. I am awoken by the howling of sirens. I get up, I put on my work sweatshirt. I manage to swallow a cup of tea, I take the food with me and – off to work.

There are a lot of people on the street like me, in grey sweatshirts, with the traces of sleep on their tired faces. These are the working people – you almost can't see any others at this hour on the streets of Łódź. I pass by multiple factories, bristled with high, red chimneys. Finally, mine appears.

There is a signboard above the gate: "Cotton products factory"

I enter the main building through a narrow front yard cluttered with bricks and freshly brought material. This is where the weaving and spinning

mills are located. Huge rooms are connected with a corridor and with openings in the walls with transmission belts and cylinders going through them.

My spot is in the right wing of the building. I stop at one of the machines that are arranged in long rows. In the adjacent rooms, work is already in full swing, huge machines are knocking in a humdrum rhythm. Cases with spools of yarn slide in through the opening in the wall. Everyone receives several such cases daily.

My work is not too hard, it only requires skill and speed. I take out one of the spools, I wind the thread over one of the fast-moving cylinders. Once the spool ends, you have to stop the cylinder with your left hand, and immediately catch the end of the thread

from the next spool to make a so-called weaver's knot. Then you need to set the cylinder in motion again, but the spools have to be put back in their place so they don't damage the machine.

And I have to hurry like that in order not to fall behind or waste the material. The work is boring and weary. And around me there is the roar and whirl of machines, grey dust obscures the figures of people who are working and there is a semidarkness reigning inside. Only when the machines are slowing down, one can hear voices of the workers and the overseer shouting:

"Faster! Stop lolling about!"

Everything is as if one wanted to surpass the other. Workers don't look at each other, they seem to be parts of the machine.

There is a boy working next to me whose voice I haven't heard yet. His face is scrawny, indifferent to everything and his eyes have a dull expression. He has gotten so

used to performing his movements in a uniform manner that when the machine stops, his hands shake and he gives the impression of a person who is losing his balance.

On the other side, there is a pale Jewish girl who winds endless threads of wool on fast-turning spools. Her white complexion is covered with dust, her hands can barely keep up with the spinning wheel.

There is a break at noon. I wipe the sweat off my forehead, I take out my bread and eat it. We all gather in the hallway. One of the workers unfolds a newspaper. They ask him if there is any hot news. Those who are more talkative start to chatter. Jokes and bullying of the younger ones. One time a boy went on the roof for a prank. Older workers took away the ladder, and although the boy was crying and pleading, they only laughed at him. This boy lost one hour of work, so he was laid off from the factory. Nobody cares about anyone else here. When a machine cut a worker's hand, nobody

However, I believe that the editors should give some space to Mr. Korczak because we don't even see his name in the paper lately.

Therefore, I am submitting the request for Dr. Korczak (if he agrees) to give advice in sudden cases and to add at least one article per week. The inscription "edited by J. Korczak" should be given back to the paper, and other reforms should be made by the person who was passing reforms in "King Matt the First."

Majer from Łódź

WAR VERSUS WORK

War is a great disaster for all people and nations. Think about it:

"How many people get killed?"

"How many widows, mothers and orphans are left all alone?"

"Everybody becomes poorer. War ruins all workplaces – industry, trade and agriculture."

War reaps victims not only on battlefields, but everywhere – in quiet villages and loud cities. People are starving because they need to feed soldiers on the fronts with their labor. They die because contagious diseases appear and people who are cold, hungry and dirty can't fight them.

It is time for people to understand this horrible word:

"War!"

And so that once and for all they renounce this disaster.

All people should just get invested in peaceful and useful work. Because war destroys, and work builds.

Ceńska from Sierakowska Street

THE POET

Poets and writers are – in my opinion – the happiest, most dignified people in the world. They have a divine gift and fame.

Although there are many famous people – political and social activists, actors, doctors, musicians and others – not one of them is as adored and respected as a poet. Everybody needs him because he brings solace to all. Poor or rich, sad or happy, a child or an old man – everyone sooner or later, more seldom or more often, hears the words of a poet, cries his tears and laughs with his laughter. Could there be a greater fame than the fame of a poet?

And now – the divine gift. I am not saying it's a talent. Because politicians, doctors, engineers and generals can have a talent; there are talents and geniuses in all professions. But a poet

– like a prophet – has a divine gift, he can feel the world. He has empathy for human, animal and plant lives. The stars and the murmur of waves are more understandable and closer to him.

A poet has a great power of the spirit, a creative power of feelings. This is also why he even might not be aware of why things are this way and not the other, why he chooses these words and not different ones, when he speaks about things that are, that were, or that will be, and despite that – his is a prescient song.

Centuries go by. Old generations die out, the new ones arrive, and these songs are alive and will be alive together with humanity because they connect everyone – people of different statuses, beliefs and nationalities.

Sally from Pawia Street

VARIOUS THOUGHTS

- People carry out various activities, and when someone takes on somebody else's role, it offends us, and a given person is exposed to inconveniences.

- People point out flaws because they don't want that person to be better than the rest.

- We strive for the future, but once the future appears, the past is tackled – the origins.

- Very often when a weak person is being harmed, justice is called upon as a witness.

- We get an education, but our view of the world is rarely the result of the education.

- To self-improve means – to go around, to respect, to not touch other people's things.

- A human being is born in order to climb – to strive.

- There are classes and professions in the society, but talent can manifest itself only in a profession.

- The white-collar workers are dependent on blue-collar workers.

- We walk on a cobblestone pavement, and cobblestones are the sweat and labor of the people.

Bronia from Otwock
Editors' note: Bronia, wouldn't it be better to collect your own thoughts?

ASPIRATION

In one of the recent issues there was an article published under the title "I am bored." The author described his feelings of low spirits, perplexity and that, well, his nerves are on edge.

I think that he is lacking ideals. Youth without ideals is like a man without

a soul. Only a person who has the flame of aspirations at the bottom of their soul is worth happiness and may find happiness.

We, the contemporary youth, don't want to embrace life while being blind-folded, we can't play the blind man's bluff with life.

On our path, in front of us, we need to be able to see something grand.

Maybe in the past, books were enough to look around, to choose a path. Now, life has become too complicated. We need the help of experienced people or from our own peer-group.

While searching, we often get entangled in various organizations, which push us towards political battle, and politics for a young person are like poison. Unfortunately, we currently have quite a lot of such organizations.

Only organizations of educational character which are striving to educate people to be ready for independent and productive work have the "raison d'être."

Heniek from Nalewki Street

TO GET TO KNOW – TO CHOOSE

I am tormented by a lot of questions. I will tackle one, the most painful, in this letter.

Why do the majority of youth think only about themselves? Are they really unable to see anything besides their own pleasure? Neither duty nor joy from working for others?

Flirtation, stupid chatter, egoism and vanity of my peers hurt me. This is some kind of backwater...

By no means do I wish to write a manifesto or give sermons, I am also not imposing my beliefs on anyone. I desire for all of you to find your own truth, for you all to have it. And the pathways leading to truth are varied.

We have various clubs and organizations. Get to know them and choose. Don't let anyone deceive you. I don't want anyone to impose their ideals on you. Don't you have your own thoughts and dreams? Choose whatever appeals to you and whatever you will love.

You are complaining about your parents; that they interfere, that they don't explain and don't understand. But have you tried to explain to them what you really want, what you feel and that whatever you want is not a momentary whimsy?

The hostile approach existing between various clubs and organizations hurts me even more. Could they not be working peacefully, nicely, without quarrels and roars. Why should we be

fighting each other? The truth will prevail after all.

Please do not sign my letter.

A LETTER TO MY SISTER

You ask what I think about feelings – I will answer.

First of all, I will deal with the description of a feeling. So: it is a twisted, sick thought.

Are you scowling? Let's make it more precise: a feeling consists of a whirl of thoughts, not connected in any way with each other.

Let's imagine a thought as a straight line. When whatever you call a feeling is being born, then a number of such lines hit each other – the lines break, bend and afterwards wander chaotically around one point. This point is our "ego."

But such a presentation of a feeling probably hasn't convinced you. All right then – Let's try differently.

Imagine for a moment – you are walking on the street, you notice a skinny, scabby dog. It gets tangled under your feet. You are completely indifferent. You are thinking: first of all, there should be shelters for sick dogs, second – a sick dog should be killed. Such thoughts – straight lines.

A teenage boy runs across the street. Hard kick. The dog pushed with the boot falls on the pavement completely limp, it squeals like a little baby. You look at it. The dog has lifted its scabbed muzzle and is looking at you – it has black, human-like eyes that understand everything. What then? For a moment you feel mercy, sorrow.

Mercy, sorrow – these must be feelings. Let's explain these feelings to ourselves.

When you see a beaten dog then in your subconscious, I repeat – in your subconscious, the image of you yourself is constructed. For a moment, for a split second, you become that dog. You are the one who has been kicked, you are the one squealing, you are dying. Then normal thoughts, the straight lines, hit you, break, bend, rotate around your ego. You feel pity for the dog, or rather for yourself. And pity for yourself is – you must admit – something twisted.

Such is the feeling that was created under the pressure of circumstances that didn't depend on you. But there are also other feelings, those that you awake on purpose. Example – the feeling of wistfulness. You are sitting alone in your room. There is an adequate ambiance – you start to recall memories. Childhood – "idyllic, angelic." You retrace nice

forgotten images from the past. You get all mushy. Something "grabs your heart" – pleasant, delightful tears. This kind of feeling is constructed of twisted thoughts, "thought-parabolas"...

Boring? Maybe. You didn't care at all about these feelings encountered most frequently, the most common ones. You wanted me to write about – love.

Yes, love is a true feeling.

By all means – it is subtle, fragrant, sunny. The beloved, the desired, the love you dream of. You are in love with love. But I will not write you about love.

... Tell K. to sign up for a sports society, for the boxing section.

Let him harden physically, let his fists toughen up, and then he won't be spouting nonsense about flowers, love and spring. Let his chest get broader, then he will breathe clean, healthy air instead of getting intoxicated with the fragrance of a scented soap.

L. M-r.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Renusia likes to bask herself in the sun. – Fredzio likes to frolic and everybody calls him a rascal. – Janeczka doesn't like fish oil. – Mommy promised to buy a bicycle for Sewek. – Leonek resents daddy for not having bought him the fountain pen he promised one year ago. – Witold received "Płomyk" from his parents. – Robuś is four years old and knows how to use a typewriter. – Sala's older brother is teaching her how to read and write. – Branusia knows how to read and write, but she prefers to write. – Artek will go to school this year already. – Marysia has a cold and doesn't go to school. – Izaak was sick for two months and didn't go to school. – Bolek is hoping that he will get better soon and go to school. – Helcia is learning arithmetic, Polish and singing at school. – Geniek correctly has answered a question about which animals live in the mountains. – Director Szyjka has promised to boys that they would go to the movies, but they didn't go at all. – Różia has a nice time in the day-care room. – Rysio hopes that one day he will become a famous violinist and he will play on the radio. – Nina's aunt has encouraged her to write to the Little Review. – Heniek doesn't know how to convince Józek and Hipek that an image and a poem in the Little Review are his. – Fela has written a nice poem about winter. – Jurek has written a poem about Palestine. – Marysia and Renia have put together a poem. ■

even looked back; you can't stop the work. Everybody knows that behind their back there are a hundred others, unemployed, hungry for work.

"There is no shortage of people," we often hear.

Work ends at 5 p.m. I go home tired, I eat dinner and I start to read a newspaper that I never finish. At 6 p.m. I throw myself on the bed and I fall asleep.

May 18th – I came to the conclusion that I live like an animal.

Today I realized – I have to do some reading. I know books from my school times, but after all there are still plenty of them. I will be studying, I will be reading. When? Too bad, one has to fight with sleep. A bit of energy and perseverance!

May 19th – An event worth noting. An unemployed man came to the eatery where I usually have dinner.

He ate his dinner and he didn't pay. The owner ran out to him with such a fury that she almost hit him with a rolling pin.

"I hope you croak, you damn dog!" She cursed him.

A lot of people gathered in to watch. Some were shouting:

"Look at him, he has no money and he comes to gobble cutlets!"

"Thief!" Screamed the owner.

"He was hungry, so he ate up," I chimed in.

"He did the right thing," someone added from the crowd.

I was depressed going home.

The batteries in the factory broke down, so the machines stopped. The repairs took the whole day, so everybody was glad that they can rest a bit. I thought they would pay us for that time, but no way!

May 20th – it is easy to say – read, but what? I am alone, there is no one to give me guidelines.

I borrowed a book from J. I tried to overcome my fatigue, I managed to devour half of the volume. I threw it at aside: cock-and-bull story.

May 21st – I told J. that his book was worth nothing. He laughed at me; he

said that I was in search of philosophy. I don't know what he calls philosophy.

I met a girl I know on the tram. She didn't recognize me, because I was ragged and dirty. It seems to me that I make a bad impression.

May 25th – I recently started to get a hold of myself. It turned out that I have a lot of flaws and I am uneducated – whatever I had learned in school is nothing compared to the huge amount of knowledge. I was always a good student, I am not talentless, I've just become unaccustomed to studying. Let me only get some practice and later it will go without any difficulties.

I also have to improve my character. Self-improvement is the ultimate virtue. Yesterday I decided that I should read something about virtue. At the library, they recommended I check out "Ethics" by Spinoza. (Ethics – as it was explained to me – is a discipline concerning morality, a certain hygiene of character). I was unable to understand Spinoza. I ditched the book and sat down to a lighter type of reading:

"Stories from Greek history," "The lives of the philosophers: Socrates, Plato."

Today I was touched. I heard music. It is the only art that I understand. You don't have to be educated at all to comprehend music. For instance, I feel it in my own manner. At times I get the impression of having pierced through the earth's crust and of flying on the chords into the great highs. Then I hear a different speech, a lofty one – maybe God's.

May 28th – I will remember today for a long time. I have encountered the first man who deserves to be called intelligent. Those that I knew so far are halfwits compared to this sixteen year old boy from the factory.

This is the way it went. A machine broke in our room. Workers from the mechanical department came in. Broad-shouldered with a healthy red face, a high forehead. His eyes are black and his gaze is pleasant and wise. We got acquainted when he was explaining to me the reason the machine had

broken. He was speaking about the capacity of the steam boiler. I didn't understand. Then he said:

"Read Auerbach."

On the way home we talked about education.

"You have to study, read, get to know everything," he said, "because an ignorant person doesn't know what surrounds him, like a bat during the day, and he escapes daylight because it blinds him. Learning is the basis of our life. Without it, we would be living like barbarians."

"And art?" I chimed in shyly.

"Art was born when humans began to sense God, but only a few understand art. And if it is in general about spiritual culture – then its source is morality."

At home I have drawn a man-bat. I destroyed the drawing. I would like to get acquainted with the theory of art. I have been drawing for a few years, but I haven't read anything about the art of painting. I haven't seen many paintings either.

(TBC)

WHEN I AM ALONE

When I am alone with myself in the bedroom and when the night starts to cling to the windows, when one can only hear the iron scream of machines – then I look back.

I look back, or rather I experience my past life once more.

A wide room, lime-washed walls, two beds, a three-legged table... My apartment, my home.

Next to me there is a broad-shouldered woman with a pale, yellowish face – like fresh butter. She is mending “his” socks. She has lowered her head, her hair is red; she has covered her colorless, fish-like eyes with long eyelashes. My mother.

A small oil lamp, silence, brick-colored twilight. I look through the window. So dark – it seems as if a black rag has been hung on the window pane.

The wind screams in a thin voice. Fear creeps over me. I rest my head against my mother’s hard back. She is silent, she doesn’t caress me – she has never caressed me.

Suddenly, she stands up, straightens her back and walks up to the window with heavy steps, she presses her fingers against the window pane and looks out. I am watching her. Her body slowly dissolves in front of my eyes. I fall asleep...

Morning. The scent of strong tea and chamomile.

“He” – my father is sitting at the table. He is resting his head on his elbow, lifting a mug of tea to his lips with his other hand. He is dressed as usual: boots and a black hairy jacket buttoned up to the neck. He frowns with his thick, dark eyebrows and stares intensely with his grey dead eyes at the tin mug filled with tea.

I look at his face, as if I were a lousy mongrel; I am silent – I am always silent when I look at him. I am afraid of him.

“He” puts away his tea mug, pulls a tiny canvas-bound notebook and a short yellow pencil out of his pocket. He moistens the lead with his spit and writes something down.

My father trades in grain.

“Man of wood” – this is what they call him.

He is tall, taller than mother, his back is wide, he walks like a sailor – putting his legs wide apart and swaying. He

is always silent – they paired up well with my mother.

Now he stands up, goes outside. Slams the door. Mother is standing by the basin, she washes her face with cold water. I jump out of bed, I pull my patched trousers on, I put a hat with a button in the middle on my head and a warm, old jacket – “his” jacket. I slip quietly outside.

A cloudy, frosty day, there is snow lying on the ground. I slide two fingers in my mouth – a shrill whistle.

Nearby, another whistle answers from the “shed.” I run there.

The “shed” is an old cottage falling apart. This is where we meet – me, Stasiak, Mendel and Ruchla. It is cold and empty in the shed. This time only Mendel and Ruchla are there.

Ruchla – small, thin, red hands – a kitten pulled out of water.

Mendel – a big head, short hands, a humpback, greedy black eyes.

Mendel fears me, Ruchla is not afraid of anyone. She is holding a huge pretzel in her frozen, red hand.

I come up to her. I say loudly, angrily: “Give me the pretzel.”

Ruchla laughs. I bend down abruptly and bite her hand. I sink my teeth in hard, harder and harder. Screaming, howling.

My mother runs out from our small house. She hits my face, pulls me towards the apartment.

“Don’t scream,” she says, “he’ has already come!”

Warsaw. Two rooms, a kitchen. The fourth floor.

Father bought knitting machines. There is work to do. You have to work shifts – days and nights.

...Night. I am standing at the machine. One – two – one – two, with the hand to the right, with the hand to the left. It stinks of grease and lamp oil. My eyelids are swollen, red – they itch. I have red-hot, mad machines in my head. One – two – one... I clench my teeth – to break them, to crush them...

...Dawn. Sun, a cold spring sun. A sunray falls on the machine’s steel. The pace has slowed down. Ooone – twooo – ooone...

Eight a.m. The factory sirens are howling. The current passes through

the walls of the building. Every floor, every apartment starts to talk, jabber, scream.

“Quiet, dammit, I want quiet! Keep it down, idiots!”

I burst out of the apartment. I run down the stairs, I stamp loudly with my shoes. I am heavy. I have lead in my bones, lead in my stomach.

It is the same on the street – the damned noise. Two streets, three streets and the park. The park means – slough. Wet benches, a dirty, half-frozen pond. I fall heavily on a bench.

A small, freezing boy is selling newspapers. He runs through an empty sidewalk and shouts, shouts. He stops in front of me.

“Go to hell,” I say.

I mindlessly fix my eyes on one point. It’s cold.

Boys and girls pass by along the sidewalk. They have stuffed bags. Schoolboys and schoolgirls. I look at them carefully.

Well fed, well rested, relaxed. Slackers! They don’t know what night is, they don’t know what sweat is, they don’t know what blood is. Parasites!

They are going to school. To school... I want to squash them, crush them, beat them till they bleed. They should know!

Slowly I cool down. I whistle, I whistle loud. A woman sitting on the other bench is watching me. Do I look strange? All of you should go to...

I start to chant rhythmically:

“They go to school – they go to school – they will be studying – I have to work – I have to work.”

I get up from the bench, I walk out on the street, I buy a cigarette.

I walk home slowly. Sleep, I want to sleep.

I drag my feet up to the fourth floor. I throw myself on the bed. Another minute – sleep hits me like a heavy stone. I have to sleep, rest, so that at 8 p.m. I can stand at the machine.

Memories. I like to play with the machine of memories.

I like to oil the rusty wheels of past experiences.

So what that they will be screeching and mocking me. Let them turn, let them move once more.

L. M.-r.

CURRENT NEWS

Marek can’t live without books. – The cinema is the best entertainment for Paweł. – Henia has already found out about many movie secrets. – The golden sun awakens longing and quiet sorrow in Ania’s soul. – Moniek doesn’t understand how one could not be happy when the spring breeze brings the scent of flowers that are coming to life in the meadows and gardens. – Genia prefers not to pretend to be grown-up girl, and instead to be herself. – Mery believes that the key to happiness is peace and mutual love. – Heniek has lost his works and doesn’t have the will nor the inspiration to continue working. – “The Reader” doesn’t want others to take her for a crazy dreamer or a hysteric, because she is neither one nor the other. – Władek laments the death of a young cousin. – Frania had a dream that her family was robbed. – Heniek is angry at his brother for having interrupted a nice dream he had. – Bela’s little brother has eyes like cornflowers. – Bolek saw people chasing a thief on the street. – Sylwia goes to school on Saturdays and on Sundays she celebrates. – Dorka was afraid of the teacher because she had lost her notebook. – Paweł’s classmates eat seeds during religion class, make noise and the teacher is unable to cope with that. – Sala is crying over her fate because she doesn’t know if she will be able to continue to go to school. – “The Student” believes that if schools abolish Latin classes, they would be stabbing themselves in the heart. – “The Schoolgirl” is complaining about their school nurse being

LITTLE HANIA

I have a little sister. She is small. She is two years old and her name is Hania.

Hania likes to play with blocks, she builds houses and trains out of them.

And she has a big ball and a doll with a cradle.

Adek from Łowicz

AT THE MOVIES

I went to the cinema with my daddy. They showed Fleischer’s movies and the Bim-Bom sailors.

I liked Bim and Bom the most. They were so funny.

When I left the cinema, it was snowing hard.

Michał from Nowolipki Street

THE FIRST STEP

I never had the courage to write to the Little Review. And now I have borrowed courage from my teacher and I am writing.

But this is a secret. I want to surprise my mommy and daddy.

Fela from Białystok

LUNAR ECLIPSE

I am a student in second grade. In the evening on the 2nd of April, I saw a lunar eclipse and I was very proud of that.

And my sister was scared.

Abram from Zawiercie

anti-Semitic and is unpleasant to her friends. – Zdzisław is the treasurer of the “Friends” club. – Lolek’s fraction have won in the fight with other peers. – Ania feels good among her friends, but she gets overwhelmed by the longing for her beloved Lili. – Despite his best intentions, Paweł is unable to get along with Lutek because the latter always says that he doesn’t like something. – Anka has written a description of Heniusia in rhymes. – Natek has sent a description of a Maccabi boxing match. – Lwiv – Mietek is surprised that the Little Review is not introducing a sports column. – Hersz is angry at the editors for usually printing the scribbles of small kids, good for sleeping. – Henia was happy when she saw her letter in the paper. – Frania has sent a description of Easter. ■

26TH MAIL DELIVERY

Persons who have written to the Little Review for the first time:

Ajzensznajderówna Dorcia. – Bela from Zawiercie. – Borensztejn Ala. – Borzykowski Abram. – “Chadasza.” – Boys from the boarding house at Targowa Street. – Dora from Zawiercie. – Elelman Władzio. – Ercio from Równe. – Falcówna Iza. – Fiszmanówna Lusja. – Fuksówna Balbina. – G. Michaś. – Groshaus Różia. – Izerland Fela. – Kalinwkier Moniek. – Kotlarz Różia. – Leon from Miła Street. – Lewówna Lola. – Liberman. – Marylka from Bonifratska Street. – Miecio z Miłej. – Nadelman Hipolit. – “The Eagle.” – Pinczewski Kuba. – Polcio from Pawia Street. – Renia. – Rezenekówna Hela. – Sapir Beniuś and Helenka. – Sanicka Renia. – Siemiontek Maksio. – Spiro Ula. – Suchowolska Fela. – Sznajder Dawid. – Szolzojn Srulek. – Szpirówna Malwinka. – Tchórzówna Hela. – Wajman Heniek. – Wurcelman Salek. – Zylberman Sabcia.

We have received 47 letters from Warsaw and 21 from the province.

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct solutions to brain teasers have been sent by:

Seweryn Ajzenberg, Abramcio and Halcia Blumen, Romek Blueth, Anka Bonisławska, Heniusia Brenmiller from Nowiniarska Street, Szmul Brodt, Dora Broner, Celina, Salek Ćwik, B. Dorfman, N.S., S.J., Ala Flancmanówna, Jadzia Flejszer, Alfred Gicht, Marjan Glauberman, Stanisław Goldmar, Binka Grunwald, Henia Gwiazdówna, Lilka Halpern, Renia Herszenfus, Nolek Honig, Ewa Jakubowiczówna, M. Jerozolimski, A. and S. Kahan, Bronka and Różka Kahanówna, Halinka Kahanówna, Jakób Kamień, Hania Kessel, Różia Klepfisz, T. Kraushar, Lola Kwartówna, Reginka Lengerówna, Zosia Lenger, Rysio Lewkowicz, Sara Liberman.

HOME

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

MEMORIES

At times images from my childhood years pass in front of my eyes, the moments that were happy and nice. I miss them then, I want to recall those years.

I see myself in a playful group of kids. I start an argument with a friend – a fight – I have a bruise and he is crying.

My mom had a lot of trouble with me, but she didn’t hold it against me. I was the leader of my peers. We often carried out wars with the kids in the next yard over. Sometimes these wars lasted for a few days, depending on our strengths and moods.

The greatest thing was to play

soldiers. We exercised like real troops. Everybody had swords and had to salute the “colonel.” We often organized fights like in a circus and we played soccer. At times the caretaker chased us, then we would escape to the cellars.

At 2 p.m., I usually would hurry back home. I knew that at this hour my father or my brother pass through the backyard on their way to lunch. I hid from them to avoid a spanking. I did have a defense however: my mother didn’t allow me to be spanked. Daddy, however, believed that this was the best education – palpable. So it was better not to irritate him, not gambol in front of him.

I remember – it was a beautiful summer morning. I went to the pond. I met an acquaintance who took me on his boat. We took off. Suddenly

the boat got caught on something under the water and tilted to the side. I lost my balance and I fell in the water. I barely dragged myself ashore. I wanted to hide this adventure from my parents, but a sickness betrayed me.

This is when I realized that my father loved me very much. All of his free-of-work hours he would sit by my bed.

I have many memories of my brother. Sometimes we would quarrel and argue. However usually we lived in peace. He defended me against older boys, helped with homework and games.

Now I am older, I have different activities and games. But despite that, I would so much like to go back to my childhood years.

Dawid from Nowolipki Street